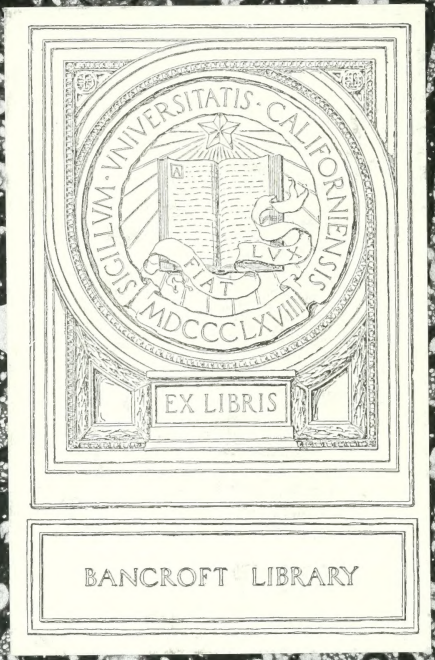
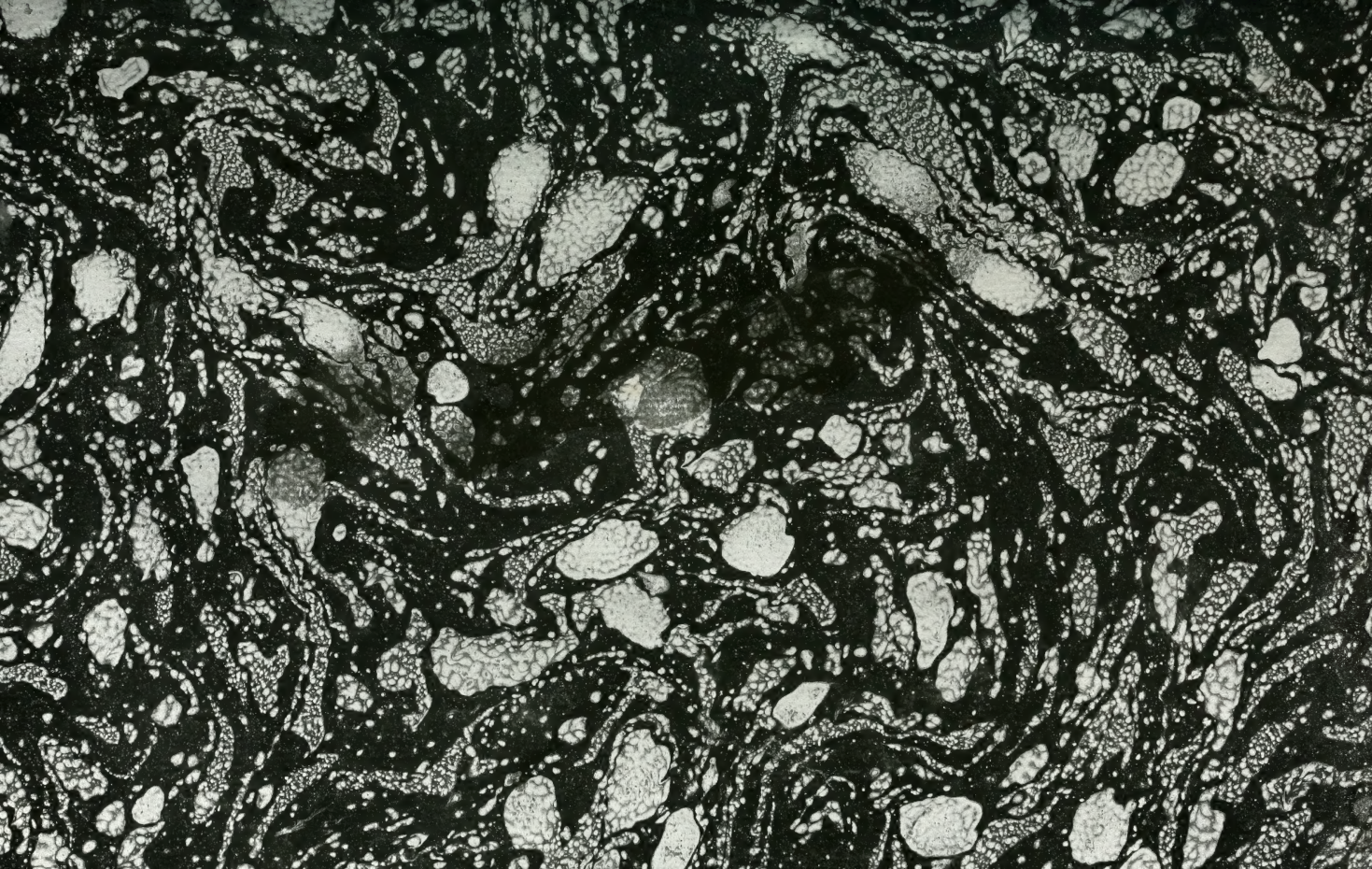

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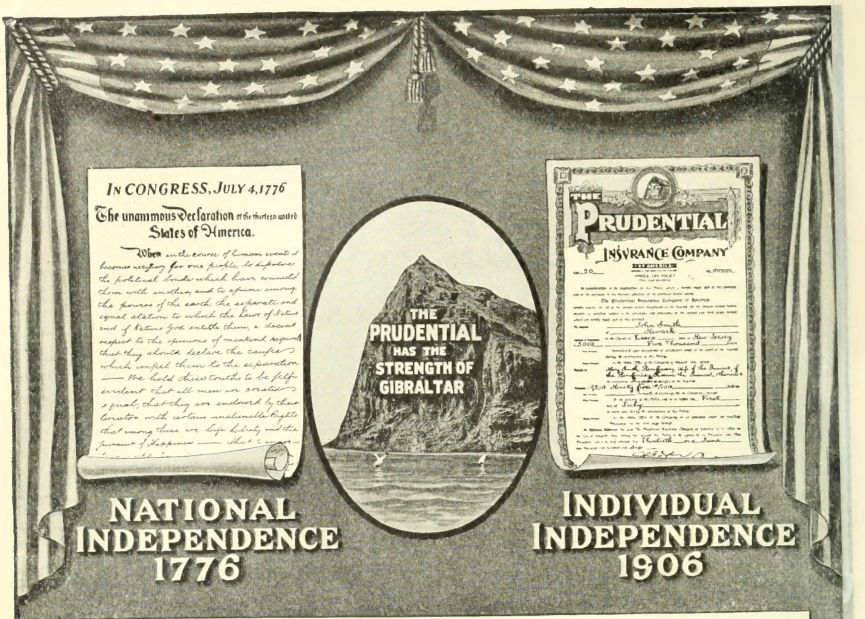
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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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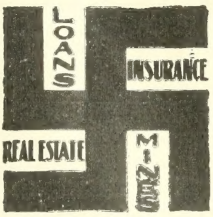
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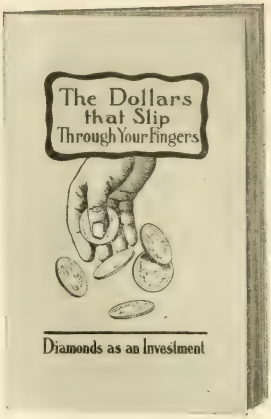
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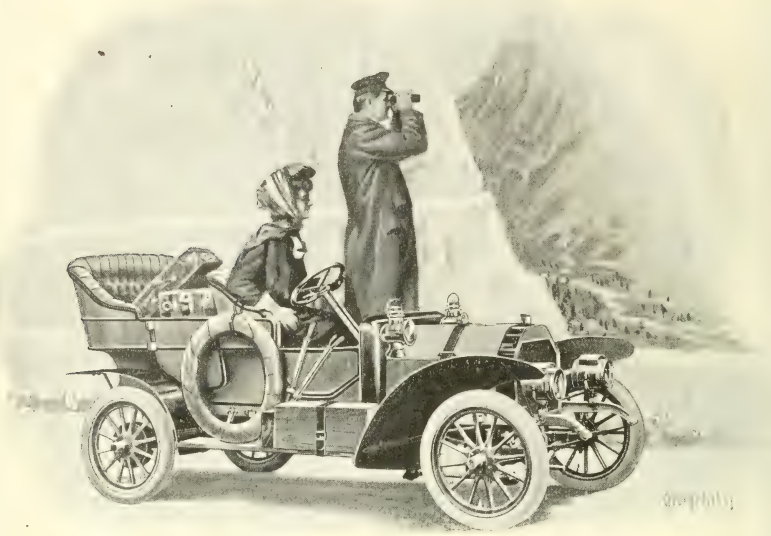
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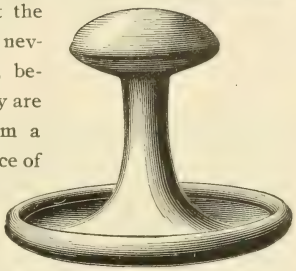
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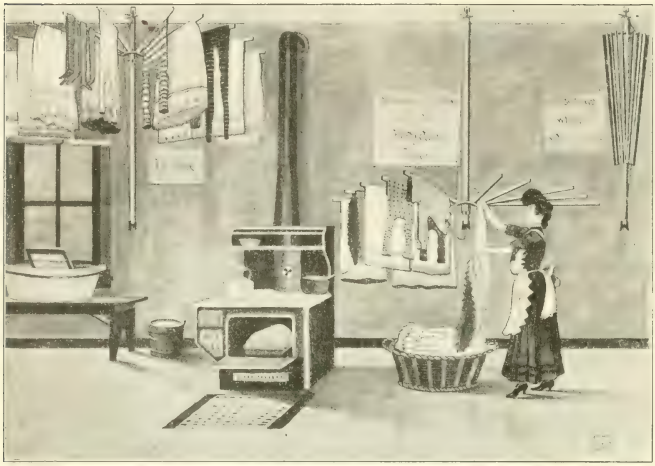
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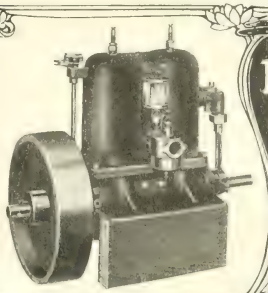
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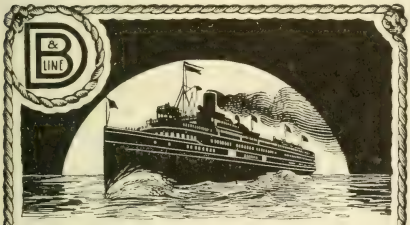
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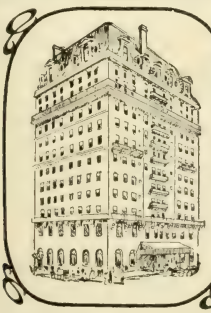
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A STATEMENT TO ADVERTISERS

¶ In January, 1906, THE PACIFIC MONTHLY guaranteed an average circulation for this year of

50,000 Copies

¶ The issue for the January Number, however, reached 60,000 copies. For May, in order to meet the demand, the issue was

54,000 Copies

¶ This issue was exhausted. There are no copies available of the February, March or April numbers, the demand for the latter having exceeded the supply by about 8,000 copies.

¶ The actual number of copies printed for the June issue was

76,000 Copies

¶ We are now between 10,000 and 15,000 copies short of news stand orders, and the demand will doubtless reach

100,000 Copies

¶ The Pacific Monthly is now guaranteeing an average circulation per month of 75,000 copies, but advertisers can safely figure on an average of 87,000 copies for the remainder of this year.

Announcement!

Owing to the rapidly increasing circulation of The Pacific Monthly, and to our unusually extensive plans for the improvement and beautification of the magazine along various lines, which will undoubtedly make The Pacific Monthly the peer of any ten-cent publication in this country, and in the class, as a matter of fact, with the twenty-five and thirty-five cent publications, it becomes imperative for us to have our advertising rates in keeping, not only with the circulation of the magazine itself, but with the character of the magazine as a whole. We, therefore, announce the following:

On July 1st our rates will be:

$100.00 per page.
50.00 for one-half page.
25.00 for one-quarter page.
12.50 for one-eighth page.
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—was the largest illustrated magazine in the United States.

—had over 16 pages more reading matter than Harper's or the Century.

—contained over 160 illustrations.

—had a bona fide circulation of 76,000 copies—the largest circulation ever attained by any Western magazine.

—was offered more advertising than it could accept.

—reached the high water mark of magazine publishing outside of New York City.

BUT

You have The Pacific Monthly for July. It speaks for itself.

The Pacific Monthly for August will be a better number than July.

The Pacific Monthly for September will have 100,000 circulation, and will, in many respects, eclipse anything The Pacific Monthly has ever attempted.

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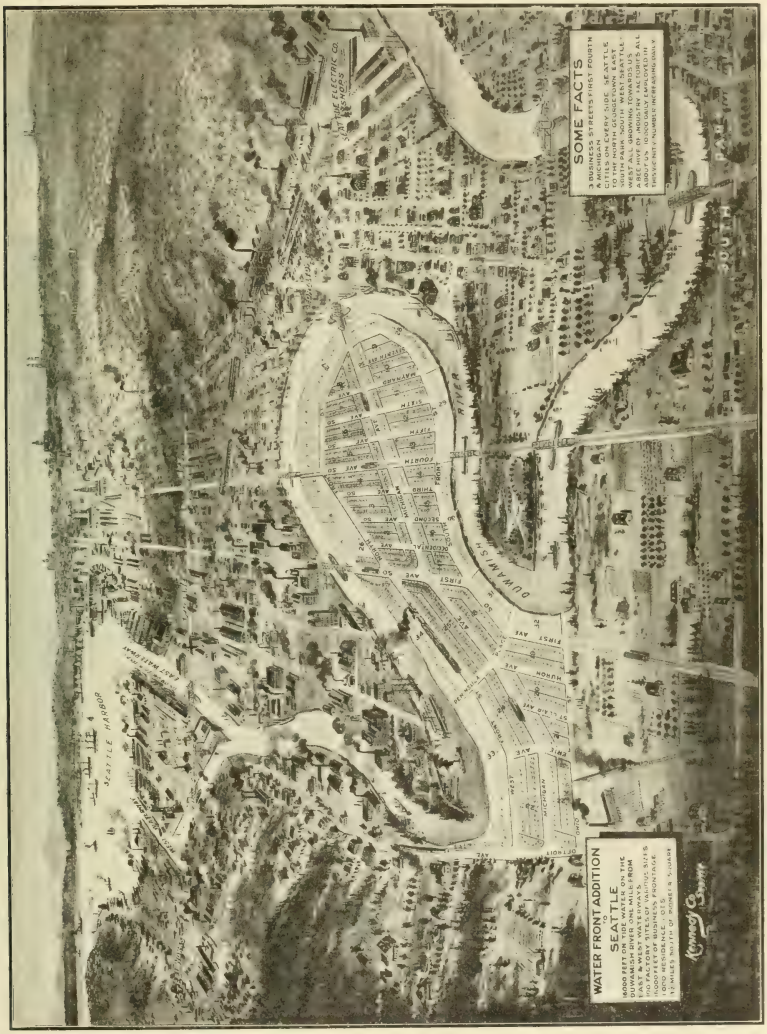












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The Pacific Monthly

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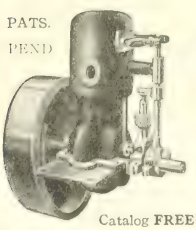
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The PACIFIC MONTHLY for September

WILL be an Irrigation Number. The leading authorities on the subject throughout the country have been engaged to write for this issue of the magazine. The Government Irrigation projects will be treated thoroughly, and private enterprise in this attractive field will be given its proper attention. All the important phases of irrigation will be shown by illustration. The September number will be attractive from many other standpoints, and will contain the usual number of stories and departments.

LEADING HOTELS OF THE COAST

Below will be found, for the information of tourists and business men who visit the Pacific Coast, a list of the best hotels, both tourist and commercial, in the leading resorts and cities of the Coast States. A postal card inquiry will bring literature, and information as to rates, by return mail.

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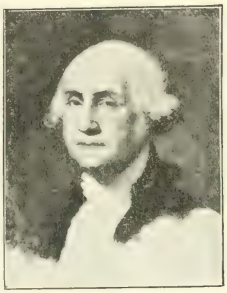
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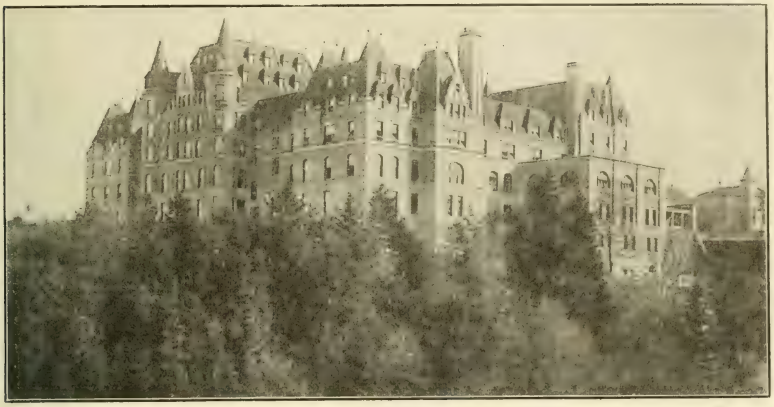
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1880	1,098
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The Pacific Monthly



Vol. XVI JULY, 1906 No. 1

The Fight of a Critic

By James S. Metcalfe
Editor of Life

EVERY one of us is a critic, and every one of us uses the critical faculty repeatedly every day of his life. There are few terms more often used in speech than "I like" or "I don't like," and the thought the words represent is present to us, often unspoken and more often hardly noticed, in every action we undertake and in every feeling we experience. The conscious and even unconscious use of the faculty is what marks the difference between the agreeable and the disagreeable, the pleasant and the unpleasant, the thing that is desirable and the thing that is to be avoided.

This right to criticise is one which is necessary to our comfort, well-being and happiness. Abused, it makes its abuser simply an unreasonable fault-finder who becomes personally a nuisance and one whose utterances are of no effect except to make him unpopular. But reasonable and based on logic, the criticism of the one, joined with the criticisms of the others, becomes the voice of the many and from that the expression of the popular will. Therefore free speech and free criticism are almost the same in meaning and under free governments any encroachments on either is, and should be, resented as an encroachment on the most elementary and most fundamental of the rights of a free people.

A trust may be a beneficent institution. So may a despotism be a benevolent government. Unfortunately in both cases the good or bad results depend too much on the individual characteristics of those in control. Doubtless no better form of government could be devised than that of an all-wise, all-good and all-just despot. Under such government there would be no attempt to control criticism because no just criticism would be possible and no critic would be listened to. A similar trust would accomplish results in its particular line of activities also above criticism. Some of our own industrial trusts claim, and apparently with much truth, that they have bettered many former conditions. They point with pride to reductions they have brought about in the price of the commodities in which they deal, to improvements in quality and to how they have extended distribution and brought comforts to regions that never knew them before. These claims are made in extenuation of the criticism that all trusts are based on monopoly, which destroys in-

dividual independence and endeavor, and that the monopolies have been created by sacrificing the happiness of many in establishing the power and wealth of a few. The favorite defense of the theatrical trust against criticism of its tyranny and cruel methods is that it has accomplished some improvements in the conduct of the theatrical business. It, too, points with pride to something.

All despotisms and monopolies, whether of government or of trade, hate free speech and free criticism. These last have a way of educating the many in the methods of the few, and, properly educated, the many can always prevail against the few. We are every day receiving proof of what the people can do as they become enlightened in the methods of the industrial trusts. The free criticism of their methods is leading to legislative activity and to the correction of abuses. With the power of criticism limited or controlled by the trusts, their monopolies might have gone on entrenching themselves in power until it would have been impossible to assail them by any means short of actual revolution.



Mr. Lee Shubert, who has taken a conspicuous part in the opposition to the theatrical trust.

The theatrical trust, in the matter of criticism, is in a much worse position than the industrial trusts. With the latter the question to be settled is how they acquired their monopolies and how they are using them to oppress their possible competitors and to burden the consumers of their products. With the theatrical trust criticism concerns not only these questions but the very nature and quality of its product from day to day. As the theater is, in a way, a luxury and not a necessity, it can be abstained from even to the point of seriously injuring the welfare of the trust. Free criticism means a daily informing of the people of the quality of that product. If criticism can be bought, or better yet, terrified, it ceases to be free and the quality of the product need be determined only by the mental capacity or the greed of those in control of the trust.

Just how this works out in practice will be better understood if we know a little more about what is called the theatrical trust and how it comes to have what seems a most absurd thing, the monopoly of an art. Art, we are told, is as free as air, and it seems incredible that any man or body of men should make it their commercial property. That there should be a beef trust seems equally absurd, when we think how widely distributed and simple is the raising and butchering of cattle, and in a similar way the monopolies of many of the other trusts seem out of reason. It might seem even an impossibility to shackle so intangible a thing as an art, but like the other monopolies, the theatrical trust is based not on a control of the product itself, nor of its constituent parts, but by securing to itself a control of certain facilities. This control makes it the sole customer for goods and services and therefore the only agency through which those goods and services can be brought to public sale and recompense.

Up to a few years ago—less than fifteen—an actor or troupe of actors could roam the country over, giving their entertainments in one place and, unless they were very unfortunate, securing from the proceeds at least the means of transportation to another. Naturally it was to their advantage that the intervening



MRS. FISKE AS "DOLCE." MRS. FISKE HAS SUFFERED SEVERELY AT THE HANDS OF THE TRUST, BUT WITH HER UNCONQUERABLE PLUCK HAS FOUGHT AGAINST THE ORGANIZATION.

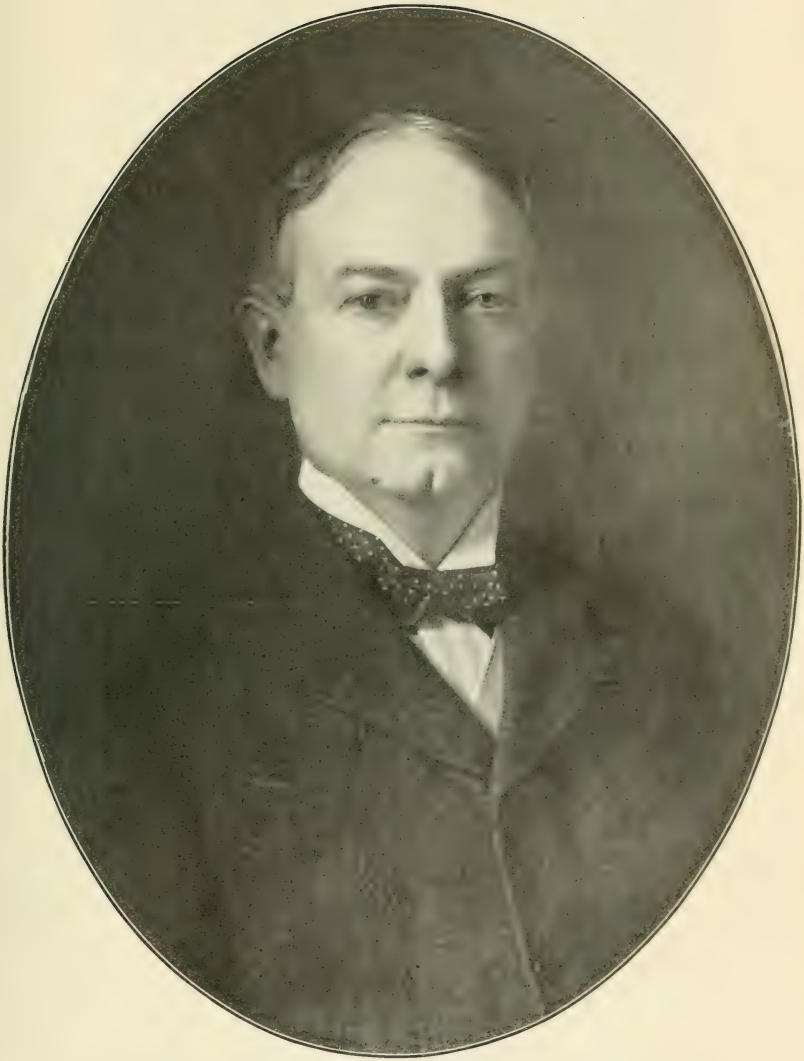
journeys should be as short and inexpensive as possible. This led eventually, among the better class of theaters and attractions, to the previous arrangement of routes which involved as few long "jumps," as the journeys between towns were called, as possible. It was also to the advantage of the proprietors of theaters that they should arrange for the coming of the attractions so that their houses should be continuously open and the entertainments judiciously varied to please their local publics. This led to the coming to New York, the theatrical center of America, each summer, of the managers of out of town theaters and the actors or traveling managers who had entertainments to present. These met and frequently arranged "bookings," as the mutual engagements to play and to furnish theaters were called, for an entire season. Although this was the practice for many years, it had many defects. Very often the local manager, not having seen the attraction he had booked, and, taking it on faith, found himself tied up to an entertainment which would not draw patronage or, worse than that, with an empty theater on his hands because the attraction had been stranded, by fortune of accident, before it reached him and when it was too late to secure another. On the other hand the traveling attraction might reach a town and find itself stranded because the local theater was in the hands of the Sheriff, had been destroyed by fire, or because of other local conditions.

In the eighties, two men who had been in the show business in very minor positions proposed to a New Orleans manager that they open an office in New York and represent his theater in the way of keeping him supplied with attractions. This was entered into as a feasible arrangement which would save him the necessity of the long pilgrimages to New York and, from their keeping in touch with theatricals in the metropolis, would keep his house continuously open and supplied with better attractions than he could secure for himself. Once so engaged, there came or was suggested to the two men—Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger—the idea which, in its further development, was to found the monopoly on which rests the theatrical trust.

New Orleans was a long way from New York and no company could afford to make the expensive jump simply to play in the one city. Representing the New



A scene from the "Squaw Man," one of the popular successes of the season in New York. William Faversham on the right, and Theodore Roberts as the Indian.



James Metcalfe, editor of Life, who is fighting for the right of honest dramatic criticism.



Harrison Grey Fiske, the leader in the fight against the theatrical trust.

Orleans theater, Klaw and Erlanger saw no reason why they should not secure the booking agency for other theaters in intervening cities and thus be able to arrange with attractions for a series of engagements with short jumps between. The same reasoning which influenced the New Orleans managers appealed to other managers. No legal evidence has yet been brought forward, but it is probable that, at this point, there was joined to the beginnings of the trust a personality generally believed to be the most powerful and cunning, although publicly silent, factor in the theatrical trust. This is Albert Hayman, commonly known as "Al," and who figures in public only as the proprietor of the Knickerbocker and another less noted theater in New York. The general belief is that at this period he provided needed money and brains in return for the larger actual ownership in the small booking agency which has come to be such a potent factor in American theatricals and of whose profits he is believed to receive the lion's share.

The new firm found it easy to extend its business in all directions, and it must be confessed that the new system was a vast improvement on the old one. By combining the representation of the great majority of the theaters in the country



Signor Enrico Caruso, considered today the greatest tenor that ever lived.

in one place, where all the traveling companies could send their representatives to arrange for time and lay out the most convenient routes, a tremendous amount of unnecessary travel, correspondence and expense was obviated. More than this, in cases of emergency both theaters and companies were given occupation when both might have been idle. In a way the new system created order where there had been chaos before. Yet further, it tended to increase the financial stability of the theatrical business because it made it more difficult for both resident and traveling managers to escape the consequences of crooked dealing and failing to live up to their obligations. These are the accomplishments to which today the theatrical trust points with pride, and it may be said without fear of contradiction that they are the only ones to its credit.

Some frictions, of course, occurred before the business was fully established. As Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger suddenly became powerful, they are said also to have become arrogant and tyrannical with those whom they could oppress. Being first in a new field, they secured from many theaters and many attractions the exclusive agency for their bookings. They were early in a position to say to a local manager, "Give us the exclusive agency



FRITZI SCHEFF IN "MLLE. MODISTE."

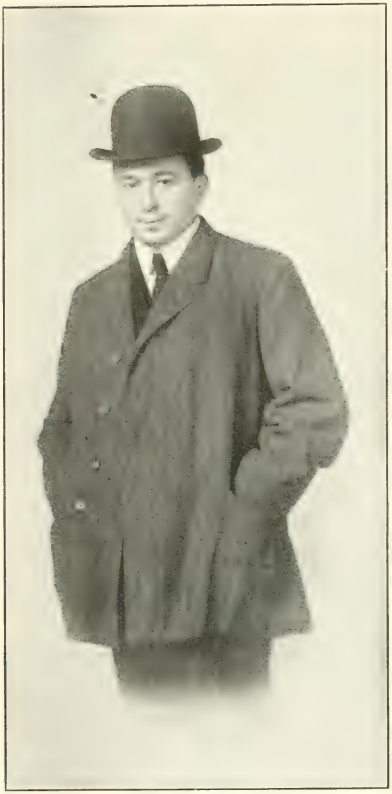
"Mlle. Modiste" has been the success of the season in light opera. The music is tuneful throughout, and more ambitious than that which characterizes the conventional light opera.

of your house under an extended contract and we will give you the best-drawing attractions. If you do not give us the exclusive agency,"—the alternative is obvious. To the traveling manager and actor they were in a position to offer the choice between an exclusive contract with convenient and profitable routes or taking



MAUDE ADAMS AS "PETER PAN."

The play, "Peter Pan," was the conspicuous success of the recent season in New York. It is a decided departure from all accepted conventions of the drama, and is a remarkable production in every respect The character of the dog is a unique conception, and well portrayed. The play is a fairy story, and the delight of old as well as young.



Jacob Shubert.

what they could get, meaning playing in small towns or in second-class theaters with long jumps and frequent times of idleness.

At one stage it appeared that there might be a halt in their course. Most of the theaters in the United States had given Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger their exclusive agencies. Here and there, however, there was a local manager who had an individuality to preserve. He was a town institution in a way and had grown up with American ideas of business independence. He held out against surrendering his property practically into the absolute control of outsiders, retaining for himself simply the position of a local underling to the dictation of none too gentle absentee masters. There were also a few well known American actors who resented being treated without ordinary civility or courtesy and they combined for a short time to resist the monopoly which was almost complete. It is generally believed that if they had stood together a little longer they could have made their own terms and saved their calling from many of the degradations to which it has since been subjected. But in one instance treachery, and in others cowardice, broke up this solemnly-made combination of actors and, so far as attractions were concerned, the trust monopoly was virtually in complete control. The few local managers who had stood out saw themselves being driven to absolute starvation because their theaters stood idle, and those, too, were finally driven into subjection.

To conciliate what might have been an effective opposition it was necessary in the early days to secure the entertainments of one or two New York managers who were also large producers of plays and of others who controlled theaters in two or three of the larger cities outside of New York. This was done by means of an offensive-defensive alliance between the producing and local managers and the booking agency. This made the theatrical trust. In the accepted definition of the word the theatrical trust is not a trust at all, but is a working arrangement which is so much to the advantage of the parties to it that, even in the face of strong reasons on the part of individual members for abandoning it, it has held its own perfectly. There have been rumors of internal dissensions, but self-interest and the tremendous profits have kept the combination intact.

Had the members of this alliance been content to stop here, they would have been subject only to the same kind of criticism that has been measured out to other business monopolies. In a business way they were guilty of tyrannies and oppressions which inflicted hardships in many cases amounting to ruin for those who opposed them in the creation and maintenance of their absolute control of the theatrical business. For these wrongs they would have had to suffer only the same kind of publicity and criticism encountered by other monopolies that have employed methods similar to their own. But they were not content with confining themselves only to the business of the theater.

I take it that we professional critics who, in judging the theater, are in a way the educated eyes, ears and understanding of the public, should take a broad view of the drama. That is a very narrow critic indeed who confines himself only to the performances he sees on the stage. The true critic must take in everything that affects the drama, whether it be its literature, its tendencies, the general art of acting, the character of audiences, even the business conditions that surround it when *any* of these affect the question of dramatic art in its broad aspect.

In the early days of the theatrical trust many instances were brought to my notice of its tendency not to confine itself to the business of the theater but to intrude on



One of the laughing successes of the recent season has been "The Squaw Man's Girl From the Golden West." a combination burlesque on "The Squaw Man" and "The Girl From the Golden West."



DAVID WARFIELD IN THE "MUSIC MASTER."

The "Music Master" has run over five hundred nights in New York City, and will in all probability break the record for the longest run. Mr. Warfield is seen at his best in the whole-hearted music master. The play is a credit to the stage, and an education in itself.

the artistic side. If its members had been actor-managers or artist-managers this would have been a matter to be considered only in its artistic results. But they were only showmen, and not showmen of the better class at that. They were vulgar in their tastes, illiterate and knowing nothing of art or of the niceties of life. For their subordinates they drew about them not those who could supply their own deficiencies, but persons of their own kind.

It was my good fortune to be associated with a journal which was both brave and independent. It had no favors to ask in the way of advertising or free tickets. Its proprietors could not be approached with promises or threats. On one occasion its publishers were shown by a very substantial profit in a business transaction with one of the trust managers that it might be extremely advantageous to maintain friendly relations with the organization. On another, an equally substantial loss was inflicted on them by a trust manager because they refused to interfere with an unfavorable expression of my opinions. In neither of these cases, nor at any other time, has there been the slightest inside influence brought to bear on the character of my criticisms. Therefore I was more free than many other writers to note the dangers that were beginning to have their influence on the theater in America.

One among the first of these arose from the natural timidity of capital. Producing a new play is at best a lottery. To minds which knew nothing of art or literature it was worse than a lottery—it bore all the terrors of certain failure. For their own lacking judgment and knowledge the members of the trust found it feasible to substitute the judgment of the London or Paris public, and often with financial success. The wholesale importation of foreign plays, frequently with foreign actors, was one of the first effects of placing in absolute control of the whole American theater a set of men who had neither artistic understanding nor artistic ambition. Frequently I noted the danger in this discouragement of dramatic art in America, and the event, so far as the trust theaters is concerned, has borne out the prediction.

As time went on this tendency to push its tyranny into the artistic side of the theater became absolute control to the extent that no dramatist and no artist could reach the American people except through yielding to all the exactions of the trust. It was not content with exacting 5 per cent of the gross receipts of every dollar taken in at every performance in America —this mild robbery being the charge for booking attractions—but in the case of highly successful plays, produced by independent effort, it refused to book them at all unless it was given a share of the profits in addition to the booking charge. In one case this demand amounted to one-half of the profits! And, what is more amazing, they got it.

In the matter of actors and actresses, the trust is able to say absolutely who shall and who shall not have employment, a power which it uses not to drive bad actors from the stage, but to put in bad ones where the good ones have offended or will not accept the offered terms. For an actor to offend a member of the trust means, or has meant until very lately, a virtual ending of his career. A well-known case is that of a young actor who incurred the enmity of the wife of one of the trust managers. Through the husband this hatred was carried to the point of making it thoroughly understood that any company in whose cast his name appeared could not secure bookings. This persecution was kept up for years and the actor kept out of engagements because no manager dared employ him.

The persecution of Mrs. Fiske which has gone on so long is the best known instance of the unmanly spite which seems to animate the theatrical trust in many of its undertakings. Had she not added to her recognized ability unconquerable pluck and had at her back her equally plucky husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of the *Dramatic Mirror,* she must have long ago succumbed physically and financially to the hardships to which she has been subjected. As it is, through the machinations of the trust many American cities have been denied the pleasure of seeing her artistic performances in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Leah Kleschna."

David Belasco was also for years the object of every form of oppression to which the tyranny could subject him. But he possessed what they did not and what with all the great money and other resources at their command they could not



Mrs. Fiske in the famous burglary scene from "Leah Kleshna."

secure—the genius to create absorbing theatrical entertainment for the people. Belasco, like the Fiskes, possesses the spirit that will not yield and with the ability to realize such stage triumphs as "The Darling of the Gods," "Du Barry," "The Music Master" and "The Girl of the Golden West" he has beaten the trust and with weapons of its own making. The driving of Mme. Bernhardt to play in tents and improvised theaters is the most recent example of the way the theatrical trust treats art and artists.

Another wrong which I resented in print not only for my own profession, but for the sake of the stage itself, long before I knew that I also was to be made its victim, was the persecution of critics and dramatic writers who had incurred its displeasure. A favorite method was to go to the publishers of a journal and threaten that if the offending writer was not discharged, all theatrical advertising would be withdrawn from its columns. To the shame of several publishers, they let their greed and their timidity compel them to incur the disgrace of yielding. In Washington, in Pittsburg, even in New York itself, honest writers, whose only fault was that they served their publics and their employers too faithfully, were driven from their positions at the behest of the trust. In other cases where the publishers were men and not cowards and insisted on the control of their own properties, the trust never made good its threat, or if it did, it was only to come back later and beg that its patronage might be accepted.

In my belief that all things pertaining to the theater fall within the critic's province, I have frequently commented on the matter of precautions for the theater-going public's safety against fire and panic. Directly in line with these comments *Life* published, after the terrible and unnecessary slaughter of women in the burning of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago a graphic cartoon depicting its horrors and with the picture associated the names of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. This was justifiable because these men not only were part owners of the theater and had booked the attraction, but they were also the owners of the entertainment, "Mr. Bluebeard, Jr.," which was going on at the time of the catastrophe. In this publication Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger saw an opportunity to avenge on *Life* and myself the opposition which for years I had shown in my criticisms of the methods of the theatrical trust. They sued *Life* for libel in the sum of $100,000, believing that a verdict in their favor would injure the journal and destroy me as a critic.

When the case—or such case as they had made out—was given to the jury and it was evident that the verdict would be in *Life's* favor, I for the first time came face to face with Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. Mr Erlanger, accompanied by his partner, accosted me and informed me that if I ever mentioned his name again in *Life* he would pound my face "to a pulp." He repeated the information with the further advice that if I did not already possess a good photograph of myself I would better secure one, as my friends would not recognize me after he had finished with me. Since this occurrence circumstances have made it necessary to mention Mr. Erlanger's name in *Life* more frequently than ever before.*

* The recently taken photograph of Mr. Metcalf, appended to this article, shows no marks of the doughty Erlanger having carried out his threats.—Editor The Pacific Monthly.



Blanche Bates and Frank Keenan (Sheriff) in "The Girl From the Golden West." Undoubtedly the greatest play of the West that has ever been written. Of a daring character throughout, it is sustained until the curtain falls. The scenery and scenic effects are out of the ordinary.

The verdict in the libel suit was in favor of *Life,* as expected, the jury reaching its conclusion immediately on retirement, and the verdict has been sustained in the court of last resort. On the Friday after the trial there was a regular meeting of an organization known as "the Theatrical Managers' Association of Greater New York." There were present Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and twenty-four managers and others controlling forty-three theaters, practically all the theaters in the city. With one or two exceptions those present were either understrappers of the trust or dependent on the trust for bookings. Action was taken at this meeting condemning me as a critic, accusing me of being actuated by racial prejudices in my writings and excluding me from all theaters controlled by members of the association.

The first performance of "Fantana" at the Lyric Theater was announced for the next evening. Seats for this performance had been sent to me by the Shubert Brothers, managers of the Lyric. On reading in the morning papers the action taken by the trust managers, I immediately telephoned to the late Samuel Shubert that I should be very glad to return the tickets if my using them would be the cause of any embarrassment to him or his brothers. The Shuberts were young men who had worked their way from the humblest beginnings into very considerable prominence as managers. They were at this time booking their attractions and theaters through Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger

and were also members of the Managers' Association. It was said that they were chafiing under the injustices and exactions of the trust, but they were still in close business relations with some of its members. Later in the day I received a formal note from the Shuberts to the effect that their invitation for the evening's performance was withdrawn, but this was accompanied by the verbal assurance that if the tickets were presented I would not be refused admittance. It being in the line of my duty, I attended the performance and wrote a criticism of it.

Later on I was informed that in the afternoon Mr. Shubert had been summoned to the office of Klaw and Erlanger and told, in no very choice language, that if he did not withdraw his invitation for me to witness the performance, he and his theaters and his attractions would be dealt with in summary fashion by the theatrical trust. Within a fortnight the Shuberts broke their relations with the trust and have since formed with David Belasco, the Fiskes and others the connection which is the first organized resistance the trust has encountered since its organization and which will destroy its power if enough local managers join the present oposition to enable the independents to book their attractions through the country.

The next Monday evening my duties called me to a performance of a musical play given at Daly's Theater under the management of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. I found quite an assemblage in the lobby composed largely of reporters, uniformed policemen and detectives. I had been warned by friends in advance that if I attempted to force my way in I would probably be arrested on the trumped-up, but serious, charge of endangering human life by creating a disturbance and panic. At the rail were lined up a number of adherents of the management and if I had done anything more than make the necessary legal demand that my regularly purchased tickets be honored, there would no doubt have been sufficient disturbance on which to found the charge.

Strictly in the pursuance of my calling I visited all the theaters which I would naturally have attended and was regularly denied admission to those controlled by the members of the Managers' Association. In one instance I attempted to force my way in and discovered that exclusion as adopted by the trust adherents meant exclusion by force.

The laws of New York are held by managers of theaters to give them the right to exclude any person without assigning any reason therefor, if they offer to return the price of the ticket held by that person. To prove that their interpretation of the law was wrong meant a lawsuit which by appeals and delays could be prolonged for years, the exclusion being meanwhile effective. It appeared that my position was a helpless one until it was suggested that such a combination was a criminal conspiracy and that in my particular case my wrongs might be righted by an appeal to the criminal law. On my complaint the District Attorney's office started a judicial inquiry into the facts and on the evidence the committing magistrate placed the twenty-four attendants at the managers' meeting under arrest for trial on the charge of criminal conspiracy. With one exception they gave bail, the exception being sent to prison to make a test case. He was released under application for a writ of habeas corpus. On the hearing the writ was denied by the Supreme Court, from which decision an apeal has been taken to the Appellate Division and from there the case will probably go to the Court of Appeals, whose decision will be final.

Some of the trust managers, after the Supreme Court decision, woke up to the fact that they might be wrong in their law and removed the ban they had placed on my admission. Even Klaw and Erlanger weakened a bit but later regained their courage and renewed their exclusion. That is the present position with regard to my exclusion. Before the beginning of the next theatrical season a judicial decision of sufficient weight may be expected to determine whether a number of men may combine lawfully to do what each one may have the lawful right to do (perhaps) when the combination, or conspiracy, has for its unlawful purpose the driving of a citizen from his means of livelihood.

In addition to this criminal prosecution I have brought a civil suit against those present at the managers' meeting and those who have aided in carrying out the purpose joined in at that meeting,



Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, who, with Marc Klaw, originated the idea which developed into the theatrical trust.

with damages placed at $270,000. There are twenty-seven defendants and the sum named will give a jury of American citizens opportunity to measure the punishment for this un-American attempt to destroy free criticism. If the attempt shall prove sucessful and go unpunished, it means that theatrical managers may create a monopoly in criticism as they have in more material things. By excluding such critics as offend them they may concentrate the right to criticise in the hands of a few men of their own selection. Fighting not only my own battle, but that of a free press, or dramatic art, and of those who love the theater in its best estate, I have not much fear of the final result, although through the law's delays that result may not be reached for some time to come.



A panoramic view of San Francisco

San Francisco's Courage

By Brigadier-General Funston

IN complying with the request to write a few words for the PACIFIC MONTHLY apropos of the recent earthquake and conflagration in San Francisco, I feel that I can do nothing better than to dwell briefly on the wonderful calmness and courage of the people of this city, in the face of one of the most appalling calamities that ever befell any community. San Francisco, no doubt, has, or, at least, had its full share of criminals and equally worthless and dangerous persons, who would have been more than glad to take advantage of the opportunity to loot such a treasure house as the banks, stores and dwellings of the opulent metropolis of the Pacific Coast. These people were overawed by the rifles with fixed bayonets, and the full cartridge belts of one thousand seven hundred regular soldiers and a large force of National Guards in addition to the police force of the city.

The great majority of the people, however, of course, need not be considered in such a connection. Although they saw their homes being destroyed, they were remarkably calm and cool and amenable to control; troops and police rarely found it necessary to use force in controlling the vast throng of three hundred thousand people, who, in three days and nights, were rendered homeless.

Present indications are that the courage of the people in rehabilitating the city will be as wonderful as the calmness with which they have faced the disaster from the beginning.



when the fire was at its height.

Pecularities of the Earthquake

Excerpt from a letter from David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford, Junior, University

THE crack has been followed one hundred and ninety-two miles. It is widest where it enters the sea at Alder Creek, near Point Arena, and its violence was greatest at that point. It was also noted about fifty miles further out in the ocean, where it unshipped the rudder of a steamer passing Cape Mendocino. From Point Arena it goes in a straight line, passing in the sea near Fort Bragg, and reaching to the bridge over the Pajaro River at Chittenden. From that point it passes about twelve miles, ending two miles southeast of San Juan Bautista Mission. At its northern end, and for about a hundred miles, there was a violent movement of the earth to the southward on the east side of the crack, the move being sixteen feet and seven inches in various places measured. On the peninsula of San Francisco the movement is about eight feet. It falls to two feet at the bridge over the Pajaro River, and then passes to nothing. It is not quite certain whether the east side moved southward or the west side northward, but the evidence known to me all favors the latter view. The east side is about three feet higher than the west side in this region, while north of the Bay of San Francisco the west side seems to override about the same distance. There are some very picturesque phenomena along the line of the fault, as in passing in front of a man's house a row of shade trees are all shifted in front of the dairy behind. The rose garden in front of the house is shifted back of it, and a patch of raspberries takes it place.

The California Disaster

By Benjamin Ide Wheeler
President of University of California

IN the midst of the distress of the fire, a leading citizen of San Francisco met one of the city's matrons fleeing for shelter. "I have lost everything," she said. "But not your beauty, madam." "Nor you your good breeding," she rejoined.

The most interesting thing today in San Francisco is the spirit of its citizens, men and women. It might fairly be said there is nothing else left, for it was a marvelously clean sweep. But it alone is wealth.

Nobody talks much about his individual losses. Sometimes the grotesqueness of the misery, the very joke of the thing, is too good to be lost, and they tell it. "Not a thing left but the suit I am standing in," says one business man the day after the fire; but the next day he meets the cheering word of a friend: "It's all right; we've found you another—your portrait was rescued from the Art Institute," and they rejoice together.

Factions, enmities, and politics have all dissolved in the universal solvent of common loss and common sympathy. In a united endeavor of public service, San Francisco has found itself. So the public spirit of Chicago had its birth from the stress of disaster.

The work of relief is passing now from the emergency type to the orderly and professional form. The army has become the mechanism for the assembling, classification and disbursement of supplies. At first three hundred and fifty thousand were fed; for the first two or three days, probably four hundred thousand. A hundred



A view in front of the city hall, San Francisco, showing the broken columns.



The scene of ruin viewed from the Leland Stanford residence.

and twenty-five thousand of these were on the east side of the bay. Today the number is reduced to only a few thousand.

Work is reviving. Everyone is seeking to find his place again in normal social existence, and on the basis of earning and buying. The wise charity has now to exert itself in the direction of helping the complicated social machine get into working again. The tools of life from saucepan to chisel must be restored. The shopkeeper has no goods or sign, the dentist no forceps, the dressmaker no sewing machine, the musician no violin, the lawyer no library. One sewing machine given not long ago to a dressmaker started her work going, and, to my knowledge, provided the nucleus of employment for five girls, each of whom help support others. When the dressmaking starts, the shop will feel it, and so the movement spreads.

The real estate which a month ago was a field of ruin is beginning to bear its first crop. Shanties and shacks are springing up like a crop of weeds on every hand. There are two or three hundred of them already, and some have stocks of goods. Meantime, the buildings that were burned out, but not ruined, are being cleared. Some of them will be in use within sixty days. Some of them with improvised windows and partitions already serve for business purposes.

The retail trade is now on its feet, though it limps. In three years the new San Francisco will have taken its shape, and in five years it will be worth any man's while to come and see. Its people have been tried in fire and have proved their grit. They have learned that solid buildings of steel and concrete are good buildings to have, but that surer than any building and firmer than the crust of mother earth are the loyalties of human brotherhood and the tender mercies of human love.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF A HANDSOME RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

The Economic Aspects of the Earthquake of April 18, 1906

By W. W. Campbell
Director of Lick Observatory, California

WHEN the news of the great earthquake and fire spread over our land, with electric speed, the first thought of the American people was for the safety of human life in the devastated district, and for the relief of the refugees from suffering. The good in man was instantly to the fore, everywhere, and in San Francisco it came out in heroic proportions. Many thousands of successful men of affairs devoted their energies to the public welfare during the time that their own material wealth was melting away in flames.

The second thought of the people was for the future of San Francisco. Would it be rebuilt? Would it again be the city of unlimited possibilities? Or had the disaster permanently repressed its growth?

Two principal elements of destruction were engaged — earthquake and fire. Earthquake wrought perhaps five per cent of the ruin, and fire the remaining ninety-five. In so far as fire alone is concerned, the question of San Francisco's future is not debatable. History establishes that no well-located city is ever abandoned to its fire losses. London, Chicago, Boston and Baltimore grew up from their ashes in greater beauty and strength. That San Francisco's fire loss is the greatest in history is not a deterrent force.

The earthquake is admittedly more discouraging. Its coming is unheralded, its severer shocks are devastating to weak or ordinary structures, and it brings terror to many souls. When the very earth is no longer *terra firma,* but has become *terra mota,* one does, indeed, feel perfectly helpless; and this is a factor which must be reckoned with. Will it seriously affect San Francisco's future?

Prophecy not based on history or science is futile. What have these to say on the subject? All Americans are interest-



The ruins on Geary street.

ed in the question, for San Francisco is their natural gateway to the great Pacific Ocean. Every Californian is vitally interested, for the injured region lying within a radius of fifty miles from San Francisco, including San Jose, Oakland and Santa Rosa, contains more than half the people, and more than half the taxable property of the state.

The number of earthquakes is vastly greater than is generally supposed. In those parts of the world where records are kept, there are, on the average, two or three perceptible earthquakes every day. When we remember that in great areas of land no records are preserved, and that the all-land areas compose only one-fourth of the earth's surface, we may feel safe in saying that on the average ten or more perceptible quakes per day occur somewhere on our globe. As a matter of fact, delicate modern seismographs, which record fainter shocks than the person can perceive, show that the earth is almost constantly quaking. Earthquakes are confined largely to two extensive circles or zones, the first, running east and west in the region of the Alps, Caucasus and Himalaya mountains, includes 52 per cent of all recorded quakes; and the second, embracing nearly all lands bordering on and lying within a few hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean, includes 38 per cent. Earthquakes in the latter zone have been especially frequent and especially severe in certain parts of South America, Japan and the Malay Islands. The entire west coast of North America, from Panama to Behring Strait, is "earthquake country" of moderate intensity, with occasional severe shocks.

Although the two zones referred to experience 91 per cent of recorded earthquakes, there is really no part of the earth that is immune from them.

New England and Old England have had their shakings in the past century. In 1811 the entire Mississippi Valley was shaken violently in the region near the mouth of the Ohio River, where a considerable tract of dry land was depressed and became a swamp. The region about the Indus River suffered frightfully in the earthquake of 1819. Central Germany had a considerable shock in 1874. Central Indiana was shaken in 1887. The Charleston earthquake of 1886 was perhaps more severe than ours of April 18; immense damage was done near its center; chimneys were thrown down within a radius of 250 miles; some clocks were stopped at a distance of 700 miles; and it was felt in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Central Massachusetts, and all other places lying within about 1,000 miles from Charleston. Fortunately, Charleston had but one-eighth the population of San Francisco alone.

The most destructive earthquake on record occurred in the Atlantic Ocean, west of Lisbon, in 1755. The immense wave resulting from it completed the destruction of the city and the most of its inhabitants, and the shock was felt as far away as Northern England. All these and dozens of others in recent times occurred unexpectedly, and it ill becomes any city or region to claim immunity.

History supports the view that cities which have suffered earthquake injuries are repaired and go on with their natural life. Naples, Genoa, Lisbon, Charleston are cases in point, and San Francisco will be no exception to the rule. The earthquake alone would not have interrupted railroad traffic for more than a day, and not one business firm in a hundred would have delayed an hour in making deliveries. The strategic value of San Francisco Bay and the railroads leading to the Golden Gate, is such that they alone would compel the rebuilding of the city.

It is unfortunately a fact that the beginnings of business and residence in most American cities are under-financed. The buildings are in large measure mere shells, designed to protect solely against sun and rain. It is one of our traits to be venturesome. In nearly all of our cities a tremendous business is done in inflammable buildings, and the fire losses are immense. San Francisco, San Jose and Santa Rosa were equally venturesome as to earthquake risks. The violent shake of 1868 was forgotten. Most buildings were erected without reference to earthquake requirements. Three and four-story business houses, large two-story warehouses, with heavy, wide-span roofs, wide and high churches and schoolhouses were erected in brick without a sign of steel frame, rod or wire to bind the walls together. Hundreds of tall frame buildings were flimsily constructed, with small studding, which did not run through from one story to another, and without proper diagonal bracing. Worst of all, the foundations were generally inadequate, in some cases pretending



Bush street, clustered with ruins.

to be nothing more than underpinning, and in others they were a sham. All such structures suffered.

The clearing away of shacks and rookeries and dishonest buildings by earthquake and fire works many hardships to individuals, it is true, but this is temporary, and in a few years it will be recognized as an advantage to the community, whether insurance has been collected or not; provided the lessons of the present catastrophe are taken to heart in the "second growth."

These lessons are many. Not the least concerns the subject of fire protection. If drinking water is piped from a great distance, a fortnight's supply should be stored within the city itself as a precaution against breaks in a long pipe line. Water for fire protection should be drawn from several points within or on the borders of the city. It is a natural fact that, with



The wreckage on Sansom street.

few unimportant exceptions, great cities lie on or near rivers, lakes or the oceans. Nonpotable water is always near at hand as the basis of a duplicate system for fire protection. With pumping stations at the water's edge, in simple steel buildings, on rock or bonded-pile foundations, with pipe lines bedded in native soil, and with moderate-sized steel tanks of water in the attics or on the roofs of each unit of building, there would be reasonable assurance that the utterly helpless condition of April 18 would not recur to any city.

Experience in the recent disaster shows that safety in future earthquakes lies in the basic use of steel in all building structures. Its toughness and elasticity afford the requisite resistance in one sense, and the requisite yielding in another sense; and, fortunately, it endures both earthquake and fire. There are many lessons to be learned still as to the best sheathing for a steel-frame building. Brick alone, when properly bonded to the frame has suffered but little. Brick body with stone facing has fared almost equally well. And there is little doubt that cement walls, properly bonded together and to the steel frame by means of steel wire, would be satisfactory. The Call, Chronicle, St. Francis, Kohl, Merchants' Exchange, Union Trust and many other buildings are standing evidence that they have solved the earthquake problem. And a city of such buildings would have little to fear from fire. It is the great wall area of a burning wooden building, and not the small window area of a burning brick, stone or cement structure, that heats a building across the street to the ignition point. Flying cinders have no terrors for a "fire-proof" building. Little is to be gained from fire-proof window frames and sash, for heat breaks glass windows before wood burns; but much should be expected from metal door frames and doors in preventing a burning room from setting fire to the entire building.

It was the experience in San Francisco, as well as in Charleston, that the destructive effects of the earthquake were greater on "made ground" than on firm native soil. This is largely a question of foundation; but it is also a fact that when a wave passes from firm soil to spongy, light soil, the amplitude of the wave is increased. The lesson to be taken is that foundations on such soil should be especially deep, massive and thoroughly bonded. Steel bonding is there perhaps as necessary as in the superstructure.

Sober second thought will be clear on the point that the earthquake will not be a serious factor in limiting the population of the affected district. It is true that five hundred people were killed, but forty-nine out of fifty deaths occurred in flimsy, poorly constructed buildings. A burning excursion boat in New York harbor destroys its eleven hundred souls, and a colliding French trans-Atlantic steamer carries down its six hundred; yet increasing numbers go over the sea in ships. The cyclones of the Mississippi Valley, *e. g.*, that of St. Louis, are more destructive of human life in almost every year. Railway accidents claim their thousands of victims annually, yet people will not stay at home. Galveston has recovered from the great storm that claimed its thousands of lives. The destructive floods of Kansas and other states, the fatal heats of the Eastern summer, and the blizzards of the Middle West winter destroy lives innumerable, yet they are endured by a happy, prosperous population. If the residents of the Pacific Slope should devote to the strengthening of their buildings such sums as the mildness and uniformity of their climate enable them to save during ten years on the winter's fuel and the summer's ice, earthquakes would soon have few terrors for them.

The Spirit of the West

By F. G. Young
Of the University of Oregon

Photographs by Sumner W. Matteson



THE nascent spirit of the West is *noblesse oblige*. Inherited advantages in race, traditions and land impose this obligation of nobility upon the people of the west. As a community, it is yet too young to have become conscious of what is in its nature, and it is too immature to be able to exhibit its true spirit. It does not yet command and utilize any considerable portion of its inheritance and resources and is therefore poor. Its habiliments are mean, its ways rude, and its thought and energies have been and still are largely absorbed in the exigencies of frontiering. Disencumbered of these *impedimenta*, as it soon will be, the spirit of the West will manifest itself in its real character.

Already we have intimations of what this spirit revealed will be. The original San Francisco is in ruins and its people are bereft and stunned by a most disheartening calamity, yet they exhibit a token of what is fundamental in their spirit in the proposed rebuilding of their city as one of the most beautiful of the world. with a grand civic center set with radiating and encircling boulevards. A like unfolding of the inner life of the people throughout the West will come as soon as they have respite from the engrossing demands upon their energies and thought incident to establishing themselves in a



A half-breed cowboy on his bucking broncho.



"No more buck." The outcome of the disagreement between the half-breed and his pony.

new country. When their roads are once built and they have the forces of nature around them fairly in harness, their spirit will rise to a realizing sense of the part in the drama of human history that is assigned to them. "Time's noblest offspring" will then have attained the glory of its maturity.

The spirit of a people emanates from its antecedents or racial traits, from its traditions and from the land in which it dwells. Tested by these standards, who is the Westerner among the peoples of the earth? What may be expected from him? Clearly, he is the last result of the toning up and energizing process of selection as it has worked itself out through almost infinitely repeated migrations. In the partings of the Abrahams and the Lots, the Westerner represents the strain that has always taken the part of Abraham. He has ever pitched his tent over against Hebron rather than "dwell in the cities of the plain." He has been inclined to avoid strife with his brothers in the old, crowded home, and he has been drawn onward by his faith in the unknown. The Westerners of each of the centuries of the past have been the men minded to rise through the conquest of nature in the wilderness rather than through the coercion of their fellowman. The sublimated essence of this spirit animates the Westerner of today.

Each Westerner in his sphere is a Columbus. The lines of descent that terminate in the individual Westerners represent the capitalized push, energy, vigor, resolution, restless daring and intrepidity of the centuries. Let me say again,—the process of selection in the repeated westward migrations through which we have the West of today has taken men and has made men, and withal it has been ennobling in its effects in that it has meant mainly the conquest of the wilderness rather than the coercion of men.

There is, of course, open among the haunts of men an even higher line of service than that of pioneering. This is espoused by the noble and self-sacrificing. So the brainiest, the noblest or the highest bred may not go to the wilderness, but certainly the strongest and the most enterprising will. The Westerner with his finely-tempered fibre of will must be



A Nez Perce squaw beading an Indian blanket.

supplemented in the task of developing the new country. He is too high-strung for the more humdrum and tedious activities that cannot be wholly eliminated through the introduction of machine processes. Let us frankly recognize these limitations in the inherited personal traits of the Westerner. His is still the generous, self-reliant and triumphant spirit of the man who does things, and who will not be satisfied with less than the best—and *that* he must have right quickly.

The traditions of a people may vitalize its spirit. It need hardly be mentioned that the pioneers of the West were in facile command of the best political traditions that man has yet developed. As new commonwealths were organized, incipient excrescences that had developed in the systems of the older states were sloughed off, and the ripe suggestions approved by experience were incorporated. All was plastic in their hands. They could easily approximate their ideals. There were no military necessities to distort the lineaments of the civil organization. The social body was alive from rind to core. One man was as good as another if he proved himself so. The political and the social ladders were available and invited all to climb.

There have been some marked special types among the makers of the West, whose achievements and lives enrich its traditions and have enkindled its spirit to a brighter intensity. In the fur-trapping mountain men of the Rockies, in the Oregon Pioneers, in the Argonauts of '49, and the later gold-mining excitements, in the best of the cow boys of the plains, in the railway kings that spanned the continent with steel, in the empire-builders of the several sections of this West, we have types as marked and as worthy of world homage as any that the various turns of human affairs have brought to the world's view.

It was through the co-operative contributions of these that within a single lifetime the grand imperial community between the Missouri and the Pacific was created. This region, condemned almost *in toto* as a desert, they have with "prodigies of labor" and "miracles of enterprise" bedecked with spots that suggest paradise, and have laid plans for the largest devel-

opment of the resources of the whole. It is true not all who have come to the West have been helpers. The weaklings and laggards have not encumbered. Those who did come quickly went under or went back. Shelter and grounds to batten on were sought here by the desperado, and the conditions of the frontier brought the outlawry of the unbalanced to the surface, but these the vigilance committees and the Draconian codes of the mining and the cow-boy camps soon weeded out. The undue isolation and other trying strains upon human nature, under which the occupation of the West largely took place, developed and fixed not a little of the abnormal in the spirit, here and there, of its people.

The first Westerners of the white race deserve a more prominent place in the annals of this section than has been accorded them. These free trappers found their heart's delight in the hardships of roaming over endless stretches of parched and treeless plains, in living alone, a year at a time, in the mountain fastnesses and in a keen, sleepless and tireless strategy against a treacherous foe. In reckless and restless self-reliance, the mountain men have no peers in history. The face of this planet offers no opportunity for an emulation of their exploits. Their day and glory is of the past, even more than that of the beaver, the buffalo and the bear they pursued. Intrepid knight-errants,—they were the pathfinders of the West, and spied out the seats of future empire. They were the indispensable forerunners of the mighty movement to follow. Can we not hope that some day the nation will employ an artist whose imagination has caught the spirit and import of their service and the heroic in their mold to design a monument of proportions commensurate to commemorate appropriately their work and place it in the most commanding position in the Yellowstone National Park? Much as the knight-errants of the Middle Ages enriched the spirit of the world with romantic love, gentleness and honor, so these knight-errants of the West in addition to disclosing the natural features and the natural trails of the land for the oncoming hosts, they have permanently enriched the spirit of the West with models of intrepidity and daring and self-reliance that can never again be quite paralleled.



Allicote, the Nez Perce horse king on the Flathead River.

Among the richest legacies to the traditions of the West was the role of the pioneers to the Oregon country. In the pilgrimages of the pioneer families across the continent there is exhibited a confidence in the primacy of the American institutions on the Pacific and the spirit and impulse to realize this. The traits of the mountain men were transcendant in the degree to which they were developed, but the pioneers who followed in this procession to the West, with the palladium of all civilization in their households, had a more fundamental and a more integral part in the future of this realm. As calmly and determinedly they came as if consciously chosen of God to possess the land for resolute, independent and democratic manhood and womanhood. Through them the civilization of the West was anchored to the bed-rock of the virtues of quiet home life and steady industry.

The home-cherishing proprietors and tillers of the soil gave solidity to the West. Its forced-draft pace of progress was first struck with the discovery of gold. Gold and the natural ozone of the land has put a delirium into the spirit of the West which it promises to retain to the end of time. All parts of the West had centers of this infection. First and most famously and largely did the American river and the whole eastern slope of the Sacramento Valley contribute to this influence; then a region far to the east—the site of the future Denver was stirred; Helena and Alder's Gulch, in the north, was the next attraction; Virginia City and Gold Hill and the Seven Devils country of the interior, with their finds, made the spirit of the mining camp universal throughout the West. Gold has ever been the talisman of the strong. It affords him power, pleasure and the largest life—at least in anticipation. Wealth was accumulated at fabulous and unheard-of rates. It keyed higher the standards of enterprise, made possible operations on a larger scale, and fixed new measures of the attainable. Audacity before unwarranted and undreamed of had its home in the West. The memories of these days of excitement, the evidences of these successes yet tingle and thrill in the heart and brain of the West, and will ever act as an elixir of youth and aspiration in its spirit.



Wild horse round-up on the Flathead River.



Branding slick-ears and mavericks on the Allicote ranch.

To get the gold, concentrated in the gravel bed and the quartz vein, called for daring and the willingness to bear isolation, exposure and hardship; but the utilization by man of the vast arid expanse extending from Texas on the South to the British possessions on the north was a problem that challenged the most resourceful. Nature nowhere seemed more niggardly obdurate to the purposes of man than in this native realm of the sage brush, sage hen, coyote, jackrabbit, prairie dog and rattlesnake. In delivering from this vast area of waste a finest form of wealth, the cowboy proved himself an indispensable factor in producing the greatness of the West. Pastoral life has always suggested virility. But the conditions of success with cattle on the plains of the West try the mettle of the best. He as the man on horseback, facing an enraged army maddened by thirst or hunger, must be a centaur in agility and a Napoleon in force of will.

The cowboy, with his rule over vast stretches of country and great herds of wild cattle, heralded a still higher order of mastery of nature in the projection and construction of great railway and irrigation systems. The great interior empire of the West inaugurated the method of moving forward its frontier on the railway train. That mode of procedure has been characteristic of it throughout. Nature is more suppliantly its servant than she is that of any other people.

Water is the one element essential to the support of civilized life in which the West is narrowly limited. The conservation of this precious resource for irrigation and power supplies is testing its spirit in quite a new way. The many communities developing strength and riches with irrigation are the finest omen for the future. In these are fostered the higher civic traits in which the independent and individualistic Westerners might be expected to be lacking. Success under this highest test seems assured. It will bring everything else with it. All the socializing, cultural and humanizing forces of the best urban conditions are in play in the American community dependent on irrigation. In this new West there is not only the hope, but already even the consummation of democracy.

A Belated Proposal

By Alec Bruce



EDDY McARTHUR was blue. He wasn't often blue, but today his spirits sank like an elevator descending.

The sun shone brightly, the sky was cloudless, the roads were smooth and dry, and Beecher's big saddle bobbed like a cradle on springs. In Angel Gap, "Three-Bar" cattle grazed and bunched together. There was nothing to do but loaf. Yet, Reddy was blue.

"Whoa!" He dropped his reins, dismounting when the elevation afforded a panorama of "Three-Bar" lands and the broad, green valley of the Snake. The river, wide and rushing near-by, looked like a silvery ribbon below, the distant falls like a snowy feather. For miles, winding up to Snow Pass, the dusty red trail stood out like a bruise on the unbroken surface of sage. Here and there a few green patches suggested coolness and relief, and Beecher's keen eye appraised; but Reddy stretched himself on the brush, his thoughts were far from Beecher and grass. He had stolen away from "Three-Bar" to be all alone. Even Barger, the congenial, the joker, the friend of all at "Three-Bar"—and "Three-Bar" was the world to Reddy—would have been intolerable, now.

"She's going away," he muttered, scooping up a little pile of dust in his tough-skinned palm and allowing it to sift slowly through his fingers. "She's going home, today." His fingers opened wide and all the dust disappeared. "Maybe this'll be her last visit at 'Three-Bar.'" He grabbed another handful of dust. "Said she might go abroad—for two years. It's her voice." Reddy filtered the second handful onto the toe of his boot. "'Irish eyes are blue,'" he hummed, "'Irish eyes are blue.' Don't see as she needs much voice trainin'. I'm not the only one she moves when she sings—wish I'd been more t' school—wish—" He chased an ant down his shirt-front and tucked the little creature through a diminutive casement in its castle.

"Oh, Girlie," he murmured, suddenly turning over, face downwards on the sage, "I love you, I—" His words smothered in his sombrero pressed firmly down under his face. The fragrant blue tips closed over his head. On his mental screen the thought-lantern flashed a dainty picture, a fair-haired girl framed in freshness, a face that mocked solemnity and laughed him into smiles. Away through Angel Gap he galloped with her. A whistling wind drowned her voice and closed her eyes. Her head was thrown back; her cheeks glowed red, taking the full sting of wind and dust, and secretly Reddy admired the long, yellow pig-tail dangling at her back. He saw the little white eagle, the big, red "V" adorning the fluttering sleeve of the sailor blouse. Her hat flapped on her shoulder, covering the tiny anchor on her collar. "I love this," she laughed; "I just love it, Reddy."

The incident was always the same, and for hours Reddy clung to it.

At last Beecher whinnied. The sun scorched behind his saddle, and flies in myriads had conquered patience.

"Reddy, what the devil's the matter with you?" It was Barger's deep voice, and Reddy came up with a guilty start. Whirling circles, purple, blue and yellow, faded curiously into sage and familiar scenery. Barger was a silhouette against blue.

"A-ha, Barge— ah-ha!" He laughed a mirthless little gurgle of a laugh. "I— I didn't hear you coming. Oh, I see," he stammered, "you came on Flannel-feet— that's it, ha-ha! What's up down the way?"

"Nuthin'," replied Barger, transfixing his companion's flushed face, "but you appear to be down up the way. Come, get up, Red. Shake yourself. It's one-thirty now, and that train leaves Morgan at three. Tinker left an hour ago with her boxes. The boys are all going down in a bunch to say good-bye. We petitioned the old man for the afternoon, and, nice as you please, he says 'Yes,' and 'I don't blame you, boys.' Old-lady, she smiled over his shoulders, first one, then the other: 'Awfully sweet girl, Mr. Barger,' she says; 'we just hate to see her go.' Then

Old-man chimes in with, 'But do you-all need the whole afternoon?' 'Tut, tut, Davy!' Bully for Old-lady, Solemn-face, hey?'"

Reddy smiled. "Have you seen her this morning? She—didn't speak—say anything, I mean? She—who's driving her down?"

"McGill's driving her down," replied Barger, sharply. "She asked for you, but how was I to know where you were buried? Didn't even know whether you'd come to say good-bye. It's your own fault. Didn't I tell you I'd give you the chance—six miles through Angel Gap alone with her, and Sissy an' Trissy needin' no attention. I'm blamed tired of you, Reddy.".

Blake Barger was boss of "Three-Bar" horse, a boss that never lorded. Four summers at "Three-Bar," as many market trips in season, eighty miles with bellowing hordes and thirsty riders, and never a stampede or a rebel.

"It was mighty good of you, old boy," murmured Reddy, averting his face for a moment; "but I—I don't believe I could have spoken. I—we haven't time to get down to 'Three-Bar,' now, have we?"

"No," returned Barger, dwelling on the monosyllable and watching his companion's quivering lip. Then he added kindly, "Oh, you needn't worry about McGill in Angel Gap. I ordered Shorty in along with them. You said McGill was a gentleman. He's down for three fines, sick-benefits, one; school books, one; and one for the Backers' Association."

"The what—that's a new one on me," laughed Reddy.

Barger muttered something and caught up his reins. Reddy heard the words, "maybe," "afternoon," and "you'll know."

"What's that you say, Barg?" he asked.

"I said," drawled Barger, "that time an' trains wait for no man. If you want to press Bertie Water's hand just a little bit, follow Flannel-feet. If not, plant you face in your hat and mope. Gidap, there!"

Away went Flannel-feet. The red dust rose high and hung like a fog behind her. *Clickety-clop, clickety-clop, clickety-clop!* It was just the kind of invitation that Reddy needed. Ten minutes more and Beecher's pink nose sneezed in that fog. Galloping like the wind, he was soon neck and neck with the leader.

"Just—keep—this pace," panted Barger, "and maybe—you'll be able—to whisper good-bye. Aw, haul in—Reddy. I've got stitches."

Reddy grinned. His heels slackened pressure on Beecher's softness, and the dust fog cleared as if by magic. Good old Beecher!

"That's liker it," pursued Barger.

Beecher and Flannel were blowing like porpoises. "We're only going to Morgan Junction. Where the dickens did you suppose we were bound for?"

"You said follow Flannel-feet," replied Reddy, and by way of justification, "I didn't have any dinner."

"Any fool could bank on that," growled Barger. "It's in the oven for you when you get home. Don't forget it."

"I won't. I'm likely to have an appetite," flashed Reddy.

Then Barger made numerous attempts to extract confidences, but Reddy's face remained like the bronze of Napoleon in captivity.

"Poor beggar," soliloquized Barger. "Poor little girl. Mighty good job she's got it, too. If she didn't, Red might as well apply to the Hush ward at the asylum. Poor beggar! And she's not so awful strikin', either; her nose is just a little bit upiky. Oh, is it, old Sour Grapes?" he argued reflectively. "Bertie made you feel like the day Katie Marsden offered to be a sister to you, when she told you it was Reddy for evermore." He glanced vindictively at his glum companion tapping his quirt on Beecher's neck.

"Can't you speak to her?" he muttered. "Speak, and she'll stay with us. You've got cattle, and land, and the log house clear. You've saved ridin' money for fifteen years. Speak to her. No? Then, by Jose! we'll squeeze it out of you."

* * * * * * * *

At Morgan Junction when Reddy and Barger came through the gates, twelve stalwart "Three-Bar" riders were drawn up in imposing array. Clinking bits and spurs sounded as music in their ears. To the surfeited mountaineer, even, the sight was striking. A group of city visitors snapped kodaks freely. Lost Chord, the sleepy little agent, strutted proudly up and down the track: "Fine subject, sir; fine subject." "You bet yuh!" In horseflesh there were roan, buckskin, sorrel, grey, blue, black, and white, even the piebald was in evidence. Every saddle had the



"A FAIR HAIRED GIRL, FRAMED IN FRESHNESS."

big maker's stamp. Apache blankets lay sweat-damp underneath. Every horn hooked its lasso rope. Every sombrero sported the snakeskin band, every neck the red and yellow.

In spite of himself, Reddy laughed. "Barg," he whispered, "what you givin' her? Does she shake all around?"

"Sure," said Barger absently.

"Where are the boxes?" queried Reddy, sweeping the low granite platform at a glance.

"Don't see 'em," snapped Barger.

"Where's Tinker?" persisted Reddy.

"Don't see 'im," mumbled Barger.

Suddenly a ringing cheer went up; a shiny buckboard with vermillion running-gear dashed past the line, and every hat was raised. Shorty and McGill, in the rig, raised also in graceful acknowledgment. Their sunburned little passenger bowed and smiled and blushed. She felt like a princess departing with the freedom of a city in her handbag. Immediately her eyes scanned the line and traveled swiftly to the gate, with an invitation to MacArthur.

"Barg," Reddy turned his yellow face to the boss. His heart was chunking like an engine crank. His lips quivered. "I guess maybe I'll go over and talk to her a little, eh?"

Barger expectorated contemptuously. "You guess," he sneered; and Reddy wavered.

But McGill had timed his arrival well. A distant murmur grew to a nearer hum. Louder and louder it droned. The bright steel rails began to sing. A whistle tooted loud and twice, and through an avenue of redolent pines the brass-trimmed Rio Grande swept up.

Unused to it, Beecher disliked the loud breathing of the monster, the sharp hissing of the exhaust, and straightway rose on his hind legs. Over his soft, sweaty neck, Reddy saw "Three-Bar" boys getting in swift good-byes and hearty handshakes. Everybody bustled; Morgan's altitude-lethargy was transformed in a moment. The platform cleared rapidly. Lost Chord flung the mail pouch up to the messenger.

"Damn you, you fool!" Reddy set his teeth and drove his spurs home. "Oh, Bertie," he breathed; "Bertie!"

The conductor raised his hand: "All aboard!"

A quick succession of snorts resounded, and Beecher increased his waltz-pace. A little white handkerchief fluttered from a window well forward. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" In the loud burst of cheers, punctured by a rattle of shots, the back of the last car shriveled.

"Gone!" gasped Reddy, still bouncing in his saddle. "Gone!" And long before Beecher consented to stand at ease the little depot was deserted. Only McGill and Barger remained.

"You timed it bully, Jim," lauded the boss.

In token of appreciation McGill bit the end from his cigar and offered another to his companion. "Didn't have to use the boys much, after all, Barg, eh? Kind of suspicious if we'd had to push the whole bunch in ahead of Red. Gad, I felt reasonable sure Beecher'd go off full cock. That's why I took Reddy's old gun-sure down to the smith this mornin'. Of course Lawton was too busy to touch 'im till evenin'. Bet Red's boilin'."

"Bet we've got 'im good an' hungry," remarked Barger. "Bet he'll propose to her the moment he sees her—just as I told you-all. Wait!"

"Well," returned McGill, "we're willin', but it's your game now, an' you've got t' start him over to Sheep's Junction mighty soon."

"He—kinder noticed the absence of her boxes," confided Barger. "He—he asked for Tinker."

"Tackle 'im quick," breathed McGill. "I'll telephone Tink to start home with her the moment she arrives at Sheep's."

"Right," agreed Barger, heading for Reddy. "I'll fix the laggard."

"Hello, there, Reddy," he bantered, slouching up under a danger-signal gaze, "you seem's if you were glued to that there saddle. Why didn't you come down to say good-bye?"

Reddy's big eyes traveled swiftly over Beecher's neck to the tips of his fly-troubled ears. "This damn fool," he explained. "Oh, I'm miserable, Bar. Don't talk to me. I'm goin' home."

"Home," echoed Barger sharply, and Reddy looked straight at him. "After a while, maybe," conceded the boss authoritatively, "but right now you're goin' to Sheep's Junction to arrange about Pington's stock. We've got to cinch the bargain today."

"Cinched it yesterday," announced Reddy briefly.

"C-cinched it yesterday?" stammered Barger, his only valid excuse for an order gone. And Reddy must go over the Sheep's road. "Cinched it yesterday," he repeated, thinking quickly. Mighty awkward, that! But inventive genius sawed hard, and the horns dropped from his dilemma. He smiled sweetly. "No matter, Reddy, you've got to go to Pington's this afternoon, anyway. Supplies, you know. I'll write you a list."

"Telephone," suggested Reddy.

"Telephone!" drawled Barger. "Can Pington deliver stuff by wire?"

"Oh! I'll need the wagon, then," grumbled Reddy.

"Go on, Beecher," directed Barger. "Tinker left Molly and B. No. 2 at Sheep's two days ago." ("That's no lie, either," he notated mentally.) "He's got her there now. Hitch Beecher on behind coming home. Get back early, Red. There's the list."

"All right," growled Reddy. "Gidap!" Whack, whack! And Barger watched him dash through the gates, watched him on the long, winding stretch of grey till his eyes watered on a bobbing speck.

"Ho, Barger!" McGill signalled from the office door.

Barger hurried over.

"Just heard from Tink." announced McGill. "He's got her safe at Sheep's. They've started for 'Three-Bar.' He'll telephone from Halfway."

"Hurrah!" Barger's hat went into the air, landing snugly on his head as he glanced at his watch. "Red should meet 'em in an hour, then, Jim."

"Come in, come in and wait," invited McGill. "Lost Chord's napping in the baggage room. Hear 'im?"

"If I listen," Barger yawned wearily, "I'll fall over m'self."

McGill struck a match and tipped the boss' cigar.

Puff, puff. "Thanks, Jim." Barger's voice vied with his hand in vibrations. "Red should meet 'em in an hour, eh?" he mumbled again.

Up on the dirty white wall the old office clock ticked monotonously. On the garden plot bees swarmed on the hollyhocks. A continual hum attuned the air. A blue-bottle captaining a troupe of flies buzzed on the window pane. Beyond the foreground of waving alfalfa Lake Morgan looked like a patch of fallen sky. Overhead the telegraph wires glittered in a mirage of sunlight. *Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock. Buzz-z-z-z!* Barger's chin went down on his chest; a heavy white ash disintegrated on his knees. *Tick-tock, tick-tock.* An hour of it. *Bhirr-r-r-r!* Only the telephone saved McGill, and he jumped to his feet with a start.

"Hello, there! Tinker? Yes—yes—uh-huh—yes—good boy, ha-ha-ha! Yes, wait a bit."

"Barg, wake up! This is Tinker at Halfway!"

"Huh?" The boss' eyes opened slowly, blinking vacantly across the desk. The hands of the clock marked four on the dial. McGill was holding the 'phone, his face a story with a pleasant ending. "Jim," breathed Barger, "you've got Tinker?"

McGill smiled. "You win, Boss. Tinker's at Halfway on Beecher. Reddy's driving B. No. 2, with one hand, the other holds Miss Waters'. They're headed back for Sheep's Junction."

"Sheep's Junction? Heavens! What for?" cried Barger, rising.

McGill turned to the instrument again. "Hello, Tink! Yes, well, what's Reddy headed Sheep's way for? The boys are waiting for him at Flat-Rock. The denouement meeting, you know. What's that?" He wheeled swiftly on Barger. "After some confounded supplies for you."

Barger swore and grabbed the receiver. "Hello, that you, Tinker? Yes—yes—well, head Reddy back, d'you hear? We don't need supplies—got 'em yesterday. Had to give 'im that gag to start 'im. Smooth it without peachin'. Get 'em abreast of Flat-Rock by five. Yes—yes—all right. *Click! Ting, ting, ting.* "Tink's a brick of a boy, Jim," he muttered, wiping his damp forehead. "Gad, I forgot all about these tarnation supplies."

* * * * * *

Five o'clock. Flat-Rock, a broad roadside rest within a mile of "Three-Bar," accommodated every expectant member of the Backers' Association. See the red and yellow on their necks, the snake-bands on their hats; and one more added to their number. Tinker, the diplomat, has joined them. The meeting is complete; its sense is confidence. Smiles flit

like dragon-flies on myrtle and moisture. Every pearl-handled author of noise is primed and ready. Every eye is focused on the dusty road-bend, two miles below.

Bang! A fleecy white puff floated out from the rocks. McGill, on a pinnacle, had the long-range vista, and Barger raised his binoculars. "Sure, it's Reddy, boys. Now for it!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" Excitement rang in every shout. "Speech," demanded Shorty. "Speech, Mr. President."

"Speech!" chorused the members.

Barger smiled and raised his hat. "Gentlemen, Backers, Range Riders," he began quizzically. "I am proud to be called your president."

"Hear, hear."

"Gentlemen, we are met together on this—this soul-inspiring spot—" ("Hear, hear.") "—to do a soul-inspiring act: to cheer onward a laggard in love."

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, this day we have given to him the apple of his eye, the desire of his heart. Without us, gentlemen, he could not have mustered courage to propose—we all know that. And the lady, I should have explained, gentlemen, lacking nothing of that courage—God bless her and her reasons of state—fell in with our scheme. But, gentlemen, that very lack of courage in the man is the excuse for our being, for our presence here at this moment—er—it is only one reason, gentlemen."

A wild burst of laughter punctuated this qualifying remark.

"Order, order!" McGill rattled loudly on a kettle-drum. There were instruments galore piled against the rock, and "Three-Bar" riders knew how to play them.

Resumed Barger: "I hinted that there might be another reason. One year ago tonight, gentlemen, July 4th, seven p. m., and I have witnesses present who can testify that I, Blake Barger, boss of 'Three-Bar,' did bet Mr. Red MacArthur five hundred dollars that within the year he would propose and be accepted by the lady now on the seat of B. No. 2, beside him. Gentlemen, Mr. MacArthur took me on that he would not!"

"Hurrah!" Pandemonium broke loose, and the kettle-drum rattled in vain.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" shouted Barger. "We have no time to squander. The victim-victor approaches; and, gentlemen, I desire to explain, in case there be ignorant among you, that the lady is not in on this part of the game. She is innocent, sweet, and dear to us all. She contributes merely to the soul-inspiring motive. She is in love with Reddy—I—I—curiously enough I—I found that out."

Again pandemonium, and McGill deserted the kettle-drum for the bass.

"Gentlemen," ignoring the interruption, the speaker struggled on, "I desire also to affirm that Mr. MacArthur has forgotten about this bet. He is as innocent of remembrance today as a new-born babe. Have mercy, therefore, when he comes upon the scene. One thing more, gentlemen, and I think that you will agree that I have kept the pleasant tit-bit to the end—that five hundred dollars falls into the Backers' supper and entertainment fund. Gentlemen—"

It was useless for Barger to proceed; he could not hear himself, and McGill's efforts to back his chief were drowned in the ceaseless thunder of applause.

Bang! Tinker put the punctuation mark, and silence fell.

Round the rock-point corner came Reddy. Miss Waters, hatless and talking earnestly, was on the driver's seat beside him.

"Whoa! Hello, boys!" Reddy's exclamation was accentuated; all his glumness had disappeared. His eyes sparkled a welcome to all. "What you givin' us, now, boys?" he laughed.

Barger was surprised. This was not the nervous upset he had expected, but he gave the signal deftly, and Molly bounded from the shafts. Six Backers took her place, six more with musical instruments lined up in front. McGill and Tinker with the drums fell to the rear.

"Oh, Barger—er—er—I say—" Reddy rose to his feet, but Barger signed him down with a confident, 'Me first, Red, me first."

"Boys," he began, and Miss Waters' vivid blushes encouraged him to dispense with preamble, "boys," he repeated loudly, "I desire now—I should rather say that I am privileged now to introduce to you Mr. Red MacArthur and his—his fee—his promised—" Very suddenly Blake Barger paused. A quick flash of the girl's eyes stemmed his eloquence. Her face

crimsoned as she motioned him to come closer. "No—no—oh! Mr. Barger," she whispered, "you—I—we—we are all terribly mistaken—that is—he—he has not proposed to me—I—"

"What!" Barger tramped on his own toes. His face threw disappointment front and rear.

Bung! Involuntarily Tinker jabbed the big drum. Had he also made some awful mistake? "I'll bet Reddy kissed her," he whispered to McGill. "I saw 'im; I saw her, too!"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Reddy, rising. The sparkle was still in his eye. "I think I'd better take the floor now, since Mr. Barger is out of order. There appears to be a mistaken impression that I have asked —er—that Miss Waters has promised to be—my wife." Reddy's flow of language was remarkable and direct for him. "She has not done so, gentlemen. Nevertheless, her heart is good, and her eyes are bright, I must tell you that in all my life I have not appreciated kindness more than that which you have shown me today. This morning I was very miserable. Tonight, I am very happy. You-all have made me so, and I thank you from my heart. At half past seven, tonight, I propose that you assemble again in 'Three-bar' barns and give to—to us—the ovation which I see you have so thoughtfully prepared. I —I am sorry indeed, gentlemen, to repress your exuberance at a time when I know it to be ripe, but circumstances compel me so to do. You see—" and Reddy looked Barger full in the eyes—"$500 is not a small sum. It will buy a piany and certain kitchen utensils. A few minutes ago, gentlemen, when I heard your drum beats, I recalled that this might be the 4th day of July. Somehow—"

But Reddy's speech was cut short. Loud cheers, trombones, flutes and drums drowned his solemn words; and to the persistent strains of "Yankee Doodle came to town—Yankee Doodle, ha-ha-ha!" he entered the gates of "Three-bar" with courage and an appetite.

In Mrs. Windle's Cosy Corner

By Alfred Galpin

JOHN WINDLE'S idea that clever persons with boorish traits were preferable at his board or fireside to less brilliant ones having due regard for conventionalities had more than once caused him to waver for an hour and a half on the verge of a nervous collapse for fear his prize show animal in telling rare stories would break through the mire whereon he trod. At times it had induced a state of mind having the quality of fury mellowed by remorse when the show animal, having drunk, without comment whatever, two pints of a pet vintage, flaunted his disregard for accepted ideas of deportment and morals by openly and persistently attempting to flirt with the wife of his host.

F. Percival Herne was apt to do these things. In fact, he had done them—and now, the week following that of his initial visit, having given the matter much consideration, he decided to drop in on the Windle home, knowing full well that Windle was this evening attending a banquet at a downtown club.

This same Jack Windle had, in time gone by, given and eaten big dinners, drunk excessively, gambled, done almost every-

thing one is liable to do who becomes wealthy through no effort of his own. His thirty-fifth year found him a physical wreck, courage gone, and possessing practically nothing but a barren strip of Southern California farming land. Then from the ashes of his wasted fortune a new one was born—oil was struck on land that hitherto had seemed hardly worth its taxes, and with the acquisition of a new fortune Windle took new hope; but, having no new constitution to burn out, decided it high time to settle down. He built a pretentious home on a high and fashionable hill in San Francisco, and there brought his bride—Marian Wade that was—a sweet, sentimental girl not long from a finishing school. It was she, not two years a wife, who met F. Percival Herne at the door.

After expressions of mutual regret because of the absence of "Jack," and expressions of mutual delight because of the presence of "Mrs. Jack," they adjourned to a sumptuous little red room—"My Bohemian den," as madame chose to call it.

"I've spent a great deal of time and thought," explained Mrs. Windle, as she passed a jeweled cigarette case to her guest, "in planning and furnishing this little room. You see, it's for my artistic and literary friends. Cosy, don't you think, Mr. Herne?"

"Yes, indeed," said Herne.

"And my cosy corner—sympathetic color scheme, don't you think, Mr. Herne?"

"Indeed," said Herne.

"And my 'Persia,'" continued Mrs. Windle, indicating by a glance an Angora cat sleeping on a window seat. "She's so in keeping with my Persian tapestries, don't you think, Mr. Herne?"

"Yes," said Herne. "Yes, indeed. I was just about to remark—remark that if you wish, you might call me Frank, and I will address you as Marian; 'twill be so in keeping with our temperaments and surroundings."

Mrs. Windle reddened prettily. If she had a protest to offer, it remained unuttered, for cunning Percival, without a pause branched into a rapid-fire eulogy of the absent spouse; told what a splendid fellow he was, "so clever, so popular, so lucky," the while he gazed through a haze of Turkish tobacco smoke at the beautiful young wife, reclining on a gorgeous settee amid a profusion of vari-colored sofa pillows. Then he talked of himself—and did it so well that impressionable Mrs. Windle felt so sorry for him, with his lonely bachelor apartments, his highly artistic temperament, and vulgar, unappreciative fellow clubmen, that she almost offered him a home with Jack and herself. She thought how jolly it would be, and how much he could assist her with her own literary work; they might even collaborate on a story of love letters.

Herne languidly tossed his half-finished cigarette to the center of a Daghistan rug, then deserted his chair for a more convenient position on the settee, where together they perused the contents of a scrap-book of sketches and bits of jingle that Mrs. Windle considered literature, and worth saving. Not a few were the efforts of "F. P. H.," rescued from well-merited oblivion attendant on their publication in a society weekly; and one lonely one was her own! When that had been accepted and finally published in "The Tattler," little Mrs. Windle's heart almost burst for joy. She felt she was no longer an aspirant, but that she had at last deserved a rating as one who could do things.

"Do you know, Jack didn't even read it—hasn't read it yet!" she tearfully exclaimed. "Oh, I do wish he had some appreciation of my efforts; some little interest in things other than oil. If he were only like—like you."

Herne expressed his modesty with a deprecatory wave of the hand, which gesture Mrs. Windle misinterpreted.

"Oh, was it wrong of me to speak so?" she asked.

Herne nodded.

"Though I met you but last week," said Mrs. Windle, "I feel that I have known you for years. Jack has known you for so long, and I have, too; of course, not personally but through your writings,—I never miss an issue of 'The Tattler,'—and from your poetry I have come to know your character, your motives, your sincerity of purpose. I feel that I can trust you."

"Really, you are an exceedingly clever woman," said Herne.

"Now about Jack," pursued Mrs. Windle, "if *he* were only interested in the higher, nobler things of life, then I could

be so happy; but, no, it's business, business, nothing but—"

"Business is not a bad sort of thing," interrupted Herne, condolingly.

"But you don't understand—you won't understand me, is that it, Frank? Can't you see that my life is a void; there are none to praise when I succeed, and none to condole when I fail. It's sympathy I'm starving for. You cannot dream how happy I am because you chanced to call this evening. I feel that you are going to be so much to me."

"My duty is my pleasure," said Herne.

"You are so good, so kind, so thoughtful," murmured Mrs. Windle.

"So good—so kind—so thoughtful?" echoed Herne.

Herne surprised himself when he suddenly arose from the settee and started to pace the floor of the Bohemian den. He did not speak, for he was thinking deeply; perhaps of what a deplorable state of affairs it would be if Jack Windle were like himself; perhaps of a lonely, repentant woman in Honolulu, whose husband had resided temporarily in South Dakota; or, possibly, he recalled a romantic girl whose wise mamma had placed a whole wide ocean between her daughter and a certain writer of sentimental verse. Suddenly he turned, with a stern expression, to his puzzled hostess.

"Mrs. Windle," he said deliberately, "you have very foolish ideas. Your enthusiasm is leading you astray. Don't make any more silly attempts at verse writing. Don't want to be 'Marian Wade Windle,' nor even 'Mrs. Jack Windle'; be plain 'Mrs. John Windle.' Be happy with your husband; he's a good one—don't want him to be other than he is. And," Percival continued, with fierce earnestness, "give up this damnable idea of wanting to be unconventional—it's not becoming to you. Give up cigarettes—you don't like them. Leave them to unfortunates who do. Clean out this cosy corner, and put in good, straight-backed furniture. Banish Bohemia—it would be only absurd if it were not so dangerous. Try to forget yourself, and be a wife for your husband; you're too normal to be a genius." Herne paused.

Poor little Mrs. Windle. For all her year of Bohemian life, she was as yet a tender flower, and when the light came strong she flared handsomely, and then wilted.

"You!" she cried hysterically; "you, whom I thought my best friend, and to talk so to me! You don't know my life, nor what it should be. Oh—Oh, you're a brute!" Then she flung herself face downward back among the pillows and burst into bitter, convulsive sobs.

At about the time J. Percival Herne and Mrs. Windle were having their most unpleasant moments in the Bohemian den, a very tired horse, digging his calked shoes between the cobblestones of the Powell-street hill, was slowly, yet surely, dragging a cab up toward the Windle home. At every jolt of the vehicle its occupant moaned, and sometimes he swore; for John Windle was nursing as emphatic an attack of acute indigestion as ever forced a man to leave a dining table.

The stable connected with the Windle establishment is of no consequence in this tale, nor are the bob-tailed horses therein stabled, but James the Second, who supplanted James the First in the care of those horses and shared with him the affections of Margaret, the house-maid, is of consequence. Now, James the Second, believing Margaret had come to him with the job, was not at all averse to assuming this additional responsibility; but James the First could not perceive that the affections of maid and position of groom necessarily went together, and was reluctant to cease his attentions; and Margaret—Margaret could not make up her mind, or, mayhap, she appreciated the value of James the First as a spur to James the Second, or vice versa. At any rate, she smiled on both. The dual courtship was great fun for her, but both Jameses were equally resolved that it should be no partnership affair.

It is pertinent that it be known that Margaret received in the kitchen or on the vine-covered, screen-enclosed rear veranda, as the occasion demanded, and when the coast was clear, in the dearest precinct of the house—the sumptuous little red-room—Mrs. Windle's Bohemian den. There James the First—or Second, which ever it chanced to be—told of the home, suggested by the surroundings, that he would provide for his dear one when he had won the capital prize hung up by a company that invariably takes its monthly fee out of every servant's wages.

From his station in the stable James the Second had this night seen his inamorata and his rival enter the house by way of a rear door, and as is the wont of jealous lovers, drew hasty conclusions and deemed it time to act. He tore off his coat and, with fury increasing at every step, hurried to the house. The rear veranda was deserted; the gas was burning low in the kitchen. Save for the ticking of the clock, absolute silence reigned. With stealthy tread the groom made his way to the unlighted dining room. There he stopped and listened. From the front regions of the house came the low murmur of subdued conversation.

"By the siven candles!" ejaculated James, "so 'tis there ye be, me foine bye." Trembling with rage and excitement he slipped off his shoes and, feeling his way around the table, tip-toed across the polished floor toward a front entrance to the dining-room. The doors were but partially closed, and through the aperture James saw a soft red glow streaming from the Bohemian den across the hallway floor. He heard nothing now. Then the silence was broken by faint, yet distinct, exclamatory protest.

James waited in his corner, shivering. His presence was ignored. Creeping cautiously over to the door again, he stooped and listened. Subdued, yet unmistakable, there came from the red room the irresistable call for a cavalier—a woman's bitter sobbing.

"I'm comin', Margaret, me darlint!" shouted James, and dashing apart the doors he bounded down the hallway and into the Bohemian den.

F. Percival Herne realized no pain. He knew that when he started to rise there was an awful shock. Flickering lights danced before his eyes, then all grew dark. A pleasant feeling of warmth came over him, and there was a sound as of running water. He knew not his assailant, nor reason for the attack.

It was the avenging groom who suddenly awoke to the fact that Margaret and his rival were not his companions in the rose-colored room—for, the coast not being clear, Margaret and her Jamesie had found it necessary to go elsewhere to coo—and not till then did it occur to the fighting James that the pair must have left by way of a side door, the existence of which he, in drawing hasty conclusions, had ignored. And it was this same fighting James who ultimately realized that he had felled to the floor the guest of his mistress.

And it was Mrs. John Windle who, with burning cheeks and tearful eyes, arose in really dignified pose and sharply said:

"James, what are you doing in the house at this hour?"

While James was cudgeling his brain in vain attempt to drag forth an answer that would explain his presence to the satisfaction of Mrs. Windle, the front door banged, the portieres parted, and John Windle, groaning and miserable, stepped into the Bohemian den.

Mrs. Windle fainted.

James was hurried to the dining-room for stimulants. When he returned he had framed the following explanation:

"The varmint insoolted the mistress, sor, an' I felt it me jooty to interfere."

What did Windle do? What could he do? What was the best thing to do? Probably just what Windle did. First he saw that his wife was placed safely upon the Oriental settee, well bolstered with the vari-colored sofa pillows. Realizing her preference to remain in a faint, he delicately gave in to her unspoken wishes, and turned his attention to Herne. He poured some liquor between the bruised lips, bathed the clammy forehead, and when the fellow finally came back to earth, assisted him with hat and coat, then without word or kick, passed him out into the night.

The next morning at ten a very miserable little woman, faint, and sick at heart, timidly ventured to where her husband lay resultant of his previous night's indulgence.

"John—John, dear," she said in a quavering voice, "I must tell you the whole truth about it."

"Needn't bother; I'll hear it in detail at the club. I'll gamble it's already there."

But it wasn't. And it did not reach the club till six months later, when the story, having gone the servants' route, finally came out through a member of the Waiters' Union. And then it was said that Jack Windle had been thrashed by his butler for trifling with the affections of the housemaid—and there was none to deny it.

The Wreck of the Zuleika Higgins

By John Fleming Wilson

"LOVE," said Mr. Skidds, "leads to various diseases. In Captain Higgins' case, it led to vegetarianism." He gazed at me calmly from the afterbitts of the *Helene*, and emphasized his statement by a nod of his head. Then he squinted up at the spanker topsail, knocked the coal out of his pipe, and came over to where I sat on the wheel-box.

"I heard about Higgins," I remarked.

"Nearly everybody using the Pacific Ocean *did*," said Mr. Skidds. "But there weren't many that knew the reason why a wellfound schooner like his was lost in midsea when there wasn't storm or rock or reef."

"Do you know?" I demanded.

The mate of the *Helene* refilled his pipe and nodded. "It was love of vegetarianism. Unsuccessful love and blighted affections combined with successful vegetarianism and—" Mr. Skidds paused temperately, his rotund countenance inflamed, apparently, by the glow of some inner recollection.

"And what?" I asked eagerly.

"*That* is the real reason. Love, either successful or unhappy, is not any reason for raising the insurance rates. Vegetarianism is a manner of living when the fun's gone. Higgins went to see Mistress Shinney—who was very good-looking—and says to her, 'I'm in love with you; marry me.' She, like all women, preferred to remodel him first. When Higgins discovered that he must do this and do that and have ideals and a religion and politics, he got discouraged. He told me so himself. When a man loses heart he's likely to do any thing that a fool can do. Higgins got vegetarianism. I remember the day very well.

"The *Zuleika Higgins* was lying off Meiggs' wharf, in San Francisco, and I was busy bending the sails, for we were to make for Honolulu the next day. Higgins came aboard and called me aft. 'See here, Skidds, fire the cook!' says he.

"'Fire the cook!' I remarks. 'Why, that cook is the pride of the *Zuleika*. He's the best doctor of meat and potatoes that ever scrubbed a pan. What d'ye mean, sir?' I inquires.

"'I mean that I've decided that it's best for the crew's health to have another cook. I notice some of the hands look logey and the carpenter was telling me only the other day that his liver bothered him. I have ordered supplies for the voyage on a new line. I think it will prove much better for the men and the officers.'

"I was staggered, and I admit it. But I never let Higgins know it. 'All right, sir,' I says. 'Pete goes. Shall I ship another one today?'

"'Yes,' he replies. 'Get a vegetarian cook. I have ordered vegetarian supplies.'

"I wiped my forehead and says, 'What are vegetarian supplies? And where shall I get a cook of that breed? The one we have now is a Guam boy.'

"Then he explained how his health was bad and he had found that he was eating too much meat and we all were eating too much meat and he was going to try a voyage on the vegetarian plan and would I hold my jaw and obey orders? I did both.

"I fired Pete and went up to the Union to sign a new cook. The secretary looked me all over when I told him what I wanted and the executive committee held an informal meeting, while I expostulated on their general behaviour.

"'But the vegetarian cooks don't belong to the union,' they said. 'They're all scabs. You can't sign a vegetarian cook. If you try it, the union will call your crew off.'

"'Look here,' I remarks, 'Captain Higgins wants a vegetarian in the galley. If you don't keep 'em in stock, can't you get one? I don't want any trouble with the union, but I'll have a vegetarian cook if it busts the ship.'

"The executive committee met again and decided they could supply one. 'He aint regularly a vegetarian cook,' the secretary explains, 'but he knows the ropes all right. Come back in an hour and you can have him.'

"An hour later," said Mr. Skidds, shifting his massive bulk slightly, "I went back and saw the oddest looking cook you ever laid eyes on. He was a Yankee. Ever see a real down-east American in the galley? He was the first in my time.

"'Can you cook vegetarian?' I demands.

"He twiddled his hat and allowed that he could. 'I studied it for a year,' he said.

"I was more doubtful than ever, but I took him on and we went out to the schooner. When we got aboard I hunted up Higgins and told him the new cook had come off.

"'The supplies are on the deck,' says the old man, very gloomy. 'Better get one of the hands to help the cook stow 'em.'

"I went for'ad and sure enough there was a tremendous raffle of stuff piled on the forehatch. The hands were loafing around curiously.

"'Looks like a whaling voyage,' says Chips, viewing the mess. 'Only I don't seem to recunnize the looks of the goods. There ain't any beef barrels nor soup cans and there's a lot of stuff with foreign names.'

"It looked odd to me, and I started in to overhaul it. I was stuck in a minute. 'Hey, cook!' I calls, 'come out here and sort this truck. It's beyond me.'

"The old codger smiled all over when he had taken a look at the litter. He piled into it with chuckles and whistled joyously. Never saw a man so changed. He'd gaze entranced at a box of stuff and reel off the name and hustle to the lazarette with it like a boy with a piece of gingerbread. I picked up one of the cases myself. It was so light I let out a howl. 'This is a fraud,' I says. 'These boxes are empty. Bring an axe.'

"They brought me an axe and I took off the cover of one of them. It was filled with small pasteboard packages. I opened one of them and it was full of a sort of oatmeal. I called the captain and showed him what I had found. "There are twenty cases with the same marks on 'em,' I explained. 'What'll we do? Send for the chandler and raise Ned with him tonight?'

"Higgins brightened up when he saw the stuff. 'That's the best food for the brain you ever saw,' he said.

"I forbear to state the proceedings of the next two hours. But when it was over, the lazarette was chock-full of assorted oatmeal, variegated flours and dried garden truck. There was a ton of rice stowed in the forepeak. There wasn't a barrel of beef in the lot, not an ounce of mutton, nor a splinter of bacon.

"'Look here,' I protested to the old man, 'this don't go with me. What are we going to eat? Mush four times a day? Where's the beef?'

"'There ain't any beef,' says Higgins 'This is vegetarianism. It's good for the health.'

"'Who told you so?' I demands.

"'Mistress Shinney,' he responds, very warm. 'She knows just what the matter with us is.'

"'Does she think the whole ship's crew is in love with her?' I inquired. 'Does she suppose that there are fourteen suffering hearts on the *Zuleika Higgins* that need gruel and spoon-victuals? You'll have a mutiny.'

"Captain Higgins had a very sad way of swearing, but it was exasperating. Who wants to be cussed as if the cusser was praying for you? I nearly hit the old man and we had some considerable language.

"Well, we finally agreed to put off the new bill of fare till the next day, when we were at sea. 'It'll save us the crew,' I says. 'If they get this truck tonight, they'll desert in a body. We've got enough beef for supper, anyway.'

"The next morning we went to sea and by the time we had seated the new sails flat and tidied up the decks and set the watches, I was hungry. And when I passed the galley, there wasn't any appetizing smell floating to leeward.

"Two days later the second mate came to me. 'My men refuse to work any more,' says he. 'They say they can't eat the greens and grass and chopped mush handed out from the galley. It's mutiny, sure enough. I don't blame them.'

"We took it to the skipper. We told him we were tired ourselves. We informed him that our health was so much improved that we thought we were strong enough to eat a little meat.

"He got ugly and told us we were mutinous ourselves. 'Do you suppose that I'm not wise enough to run this ship without the advice of a lot of unhealthy offi-

cers? You've been eating meat so long that your system is poisoned.' That was the general nature of his remarks.

"The next day the cook came to me and said he was afraid. 'The crew is throwing things at me,' says he. 'I want to quit.'

"An hour later he came back. 'I *have* quit,' says he.

"The old man reasoned with him. But the cook said he had stood as much as he was going to. 'I ain't had a sleep in three days. They throw things at me. They've stole all my clothes. I never signed to cook for a lot of ignorant critters like them.' And he went for'ard.

" 'Look over the crew,' says the old man, at last, 'and pick out a new cook, Mr. Skidds.'

"I spent an hour looking them over. Only one of them knew anything about it. He said he didn't know anything about the finer kinds of mush, but he could boil spuds and beef.

" 'There ain't any spuds and beef,' I says, 'but take what there is and see what you can do with it.' And I put the old cook to work in the port watch, where he seemed quite cheerful. We missed our dinner that day.

"In the afternoon watch, the new cook came aft. 'I don't know these things apart,' he says. 'I've found a lot of rice and beans and wheat and raisins mixed in with the mush. What'll I cook?'

" 'Rice,' I answers. 'We'll have beans tomorrow.'

" 'I ain't never cooked any rice,' says he. 'How much do you think will be enough for the crew?'

" 'Let's see,' I remarks. 'There's fifteen of us. I guess about two buckets will be enough. Boil it with raisins.' "

Mr. Skidds ruminated over his pipe. "You see I didn't know much about the business," he remarked. "But it was the vegetarianism that was to blame. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I told the cook to fix the rice. At eight bells I went for'ard to see how he was making out. The galley door was shut and there was sort of scuffling sound inside.

"I opened the door, thinking some of the hands was in there making more trouble. The cook was alone, dipping rice into pots with a big spoon. The stove was covered with pots and I saw other pots of rice on the floor. 'What *are* you doing?' I inquired. 'Didn't I tell you two buckets would be enough, you fool?'

"The cook looked up most bewildered. 'I put two buckets of rice in that big pot an hour ago,' says he. 'I've been bailing ever since. It sort of swells, sir.'

"Half an hour later the cook came aft. 'I've got to have more pots,' says he. 'That rice is still swelling, sir.'

" 'There aren't any more pots,' says I. 'I thought you said you could cook?'

" 'I am cooking,' says he, very indignant. 'I've cooked for two hours, and I haven't pots enough. It's all over the galley floor now.'

" 'Get for'ard,' says I, very sternly.

"At five o'clock the old man came up. 'Is supper nearly ready?' he inquires. 'How is the new cook making out?'

" 'I don't know,' I replied. 'He said something about some trouble or other.'

" 'Well,' says the skipper, 'better go and see what's the matter.'

"I went for'ard. The galley door was shut and the cook was smoking his pipe outside. I took him by the ear. 'What do you mean?' I inquired. 'Why aren't you cooking?'

"He was very much flustered. 'There ain't room in that galley for me and the rice,' he says, very cross. 'And you better stand away from that galley door. I've locked it, but the lock ain't strong and it may bust open any minute.

"Then the crew took a hand and we were up against it. No food, no work. Captain Higgins called them all aft and read the law.

" 'The food you have been given is certified by the highest authorities to be invigorating and nourishing. That's enough. You go back to your duty and no more disorder.' He talked for some time in this way. Then he swore. That nearly brought them to terms. But he quit too soon.

"Have you ever felt so hungry you could enjoy hash? That night was one of the hungriest I ever remember to have passed. We had rice, to be sure, a galley full of it. But it was only half cooked.

"The next morning the crew came aft again. They were full of mush and trouble. The old man was very much worried. He asked me if there wasn't any meat at all in the ship. 'None,' says I.

" 'We're making a good run,' he says. 'In five days more we ought to reach the

islands. Tell the men to wait five days.'

"I told them. They said five minutes was all they could wait.

"Finally, I put the old cook back to work and he made biscuits and bread and baked beans. The crew thought they might live two days more on that if I gave them plenty of sugar.

"Troubles never come singly. That afternoon the glass dropped, the wind hauled and by sunset it was blowing. The *Zuleika Higgins* never was a dry ship. By the time we had her under shortened canvas she was dipping it over the bows in good style. When I relieved the second mate at midnight, the deck was flooded and I had to lay the schooner to.

"Think of handling a schooner with a short crew, no coffee, no meat and only mush and things like that. The next morning it was still blowing. Chips came aft on the run while I was trying to set the spanker. 'She's leaking!' says he.

"So she was. She was leaking two feet an hour, too. By eight o'clock she was by the head. The old man was crazy.' I don't understand it,' says he. 'She's sound as a dollar. But she's got a hole in her somewhere that would let a fat man in. Work the pumps faster.'

"We did until they choked. They choked on rice. It came up in great lumps and spilled out over the deck. 'Boats for us,' I tells the old man.

"'I don't understand it,' he mourns. 'This breeze isn't anything to speak of. And she's opened up like an old shoe. Have you located the leak?'

"'Located it!' I says. 'From the way she takes water it must be a whole plank gone. We've none too much time to get into the boats.'

"So we put mush and flour into the boats and watched our chance and got away. She went down when we weren't a hundred yards off her bow. She stuck it up as she dipped her stern. Then we saw what the matter was. The planks were opened out like a loose bundle of shingles. And it was the rice. Plain as day. We'd stowed the rice for'ard under the bowsprit. When the deck was flooded the rice got wet and swelled. It swelled till there wasn't any more room and then it opened her bow up. So much for vegetarianism. She went down and when the whirl settled up the sea was covered with rice and mush of assorted varieties."

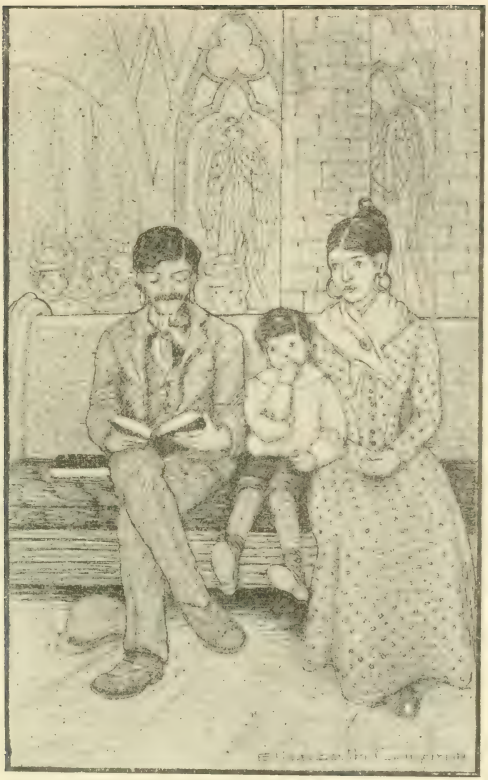
"What picked you up?" I inquired.

"The *Gerard C. Tobey,*" said Mr. Skidds. "She sighted us the same afternoon."

"How about Mistress Shinney and the captain?" I continued. "Did he renew his suit?"

"He was the maddest man I ever saw," replied Mr. Skidds. "He swore continuously all the way to San Francisco. Then he went up to see Mistress Shinney and I understood that he talked very plain to her. He told her, I heard later, that she was a goose and that her only chance in life was to marry him on the spot, eat meat and consider that what he said went. She did. He has another ship now. The crew gets meat four times a day—I think I'll drop down and have a bite of lunch now."

We dropped down and had some cold beef, under the swinging cabin lamp. "Love leads to funny things," said Mr. Skidds, as we cleaned the plate. "But vegetarianism is its worst form."



The Saint of Telegraph Hill

By Isabel S. Robinson

Illustrated by Elizabeth Colbourne

IT IS difficult to say who was the happiest that day, big Giuseppe, with the round gold rings in his ears, who found it, little Giuseppe, with smaller rings, who loved it, or the mother, whose earrings were largest of all, and who loved them all—they or the priest, who declared they should keep it to bless their home forever.

That home, the home of Giuseppe—mostly called Beppo—Bondi, of Fremetta, his wife, and of their six-year-old son, little Beppo, was on the windy side of Telegraph Hill, just at the dividing line between

"The Irish who live at the top av it,
And the Dagoes who live at the base of it."

A humble home, but enriched by mutual affection and the occasional treasure trove wrested from the sea by big Beppo, who added to his ordinary avocation of fisherman the entrancing sport of drift catching.

A good housekeeper, according to Telegraph Hill standards, was Fremetta Bondi, and a pious woman withal. Did she not have in her best room—mark that!

not everybody on the Hill had two rooms —a splendid altar? *Si.* A grand shelf of carved black walnut that her *sposo* had picked up off Pier No. 9.

True the wood had been part of a bedstead, but that made nothing to the simple folk who grinned and grimaced and gesticulated, chattering joy over the good luck of the Bondis.

Daily the little family said its prayers before the altar shelf, thanking God for His goodness to them. On Sundays, of course, newly washed as to face and hands, freshly oiled as to hair, the three trotted down the giddy slope to the Italian church where Father Bonaventure, splendid robes on his shoulders, his hair clubbed like a woman or a *matador,* sang the mass.

Cuddled between his parents, little Beppo followed the service mistily, with wondering eyes, until sleep fell upon them. Then he dreamed happily, of the beautiful image that was chief ornament of the altar nearest to him. A sweet faced figure it was, Saint Joseph, bearing the Christ Child in his arms. Beppo never wearied of looking at it and grudged and fought the sleepiness that *would* overcome him.

"If I might touch it," he whispered to his mother, "only once." But she chided him for the bold thought, for—as I have said, Fremetta was a very pious woman.

It may seem strange that the generous impulses of the wealthiest lady in the parish should grieve little Beppo in the dark side pew, with his thumb in his mouth, but so it was.

The child had seen the great lady, but indifferently, for she was dark and sad, with heavy trailing garments of dull black. Beppo never wished to stroke them with his tiny palms. He only cared for gay colored garments, or white and gold, like those worn by St. Joseph and the infant Christ. It was about this very beloved image that the rich lady cut small Beppo to the heart, and in this way:

The church was old and dingy. The time had come, everyone said, to clean and freshen it up.

"And because someone the great lady loved had gone away to Heaven, thus Fremetta told the story to Beppo, she—the rich, rich lady, was going to give much money to the church. Much money and many new furnitures. Chalices, altar cloths, some said, even a new pulpit. It would be most grand for the people of the parish to look at, but think you what it would mean to that poor soul thirsting in Purgatory, that vanished loved one of the rich lady! "For the way to Heaven," concluded Fremetta, "is long and hard."

Truly. But foolish little Beppo loved the old things that he knew. Yet as the renovation went on, he was interested and pleased. All the holy pictures were cleaned and varnished. The statue of Mary, over the main altar, with a fresh coat of paint, and her crown regilt, looked as good as new. St. Peter's rooster had new feathers put in his tail, the devil's hoofs, which had scaled off (in the great picture of the Temptation) were neatly replaced, while the statue of St. Joseph—but alas for St. Joseph! In the tide of improvement, small Beppo's saint had been swept away. The artist in charge of the work—an Italian with melancholy eyes—had declared that there was too much to do to St. Joseph. "*Altro,* he would cost more than he would come to."

Unquestionably, the statue's nose was battered and his clothing much patched, and now in moving, his foot had been broken off near the ankle.

A mended saint, even in that dark corner of the church! Impossible! But what to do with him? It was Father Bonaventure who had the happy idea.

"We will send him North," said the priest, "to my good friend, Father Antonio, who has charge of the Alaskan missions. He will be glad to have these altar cloths which we no longer need; he will rejoice over this saint."

So it was settled, they who arranged the matter feeling that comfortable glow in the cardiac region common to those who give to grateful others what they themselves can no longer use.

Soon after Father Bonaventure spoke of it in his sermon.

"The gift," he said, "was the gift of the whole congregation." And he told that the saint had sailed away on the steamer Dawson City, to be a light and a comfort to the heathen.

"Even the smallest child here," he said (was it by accident his sweeping glance fell for an instant upon the dark pew in the corner?) "the smallest child in the parish, would be blessed by the thankful prayers of those far-off Indians."



"The blessed Saint Joseph himself."

So the comfortable cardiac glow was nearly universal. Only little Beppo felt no warm swelling of the heart. He cried because his saint was gone.

This new St. Joseph, that everyone else praised, was not his old friend, every feature of whose dear face he knew much better than his own. He could not love the spick and span new Christ Child as he had loved the old baby.

It was a personal loss and he grew melancholy over it. So disease caught him unaware. In one of the great storms that came soon after Father Bonaventure's sermon, little Beppo was drenched and for a week he lay upon a bed of pain and fever. The doctor came and gave a hard name to the trouble, and much medicine, and finally it passed away, yet even then the boy did not get well.

Dull and apathetic he lay, smiling only upon request and eating not at all. Even the fruits and jellies brought by the kind young woman who called herself the "District Nurse," but whom some called "a real saint," did not tempt him. Big Giuseppe's head drooped sadly, Fremetta sobbed until her earrings shook, while the priest came and talked and talked about little Beppo's soul.

At each visit of his reverence, Fremetta's tears broke forth afresh. His soul! Ah, but it was his dear little body that she loved, that she was afraid for. Only by keeping it could she go on communing with the little soul. And surely Beppino's soul was safe. Between her sobs one day, she told how the boy had loved the old St. Joseph, how he had wept when it was taken away.

Whereupon Father Bonaventure declared that the ways of God were mysterious, for in the last great storm, the steamer Dawson City had foundered on the rocks of the coast, and by now, most like, the gifts sent to the Indian mission were at the bottom of the ocean.

Fremetta in her woe hardly listened; but little Beppo heard and turned his face to the wall. Soon the priest went away. Followed another long night of watching, and in the morning big Beppo went, too, for the poor must work always, else would all their souls and bodies part company.

Another day of dread, of alternate hope and despair, wearied on to its close, the child's soft eyes growing larger, his smiles fainter and rarer. Only his mother, indeed, knew them as smiles. Soon, however, sooner than usual, big Beppo came home, his dark face all a-grin. The fishing had been good, excellently good, he said, but the drift catch, that had been best of all. He had caught something that the boy would like. Wait only until he unwrap it from the wet sack. Oh, but Beppino would smile now. Excitement, trembling hands, voices shaken with tears, —a little scream of delight.

"The blessed St. Joseph himself!"

So it fell out that when Father Bonaventure made his next visit to the windy side of Telegraph Hill, he found the sick child kissing the cheek, drawing his tiny thin fingers over the white and gold robes of the banished saint. His beloved St. Joseph, his dear Christ baby.

Hurriedly, Giuseppe of the big gold ear-rings, told his reverence how he had found the treasure.

"I see him first, just one small brown spot on the water, I lean over the side of the boat so, I haul him in, thinking him one sack of kindling. I open. *Ecco!* it is the saint."

Then Fremetta, interrupting, made

known that the boy had laughed—on the word of a mother—laughed. And he had eaten. Think of it. Eaten! Half an orange brought by the young *signorina*. And he would eat more presently, he had promised,—his jelly and his broth—if only they would not take his saint away, if they would set him on the altar shelf, where Beppino might see him always.

Continually, while they talked, big Beppo and his wife shot doubtful, covert glances at the priest. The Indians of Alaska were far off, they knew, but who could guess? Once God's, always God's. What would he say, this priest who was His representative? What would he do?

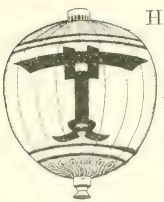
For an instant to those troubled souls, it seemed that not their child's life alone, but their own salvation, hung in the balance.

Only for an instant, however. For to the mute questioning of those hollow eyes, Father Bonaventure—with reverent, uplifted glance to the simple altar—responded quickly:

"*Ma,* why not? It is of God, a miracle." He crossed himself. "His will it was surely that the good ship went down. Many unprepared souls, doubtless, went straight to Purgatory. But this blessed saint returns to the boy who loves it. *Si,* my children, he shall be yours for the boy and you always, the Saint of Telegraph Hill."

When She Will

By Charles E. Lorrimer



THE community of Peking will not soon forget that fine autumn day in '98 on which Miss Lila Wilson and "Momma" arrived to "do" the staid, medieval town according to the latest improved methods. Miss Lila herself was the most highly modern, patented, incandescent-lighted, hot-and-cold-water-laid-on type of a ready-made American girl, trained from childhood to find every situation in life a fit.

Her "Poppa," during his harassed and hurried stay in this weary world, had fulfilled the task of all properly brought up fathers. In a word, his plain duty being to amass wealth, he had amassed. Though during his lifetime no one troubled about him, at his death some mythological widows actually paid him the delicate compliment of fighting over his spoils. Ah, if Poppa, from his Great Rest, could only have looked down, that would have been the proudest moment he had ever known!

However, these family details, as Lila herself allowed, are unimportant. It suffices that the mythological widows and their claims proved too intangible to survive the cross-examination of Lila's "'stute" lawyer—and that the sweat of Poppa's brow duly crystallized into diamond dew on her white neck and pretty hands; also, in a lesser degree, on Momma's.

The trip around the world arranged especially by Lila—Momma allowed herself she came as a passenger—was their first experience abroad; Poppa having omitted, by some curious inadvertence, to make his "pile" until late in life. Lila had no false pride about these little family complications. Indeed, she told the whole ship about them, more in sorrow than in anger, considerably enlivening thereby

the long Pacific journey. Not hers any shame over the modest beginnings. Not hers any delicacy about their ultimate destination and intentions.

She had towed Momma, reluctant, to Peking for one set and deadly purpose. Her desire, the immediate, ardent, burning passion of her young heart, was to see the famous Empress Dowager, to get into her wonderful Palace. Now it so happened that in the winter of '98 the first foreign ladies were to be given audience. Lila got wind of this through a paragraph in one of the papers—and it proved fuel to the fire of her hopes. Now or never was her chance. Now or never, in her own words, she would "penetrate clear into the Forbidden City," and see the wonderful buildings with their golden tiles and their thousand dazzling treasures of lacquer, silk, and bronze, set in a frame of lotus ponds, pagodas, fairy marble bridges, and all the hidden "Arabian Nights'" surprises,—all the far-famed Oriental splendors of the Chinese court.

True, the newspaper notice said the audience would be for the wives of Ministers and Charges d'Affaires only. But this did not altogether daunt Lila. Greater miracles than the one she hoped to accomplish had been done by the magical combination of the side comb and the straight front, and Lila was nothing if not a striking exponent of all the exaggerated fashions. Moreover, the world will agree with this courageous young lady that many seeming impossibilities may be shorn of their pessimistic syllable by a long cheque book, joined to an attractive personality. And Lila was beyond all question a handsome girl, of an impressive type. She, therefore, felt that she might perhaps show a thing or two to the Empress Dowager in return for the unique treasures she hoped to see.

Coming over on the steamer Lila learned many things. Unlike most young women, she was not beyond learning. Among miscellaneous scraps of information, Miss Wilson picked up hints that the task before her was perhaps a little difficult, all her attractive qualifications notwithstanding; not quite so easy, for instance, as shaking hands with the President on New Year's Day. The Audience, after all, was an experiment—as such an important diplomatic event—and her admittance, to say the least, problematical. But still Miss Lila kept her faith in the successes of feminine persistence, backed by pretty gowns.

With a supreme confidence in her own resources, therefore, this enterprising young lady settled Momma in the dreary parlor of the Tientsin Hotel and sallied out to see the American Consul. In her eyes, an American Consul was somewhat like a slightly modified department store, able and willing to provide his patrons with every commodity, from Audience permits to black-headed pins. A staid Chinese servant, on whom her opening smile was entirely ineffective, ushered her into the office and presence of a typical Western politician. She plunged at once into the matter in hand, sugar-coating her request with delicate compliments.

Perhaps it was this fatal, insinuating politeness, perhaps the distracting vision of youthful grace and bewitching audacity that his visitor presented, but somehow, for the first few minutes the Consul absolutely failed to make the situation plain to Miss Wilson. He shirked the positive refusal, and she deliberately ignored his innuendoes while extending towards him a gentle patience at first.

"Just O. K. a permit for me to go to the Audience," she pleaded; "You can as well as not."

Gradually, however, as she detected his unwillingness to provide her with what she wanted, Lila's temper went snap, like an over-taut fiddle string. Several degrees of frost crept into the silver of her voice.

"Jiminy Christmas, what are you here for, anyway?"

"My dear young lady, this matter of the Audience is settled entirely in Peking. Little fish like Consuls, are far too unimportant to swim in these deep diplomatic waters. You should make your application direct to headquarters."

After this Lila flounced out of the office. The morning had tried her nerves. No woman can stand being called "My dear young lady," least of all by one of whom she has come to ask a favor—and been refused. After a brief mental council of war, she decided to proceed at once to Peking, to headquarters, and look up a certain old friend of her father's.

He must help her, this man whose name, by the way, was Sir Archibald Ritchie, Bart. (She had it in her card

case.) He must *certainly* help her, because of Poppa, once a shareholder in a company of his promoting. Poppa had remarked shortly after that Sir Archibald was not so successful in company promoting as he was in minor details, such as the fit of his clothes. The same truth had evidently come home to the Englishman, who, after some mysterious intermediate stages untraced by Lila, reappeared in the British Legation at Peking. There was a man to do the dirty work for her. The shilly-shally ways of the great and glorious republic she discarded *in toto*.

To reach the capital was only a little matter of five hours by rail. Lila and Momma lost no time in getting there. They sat themselves stiffly on uncomfortable chairs in the hotel, waiting for 3 o'clock, which Lila judged an opportune hour for her to call on Sir Archibald. Once again she put on her most splendid plumage, and, "feathered to fortify" sallied forth, this time in a vehicle peculiar to one little corner of the earth—a Peking cart.

It required an acrobatic feat to climb over the shafts. The mule swished her with his tail, but she promptly said, "Down, sir," and, between swishes crept into the covered end, the end like a miniature prairie wagon, and sat on the small seat, her feet hanging down into the little well. Progress was necessarily slow, as a well-bred cart mule is not permitted to go faster than a walk; but in twenty minutes Lila had reached the massive gates of the Legation, with their quaint pointed roofs. The iron-studded doors swung back for her, and the cart rolled in upon a smooth, tree-bordered driveway.

To the right stood a most imposing house, built in the Chinese style, approached by a long tiled walk, passing under two barbaric open pavilions. At the foot of this walk stood two great stone blocks, alongside which the driver deftly guided the cart. For a moment Lila, looking like a squirrel in its hole, sat perplexed as to how to descend. Then when she presently saw a pleasant-looking man come forward and say politely, "May I help you?" relief spread over her face.

"Well, you are kind," she said graciously. "I was wondering if I should have brought along a parachute."

He assisted her deftly. "It is not easy to emerge at first, gracefully," he added, with man-like tact as she came out of the hole backwards.

Lila laughed. "This certainly is a one-horse town," she said, good-naturedly, and then added, as high and dry on the stone block the object of her visit came back to her, "Does Sir Archibald Ritchie live here? I'm real anxious to see him, and so is Momma."

The tall man laughed with a kind of grave laughter in his eyes.

"You see him now."

As Lila looked her deliverer over, she in her turn grew grave. He was a tall man, slender without being thin, and serious even to a point of sedateness. He was more, a Chinese scholar of exceptional ability, a fact which had no doubt swept his mind clear of frivolities. His age was uncertain, though it seemed venerable to Lila. Altogether, at the first meeting Miss Wilson came as near being awed as ever she was in her life. But, notwithstanding, she began bravely, "I wish to see you on important business, Sir Ritchie," she said with emphasis. (Since English people are said to be very fond of their titles, it would be wisest to begin right away.) "I wish you to help me, because you were Poppa's friend."

Then she explained. The sentences, in her eagerness, tripped over one another. She confided to him her horrid interview with the hard-hearted Consul. The conversation spun out as they walked up the long, impressive approach to the house. She treated him with the absolute confidence a child might place in its father, till Sir Archibald felt positively nettled at being set so finally on the shelf with Methuselah. Fortunately, he was not expected to participate largely in the conversation. Beyond a few polite inquiries for Poppa, of whom he had naturally no recollection, Sir Archibald found himself kept busy listening. With pardonable dismay he learned what was expected of himself.

The Ladies' Audience had not hitherto caused him much anxiety. It was no doubt a very interesting and important function, but, as he had always been too deep in his books to think of taking to himself a wife, it touched him personally not at all. Enough vague rumors, however, had wandered abroad concerning the closely drawn restrictions to make him

realize the full difficulty of Miss Lila's desires. He thought, in a word, it would have been easier to provide for her pleasure the moon with a fence around it.

Meanwhile, Lila saw hope which she in company with many wiser mortals soon mistook for certainty. A miraculous way had opened out of all her difficulties.

"After that silly Consul made me feel like an indigo plant, you can bet you were an inspiration," she told him frankly; "I only hope you don't think me the freshest thing out; but you see there was no other way."

As there was no time for Sir Archibald to slip a word in edgewise, he found his co-operation taken for granted. Aghast at the responsibility thrust upon him, and flying to delay, that refuge of the weak, he determined to think matters over and tell the bitter, disappointing truth to his unconventional, ungrammatical visitor later. A happy idea flashed through his mind. Under cover of a friendly meal he would break the news. The Baronet therefore invited "Momma" and Miss Wilson's captivating self to luncheon on the following day. Lila promptly accepted, and went off, highly pleased with her afternoon's work, to tell her submissive parent the news.

"I guess his manners are dyed in the wool, anyway," she concluded, when describing Sir Archibald.

It is bad, very bad, for a man to work too many hours over Chinese, for if he overstudies, retribution is certain. It came now to Sir Archibald. He had thoughtlessly wound his mental powers up tight as a spring—without calculating the recoil. Of course, the first dainty piece of femininity that roused his attention sharply from dazzling rows of characters had him at a distinct disadvantage. Before the close of the luncheon, Sir Archibald began to wonder, vaguely—though he still knew he was a fool—whether there might be a way to get Lila to the Audience.

She, on her part, asked no questions about the methods of introducing her to the charmed circle. The end amply justified the means. Besides, her entire attention was concentrated upon the choice of a gown for this unique function. Sir Archibald's taste was called into requisition. Did he like pink, or blue, or white? Really, Sir Archibald did not know what he liked just then—blue, for eyes, he thought. At least, he approved of the blue ones opposite. She chatted and laughed and chaffed her way insiduously into the fascinated student's heart. When he left her with Momma late in the afternoon at the hotel, Sir Archibald began to imagine that if things progressed at their present pace he might need a Keeley cure for the Lila Wilson habit; for while he could get along after abstaining for a time, the moment he heard her light, high-pitched, tinkling voice, his heart rose and noisily demanded her. He regretfully admitted to himself that Chinese characters had broken down his defenses woefully.

All through a long afternoon, in an air like cool wine, they had explored the old city together. They had stood on the high "camel's-back" bridge, and watched the long lines of shaggy dromedaries, with their loads of coal for the mines in Mongolian deserts, toiling away into the eye of the sun. They had wandered down the narrow by-ways of Picture Lane, where musty masterpieces may still be occasionally picked up. He gloried in, and yet grudged every step. And all the while Hope whispered impossible plans for capturing the wonderful permission.

Alas, with the critical eye of morning the Baronet despaired again. A prettily-worded little note to Countess von Sutten, the wife of the German Minister, brought a reply which showed him the utter completeness of his surrender and the impossibility of his schemes. Poor Lila! He would rush off at once and put her definitely out of her suspense.

He hurried around to the hotel. Miss Wilson was just finishing breakfast. He dived boldly into the subject on his mind, but Lila apparently thought him light-headed from hunger. As a matter of fact, he had forgotten all about the harmless, necessary meal. Therefore he accepted a cup of tea gratefully from the hands of his lady, who twittered about plans for the day. Where should they go, to the Temple of Heaven or the Temple of Confucius? It ended by their doing both in a pompous procession of four-bearer sedan chairs. Sir Archibald had obtained special permission for Lila to travel in a state not generally allowed except to Chinese officials and Europeans above the rank of Secretary of Legation. She was de-

lighted with the novelty of it all, and sat absolutely content in the green cloth-covered box, munching "bong-bongs," provided by the thoughtfulness of Sir Archibald.

Pleasure had made him young again, as even Lila noticed. The fires of youth shivered in his eye, the illusions of youth sprang up in his heart. Sir Archibald was ready to do and dare for his lady, to play the role of a St. George or a Sir Launcelot; to go down with Daniel among the lions—anything. Yet he was not able to compass that poor little place for her at the Audience. He had given his word to try—and try he did. In the interval between their excursions to the sights, he strenuously worked. Countess von Sutton was pestered. So were the other ladies, and likewise their husbands. He even besieged the Yamen, which is the board of foreign affairs. There he found, rather to his astonishment, that the Empress Dowager was not quite so anxious to see Lila as Lila was to see her. He, who for years had been an absentee from drawing rooms, frequented for a dizzy week, teas and other miscellaneous gatherings, wildly hoping that some charitable woman, in return for a delicately handed cream puff, would offer to take Lila into the Palace.

Moreover, he became so deeply in love as to be utterly unconscious of his own absurdity. The one time he had a dim glimpse of the figure he cut was when he shamefacedly confessed to Lila his lack of success.

But she was always kind to him, gracious, gentle, forgiving, and withal so confident that the wretched Charge d'Affaires felt spurred to redoubled effort

"I just *must* give my love to Li Hung Chang," she said, laughing. Gently she intimated that she was willing to risk a one-card draw or the fate of a stowaway if only she might get into the fairy palace. Never a reproach fell on his overstrained ears. He was wrapped around in a delicious, soothing trust which shone out of her blue eyes, like a light from the open windows of heaven. And to think that failure would definitely shut him out of that heaven into the cold, hard world! His face became elongated even to melancholy. His brain worked overtime. Chinese characters, the enamored Baronet decided, were child's play to this.

The day before the Audience arrived. He had begged like a dog to no purpose. The quiver of his impracticable schemes lay empty. As he wandered down the Legation compound, the sight of the splendid sedan chairs for tomorrow's ceremony drawn up in a line, right under his very

With a most deceitful, airy calm, however, he turned into the house of Merton, the Chinese Secretary ("a very decent fellow," as Sir Archibald put it to himself). The Baronet was now at the point where it was either confide or burst. Merton, a grave young Britisher, served as a safety valve. Out rushed a flood of words, a full confession of ignominy, of underhand methods, of risks blithely and cheerfully taken. Finally, with the consummate cowardice of which only a man in love is capable, Sir Archibald blandly suggested that Merton should break the news to "her," unless, of course, he could find some way out of the difficulty.

Merton's discomfiture searched every corner of his face for a place of refuge from the determined Sir Archibald, but "Br-r-r-r" was all the Chinese Secretary said, thinking fiercely of the aberration of taste which had led his chief to become entangled with a person who probably talked through her nose—his chief, whose descent could be traced down from William the Conqueror.

The two men sat opposite each other with faces like funeral mutes, Sir Archibald busily engaged with a spot he was rubbing on the table.

Presently Merton broke the silence. "I think," he said impressively, "there is one chance to set it all straight."

"How?" gasped Sir Archibald, clutching, like a drowning man, at a straw.

"By Jove, Sir Archibald, marry the girl and send her in as the wife of the British Charge d'Affaires."

Merton, as his chief was aware, always went direct to the point but still his simple suggestion nearly knocked the Baronet off his feet. With the humility born of true love, he had not fully realized his deplorable condition before, and now, realizing, he despaired.

Yet, in spite of his feeble hopes, he rushed off to the hotel and in trembling accents put the proposition before Lila with profuse apologies for his age, and his preposterous stupidity at not having thought of such a simple means before.

Lila, to his complete surprise, beamed. "I guess I won't be stumped by a little thing like marrying you. I guess you have been rather dull not to think of it sooner. Won't it be a shock to that old silly in Tientsin, who made believe he was the whole thing?"

So, without more ado, Sir Archibald found himself blessed above men.

"Marry him!" Lila was ready to marry him that very afternoon. The idea of hesitating at such a crisis! To see the Empress Dowager, the hidden splendors that had so piqued her feminine curiosity, she would do worse than that. But Sir Archibald was far too grateful to fate to question or inquire into her motives.

As soon as the first violent shock of pure joy had worn off he sat down with a certain malicious delight and wrote a note to Countess von Sutton:

"Dear Countess," he said, "it will give much pleasure to my fiancee, Miss Lila Wilson, and myself, to have your company at our marriage, which will take place at the Legation Chapel today at 4 o'clock. I am arranging to have my wife presented at the Audience tomorrow.

"Yours sincerely,

"Archibald Ritchie."

To which the Countess penciled in the margin of the chit-book the caustic comment:

"With pleasure. Congratulations on your ingenuity."

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

I know a castle in the Heart of Spain,
Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile roof, red against the azure sky,—
For skies are bluest in the Heart of Spain.
So fair a castle men build not again;
'Neath its broad arches, in its courtyard fair,
And through its cloisters—open everywhere—
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secrets unto me are known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone:
'Tis thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway.
'Tis all the world's, likewise, as mine and thine;
For whoso passes through its gates shall say,
"I dwelt within this castle: it is mine!"

—David Starr Jordan

The Regeneration of Indian Joe

By C. Justin Kennedy



INDIAN JOE shambled aimlessly along the unfriendly asphalt of Pioneer Square. There is nothing remarkably aristocratic about a Siwash, as he is today; his gait is awkward, his step uncouth, his legs misshapen, with great while he is of the noble red man's race, thick ankles, and broad, shuffling feet, for while he is of the noble red man's race, partly he seems to savor of the grease-eating Eskimo. At once you may read in the black, bead-like eye the dormant savagery of his warrior cousins of the prairie, and the dull listlessness of the Northern tribes, blent, perhaps, with the stoicism of both. Once these Siwashes were fighters, but the day of blood is past, and they have sunk into almost universal lethargy. But Indian Joe was somewhat of an exception, with straight and well-knit limbs, and a face well-featured and unusually intelligent. His gait was a shambling one, it is true, but this was out of choice, rather than that compulsory degradation which fell upon his race with the coming of the white man. Indian Joe was strong, and quick, and supple, but he shambled, because ambition and energy were but insignificant factors in his life—he had nothing to live for, except death. His life ran on as the lives of all his people had run, ever since Seattle and the Seattleites had claimed for their own the very shores and hills and forests, where many moons ago, his forefathers had dried their salmon, jerked their venison, held their potlatches, and smoked across their council-fires.

Even the purple waters of the Pacific—purple always, at twilight—on the inland seas of the North, even these, where used to sweep their thousand light canoes, were infested by strange craft that broke the ancient stillness of the Sound, harshly and irreverently, with the strident discord of the white man's whistles. But the ruthless sacrilege had gone even deeper than that—the desecrating touch had been laid upon the wigwams of the dead, and even now, in front of Indian Joe, stood the Totem Pole, pillaged from an Indian graveyard, and set up as a curiosity, a landmark, a boast, for men to look and laugh at. Implacable abuse! So thought the Siwashes, so thought Indian Joe, but the Totem Pole persisted, despite the wrath of the gods, and Indian Joe shambled on his way indifferently, past the little groups of Siwash women huddled along the pavements of the business streets, with their baskets and mattings and woven-grass work spread before them. Here and there sat aged squaws, and sometimes the old men, with wrinkled brows and wizened features, who had seen the early days of happiness and plenty, when their people bartered with the Russian traders from New Archangel and Kamchatka, bringing valued pelts in exchange for trinkets and commodities.

Mingling with these—the survivors of a brighter but a vanished day—the younger women sometimes unconsciously provoked the purchase of their wares by the appeal that spoke from their dark, uplifted eyes, for many a tourist from the East had stopped to wonder if the features of an Indian girl were not attractive, after all, in their way.

Indian Joe smiled down to several of the women, as he passed, for if he was indifferent to the white race, he was always grateful of being popular with his own.

But in one of the groups, as he approached, he saw there was a stranger, and as he came closer, it seemed to him her hair and eyes were the blackest he had ever seen, and never were the coppered cheeks of an Indian maiden so touched with the colors of the sunset. But yet more beautiful were the childlike sweetness and wistfulness and innocence of her expression. He wondered, as he passed her, from whence she had come, and somehow he wished he might see her again, might even speak to her, perhaps, sometime.

Absent-mindedly he continued on his way down to the water, where a score of sharp-prowed canoes floated lightly on the tide, and a number of the Indians had gathered after selling their fish and clams.

Here, indeed, a transformation took



Indian Joe paddled slowly and abstractedly.

place, as the clumsy Siwashes stepped into the canoes, squatted down on their heels, and with a mighty impulse swept silently, gracefully, powerfully, out onto the sunset crimson of the Sound. Now the ungainly limbs were stowed away, altogether out of sight, and you forgot the shapelessness of the feet and ankles as the broad shoulders and supple wrists of the hurrying ones bent to the paddles like a swathe of grain before the blade.

But Indian Joe paddled slowly and abstractedly, for somehow he could not keep the Indian girl from his thoughts and his heart was troubled with vague questionings.

"She is beautiful," he said to himself. "She is like the poetry of my people, that is dead. Very long ago, wherever my people went, there was mystery and happiness. That day is gone, and the mystery is dead, but she has brought back the poetry of my people into my breast; for and her cheeks—ay, she has washed them in the setting sun, she has bathed in the waters of the sea, when they are crimson with the sunset."

Not for many moons had Indian Joe clutched at life as he clutched at it tonight; for at last he saw in it something to fight for, to cling to preciously; it seemed to him beautiful—to the extent that this Indian girl was beautiful. As he felt these things in his breast, the twilight had come and gone, and the darkness, broken only by the stars, seemed to drift upon him out of the great, mysterious forest of firs that stretched inward from the shore, drifted out of the unseen depths, and crept across the waves, wrapping itself about his untutored Indian heart. Presently the canoe drew in, and grated over the white and yellow pebbles of the beach, where the rude habitations of a Siwash village lay scattered in disorder among the tide-land cedars; and with a new joy upon his face, Indian Joe went to his lodge, some distance from the others, and prepared his usual repast of salmon.

But the succeeding days were destined to bring with them an unlooked-for disappointment, for the Indian maiden did not come into Seattle with her baskets and her mattings, and Indian Joe was already beginning to dread the possibility of losing trace of her, when one evening, to his delight and relief, he found her, squatted on the pavement, with a wealth of trinkets about her, for disposal. He noted, too, as he passed her slowly, that her work was of the daintiest weaving, running in the patterns skilfully, with black and red and yellow grasses.

For a long time that evening he lingered on the docks, in hopes of seeing her put off in one of the numerous canoes that lay about the pilings. But the last of the harsh-voiced gulls had circled off to the tide-flats, and the serried ranks of the fir-tops grown vague against the gray, when he stepped in his own canoe, disappointed and puzzled, and paddled out upon the purple swell.

After this, sometimes he would see her two or three days in succession, and then would miss her half the week; but always she returned, sitting sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, ever with the black tresses shining, with that cleanly gloss that belongs to some of the red man's race; ever with white teeth peeping from smiling lips, ever with the beautiful eyes, black, brilliant, appealing, looking out from under darkly-pencilled brows. Was it any wonder that night after night Indian Joe lay before his wigwam of fir bark and hemlock boughs, dreaming up to the North Coast stars? Any wonder that stranger as she was to him, the maiden's beauty should feel its way ever so gently, ever so surely, into his soul; that watching for her all the day, and dreaming of her all the night, confusing her with the glow of sunsets and the light of stars, thinking of her in the language of his people, likening her to the fall of waters and the flight of clouds—sunsets and waters and clouds and stars as they are in the mystic North; that he should yearn to go to her, and to fold his arms about her forever? For despite the skill, the strength, the rugged manhood, his was but an Indian soul, not yet made fierce by warfare, but simple, poetic, sad with the fettered cravings of his people.

One morning, at last, while the dawn was gray, and the first-born gleam of the sunrise crept above the snows of the Cascade Peaks, Indian Joe came down to Seattle. Suddenly he had determined that he must speak to the girl this very day; he wondered that he had not done this before, for he knew now that he had loved her from the first, and that her place was in his wigwam, cooking his fish and game, preparing the roots and berries and weaving his nets.

The vigor of exultation, the earnestness of a great purpose, were in the stroke of his paddle, and hope and longing surged strongly within him as he hurried on to Seattle. The great steamers of the Sound ports came and went with their gold and wheat and forest wealth, and the Siwash scarcely saw them. A converted transport, laying the Alaska cable, and manned by Filipinos, bore upon him threateningly, and he was hardly conscious of its course. Wide-winged sea-birds swooped and wheeled and flapped and screamed and circled, and he would not whistle to them, as he always did. Bright rays deflected from the Cascade Range and leaped across the Sound to the Olympics, with their parapets of snow, and flashed from peak to peak until they shone as burnished silver shot with gold; but even these he would not wonder at—he was going to Chemawa (for he had heard her name), to her whom he loved, to speak to her, to draw from her lips the music of the waterfall, and from her eyes the sifted starlight. For him the white man was not—nor his works.

It was not long before the Indian shot his canoe up to the piling, and leaping out, started across the docks with eagerness in every step. He regarded this occasion as of far more significant import than all the blubber-feasts and potlatches of his tribe. Quickly and stealthily, that he might not miss her in the crowded streets, he made his way towards Pioneer Square. But suddenly he stopped sharply, the black eyes glistened eagerly, the lips moved, as if to call—for there beyond the Totem Pole sat Chemawa, beautiful, captivating, incomparable in her Indian charm. Indian Joe almost ran, not waiting to think what he would say to her; only he felt strangely tempted to go right over to her, pick her up lovingly but relentlessly, and hurrying to his canoe, paddle out on the dark waters, away to his wigwam shore, with its fringe of firs and its silhouette of snow. He rushed towards her impetuously, proudly, magnificently—but suddenly he halted, astounded, aghast, baffled utterly at what he saw; there was Chemawa indeed, but across her shoudlers were slung two raven-haired papooses! He looked at her in anguish—this girl a *squaw?* he asked himself. Chemawa, whom he had been loving and cherishing as his own, already the sunlight and the starlight of his life, *she* the chosen of another man, his *klootchman* — and a mother! She, whom he was to gather, as sometimes he had gathered the wild rose,

while it was yet in bud! Aye—that was *too* much. The rugged heart twitched, as in a death struggle with love, and hope, and longing; the bead-like eyes narrowed, as though to shut things from its vision; and stolidly he turned away. Had it only not been this, had he come upon some gallant buck pleading with her for affection, *then* there might be many things to do; he, too, could plead, could urge, could match his manhood with his rival's, could fight, if that would do any good; but now—a squaw, a mother!

Indian Joe turned away, there was no more.

Seattle, today, is a convert to the faith, but it was not always so. The complacent viciousness of the frontier has been hers, and the riffraff of the West, and of the world, has laid bare its votive offerings at her door. Not many years ago, in the dark retreats below the "deadline," a motley crowd held havoc—red-shirted miners and prospectors, blue-shirted loggers and timber-cruisers, Siwashes—decent and indecent—the ubiquitous Jap, and his almond-eyed cousin, the heathen Chinee, ranchmen, fishermen, sailors from the breadths of the globe; English and Irish and Germans and Scots, Greeks in abundance, Latins, Syrians, Russians, Turks, Hebrews, Slavs, Scandinavians, Indians and half-breeds—from Mexico to Alaska; sometimes vicious, often tolerable, always picturesque; some here by choice, some by accident, and some by the grim arbitrariness of compulsion; in the darker quarters drinking, lounging, swearing, starving, fighting, gambling.

Hither, then, among these reckless ones, came Indian Joe, or, as he was also known among the tribes—Nes-sa-quah, not to drink, not to gamble, but only to exist—for the deadline's toll was small, here where food, such as it was, was cheap, and he need fish only enough to procure the most wretched sustenance. His canoe, abandoned, lay tugging idly at the piling by the docks; and all day, when he was not wandering in the slums, Indian Joe sat near the tide-flats, an exile almost, to existence, sometimes brooding, more often staring vapidly at the mountains.

At first he had relapsed into his old indifference; it was as though, for a few seconds, lightning had flashed upon the blackness of the night, and then as quickly vanished, leaving all in darkness as before. But the disappointment sank deeper day by day, and with it sank Nes-sa-quah's interest in life, until at last he had not wish or energy to work at all. Then, in the vilest streets, where the world had gathered its waste and life poured out its dregs, he passed among the garbage barrels, picking out the unclean morsels of meat, and fish, and fruits.

He kept no company with those about him; he did not wish to drink or swear or gamble; it was only that here men left him alone, for their measure of a life was slight. Therefore he did no wrong, simply existing, tolerated, untroubled.

Once or twice he had ventured near the Totem Pole, and had seen Chemawa, as at first, sitting in unconscious beauty, among her baskets; and once with the papooses on her back, she had almost brushed against him in a crowded street, and Indian Joe had rushed back to his habitat of misery, fearful that she had seen him. As he was living now, it could not be long before Nes-sa-quah would be failing, faltering, like an old man, for already he was starving; and some night he would totter out to the tide-flats, where he could be absolutely alone, and fall asleep, thankfully and in peace.

As he was stumbling along a dimly-lighted street one night, he heard a cry, as of pain, issuing from the black depths of a dismal, squalid-looking alley. Indian Joe stopped, listened a moment, and again hearing the piteous groaning, turned into the alley, groping in the darkness in the direction of the sound. Several yards back from the street, he stumbled against a prostrate form, which proved to be that of a feeble old Siwash buck. Nes-sa-quah questioned him and found that two drunken loggers had wanted to buy some fish from him, and when he refused to sell at their price, had grabbed his stick, and beating him into helplessness, run off.

The old man, whose name was Chetz-a-tux, besought Nes-sa-quah to help him to his canoe, which lay close to one of the Alaska steamers. Half carrying him, Indian Joe passed beyond the deadline and down to the docks. Here they had to descend a floating gangway, as the canoe lay back under the piling, in such a position that they could not see it in the darkness until they were close enough to get in. Indian Joe had already stepped in, and was lifting Chetz-a-tux from the gang-

way, when a little cry of pain and fright in the stern of the boat startled him, and, peering through the gloom, Chemawa leaped across the old buck, with outstretched arms.

"*Ai-yah, ai-yah,*" she cried piteously. "*Ickta mi-ka pet?* What has happened to you, my father?"

Indian Joe stood astounded, and for an instant a strange trembling possessed him, as he found himself thus brought face to face with Chemawa, and realized that Chetz-a-tux was indeed her father.

"I will take him to my wigwam," said Nes-sa-quah, in his solemn Indian tones.

It was a pitiable and a joyless journey to the opposite shore, but for Indian Joe, who, man-like, did not think the assailants had injured their victim very seriously, and that he had succumbed to the shock merely because of his great age, it was the strangest experience he had ever had. After all his effort to avoid the girl, now that she could not belong to him, here he was practically alone with her, out on those midnight waters where, sometimes, he had pictured they would paddle together, when the stars were bright. But now, not happiness, but pain, was in his heart, and anguish—that he was brought so violently to face his disappointment. Even the papooses were there in the canoe, and sometimes they seemed to roll their little black beads of eyes up at him in unconscious mockery.

Then he would turn away, and force his paddle through the phosphorescent water desperately, recklessly, with redoubled strength, striving always to shut out the thought of Chemawa, and the consciousness of her presence.

In this way they came at last, shortly after midnight, to the beach where his wigwam stood, abandoned, now, and uncared for.

Together they lifted Chetz-a-tux from the canoe, and laid him on a bed of spruce and hemlock boughs. It was better, they thought, that he should sleep outside. Indian Joe soon made a strong tea of stimulating herbs, and after drinking this, the old man fell again into unconsciousness, while they bathed and wrapped the wounds in his head. Nes-sa-quah then insisted that Chemawa should go to sleep in the wigwam, with the papooses, while he sat up.

Not many nights ago, under these self-same cedars, he had dreamed longingly of Chemawa, yearned for her to share his lodge with him; and now actually she lay upon his own soft couch of fragrant spruce needles, lay within whisper, almost, and he could not tell her of his passion, his hunger for her love and tenderness. At length, when the earliest dawn-light broke from the Eastern peaks, and the snowy summits of the Olympics took vague, uncertain shape, like spectral forms beyond the darkness, Chemawa rose and came out.

Nes-sa-quah was seated on a fallen tree, where he had spent the slowly passing night, not far from the bed of fir boughs. He made no sound or motion, and Chemawa came to him, asking quietly but anxiously if Chetz-a-tux had rested well.

"*Ai,*" answered Nes-sa-quah, "he still sleeps, and it is well. He has not moved at all—he will wake strong."

The girl went over to her father, and caressed him lovingly. "*Een-a-qua-sat-lah,*" she called to Nes-sa-quah. "Light a fire, and I will prepare food for him."

Suddenly she jumped back horrified. "*Me-me-lose, me-me-lose,*" she screamed, "it is cold, *ai-yah,*" and she fell on her father's corpse.

Dumbfounded, Indian Joe leaped to her side. The old man was indeed dead; he had suffered too serious injury, and being so feeble, he was already too near death to survive such a severe wound, and he had not again recovered consciousness.

Chemawa's sensitive nature had given away utterly before this unexpected grief, and she lay, now, motionless, not seeing or hearing. Nes-sa-quah sat beside her, waiting; he, too, was sorry in a way, but he had come to view death lightly, to long for it himself, so that the supreme emotion in his heart was a strange compassion for the girl, and an inexpressible yearning to comfort her. It is better, he thought, that it should be her father than her husband or her children; for their life had just begun, and this old man had already lived beyond his time. He would not speak, or profane the presence of the dead. After the habit of her people, all that day and night Chemawa remained moaning and bewailing her loss; refusing to eat or to be comforted. Nes-sa-quah joined in her reverence to the spirit of the "*me-me-lose.*"

The following morning, in a secluded thicket of willow and young evergreens, where the bearberry and fern and salal

were matted in almost impenetrable undergrowth, they buried him quietly and in silence; without those rude honors of sepulture which his people were once wont to bestow upon the dead, when they were placed in their canoes propped above the ground, and food and clothing entombed with the corpse, that the spirit might have all possible comfort in its journey to the hereafter.

When they had returned to the wigwam, Indian Joe asked the girl where her people lived, that he might take her to them.

"Take me to the Puyallups," answered Chemawa, "to the Reservation."

"It is well," he replied, and soon they were again in the canoe, on their way up the Sound.

It was a long journey to the home of the Puyallups, and evening was already drawing about them when they entered Commencement Bay. Only once had Indian Joe looked at Chemawa. It was when she had turned to speak to the pappooses, which lay in the bottom of the boat, in front of him. That one glimpse at the dark eyes, with their fringe of heavy lashes, and the sunset-tinted cheeks, brought the old passion to his breast again, and he longed to reach the Reservation quickly, that he might leave her there, and go back to Seattle, for such peace as it could give.

Towering far, far upwards, Mt. Rainier, burst upon them in its evening glory. Mantled in unmelting snows, with stainless ice-streams glaciering from its summit, fifteen thousand feet above the sea, it is the most beautiful mountain in the world — "Tacoma," the Indians call it. "Mount of the Flowing Breasts." Now the sunset bathed it in crimson, and washed the glaciers in its glow, until great red streams of blood seemd to flow as from a wound, and trickle down the spotless breasts of snow. And while the great peak was still enveloped in the sunset, beyond its summits the moon rose into view. Then the crimson died away, and left the mountain in her bridal veil of white.

Indian Joe's was but an Indian heart, and in its simplicity he loved these things yearningly; and when Chemawa turned to him in a reaction of delight, a great, crushing weight seemed to fall upon his heart, his love, his life, and blot it from his breast; he wanted *her* soul to unite itself to him before this awful spectacle of grandeur and beauty—he wanted to dream with her, to love, to die. Why did he allow himself to picture that again, to dream of her so, to think of her as his own? It was so *wonderfully* sweet to dream of that, aye—but the papooses, they lay before him, staring mockingly; she *was* not his!

The girl turned to him, pointing to a clump of fir trees on the shore. "This day was sad, a year ago," she said, again grown serious. "My sister and her husband were buried there then, dying together—from smallpox."

He paid no heed. Absent-mindedly she bent down to the papooses. "They have never known the difference. I am as much a mother to them as she was."

Indian Joe's eyes shot to her own like fire. "These are your sister's children?" he cried.

"*Ai,*" she said simply, wondering at his excitement.

"Oh, Chemawa, you are *not* a squaw?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Chemawa, Chemawa, and I have *loved* you all this time. I love you now, I loved you from the first day you came to Seattle."

"*Ai,*" she answered him. "I knew."

"How—you knew?"

"I saw your eyes when you passed me in Seattle."

"Oh, Chemawa, I came one day to tell you, and I saw these"—he pointed to the papooses. Then for several moments he looked close into her face. "Why do you go to the Reservation?" he asked.

"Because my people are among the *me-me-lose;* all of them are dead now."

"Chemawa, would you come with me, to share my wigwam, always?"

She looked at him earnestly. "My heart is heavy, Nes-sa-quah. I am the last of my tribe."

"Your heart is heavy, and you are lonely. Give it to me, Chemawa, that I may make it brighter than the sunset."

For a long time she did not reply, but only gazed intently at the great peak that glistened, milk-white, in the moonlight. Then she rose in the canoe and stepping forward, seated herself close to him, and the rich Indian words came low and soft, like the breaking of a ripple on the beach. "*Ni-ka qui me-si-ka*—I am yours, Nes-sa-quah. We will go back."



THE GREAT SNOW OWL OF THE NORTH.

This magnificent bird was followed for two weeks by the photographer, B. Danihy, before any successful picture could be taken of him.

The Readers' Club

EDITOR'S NOTE : The Pacific Monthly offers this department in order that its readers may have an opportunity of answering any article which appears in this magazine or elsewhere. Contributions are solicited. It is pertinent to add that the editor of The Pacific Monthly does not necessarily endorse any views which appear in this or in any other department of the magazine. He may have, and in fact, often has had opinions diametrically opposed to those expressed in departments of The Pacific Monthly. The writer of a contribution to this department, or elsewhere in the magazine, alone assumes responsibility for the views expressed.

Protection a Necessity

By Daniel James Haynes

IN THE May number of the *Pacific Monthly* Mr. Charles Erskine Scott Wood asserts, *inter alia,* that "the protective tariff is a violation of natural law—that protection has brought untold ills to the country—that tariff is a bonus taken out of the pocket of the consumer and given to the privileged few—that the tariff is a steal—that the laborer is fooled by the statement that the tariff makes industries and furnishes employment."

Mr. Wood leaves wholly to conjecture how or in what manner the tariff violates natural law. I assume that if there were any facts to support such a statement he would have given them, and that as he gave none, there are none to give.

The ills which he says protection has brought to this country remain *"untold"* despite his diatribe against the system.

Mr. Wood, like other free traders, bases his antagonism to protection on the false premise that it is designed for the benefit of the few and against the many. He quotes Alexander Hamilton as saying that "protection was a bonus given to encourage infant industries in an infant country." He omitted, however, to quote Thomas Jefferson, who advocated a high tariff, saying that "if the revenue derived therefrom was not needed to pay the running expenses of the government, to build roads with it."

Our protective tariff was primarily designed to develop mills and factories and incidentally to protect the owners thereof but it has now grown to be a necessity for the protection of the farmers and workingmen alike.

Free trade would reduce our workingmen to the wage scale of England, where one in every seven ends his existence in an almshouse, and would likewise rob our farmer of the home market that consumes ninety-seven per cent of his products.

For instance, an American hatter puts one dollar's worth of raw material into a hat. He pays his hat maker one dollar for making it, and wants fifty cents profit; hence he sells the hat for two dollars and fifty cents. An Englishman brings over a cargo of the same goods. He has put one dollar's worth of raw material into his hat, paid but fifty cents to the man who made it and wants fifty cents profit. He can, therefore, sell it for two dollars and have the same profit that the American gets in selling his for two dollars and fifty cents, with the tariff removed. It requires neither a genius nor a philosopher to see that the American must reduce his hat maker's compensation to fifty cents, forego his own profits or retire from business. The latter is what he would be constrained to do. In that event what becomes of the American farmer's market for the raw material that goes into the hat and the American hat maker's employment?

More than that. The American hatter pays taxes on his investment, why not require the English hatter to pay some sort of tax for the privilege of selling his

hats here? If so, why not by a tariff, and if by that method, what better schedule could be devised than the difference between the wages paid the hat maker by the Englishman and those paid by the American? In that case who pays the tax on the hat? Free traders claim that the consumer pays it, for the reason that if the tariff was removed he would get the hat fifty cents cheaper. Perhaps he would, until the American was driven out of business. Certainly not longer. But when American competition was silenced, the American farmer would be without a market for his raw materials and the American hat maker would be without employment.

Mr. Wood complains that the tariff enables the protected manufacturer to sell his wares in foreign countries cheaper than he sells at home.

If the talented gentleman had investigated this part of his subject, instead of taking a random shot at it, he would have ascertained that but a small percentage of American products are sold abroad for less than they are disposed of here, and then only where merchants were seeking new fields for trade, or the manufacturers were overstocked and preferred to sell products they had already shipped abroad at cost rather than reship them or close their factories, thereby throwing their employes out of work. This is only what our city merchants are constantly doing in advertising a specialty at less than cost to invite trade.

Mr. Wood also claims that the tariff produces trusts. Will he kindly enlighten us as to why free-trade England is the worst trust-ridden country on earth?

He also says that "laborers' wages and employment depend on open competition instead of the tariff." He overlooks the fact that there are in existence almost double the number of factories and mills required to perform the world's work and that the vital question is whose workingmen and mills shall be employed and whose shall remain idle.

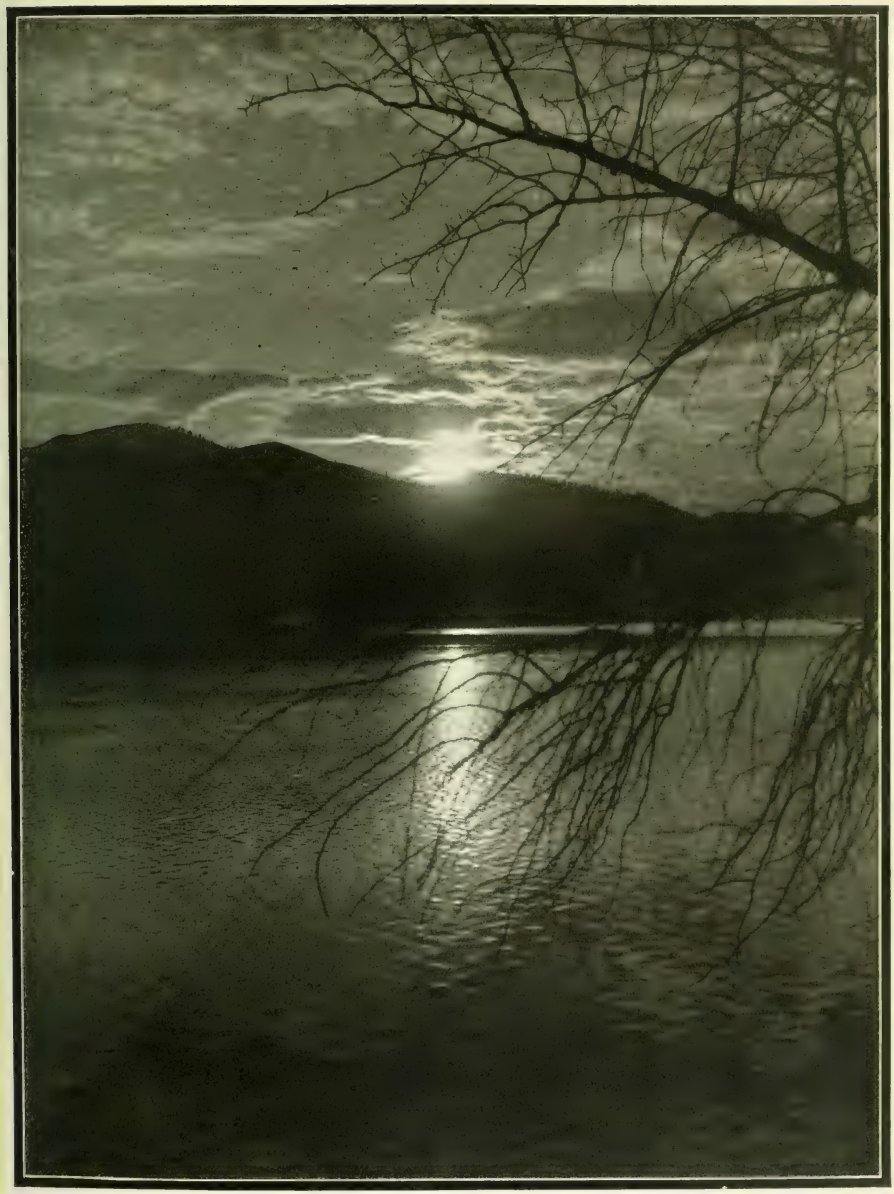
Experience, that austere but efficacious teacher, has repeatedly demonstrated to us that protection keeps our whole country prosperous and workingmen profitably employed and that even the fear of free trade paralyzes business, robs millions of employment and frightens capital into retirement.

It is estimated that during Cleveland's second administration, two million American workingmen were the victims of enforced idleness. The loss in wages and the shrinkage in the values of property, during those four years of desolation and poverty, reached an amount exceeding the cost of the war of the rebellion, and thousands of industrious, well-meaning men were ruthlessly driven from honorable and profitable employment to free soup-houses and into Coxie's army. This, too, because capitalists feared that Cleveland's free-trade policy would be put into practice and locked their money in vaults. Manufacturers for the same reason made goods only on orders, all kinds of business was first stagnated, then paralyzed and poverty, unchecked, stalked abroad in the land. Heaven only knows what the result would have been had a real free trade law been enacted.

There is no greater fallacy than the free trade contention that protection is only for the benefit of the rich manufacturers. Take the example of the hat, above given. If the tariff on hats was abolished, the American hatter would derive the same profit by selling the hat for two dollars that he now has by selling it for two dollars and fifty cents, simply by reducing the hat maker's compensation to fifty cents to meet that paid the hat maker in England. So that the hardship would fall on the poor man instead of the rich.

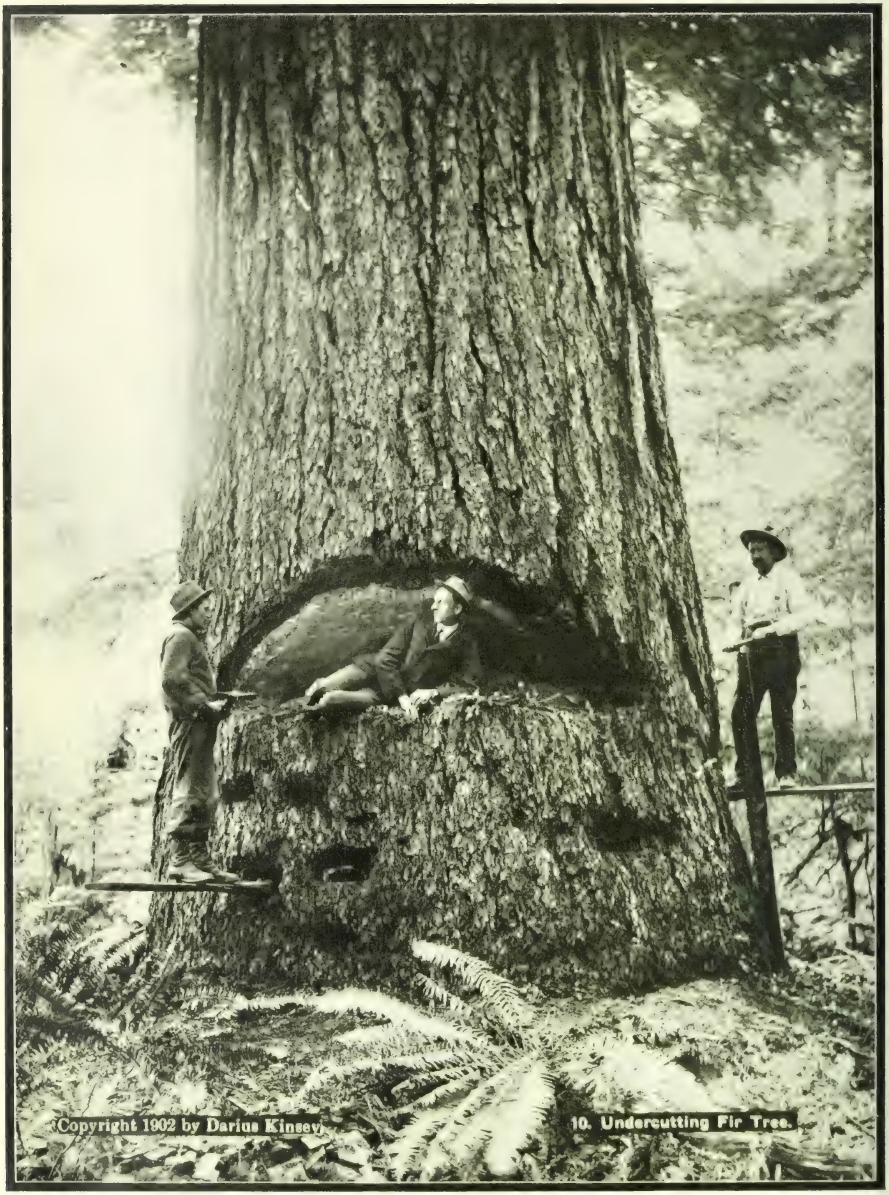
The rules that are applicable to the hat may be extended to all other manufactured articles and would perforce destroy the farmer's market for raw materials and other farm products and reduce the workingman's wages to the starvation point, thereby bringing poverty and distress to the whole country.

The tariff has nothing whatever to do with the ownership of the United States Senate—Mr. Wood to the contrary notwithstanding. Some Senators were owned by corporations before trusts came into being and others will be slaves, so long as men value money above honor, and love power more than virtue.



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE CHELAN.

Lake Chelan, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains of Eastern Washington, is the nucleus of the proposed new national park.



UNDERCUTTING A GIANT FIR TREE IN OREGON.

A slight idea of the breadth of the tree is obtained from the figure of the man lying in the gash, which has not yet been driven much farther than the bark.



Photograph by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

MEASURING A GIANT OF THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS.

The great trees of the Pacific Coast never fail to amaze and delight tourists. Hardly a party passes through these forests without stopping to have itself photographed as a unit of measurement against some huge redwood.





SHASTA THE BEAUTIFUL, FROM CASTLE LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

Mt. Shasta is the dream of every traveler who makes the journey from California to the north.



Photograph by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

THE STONEWALL JACKSON GROUP.

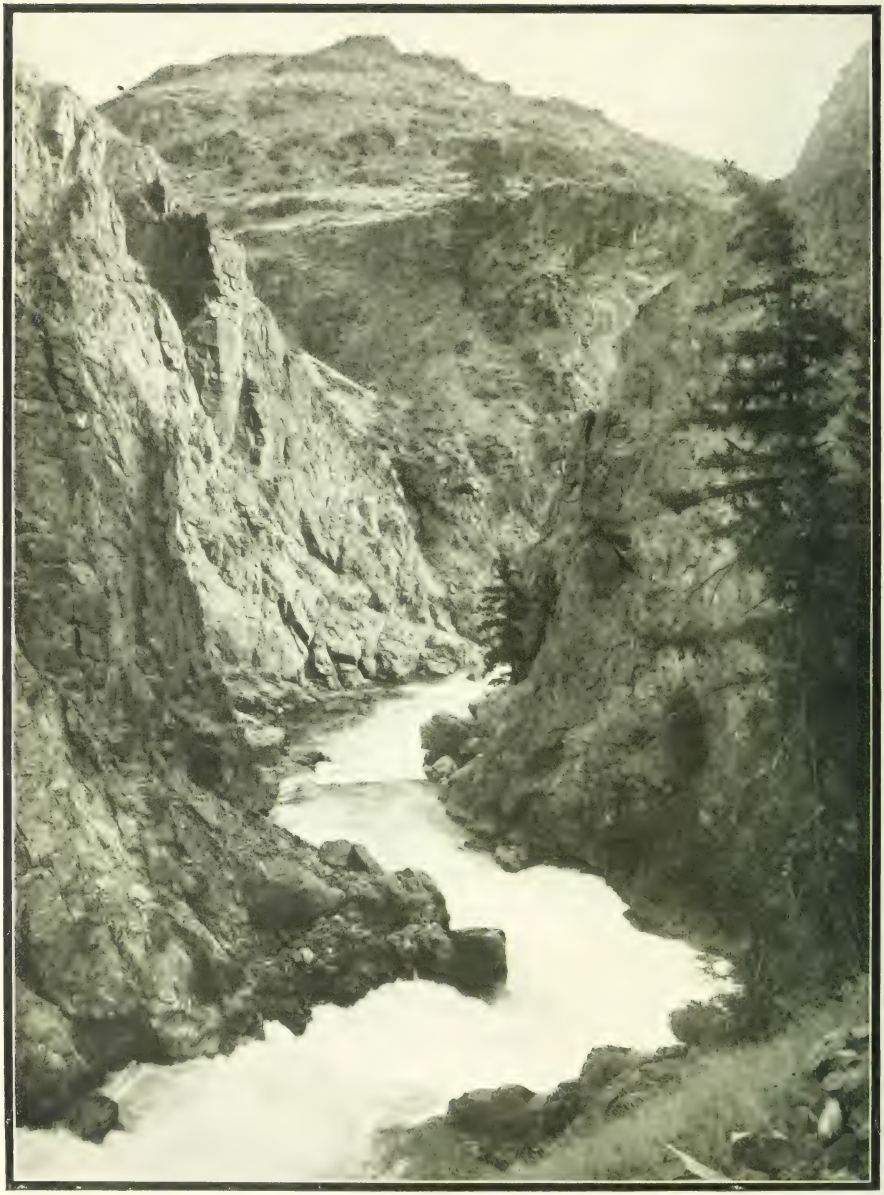
A circle in the heart of the California forests, worthy of the ancient Druids.



Photograph by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS.

The highway of restfulness, through the shadows and fragrance of the ancient groves.



THE CANYON OF THE CHELAN RIVER, WASHINGTON.

The stage road follows the rim of the canyon. Four hundred and fifty feet below, the Chelan River boils and surges its way through solid rock to the Columbia.

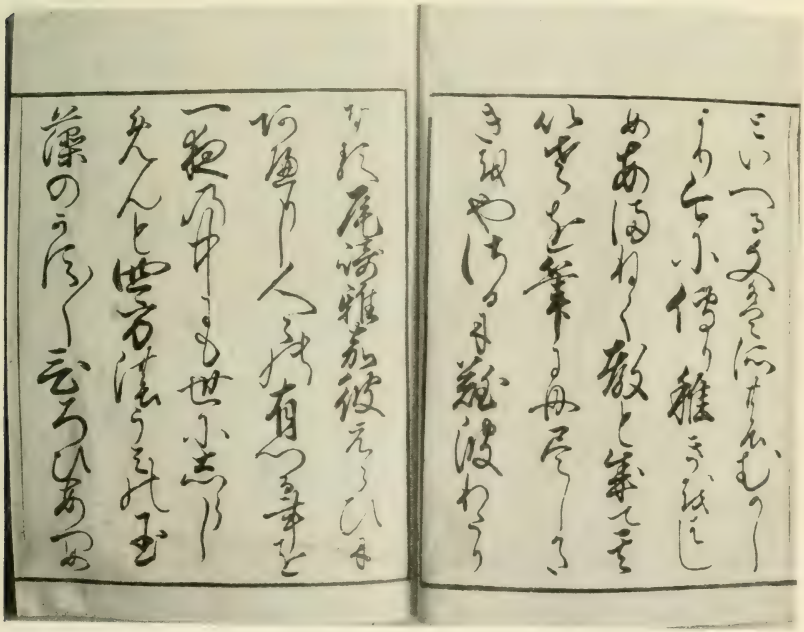
Japanese Writing

An account of the evolution of this art from a simple beginning into its present intricacies

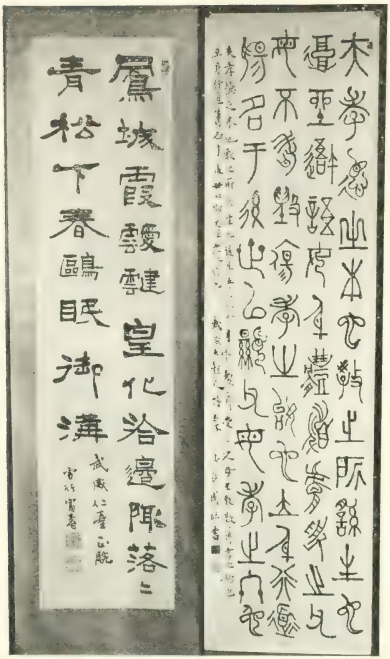
By Henry P. Bowie

PRIOR to the coming of Chinese scholars to Japan in the sixth century, the Japanese used no written characters. Since then, for writing Japanese, they have employed Chinese characters in several ways. First, for their *sound* values without reference to their significations; subsequently, for their *sense* values or meanings; and, finally, for constructing a phonetic syllabary or Japanese shorthand called *Kana*. The first and third of these uses are not understood by the Chinese, while the second use of their characters is common to both them and the Japanese.

Four thousand years ago, in the reign of the Chinese Emperor Kotei, his secretary, So Ketsu, made written characters by imitating the shapes of objects, and they are known to this day as "tadpole letters," because they were written upon bamboo with a pointed flat stick dipped in varnish, and the pressure and pull on the initial stroke resembled the head and tail of a wiggler. This was before brushes and *sumi* (ink) were employed. Subsequent emperors preferring the forms of dragons, tigers or fishes, all letters were fashioned more or less to recall such shapes. Every Chinese letter stands for a thought or a thing—an idea or an object either suggested or outlined; hence, such letters are said to be ideographic or pictorial. Each



A specimen of Oye Riu, a Japanese method of writing, which is now out of date.



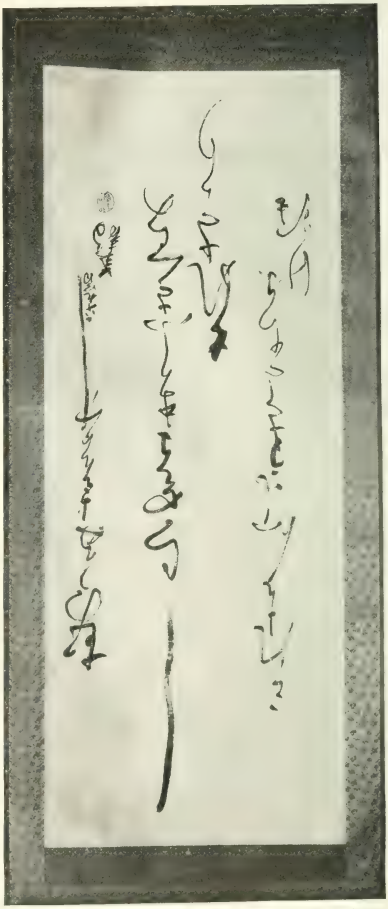
The bold letters on the left are Rei Sho, by Iwaya Roku, in his poem upon the view from the imperial palace. The finer characters on the right represent Dai Ten Sho, by Watnabe Sao, in an interesting treatise on filial piety. The diminutive writing to the left of the Dai Ten Sho is the same treatise in Kai Sho.

Chinese character is a single or a compound picture and the prevalent idea among Occidental scholars that the radical of a character has a function separate from and unconnected in sense with the phonetic portion of that same character is a mistake. The so-called phonetic is as pictorial as the radical with which it combines and it pictorially contributes its share of meaning to the compound character. In every instance, it will be found to yield to patient analysis its structural significance. The theory that it serves only to designate the sound of the compound character is contradicted by the fact that very many such characters do not take the sound of their *phonetics*, which term is a misnomer.

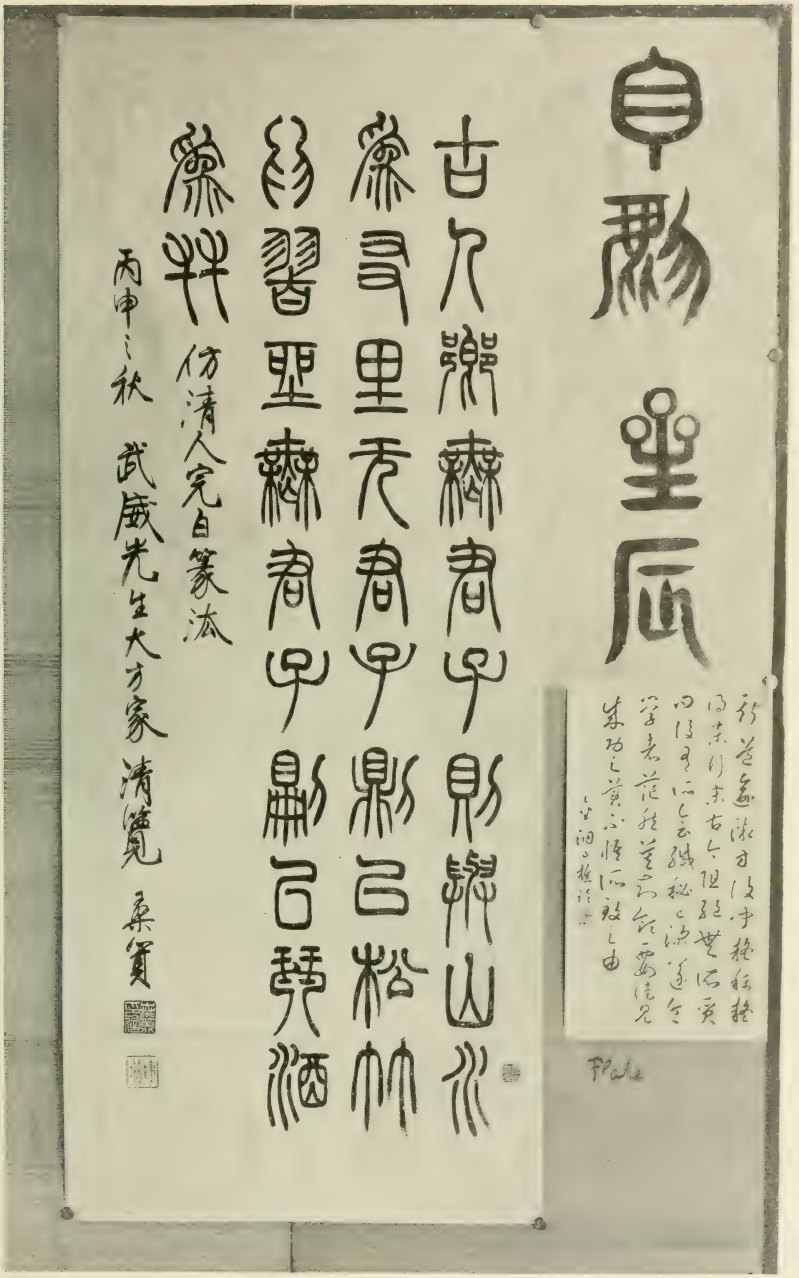
During the Shu dyansty—twenty-four hundred years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Sen No, his secretary, Shichu, first invented the writing known as *Dai Ten Sho*. The word *ten* means "bent down" like an old man, and the general shape of the letters was that of the rounded path of a book worm or the track eaten out of a leaf by a worm. *Ten Sho* is popularly called Seal writing—because seals are engraved in that style.

In the Shin dynasty—two thousand years ago, Ri Shi, a minister of state, invented another *Ten Sho,* which was called *Sho Ten.* It differed slightly from its prototype.

About this time Tei-baku introduced the writing called *Rei Sho. Rei* means an assistant, and the name was in allusion



Kana Majiri, represented by a poem on the cherry blossoms, by Fukuha Bisei.



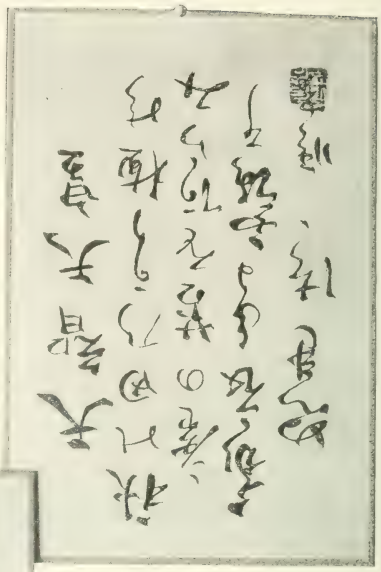
The text on the left is a poem in praise of rivers, mountains, pine trees, bamboo groves, music and "sake," written in Sho Ten Sho, by the illustrious seal engraver of Kyoto, Soki Tetsu Jo. At the upper right-hand side of the plate is shown the most ancient kind of Chinese writing, called Kobun. The first character pictures a cocoon, and symbolizes "white"; the character below is the representation of a tiger, with his stripes to the right; the other two figures stand for "star." The tiny piece of writing penned beneath the Kobun is by the head tosan of the Nichi Pen Sect, and refers to the marvelous law of the Lotus.

to the serviceability of this invention and its advantages over *Ten Sho*.

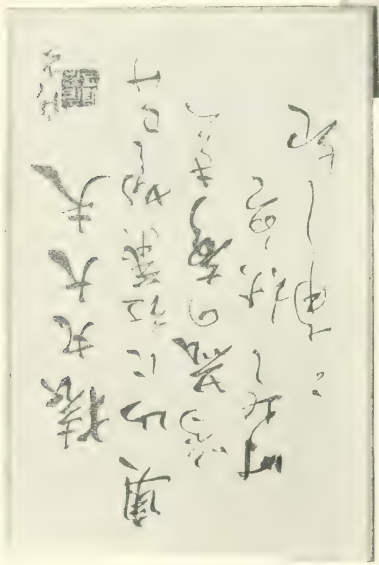
Tei-baku had been a prisoner for years. Fond of writing, he devoted himself to that art—and it was in the course of his long studies in confinement that he invented this new style.

The emperor was so pleased with it that he liberated Tei-baku and made him an officer of his palace. *Rei Sho* came at once into vogue and was used generally as a substitute for *Ten Sho* and has ever since remained popular. Thereafter, various improvements or changes were made in the writing and forming of Chinese characters and, in turn, *Shin Sho* and *Kai-Sho*—generally called "the standard"—*Gyo Sho* and *So Sho*—were invented.

Sotoba, a great authority, says of these three styles of writing, the first



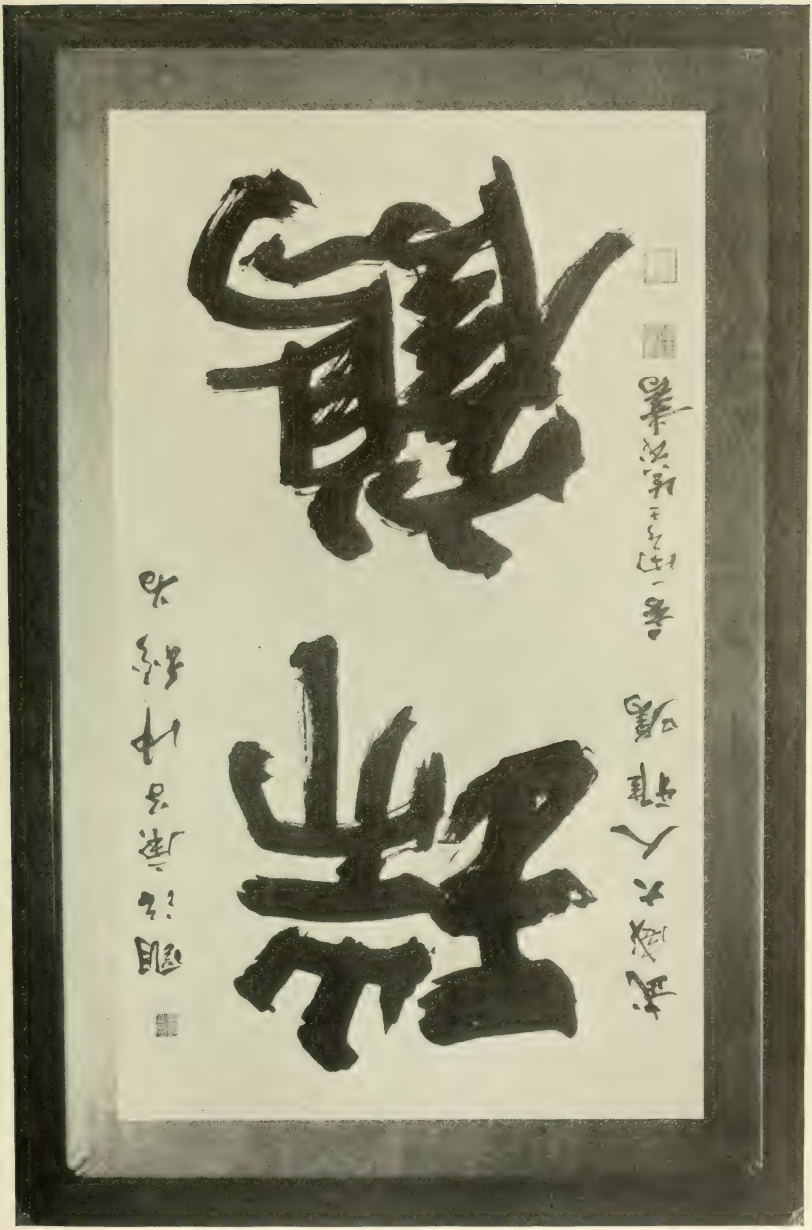
Two cards from the Hyaku Nin Shu, written by Ichi Roku.



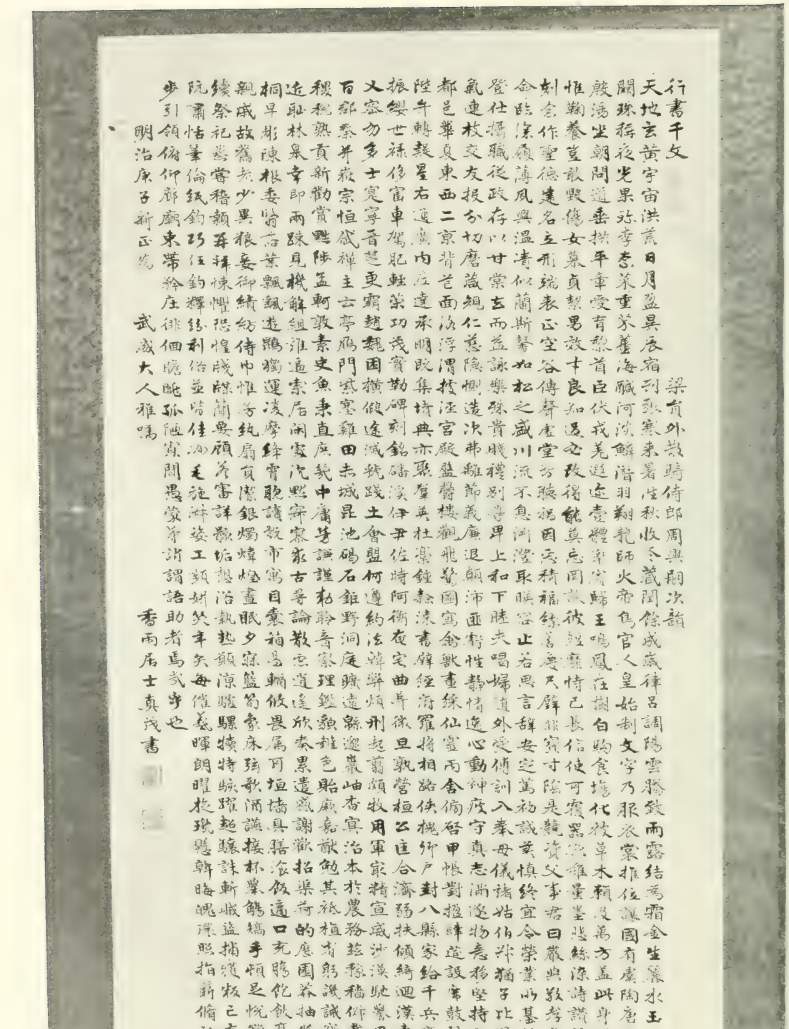
is standing, the second walks, and the last is running—alluding to the comparative time taken in writing them. The last and most difficult of these, *So Sho,* was invented by Cho Shin seventeen hundred years ago. It is said he passed all his time in this absorbing study. Sitting upon his verandah, which was built over a lake, he washed his ink brush so often in the waters that the lake finally became a black pool. From this time on, all *Sho Ka* (professional writers of Chinese characters) were called *Rin chi Ka*—pond longers. Ogishi was the most skillful of all the *So Sho* writers of his time. He copied in this style thirty-seven times the volumes of Buddhist doctrine called *Ko tei Kyo,* and attained such excellence that a voice addressed him from Heaven saying his writing had won him the praise of the gods.

During the To dynasty, some twelve hundred years since, Cho Kyaku was esteemed the greatest of the *So Sho* writers and was called the *So Sho* sage. He would even write *So Sho* with his bushy head for a brush, which he dipped into a pail of *sumi* (ink).

He introduced many improvements in this wonderful and difficult way of writing, and one of his secrets was his use of the graceful and curved lines of a famous female sword dancer, whose evolutions with that instrument suggested to him various sweeps and curves which he gave to his letters.



An Imperial rescript written in Gyo Sho by Tsuji Kou.



A reproduction of the one-thousand-word classic or "Senjimon" in Gyo Sho, written by Tsuji Kou.

Rai Tai Kan, another enthusiastic votary of *So Sho,* practiced it unsuccessfully for years, until, on one occasion, when engaged in writing, he witnessed a raging torrent carrying all before it, while a hurricane swept away houses and trees. Worked up to a height of enthusiasm by a spectacle of such terrific force, he unconsciously transferred his impressions to his writing and the characters took on a power and grandeur which he had labored in vain for years to secure. He had fathomed one of the secrets of the art.

One difficulty in *So Sho* writing is the abbreviation of the strokes which are foreshortened to a puzzling degree, and yet all the strokes of the original *Kai Sho* character must be virtually suggested, though many of them are actually suppressed. They must leave their shadows behind.

An ancient Chinese formula practiced and reverently adhered to, prescribes that when one writes the Chinese characters his spirit must be composed and his mind fixed upon his work; thus, life and power are transmitted to the arm, and the brush responds to a lofty impulse, while the ink will flow and testify to the living strength of the stroke and the tranquil state of the writer's mind.

It takes thirty years to become a great *Sho Ka.* Furthermore, every writer must have the sentiments and disposition of both an artist and a gentleman. He must love nature in all her moods and his life and conduct must be unblemished; otherwise, be he ever so skillful, he is reverenced in neither China nor Japan; and so highly is writing esteemed in China that every written character is sacred in that country. If a letter or scrap of paper containing writing is found on street or highway, it is piously picked up and put into a specially provided receptacle near a temple and to be burned at a stated period each year. One soon forfeits confidence among the Chinese if seen treating with disrespect any paper containing their written characters.

Since the Chinese language and letters were first introduced into Japan fifteen hundred years ago, until now, the

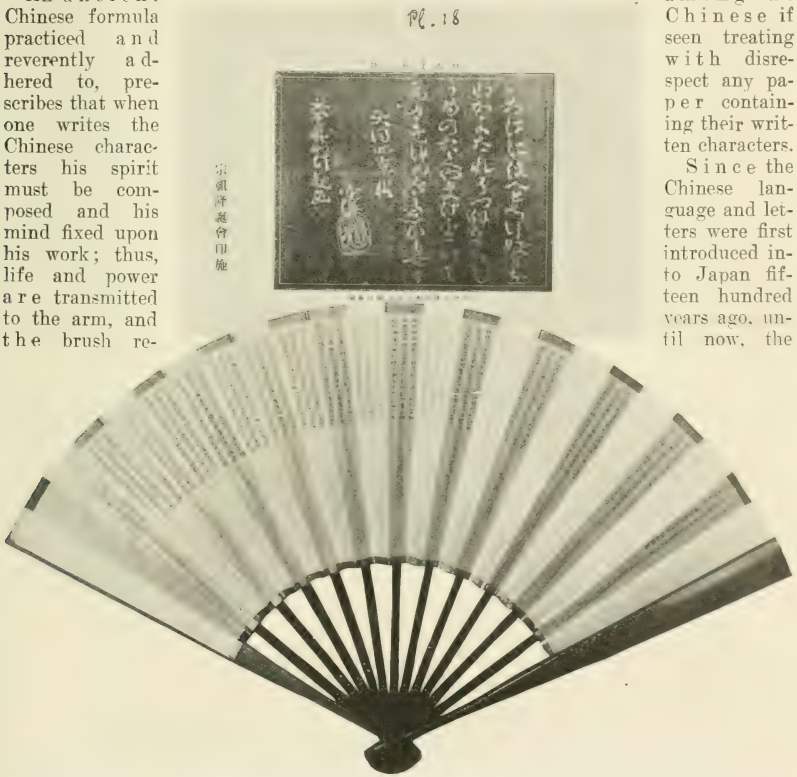


Plate 18 is a fac simile of the original Iroha writing of Kobo Dai Shi. Below is a reproduction of the one-thousand-word classic in miniature.

cult of writing the Chinese characters has been constant and profound among Japanese scholars. So great have been the love and enthusiasm for this art that a large body of learned men in Japan known as *Sho Ka* devote their entire lives to its cultivation and practice. Indeed, the fascination of mastering the mystery of the characters, their curious shapes and the reasons for them, their subtle meanings and suggestions, their historic allusions, the light they let in upon many of nature's secrets, their real humor and other virtues and peculiarities, all combine to make the study of Chinese writing so absorbing that once begun, students are warned against the danger of excessive zeal. It has all the attractions of a deep science, all the delightful surprises of etymology. It is inexhaustible in its wealth of learning, and, appealing constantly to the imagination, is most satisfying to the artistic sense of form and proportion.

Onono Tofu, who lived in Japan one thousand years ago, enjoyed a great reputation as a *So-Sho writer*. He had the ambition to succeed therein and declared that this was largely stimulated by once watching a frog trying to climb a willow tree. Each time it leaped upon the drooping branch, it slipped and fell. But nothing daunted, it kept repeating its leaps until, finally, it succeeded and reached the top. In Tofu's time there were three great writers of *So Sho,* namely, Sari Kyo, Yukinari and himself—and they were known as *San Seki*.

The greatest writers of all Japan, in times past, were Tofu, Suga-wara Michizane and Kobo Daishi, and they are known as *San pitsu,* or the three master brushes. Michizane, though he died seven hundred years ago, is still revered in Japan as Confucius is in China, and every year there is a festival held in his honor on the twenty-fifth of the second month, when all the Japanese students of the schools write Chinese characters, which are exhibited in the Ten Jin temples—Ten Jin being the posthumous name of Michizane.

Chinese characters are always written with a brush dipped in *sumi* (ink). There is a regular order in which the strokes are made and there are fixed rules for determining the strength of the stroke and where it begins and should end.

During the Toku Gawa Shogunate, Ogibu Sorai was the greatest of the professional writers. He was also a scholar and a warrior. Next after him came Hosoi Ko Taku, Ichi Kawa Bei, An Nukina Kaioku and San Jo Sane Yoshi—all names familiar to educated Japanese.

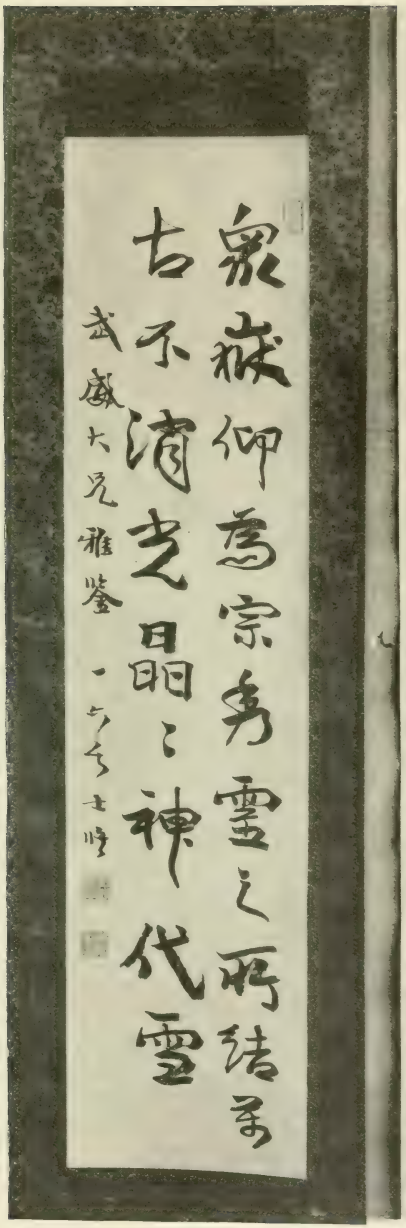
In modern times, among the most celebrated writers are Cho San Shu, Iwaya Ichi Roku, Fukuha Bisei, Mishima Chushu, Kusakabe Meikaku, Higashi Kujei Chikutei, Sugi Cho, Ima Tenko, Kanai Shikyo, Ekido, Tani Tesshin, Nakane Hanrei, Nagato Sho Tan and Tsuji Kou. Unless one lives a long time in Japan, he is not likely to meet any of the great writers or *Sho Ka*.

They keep much to themselves and foreigners know little or nothing about them. Their field of study is as vast and absorbing as that of astronomy—and they are all men of learning and varied attainments.

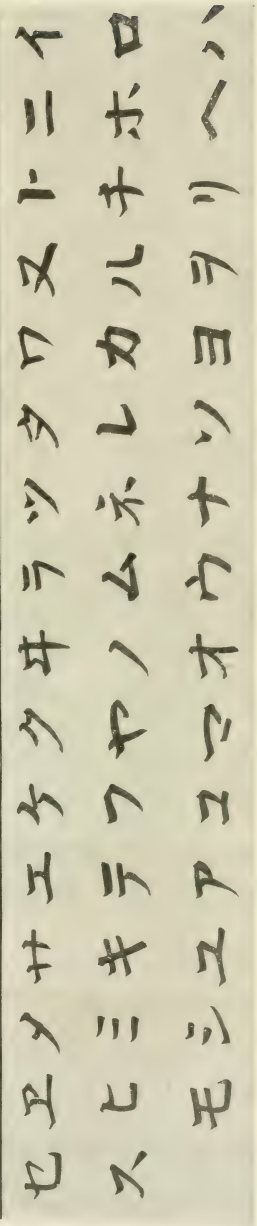
Among these, the one who stood most eminent—whose forehead touched the stars—was the late Iwaya Ichi Roku—nobleman, member of the House of Peers, poet and scholar; he was recognized as the most able, brilliant, classical and yet original writer of Chinese characters of the nineteenth century. His fame was world wide. He excelled in every style, and his work was as much in demand throughout the Empire as the pictures of Diaz Corot or Meissonier are sought after by the conoscenti of Europe and America. Ichi Roku died in 1905, universally mourned. The writer knew him well, having studied under him for some years.

The last time they were together, that venerable scholar said to him: "You return to America. I have a deep regard for your countrymen. May I hope that they may yet understand something of the pure, intellectual delights of studying and writing Chinese characters. I earnestly beg you to try and interest scholars in so noble a pursuit." The dear old gentleman's voice trembled with emotion at the thought and wish he had just expressed—and we parted, never to meet again.

His travels took him to every portion of Japan and his arrival in a city was the signal for general rejoicing. No one can imagine the enthusiasm he excited when he wrote—the ardent admiration of all for every character that sprang from his brush. And there is no temple, palace, hall or nobleman's mansion in all Japan



A Gyo Sho poem in praise of Fujisan, by Iwaya Ichi Roku.



The Katakana syllabary by Tsuji Kou.

惟我 皇祖 皇宗 肇國宏遠樹德深厚我
臣民克忠克孝億兆一心世濟其美是我國體之精華而教育之淵源
實存乎此爾臣民父母兄弟夫婦相和朋友相信恭儉
己博愛及衆修學習業以啓發其知能成就德器
需廣公益開世務重國憲遵國法一旦緩急則
義勇奉公可以扶翼天壤無窮之運祚矣果能
如此則非獨爲朕忠良之民實我
皇祖 皇宗之遺風 斯道也實我
臣民所當俱遵守焉
通諸古今而不悖施之中外而不謬
一其德矣
明治參拾年拾月

A poem regarding the Emperor, written by Iwaya Ichi Roku.

Kai Sho writing by Tsuji Kou.

that is not decorated with some writing, either in *Ten Sho, Kai Sho, Gyo Sho* or *So Sho* and executed by Iwaya Ichi Roku.

A few years ago, a signal tribute was paid him. A work was compiled in Ushan, China, by Yo Shu Kei, designed to contain fac-simile reproductions of the greatest *So Sho* writings of antiquity. Of all the Japanese celebrated writers during fifteen centuries, the *So Sho* writings of Iwaya Ichi Roko alone figure in that monumental volume.

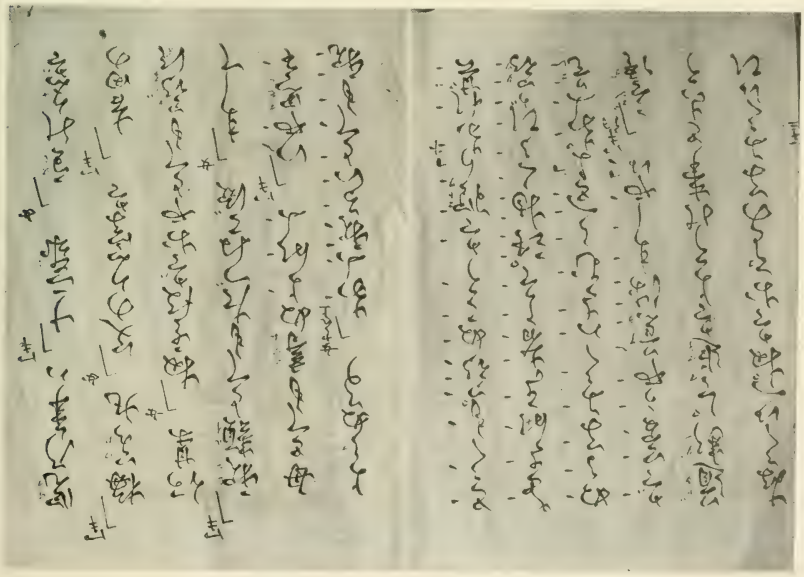
When a great man, who is long in making, dieth, surely, as Lord Coke has said, "Much learning dieth with him." Iwaya's name and fame are imperishable. Among his foremost disciples, he who is generally recognized as the best qualified to preserve the traditions of the style and manner of the great master is Tsuji Kou —for many years past the private scribe of His Imperial Majesty.

The simplified syllabary called *Kana* is a Japanese invention of signs based upon the sound values and shapes of complicated Chinese originals from which they are taken. There are several kinds, but *Kata Kana* and *Hiragana* are the best known. In the accompanying illustrations the signs of both *Kana* are given. These signs correspond to as many pure sounds in the Japanese language.

Hiragana was invented by the celebrated Kobodaishi. It is called *Iroha* from the first three sounds and is largely used in writing Japanese poetry.

There is still another method of writing Japanese which is called *Kana Majari,* or mixed *Kana* where the *Hiragana* signs and *So Sho* or *Gyo Sho* characters are combined.

The greatest living master of this beautiful style is the illustrious poet, Viscount Fukuha Bisei. He has long passed three score and ten, but his intellectual power is undiminished and his mind is a storehouse of every kind of learning. He has the same faculty for verse that La Fontaine possessed, and he has had the rare privilege of instructing in poetry three generations of Emperors. Whenever a Japanese scholar beholds a line written by Bisei, he raises his hands in admiration and exhausts his vocabulary of praise. Bisei's verses are the living breath of the poetic muse and his *Kana* writing has marked an epoch in that supremely difficult art.



A treatise upon the laws of poetry, written in So Sho, by Kanai.


Cascades at Happy Isles

A Trip to Vernal Falls

By Eloise J. Roorbach

Illustrated by the Author

ALL night long the rain fell, gently, softly, steadily. I listened to its charming song as it pattered on my tent roof and knew that the Spirit of Spring was arriving and with the help of the warm morning sun would make of the valley a marvel of beauty. With the dawn came the birds perching on the ridge-pole or swaying on a near-by branch, singing brilliant arias, accompanied by a tuneful chorus.

It was so early in the season that but few people were in the valley. However, the small party gathered at Camp Curry, Yosemite Valley, decided to make an early start for Vernal Falls while the sun was making misty veils out of last night's rain and draping domes and spires with them.

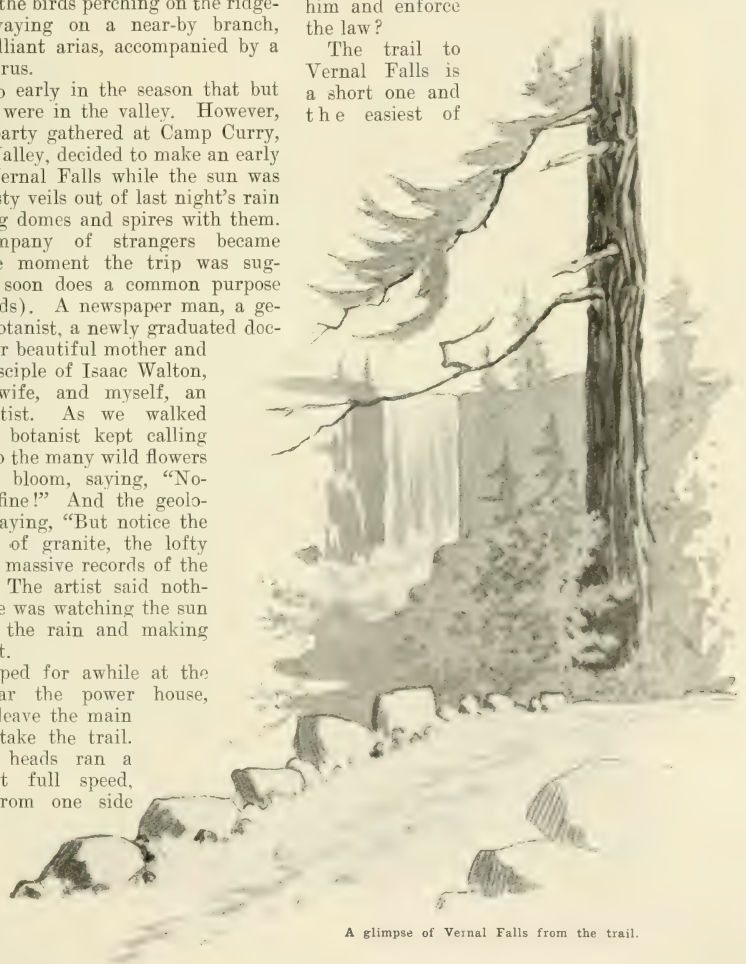
The company of strangers became friends the moment the trip was suggested (so soon does a common purpose make friends). A newspaper man, a geologist, a botanist, a newly graduated doctor with her beautiful mother and sister, a disciple of Isaac Walton, with his wife, and myself, an humble artist. As we walked along, the botanist kept calling attention to the many wild flowers already in bloom, saying, "Notice, how fine!" And the geologist kept saying, "But notice the huge piles of granite, the lofty domes, the massive records of the glaciers." The artist said nothing, for she was watching the sun lifting up the rain and making clouds of it.

We stopped for awhile at the bridge near the power house, where we leave the main road and take the trail. Over our heads ran a squirrel at full speed, crossing from one side of the bridge to the other by using for a roadway the big sign which read

> FOR CROSSING THIS BRIDGE FASTER THAN A WALK, $25.00 FINE.

Little did he care for the warning, and who was there nimble enough to catch him and enforce the law?

The trail to Vernal Falls is a short one and the easiest of



A glimpse of Vernal Falls from the trail.



Near Point Rea.

all the trails, so it is generally chosen at the first, and it is one of the most beautiful. In your walk of about three miles from Camp Curry to the foot of the falls you will pass some fine specimens of spruce, yellow pine, firs, black oaks, cedars and balsams. Early in the spring, the trail was overhung with thousands of dogwood blossoms, like white stars in a green sky.

The trail follows the north side of the Merced River, though it soon climbs so high the river is far below.

Several crystal clear springs were reached, but never passed without a pause from the whole party, where we made cups of our hands and drank of the sparkling water.

The first turn in the trail—Point Rea—almost took the breath out of us all, as we looked at the Merced dashing, roaring, plunging far below us. We involuntarily stepped back from the edge, approaching again more cautiously, and gazed down on the tops of the tall pines.

When we looked up we saw Glacier Point ahead, Yosemite Falls in the right hand distance, Illillouette Falls on the left, and Grizzly Peak directly overhead.

The trail is splendidly and safely made, two donkeys easily passing, and I cannot see how anyone could get hurt on any trail in the valley unless he deliberately jumped over the edge. The most timid need have no fear, though the grandeur of the place sets one's heart to thumping.

This trail is quite closely bordered with trees, so it is cool and easy to walk, though now and then there are openings such as at Point Rea, where one can see far out.

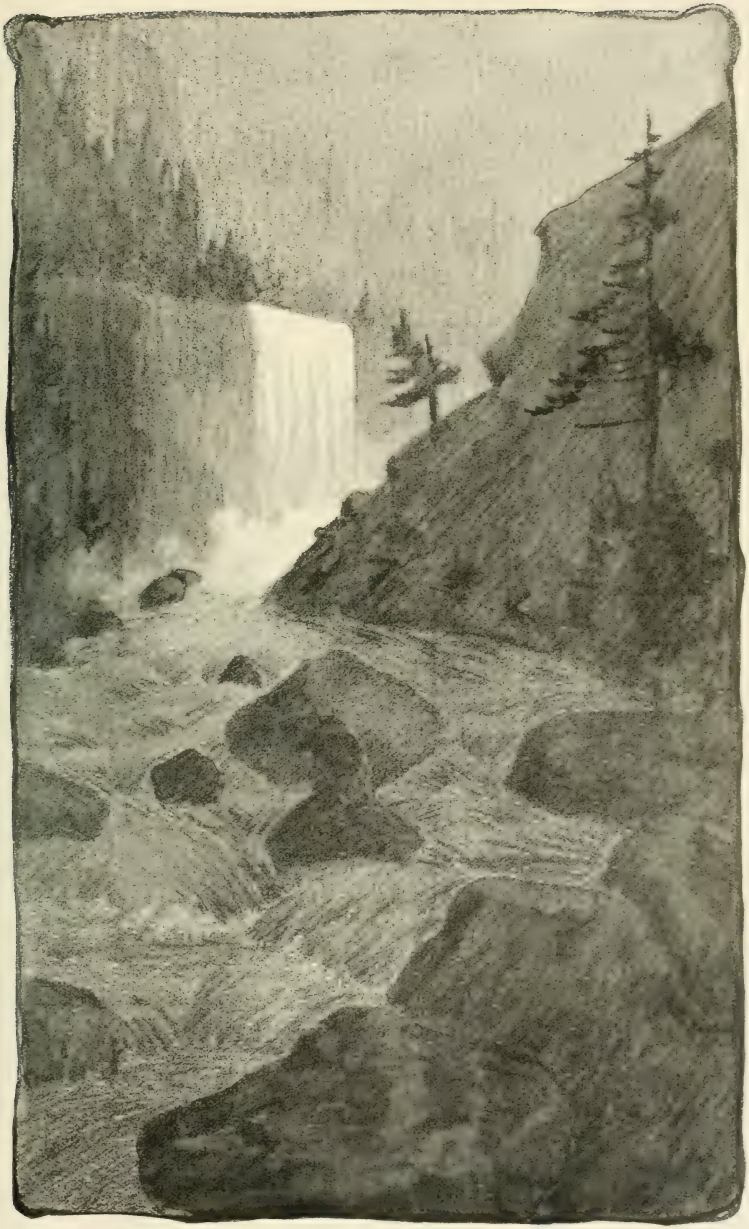
We went on from this point, getting a better view of Illillouette Falls, on the *qui vive* for the first glance of Vernal Falls, which the guide book told us was not far from this point. We climbed a little more, took a short run down to the rustic bridge, and behold! the falls we traveled so far to see.

Still far ahead of us was the mighty fall, now its fullest, and we could hear it plunging and crashing on the rocks. The foaming water was far more beautiful than I had expected, and that is saying a great deal. We wanted to get close to it, to feel the spray upon our faces, so we hurried on, crossed the bridge, passed the old toll house and register rock, up, up through a pine forest, catching a glimpse now and then of the falls we were seeking.

The regular trail takes you over a spur that is higher than the falls, then down on the other side, where you can get a glimpse of Nevada Falls in the distance.



Register Rock and the old toll house.



VERNAL FALLS BY MOONLIGHT.



Point Rea.

Though my head was held high, to look at the huge clouds rolling up like white giants behind the rugged peaks all around, yet an Alpine heather at my feet drew me down on my knees that I could the better enjoy its sweet little face. It was so frail a thing, so different from the majestic surroundings, that it appealed all the more to me. It was like the dear face of a little child that we gather close to us after an audience with dignified, great superiors!

We were soon throwing sticks into a part of the Merced called the Silver Apron, to see them rush with nameless speed over and over, to find rest in the Emerald Pool, before shooting out and over the Vernal Falls.

There is a strong iron railing built on the solid rock over which the falls plunge. We steadied ourselves by that and looked directly down the falls, three hundred and fifty feet of foaming green and white water! Speech flies away at such a sight! We lingered long, that the marvelous beauty might become etched forever on our memory.

Hovering over the green, moss-covered rocks far below was a rainbow, and a faint path near it. Determining to go back on that path, to get close to the rainbow, we finally left the top of the fall. We went down narrow steps, made safe with strong iron railings, and entered a very sea of mist, radiant with many rainbows. We walked among and through rainbows, put our hands into them and saw them arching this way and that. So charmed we were with the ethereal, beautiful things, we forgot to look for the bag of gold said to be at the resting place of a rainbow. But the spending of a dozen bags of gold could not have given us the sight of anything more perfect, more satisfying to our love of the beautiful, than the shifting rainbow mist before us.

This part of the trail is only for the nimble and sure-footed, for it is wet and slippery, but it is worth going on your hands and knees to see. When we got down to the Lady Franklin Rock we rested and watched the fall of the water, being far enough away to escape the spray, but close enough to see it perfectly. Several times afterward I came to this rock while the moon was shining and the night was sweet with the perfume of wild lilacs, and watched the play of the water under the enchantment of a full moon.



Glacier Point, from Point Rea.

The walls of the gorge were too high for the moon to look over and see us, but it shone full on the falls themselves, leaving all else in shadow.

Who could describe it? I have dared a sketch just to give a faint idea of it, but for the color of the falling water and for the sound of the almost invisible rapids at our feet and for the solemn presence of the surrounding mountains, you must go and experience for yourself.

Reluctantly we faced homeward and traveled the path silently, busy with our thoughts. If you are sure-footed, you can at Point Rea, on the homeward way, climb down a steep place of perhaps a hundred feet and come to the Cascades at Happy Isles. This place can be reached by going round by the power house, only this steep place is a decided short cut.

This place is most tantalizing to all the fishermen who come with patent rods, fancy flies, willow poles, worms, grasshoppers, bugs, in short every kind of pole and bait, but all to no purpose.

The Indians refuse to tell how they catch them, but they come to the hotels and camps with fine strings of speckled beauties. Once when a visitor asked an Indian why he could not catch the trout as well as the Indian, the answer was, "You too white, fish see."

We took a trail back to camp from Happy Isle that ran parallel with the main road, but was hidden from sight of it by trees and bushes. Single file we silently walked this charming path, entered our tents and in memory followed again this varied trail, spellbound at the beauty of the mist-wreathed Vernal Falls.





AN INDIAN MATRON AT THE AGE OF NINETY-SIX.

The old squaws are really more cruel-hearted than the braves. Many of the most bloody of the Indian massacres have been incited and encouraged by them.



The Fourth of July Celebration at Fort Belknap

By Sumner W. Matteson

Photographs by the Author

SEVERAL of us were chatting about the heart fire in the studio of Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, and it was not long before the conversation drifted from the hunting prospects of that season to the range, and to contrasting the cowboy and the Indian life of today with that known to some of us twenty years ago. The fact came up that on certain reservations, Fourth of July celebrations were replacing the festivities formerly indulged in by the Plains tribes whenever the spirit moved them. At Fort Belknap, it appeared a full week was to be devoted to the Indian ceremonies, and probably the last Sun Dance in history was to take place, though without the torture features of "making a brave."

Major Logan, who was in charge



Watching the Grass Dance. These dances furnish an opportunity for an elaborate display of ornaments.



The only skin lodge in camp.

of the reservation, not only gave us a most cordial invitation, when he found we wanted to be present, but provided for us such rough and ready accommodations as were at his disposal.

Major Logan's idea was to let the Indians plan their own entertainment, as long as they respected reservation rules, and it was the Indian's wish to live over as far as possible scenes of the times when the beloved buffalo stood upon their land thicker than the white men do today.

The night of July 3d, after the Grosventre camp fires had died away, and all the braves were lost in slumber, a band of Assinaboines, bedaubed with war paint and bedecked in aboriginal splendor, hid themselves where they could read the signal fires of their scouts. These scouts, in coyote skins, were so true to their animal parts as to almost deceive each other with their yells. A call from one hilltop would be answered from another until at last the enemy was located and surrounded without exciting so much as a suspicion. Then the Assinaboines dashed down, snatching what Indian women they could carry across their saddles, or mount on the stolen camp ponies.

Shots were exchanged, and vain efforts made by the Grosventres to recover their



Bill Jones in war paint and braids, singing at the Grass Dance.



A chief addressing the visiting Indians in the sign language.

stolen property. But, without horses, they soon fell back in the chase and the Assinaboines made good their escape. The only thing left to the Grosventres was to plan a counter attack upon the enemy.

The next day, however, the Assinaboines returned their plunder and invited the Grosventres to come and join their camp, making in all over two hundred tepees. So Saturday was spent in consolidating camps and in joking over the raids of the night before.

On Sunday all was quiet, no dancing being allowed. Towards evening the Indians indulged in what is known among the plains' tribes as the hand game. The



A sham battle between the Grosventres and Assinaboines. On the Fourth of July the Indians gave a dramatized version of some of their most famous encounters.

beating of the tom-tom before any of the star-spangled amusement tents announced that a game was on. The devotees flocked from all sides and formed a circle. The leaders, with feathered and jingling batons, kept time with those in the circle, who merrily sang, laughed and swung their fists. A small carved or painted piece of bone was then passed around the circle, with sly feints and maneuvers, until the leaders guessed successfully the location of the bone. This hand game was in evidence throughout the week, whenever nothing else claimed the Indians' attention.

Monday was the Fourth, and in true American style, I was up at four-thirty, but to no purpose, for the Indians were not following my example. About seven o'clock they began fussing with feathers and paint, decorating their horses as well as themselves.

The site selected for the sham battles was on the hillside betwen the camp and the trading post, and thither whole tribes flocked in buggies, wagons and on horseback. Scarcely a score of whites were present to witness a series of the most spectacular and historic scenes ever dramatized. The participants were for the most part men past middle age, who had gone through many a real encounter, and who took a pardonable pride in living over the scenes that revealed their cunning and skill. Bushy Head, Lame Bull, Judge Skunk, Black Wolf, Bill Jones and John Pushsmoke led the other Indians, acting out the occasions when, while camped on a hunting expedition, they were attacked but not beaten by a war party of Bloods, or, surprised by twice their number of Crees. With their knives they would tear up the sod, and make an emergency stand, throwing sand into the eyes of the oncoming enemy, and finally mixing in hand-to-hand encounters, always resulting victoriously for the home Indians. At least sixteen battles were enacted in this spectacular way. During each, a warrior on horseback would swoop down on a dying foe, endeavoring to touch him with his stick while life yet remained, thus claiming his scalp, his horse, and other personal effects. The number of feathers

or scalps streaming from these sticks denoted the number of such successful achievements.

At six-thirty in the evening the first Grass Dance began. The agent had contributed royally to their feasting and amusement, but the Indians were even more generous with one another. From time to time individuals would arise and present each other their very best horses, blankets, bridles, or whatever else might be most dear to them. At one time, during an interval in the dance, a fine-looking Indian walked back and forth, carrying a sprig of green, and leading a beautiful maiden. He was evidently offering some sort of challenge, for soon a young buck came forward and kissed the little girl, whereupon he was given the sprig of green. Inquiry revealed that the emblem stood for a fine horse, which the father had offered to give any man who would kiss his daughter. Not long afterwards a similar opportunity offered itself in the shape of an ugly old hag who hobbled out with another leafy twig. Be it not to the discredit of her champion that he got the horse she offered.

These dances were the occasion for the display of such an array of bare-skin, buck-skin, paint, quills, beads, shells, teeth, feathers and weasel skins as I never hope to see again. Horn Weasel, a Grosventre brave, was conspicuous in a new robe for every event of the week. During the rest of the year, I am told, he grovels about the reservation in white man's cast-off clothing, with no respect for himself nor consideration from his people.

One of the amusing features of the celebration was the pathetic attempt of the Indians at wearing long hair. Six years before, these Indians had killed their agent and were shorn of their locks in punishment. Two years later, Commissioner Jones thoughtlessly issued a sweeping order that all male Indians under fifty years of age should wear short hair. Nothing could have caused the hapless Indians greater degradation, for how was it possible for a brave to appear in fancy dress and ceremonial attire without long hair? So some of these Indians—those whose had not been able to save their switches and braid them in—had to avail themselves of almost any human or animal hair, black moss, or even rope, glued on where it could not be fastened with a band. The tresses of



A squaw giving away her best horse blanket and beads in the Grass Dance.



Ed Rider and Fat Captive ready for the festivities. These two braves were particularly splendid and popular during the celebration.

old Nozey, the medicine man, alone, had been spared, for when the fatal order was given, he cried like a child, believing his power, as well as his beauty, would be lost, and some dire calamity descend upon his people. So overwhelming was his misery that he was permitted to retain his tangled mass of hair, which, it was his boast, he had never combed.

The specialty of Tuesday was the Fool Dance. Late that afternoon, fifteen young bucks were given a steer to butcher. Their method of distribution of the raw meat was the unique feature of the dance.

Clothed in loosely hanging burlap or other coarse goods, with face and heads covered and grotesquely painted, they fastened great slabs of raw meat wherever it would hold. Singing a rather jerky ditty, they hopped around and laughed heartily. Suddenly one or two would turn on the crowd and hurl a steak or a roast or even a brace of ribs at the nearest horse or human being. Here was something out of the ordinary in the way of photographs, so I lost no time in breaking through the circle of spectators. This ambitious step on my part was taken as a challenge, and immediately I became the target for the bloody missiles. It was no small task to dodge several assailants at a time and to save my camera as well, but I stood my ground. This promiscuous firing of raw meat was really not a waste of food, for the pieces were eagerly picked up and feasted upon through weeks thereafter.

On Wednesday came the event of the week in the preparations of building the Medicine Lodge under the direction of Nozey. Two women of his family busied themselves near his tent, scraping the hair from a dry cow hide, leaving only a streak down the back, as may be seen on a buffalo



The pride of Fort Belknap; the major's little daughter and Old Glory.



An Indian pony race. In the distance may be seen a camp of two hundred and fifty tepees.



Old Bill Jones outside the star-spangled game tent. Close examination shows the thunder bird and the crescents.

in summer coat. Within the lodge, on a large centerpole, with a trifork in the top, rested the thunder bird's nest. With mallet and hatchet an assistant was busy carving below the fork a crescent turned upside down, and three feet still lower another crescent turned up. Between the two was fashioned the thunder bird with outstretched wings, whose flappings caused the thunder and produced the rain. The lower crescent was to catch the rain and carry it down through a trough to the bottom of the pole, where was carved the buffalo's head.

The Medicine Lodge was thirty-six feet across, circular in shape and had a close screen of cherry brush fencing off an eight-foot aisle around one side. Behind this, at sunset, twenty-one almost naked braves took their places with faces and bodies grotesquely painted. Each held a small shrill-sounding eagle-bone whistle in his mouth and a portion of an eagle's wing in each hand. At one end, in a separate stall, were four women, who, with the men, were ready to fulfill some vow for favors already shown by the Great Spirit. From sunset, Wednesday, until high noon, Friday, they were to keep their places, with



A group of chiefs adorned for the Grass Dance.

neither food nor water. Standing with outstretched chin and eyes riveted on the thunder bird's nest, they must bend their knees, flap their wings, and blow their whistles with sort of a double beat, in imitation of young thunder birds, and in time with the musicians. When the singers stopped, the dancers dropped behind the hedge to rest until the musicians resumed. The rest periods averaged three-fourths of a minute, and the singing three and one-half minutes. By sunset the lodge was filled with Indians eager to take part in the singing.

Old Nozey then placed braided strands of sweet grass on the ground at the foot of the centerpole, where they were soon to be burned, in the hope that the incense, arising, might reach the nostrils of the sleeping buffalo and bring him back to them. Then coals of fire were scattered along the ground from the singers to the pole and on to the raw hide that the women had prepared. This they had folded along the ridge of hair and Nozey, taking it fore and aft, ushered it along the fiery trail, at times retreating like a frightened beast and finally throwing it over within the circle of musicians, who then pounced upon it with their drumsticks, crying madly in their glee at this symbolic return of the buffalo. Hereafter, all during the Sun Dance, they pounded upon this hide in place of the tom-toms. At intervals of the dance the Indians exchanged gifts, as in the Grass Dance. A spirit of geniality pervaded all save those who were essentially doing penance. In the old days the ceremony extended over four days and nights, with greater privations and physical tortures. In "making a brave," parallel slits were cut in each breast, skewers run through and attached by strings to the thunder bird's nest. Then, stepping back, the strings were drawn taut, until the skewers finally broke through their tough hides. Of recent years the religious aspect has largely given way to one of amusement, for most participants take naps during the ceremony and even steal away to their tepees for food.

On Thursday evening a terrific wind and rain drove all the visitors to their tents and stripped the Medicine Lodge of its cover. The naked Indians deserted old Nozey to a man, and fled to their lodges to find shelter. At eleven o'clock the storm had passed. Then Nozey, with one



The Fool Dance, given by fifteen young bucks, dressed in burlap, with heads and faces covered with raw meat, and grotesquely painted.



An Indian wounded in the sham battle. His foes are waiting an opportunity to touch him with their sticks and so claim his scalp and personal effects.



Major Logan telling the Indians that the festivities must stop within ten minutes. Without the slightest dispute the Indians dispersed for their lodges.

or two others, came out and urged the dancers to return, predicting dire calamity if the vows were not made good. But the threats and entreaties were unavailing, and at one o'clock in the morning the Sun Dance was declared off.

Friday was rather a blue day, owing to a mistake made by the Indians which called down upon them the censure of the agent. That night there was very little doing, so the cowboys and the Indian maidens gave a white man's dance.

On Saturday the Indians had regained their spirits somewhat and were again racing on their horses and making merry with the Grass Dance. At noon the major appeared and informed them that an hour later all the festivities must cease, the camp be broken, and each family leave for its own home. A second warning was given fifty minutes later and at one o'clock, without the slightest dispute, all the Indians scattered to their lodges. Two hours afterwards there was not a trace of life over the whole campground, where during the previous week had been presented the most remarkable Indian exhibitions of modern times.



The day's end at Fort Belknap.

The Home Life of the Grosbeak

By William Lovell Finley
Photographs by Herman T. Bohlman



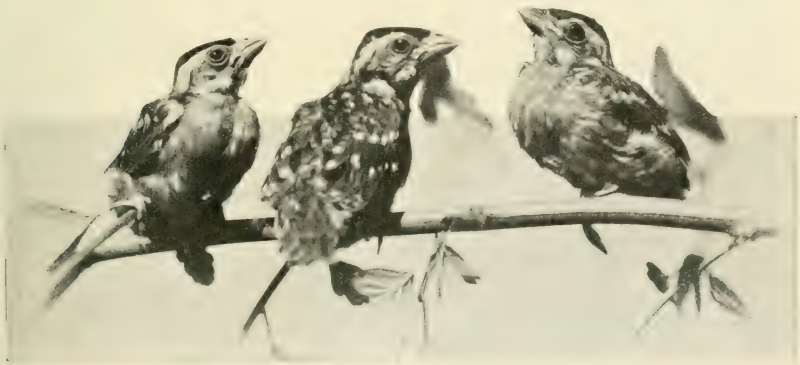
ONE day I crossed the road below the Yellow-throat's garden, broke through the thick fringe of maples and syringa brush and then crawled along on my hands and knees under the canopy of tall ferns. The earth was soft and loamy. The dog-wood saplings, the hazel and arrow-wood bushes grew so thick that each vied with the other in stretching up to catch the life-giving light of the sun's rays. Underneath, the blackberry reached out its long, slender fingers and clutched the tallest ferns to hang its berries where they might catch a glint of the sun, for the beams only sifted through in places. I was in the thicket of the Grosbeaks.

For several years I have watched a pair of Grosbeaks that spend their summer on the side hill in this clump. The same pair, no doubt, has returned to the thicket for at least three or four years. It seems I can almost recognize the notes of their song. If our ears were only tuned to the music of the birds, could we not recognize them as individuals, as we know our old friends?

The Black-headed Grosbeak is one of the birds of my childhood. As long ago as I can remember, I watched for him in the mulberry trees and about the elder-berry bushes when the fruit was ripe. I could tell him from other birds by his high-keyed call note long before I knew his name.

One day, when I stopped to look for a bird that was caroling in one of the maples along the creek, I saw the Grosbeak mother singing her lullaby as she sat on her eggs. It looked to me so like a human mother's love; few, if any other birds, sing in the home; they may often long to, but are afraid. It has grown to be a habit of the Grosbeak.

Last year, I found three spotted eggs



"Following their parents out into the limbs of the arrow-wood."

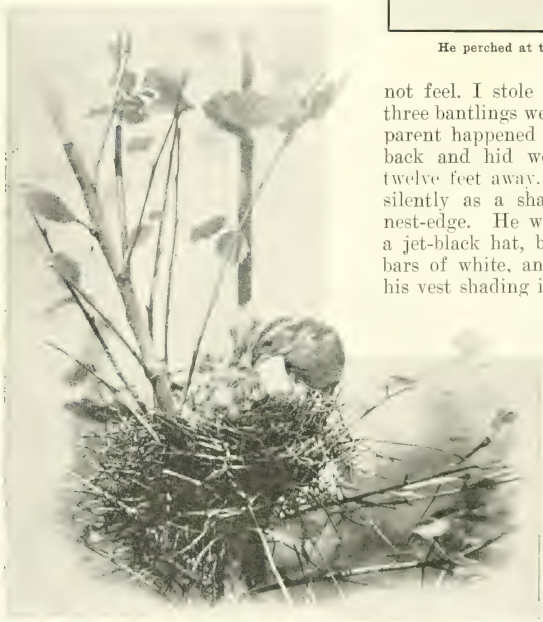
in a nest, loosely built, among the leaves of the dog-wood limbs. When I had seen the father carrying a stick in his mouth, he dropped it and looked as uneasy as a boy, who had just been caught with his pockets full of stolen apples.

This year, the nest was twenty feet down the hill from the old home. They came nearer the ground and placed the thin frame-work of their nest between the two upright forks of an arrow-wood bush. We had never bothered them very much with the camera, but when they put their home right down within four and a half feet of the ground, it looked to me as if they wanted some pictures taken. It was too good a chance for us to miss. The ferns grew almost as high as the nest, and it was such a good place to hide the camera, when it was focused at the home.

When I waded through the ferns and pressed aside the bushes, the nest was brimful. Above the rim, I could see tiny plumes of white down, wavering in a breath of air I could not feel. I stole up and looked in. The three bantlings were sound asleep. Neither parent happened to be near, so I crawled back and hid well down in the bushes twelve feet away. The father came in as silently as a shadow and rested on the nest-edge. He was dressed like a prince, a jet-black hat, black wings crossed with bars of white, and the rich red-brown of his vest shading into lemon-yellow toward his tail. He crammed something in each wide-open mouth, stretched at the end of a wiggling, quivering neck.



He perched at the very top of the tree.



"She examined each baby, turning him gently with her head."

The mother followed without a word and sat looking carefully about. She treated each bobbing head in the same way. Then, with head cocked on the side, she examined each baby, turning him gently with her head,

and looked carefully to the needs of each one before departing.

The male stayed near the nest. When I arose and stood beside the arrow-wood, he was scared. He cried "Quit! Quit!" in a high, frightened tone, and when I didn't, he let out a screech of alarm that brought his wife in a hurry. Any one would have thought I was thirsting for the life-blood of those nestlings. She was followed by a pair of robins, a yellow warbler and a flycatcher, all anxious to take a hand in the owl-ousting, if, indeed, an owl was near. I have often noticed that all the feathered neighbors of a locality will flock at such a cry of alarm. The robins are always the noisest and loudest in their threats, and are the first to respond to a bird emergency-call. The weather was warm and it seemed to me the young grosbeaks grew almost fast enough to rival a toadstool. Sunshine makes a big difference. These little fellows got plenty to eat, and were where the sun filtered through the leaves and kept them warm. The young thrushes across the gully were in a dark spot. They got as much food, but they rarely got a glint of the sun. They didn't grow as much in a week as the grosbeak babies did in three days.



"The mother always cocked her head to one side, so her baby could easily grasp the morsel."



"When he turned his head he showed a black silk hat."

I loved to sit and watch the brilliant father. He perched at the very top of the fir and stretched his wings till you could see their lemon lining. He preened his black tail to show the hidden spots of white. Of course, he knew his clothes were made to show! It was the song of motion, just to see him drop from the fir to the bushes below. What roundelays he whistled, "Whit-te-o! Whit-te-o! Reet!" Early in the morning, he showed the quality of his singing. Later in the day, if often lost finish. The notes



"He flapped his wings, teasing mamma for a morsel."

sounded hard to get out, or as if he were practicing; just running over the keys of an air that hung dim in his memory. But, it was pleasing to hear him practice; the atmosphere was too lazy to call for perfect execution. He knew he could pipe a tune to catch the ear, but he had to sit on the tree-top, as if he were afraid some one would catch the secret of his art if he sang lower down. Perhaps he was vain, but I have watched him when he seemed to whistle as unconsciously as I breathed.

The morning of July sixth, the three young birds left the nest, following their parents out into the limbs of the arrow-wood. They were not able to fly more than a few feet, but they knew how to perch and call for food. I never heard a more enticing dinner song, such a sweet, musical "tour-a-lee."

The triplets were slightly different in size and strength. The eldest knew the note of alarm, and two or three times when he got real hungry, I heard him utter a shriek that brought papa and mamma in a hurry to get there before he was clear dead. Then he flapped his wings, teasing for a morsel. The minute his appetite was satisfied he always took a nap. There was no worry on his mind, as to where the next bite was coming from. He just contracted into a fluffy ball, and he didn't pause a second on the borderland; it was so simple, his lids closed and it was done. He slept soundly, too, for I patted his feathers and he didn't wake. But at the flutter of wings, he awoke as suddenly as he dropped asleep.

The parents fed their bantlings as much on berries as worms and insects. Once I saw the father distributing a whole mouthful of green measuring worms. The next time, he had visited a garden down the hill-side, for he brought one raspberry in his bill and coughed up three more. Both parents soon got over their mad anxiety every time I looked at their birdlings. In fact, they soon seemed willing enough for me to share the bits from my own lunch, for the youngsters were very fond of pieces of cherry taken from a small stick, twirled in the air above them.

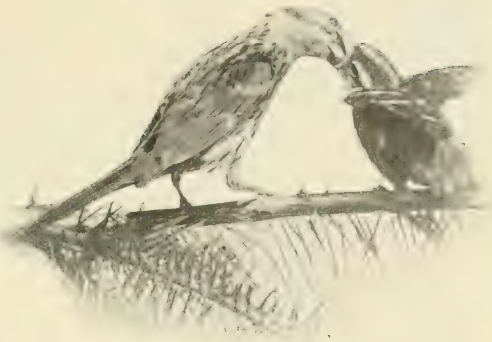


"Loosely built among the leaves of the dogwood limbs."

We spent the next two days watching and photographing, but it took all the third forenoon to find the three bantlings. The mother had enticed one down the slope to the hazel bushes near the creek. I watched her for two hours, before I heard the soft "tour-a-lee" of the young-

ster. He perched on my finger and I brought him back to the nest. Another we found down in the thimble-berry bushes, which, with the third up in the maple saplings over the nest, seemed to be in the keeping of the father.

Nature has given the grosbeak a large and powerful bill to crack seeds and hard kernels, but it seemed to me this would be rather an inconvenience, when it came to feeding children. If it was, the parents did not show it. The mother always cocked her head to one side so her baby could easily grasp the morsel, and it was all so quickly done, that only the camera's eye could catch the way she did it. She slipped her bill clear into the youngster's mouth, and he took the bite as hurriedly as if he were afraid the mother would change her mind and give it to the next baby.



"She slipped her bill clear into the youngster's mouth."

After watching the Grosbeak family all day, we put the children in a little isolated clump of bushes late in the afternoon, and when we paid our visit early the next morning, they were still there, but perched well up in the top limbs. We had at last reached almost a "bird in the hand" acquaintance with the parents. We could watch them at close range and they didn't seem to care a snap. The mother wore such a plain colored dress, in comparison to her husband's almost gaudy suit. When he turned his head he showed a black silk hat that was enough to distinguish any bird, but for my part, I would hardly have called his wife Mrs. Black-headed Grosbeak, had I not known they were married.

I have watched a good many bird families, but I never saw the work divided up as it seemed to be in the Grosbeak household. The first day I stayed about the nest, I noticed that the father was feeding the children



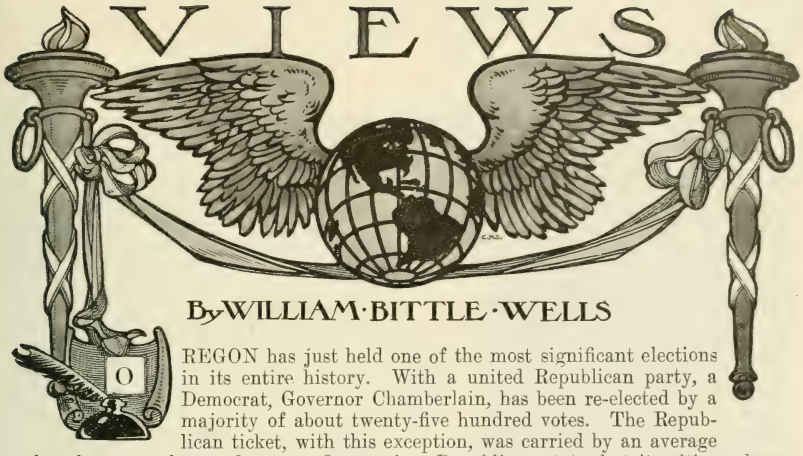
"He hardly knew which to feed first."

almost entirely, and whenever he brought a mouthful, he hardly knew which one to feed first. The mother fed only about once an hour, while he fed every ten or fifteen minutes. This seemed rather contrary to my understanding of bird ethics. Generally, the male is wilder and the wife has to take the responsibility of the home. The next day I watched at the nest, conditions were the same but I was surprised to see that the parental duties were just reversed. The mother was going and coming continually with food, while the father sat about in the tree-tops, sang and preened his feathers leisurely, only taking the trouble to hunt up one mouthful for his bairns, to every sixth or seventh the mother brought. To my surprise, the third day, I found the father was the busy bird again. Out of eighteen plates exposed that day on the Grosbeak family, I only got five snaps at the mother and three of these were poor ones. The fourth day I watched, the mother seemed to have charge of the feeding again, but she spent most of her time trying to coax the bantlings to follow her off into the bushes. It was hardly the father's day for getting the meals, but, on the whole, he fed almost as much as the mother, otherwise the youngsters would hardly have received their daily allowance. I have watched at some nests where the young were cared for almost entirely by the mother, and I have seen others, where those duties were taken up largely by the father; many times, I have seen both parents work side by side in rearing a family, but the Grosbeaks seemed to have a way of dividing duties equally and alternating days of rest and labor.

The Grosbeak family stayed about the thicket for over two weeks. I saw the babies when they were almost full grown birds and watched them follow their parents about. They were able to find bugs and feed themselves, but each child knew it was easier to be fed than to go about looking under every twig and leaf. One juvenile flew up to the limb beside his father, quivered his wings and begged for a bite. His father straightened back and looked at him with an air of inquiry, "why don't you hunt for yourself?" The little fellow turned his back as if in shame, but he kept on crying. The father flew into the next tree, the little beggar followed and squatted right beside him, as if he half expected a trouncing. I looked to see him get it. The father turned and fed him! He couldn't resist! In some ways all children are the same, and bird papas are, perhaps, a good deal like human papas.



"I saw the father distribute a whole mouthful of green measuring worms."



By WILLIAM·BITTLE·WELLS

OREGON has just held one of the most significant elections in its entire history. With a united Republican party, a Democrat, Governor Chamberlain, has been re-elected by a majority of about twenty-five hundred votes. The Republican ticket, with this exception, was carried by an average of perhaps ten thousand votes. Oregon is a Republican state, but its citizens have sense enough not to be fooled by that old cry of "vote the straight ticket, no matter what kind of a yellow dog is on it." The Republican nominee was a high-minded man and doubtless would have made a good governor. But the people preferred Chamberlain. They believed in him and approved of his record. They exercised their right of a choice, irrespective of party, and, Republicans as they are, elected a Democrat. No one is possibly so foolish as to suppose that Democrats can elect anything in Oregon. Whatever electing is done in this State is done by Republicans. Oregon, therefore, is to be congratulated; not because of any political preferences, but because it is made up of broad-minded men. It is a state comparatively free from political bias, and that is saying a good deal these days when we are being told on all sides the party is everything and the man nothing. Here's to Oregon! *"Alis volat propriis!"*

* * *

COMMEND us to the rate bill controversy for an exemplification of the fact that politics and truth are strangers.

* * *

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY actually printed 76,000 copies of the June number. At the time of this writing the bona fide orders for the issue have reached over 85,000 copies, a large part of which were unfilled, owing to the fact that the entire press facilities of Portland were unable to print the magazine in its enlarged form and get it out on time. This is not saying that Portland has not excellent press facilities. It is saying that The Pacific Monthly has reached the point where 100,000 circulation per month is in sight, and the magazine has become one of the largest in the United States, and a difficult job to handle anywhere. The publishers of The Pacific Monthly have set before them the highest possible standards, editorially and mechanically. We see no reason why we can't produce the best and most interesting magazine in the United States. Certainly we have a splendid field, and we propose to show every reader that we can make the most of it. There's no doubt about the public wanting a fine Western magazine. The growth of The Pacific Monthly, which keeps us on the jump morning, noon and night, shows that. Some people have been kind enough to say that The Pacific Monthly is now a pretty good magazine. But they would be filled with enthusiasm if they knew our plans. We are, all right. This month we add something new—a department of "Interviews." You won't find a hackneyed idea in it—not a one. Last month we added a department, "The Readers' Club." It's for you. You can say what you think in that department or answer any article that appears in this magazine or elsewhere. They are your views, not ours. We are blessed with troubles of our own, but we beg to be excused from endorsement of others' opinions. If you see anything in the magazine that you don't like, or think that you could improve it in any way, kindly remember that honest criticism is the most difficult thing to get and the most highly prized by any publisher.



SENATOR CHARLES W. FULTON, OF OREGON.



This department appears this month for the first time in The Pacific Monthly. The intention is to make it a departure from stereoptyped magazine material, and keep it different from anything else in any other publication. An extensive and exceedingly interesting line of wide-awake interviews have been arranged for between newspaper men of the highest standing and well-known men throughout the Union. Questions of national and world-wide scope will be discussed as well as those which pertain especially to the West.

The Pacific Coast and the Isthmian Canal

An Interview with Senator Fulton, of Oregon

THE *Congressional Record,* that voluminous daily publication, which is supposed to represent correctly all that passes between members and senators while the houses of congress are in session, and to accurately relate without abridgement all that is said within the historic halls, on the last day of the debate on the railroad rate bill, told how Senator Charles W. Fulton had referred to Senator Isidor Rayner, who represents in part the State of Maryland in the United States Senate, as "The Senator from Baltimore." To read the *Record,* it would seem that the Oregon senator had purposely assailed the dignity of his Democratic associate without warrant. But those who were on the floor or heard from the galleries remember well that Senator Rayner, in a scathing, ironical outburst, directed against the President of the United States and senators who were in sympathy with his railroad rate legislation programme, referred to some of them as the representatives of the small towns from which they hail. Senator Long was "the Senator from Medicine Lodge," and Senator Fulton, "the Senator from Astoria." So when Senator Fulton rose to reply, it was natural and pointed for him to remark that he supposed he was as much the senator from Astoria as Senator Rayner was the Senator from Baltimore. When that publication, which Senator Tillman says is the only faithful and accurate reflection of what transpires in the United States senate, appeared, there was naught of the Rayner ironical allusion, and only the Fulton retort. The Maryland senator had caused his own remarks to be edited out of the *Record.*

A Demolisher of Precedent

This is but one of the experiences which a new senator, entering with enthusiasm and earnestness on his duties in the United States senate, has to meet in the great deliberative body. Senior senators, most of whom hail from Eastern States, and are most provincial when they attempt to be broad and national in their views, are intolerant of the new member, particularly if he comes from west of the Mississippi River. They believe, with fixed and unalterable conviction, that he should serve an apprenticeship of many months, during which he is to always be seen about the committee table, or in his senate seat, but never heard. Newly elected senators of the present senate have been demolishing the precedents in this connection as they never were shattered before. None has been more active in this direction than Senator Charles W. Fulton.

If he never raises his voice in legislative

halls again, or if the remaining years which he is to spend in public life are unrewarded by further notice, legislative history will record him as the author of the essential words of the so-called "Allison amendment," which ended the great railroad rate legislation struggle of the present congress. For weeks opposing ideas were pitted against each other. Senators declared with apparent sincerity that they were united in the effort to enact rate legislation. Compromise after compromise was offered in an effort to unite behind the rate bill a majority of either party or a majority from both. One day Senator Fulton, this new senator, who is still so junior that he occupies a seat in the extreme rear, and but little outside the Republican cloakroom door, dropped into the committee room of Senator Allison. He handed the senate leader an amendment which, in practically forty-eight hours, was made the basis of the agreement which gave to the country this most important legislation, and ended the most bitterly contested and acrimonious debate that congress has seen since the troublous times of the Civil War.

GOOD RATES AND A MARKET

Thus as the Oregon senator has acquired in part the reputation of a seer in the railroad rate debate, it was natural enough that when I wanted to know his opinion of the effect on the Far West of the construction of the isthmian canal I should first inquire:

"What will be the effect on transcontinental rates of the building of the isthmian canal, and how will this in turn affect the people of the Pacific Coast States?"

"No doubt when the isthmian canal is completed, there will be a perceptible reduction in the transcontinental railroad rates. That will enable the people of the Pacific Coast States—I refer more particularly to the states of the Northwest—to reach a portion of the country and develop it into a market, which they have been unable to reach until this time, except in a very limited way. The states of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys are in need of great supplies of lumber and forest products, and to a certain extent of grain. Until about two years ago we had little trade in this direction. This was perhaps due in large part to our cheaper water transportation to the westward and the abundant supplies of grain and forest products which these states were able to furnish for themselves. But now our great forests can give supplies to these states, which have been denuded of their wooded tracts.

"Recently we have been sending great supplies of our grain right into the mills of Minnesota. This movement was due in part to the failure of the crops in the states which usually satisfy this demand, but it offers a great opportunity to us. If transportation conditions are such that we can find a cheap haul into these Middle Western mills, we would establish a permanent market. While we were making these shipments to Minnesota we had very little grain for export abroad. Once we could secure favorable railroad rates, we could develop and hold a market through a vast area of the Middle West."

He pushed back his chair so he could prop his knees against the desk, and pulled his eyebrows down so that his handsome, smooth face took on a puckered and tense look as he made reply.

Senator Fulton's habitat being as described by the senator from Maryland, the little town of Astoria, where great maritime interests center, and where one may turn and look toward the great expanse of water that separates this republic from the mystical and little exploited Orient, he may well have an opinion as to the future of trade in that direction and its direct relation to the building of the canal. Since becoming a member of the senate he has shown himself a master of the intricacies of law and a sound expounder of constitutional principles. He has also given signs of being a student. In appearance there is naught of the ponderousness that is popularly assigned to the great thinker. He has the stride, and poise, and the dress of the successful business or professional man. He thrusts his hands deep into his pockets as he talks.

ORIENTAL TRADE

"Just at this distance from its actual accomplishment," he said, "I cannot see that the construction of the canal is to be of any very great immediate benefit to the Pacific Coast States in the way of developing our trade in the Far East. No one realizes more than does the resident of the West Coast the possibilities of this trade, and that we are but on the outer fringe of its

development. Yet, if there is any advantage to any part of the country in the trade of the Orient, it would seem that it is to come eventually to the people of our section, because of our proximity to .it Yet I doubt not that the building of the canal will bring the Atlantic seaboard, with its great manufacturing industries, so much closer to the Orient that there will be a material development of our general trade in that direction. The Pacific Coast States will share in the general profit that will result. While we have a wide and most important trade with Europe, it has been exploited almost to the limit of the possibilities it offers. The Oriental trade remains practically untouched by us thus far. Development of that trade will create a demand for such products as we now possess and offer to outside markets. The diversion of Atlantic Coast trade to the Orient will have the effect, too, of turning over to us a perceptible amount of trade which is now cared for by the surplus manufactures from the East, and which, under more natural conditions, belongs to us. Our manufactures are for the most part in their infancy, but we have men and capital of the right sort, and we need only the stimulus of a newly developed market to increase its importance many fold.

Opportunity of the West

"The people of the Coast are quick to embrace opportunities. They share in the Western spirit in that regard. Two years ago we shipped but little flour to the Orient, and now cargo after cargo is carried by outgoing vessels to China and Japan. Some of the mills in Portland, Or., are kept going night and day to supply the demands being made by this trade. Give us the advantage that general exploitation of the market, such as will follow general interest in that portion of the world by the people of this country and the people of the Pacific Coast cannot help but get their share of results."

It is perhaps true that in the first days of his service Senator Fulton did not get off with the right foot first. Some were inclined to receive him with question, and perhaps doubt, because of his attitude on the statehood question, and others because of the interest and part he took in the case of Senator Mitchell of his state, who met with such great misfortunes just before his death. Be that as it may, he has the right foot forward now, and his opinions on all subjects are received with respectful consideration by all of his colleagues.

I suggested to him that the development of the canal would mean the development of keener competition for the Far West in the trade of the Orient from the cities of the Atlantic Coast; but, straightening back in his chair and twirling his rimless glasses with vigor, he denied with emphasis that this was so.

Faith in the West

"Like all of the West," he declared, "we are of a newer country. We are a newer people in the sense of having our institutions still in their infancy. General trade movements and a general market are developed through co-operation in all lines along a common line. The older industrial centers of the East have their interests so organized, through the experience of years in the quest of the markets of the world, that I doubt not they will be foremost in the trade competition that the building of the canal will inaugurate. Yet I fear not for the people of my country. We now understand the Orientals as the people of the Eastern States of the United States do not. In the years that have passed and will pass before the canal is complete, we will have the natural ports and gateways to the Orient. All of the flow of commerce and of imimgration and emigration must come our way. It is inconceivable that this should not give us a great advantage. The only thing that I am willing to admit, as between the populous centers of the coasts of the West and of the East, is the advantage of more perfected organization, such as I have already indicated. This, in my opinion, will be more than made up by the superior vim and enterprise and ambition of our people. The pioneer days of the Pacific Coast, and particularly of the Northwest, are not so far distant as not to have left a distinct impress on our people. The same qualities that made our forebears triumph over the difficulties in which Nature locked her great gifts have fitted our men of this generation for the coming commercial struggle in the Orient. Let the East look to its own. I have no fear for my people in the contest, as I feel that we will enter the lists with light heart and determined purpose."



Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Our Foreign Relations

An Interview with Senator Cullom of Illinois, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee

I AM strongly of the opinion that the time is not so far distant when the differences and controversies of nations will be settled by friendly arbitration and no longer by the hostile arbitrament of the sword."

It was no fledgling in the legislative halls who made this statement while discussing the future of the world and the relations of this republic to its great power, but Senator Shelby M. Cullom. The utterance from one less seasoned in public life, less tested by time and the standards of statesmanship, might be considered Utopian. Made by the veteran Illinois Senator, who is Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, and who has had a hand in the making of every important historical event of our country for a quarter of a century, it was oracular.

We were in the plainly furnished study of his home in Washington. The Senator had talked with animation and keen insight of almost all the great issues and current questions until led to a discussion of the foreign relations of our country. His particular point of vantage makes it possible for him to know most about these. The assertion of conviction as to the future peace of the world was not an impulse.

AN ERA OF WORLD PEACE

"Since peace has come between Russia and Japan, in my judgment, it will be many years before there will be another such bloody conflict," he said.

"There is no sign of a war cloud now anywhere on the horizon of any of the great nations. The lesson of the bloody war in the Far East has come home to all the powers and it will need great provocation indeed before first-class nations will meet again in such a sanguinary conflict. We approach an era of world peace. Certain it is that controversies and hurts that not long ago would have caused the people of a nation to fly to arms are no longer the prompting motive for war. It is not that men—and nations are subject to the same rule, and law, and governing force as individuals—are less courageous or less jealous of na-

tional honor. But it is apparent that our higher civilization will only turn to war after every other means has been tried. We tend ever in the direction of discovering new means for peace."

The Senator is usually most guarded in his utterances relative to our relations toward foreign powers. Long service in the Senate has instilled into him the Senatorial brand of conservatism, just as it has given him a sweet and charming dignity and graciousness toward those of either high or low degree with whom he comes in contact. His experience as the head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate has not tended to make him brash in discussing our foreign affairs.

The chairman of that great committee necessarily maintains the closest possible relations with the nation's chief executive. What he says is not only important as moulding and developing public sentiment in this country, but because of the way it is received by foreign powers.

Many who watch the drift of foreign affairs and who know the gossip of the diplomatic corps at Washington, recall the effect of a speech on reciprocity delivered by Senator Cullom a year or so ago at Chicago. Germany was about to enter into new trade agreements with all the world powers. To no nation more than the United States did she look more eagerly for an advantageous arrangement. When Senator Cullom spoke with favor of reciprocal trade agreements, the German ambassador made it the subject of representations to his government, and held out the hope to the German foreign office that a reciprocity treaty might be arranged. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the attitude publicly outlined of the chairman of the foreign relations committee. Every one now knows how completely the German government failed to make a trade agreement with this country, and was obliged to extend the *status quo* for a year. The German diplomat, no doubt, failed to separate Senator Shelby M. Cullom, the master politician, whose practical ability as such has kept him secure in his seat for decades, as a representative of one of the greatest of the states, with its full quota of ambitious men, addressing his constitutents, from Senator Shelby M. Cullom, statesman, chairman of the foreign relations committee, discharging a national responsibility in his committee room at the capitol or in secret session of the senate.

None knows better than Senator Cullom himself of the significance of his words and their import to foreign powers. Yet he discussed with me the foreign relations of the government, and touched upon reciprocity, both in its national and international aspects. It is but fair to him to say that he is too hard-headed, and too much awake to existing sentiment in the senate, for him to believe it possible any reciprocity treaty can now secure ratification there. The Senator explains that the reciprocity he has in mind is to be based on the possibilities offered by a maximum and minimum tariff system, which he believes this country must eventually adopt.

Foreign Relations Satisfactory

"The present relations of the United States with foreign countries," the Senator said, "are most satisfactory. Ever since our war with Spain we have enjoyed the respect of all powers. Everything points to the indefinite continuance of our peace. The great accomplishment of the President of the United States in bringing about the peace between Russia and Japan has established him as a man of peace, and one who is ready at all times to bring about or maintain peace when fair terms can be secured. I cannot imagine any condition of affairs touching the foreign relations of the United States about which we are liable to have any serious trouble.

"This country is not disposed to acquire territory either by war or other means, except that which may come to us without the asking. We desire no territory and no extension of political power. We seek only commercial advantage and trade development. Our ends can best be served by the continuance of peace. The extension of our trade under our own flag into the ports of all the world, I believe, is very largely the ambition of our people.

Our Ends Best Served by Peace

"The American people believe in a tariff designed for the protection of our industries, and along with that belief is a great desire to build up our maritime commerce so our flag will be carried everywhere on the high seas. Content with our own development and the advantages we have enjoyed, we have no ambition to interfere with the af-

fairs of nations about us. So far as I am concerned, I am in favor of reciprocity as one of the effective means of extending our commerce and bringing us into closer and more amicable relations with other nations. I firmly believe such policy will be adopted, and that it can be maintained with reasonable protection to American industries. We cannot maintain a position of isolation. We must enter into relations with foreign countries, and it is for our mutual advantage that there be commercial relations on a fair and equitable basis. We can best do this by means of commercial treaties or agreements in which the spirit of trade, of give and take, is recognized. Give us fair commercial agreements, rigidly adhered to by the parties to them, and we have taken a great step in the direction of maintaining the world peace. There has been much said within the last year about the revision of the tariff. Action in this direction will probably be taken in the next congress, but not in this. I hope and believe that when this is done the question of reciprocity can be taken up and the principle recognized in a reasonable way without endangering or ruining our domestic industries. In other words, the United States, while taking care of its own, must bear in mind that other nations must live and do live, and in their relations with us they acquire certain rights and equities which we must recognize."

No graver responsibility has come to Senator Cullom than the management of the Santo Domingo treaty. Members of his own party, as well as of the minority in the senate, have bitterly assailed the proposed international agreement, and have thrown repeated obstacles in the way of its ratification. Through it all Senator Cullom has remained the steadfast friend and supporter of the administration measure.

THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY

"The Santo Domingo treaty, so called, is still pending, and there probably will be nothing done about it during the present session of congress," he explained.

"I have believed from the beginning, and do now, that the treaty ought to be ratified. I think it will be, although not at this session. The President had no purpose on earth in the negotiation of the treaty, except to do what, in his judgment, he felt was best for the people of the United States and all other countries having relations with Santo Domingo. That country was much in debt, and the nations holding its obligations were anxious to make collections, and were pressing their claims. The government of Santo Domingo was anxious that the United States should take charge of its affairs and bring about a better situation. It seemed most natural that the President of the United States should take the action he did. Our interests, the interests of Santo Domingo, and the interests of all the countries with which she has had dealings, prompted the framing of the treaty, and now demand its ratification. There is no doubt that after the passage of a little time the whole matter will be put in the hands of the President and the claims against Santo Domingo reduced to an honest basis. Then it will be but a few years before her debts will be cleaned up and a better internal condition and a better government will be provided for her people. Whether the treaty is ratified at this or a future congress, I am convinced that it ought to be, and I believe it will be."

THE FIRST NATION OF THE EARTH

"Wisdom teaches us that we should not only desire to prosper and to advance our material welfare, but that we should let other nations live as well. The American people are the most wonderful of all the peoples of the world. Our nation has grown and prospered and progressed until it has far outstripped that of any other people. Statesmanship of the right kind prompts us to look into the future and to mark well our way from year to year so as to avoid a false step and to insure us against a selfish or unthinking policy that will bar us from further vantage in the great world contests. We have the people and we have the natural resources. We need only conserve that which has been given us and guard against the encroachment of selfish, ambitious, unpatriotic interests at home or abroad. I firmly believe in the right impulses of the great masses of our people. If we do not make some serious and rash mistake in our future national policies, we will continue to grow and prosper, from year to year, and from generation to generation, without limit, all the time maintaining our unchallenged position as the first nation of all the earth."

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES·ERSKINE·SCOTT·WOOD

BURIED WISDOM



AM interested in the reports of the *Journal d'Anthropologie* of the find by M. Personne of the remains of an Assyrian library, being what we may describe in modern language as baked clay tablets (thin bricks), with cuneiform inscriptions. Most of these "books" are fragments, but many are whole, and the Egyptologists, with that wisdom which passeth understanding, seem able to translate them all.

The mere existence of these fire-hardened records of three thousand years before Christ is interesting. It is also interesting to know from these wise Egyptologists that the people who had a written language and the skill to build temples and bake bricks, undoubtedly had more facile methods of writing upon more portable material, paper and other fabric, all of which transitory stuff has disappeared in the insatiable maw of time. But the thing of real interest is the thought expressed in these records—thoughts believed by the writers too valuable to trust to perishable papyrus, skin or cloth; and it is astonishing to find, mingled with the religious superstitions of an early people, so much that we ourselves would do well to inscribe upon the thrice indestructible tablets of our hearts.

I disregard the rites and formalities and mere superstitions of religion, and the laws decreed for the people by their governors, and select only a few of the wise saws for modern instance.

"Mind your own business. The misery of the world is from meddling." Gold! Gold! Pure gold. Instead of being scratched in a brick this should be engraved in gold.

"There is no one so strong as to resist giving advice." "He who gives advice unasked would also give blows. One is as unrighteous as the other." O wise unknown! How I do honor thee.

"All men desire to rule. It is the curse of the earth. Only Shamash, the great ruler of all creatures, has the wisdom to rule others, and he refrains, knowing this to be best. Bel, also, who fixes destinies, he leaves all men to their destinies, and so, too, the God prince Ea. Only men are vain enough to rule each other, and in the heart of man lurks the tyranny to enforce his will upon others." This surely is a truth which shall never again be buried.

"There are some men who are too good. I am afraid of the too much good. He who has sinned is my brother." Such wisdom makes the Electric Twentieth Century seem like going backward! "The too-good are merciless. Their souls are cold as the scimetar of Lin, which shines among the Gods." O changeless old world! Didst thou, my Assyrian brother, also find it so? "The too-good are not good, they are only well behaved." That is deep and will bear study.

"There is the tyranny of Kings and the tyranny of Captains, and the tyranny of Judges, but the greatest tyranny is that of the Reformer of vice. He knows not 'his own folly.'" "The ardor of him who would enforce goodness is not truly against evil, but that he may compel all men to be good as he esteems goodness. May the blighting curse of Shamash come upon him. He is a maker of trouble." Well! Well! That is strong language, my dead friend. I wonder what evil was being reformed by law and force in those days. But there is another vein.

"Belit, the great mother, has sent woman to disturb us." Same old story! "A woman is full of selfish unselfishness."

It looks as if the Assyrian women were women. "Ishtar is a woman. She is the goddess of conflict and slaughter." "Ishtar plucked a bitter flame and put it in the heart of woman. It is jealousy." "The life of a woman is Love and herself." "The man is blessed whose wives love him too little to be jealous." Thou long dead sage! How thou must have suffered. "A man wants not love, but peace. Not caressing, but rest." This vanished soul was fit for a monk. "Blessed is the man who is not loved to excess. The jealousy of a wife is a curse greater than the sword blow of Norgal." "A man's son shall desert him, and his daughter, but his wife shall pillow his head." That is better. "A man should have many wives and slave women, so will children not fail him, and if from some he get ill ones, from some of the others may come heroes."

I have put in these frank expressions of a morality so different from ours because I am wondering whether there has been really any change in heart or in custom in five thousand years, or only a pretense of change. Is our morality really different or only cloaked with hypocrisy? Here are some more bricks:

"Beware of the man who is always in a hurry. He is as empty as a sandstorm of the desert." "If a man deal with thee honestly only as the law requires, he is dishonest. The truly honest man hath no limit to his honesty." "He who strikes a free man shall pay five shekels, and he who strikes a slave shall pay his master one-half mana of silver, for a slave is of value." Always property first, humanity last! When shall we see the change come?

"Who hath seen Bel or spoken with the dead? Perhaps they are not, but the greatest question is, How shall we live most righteously? I shall disappear, and this city, but this inscription shall not perish, for it is a part of the whole." This is indeed a brick of gold.

"Ishtar send fire into the bowels of him who advises the King against the people." "The King is one, the people are many." "The rulers are few, the people are many. The welfare of many is better than the welfare of few." "The rulers are shrewd, the people are stupid. A few shrewd shall live upon many stupid." And was it even so then? And were there Rockefellers in those days?

"I have seen the merchant sell armor to the young warrior that he might go to battle, while the merchant returned to his wives, and I have said there is a fool and a wise man." The ancient brick-maker with the wisdom of an oracle, declines to suggest which was the fool. It is astonishing how in every age multitudes of the bravest, loyalest, and best have crowded forth to die for their luxurious oppressors. It is a hard heart that refuses a tear to those mere lads (like Matthews) who so bravely went to the scaffold for the Pretender—boys of nineteen—who never saw James, who would have gained nothing by a change of monarchs. What does it matter to the people and to Progress under which King we live or die? Yet these brave-hearted boys, with the tide of life full within them, trod those steps of horror and said their goodbye to the bright sun with undaunted hearts and bold eyes though blanched faces. And it is a challenge to all government of man by man, be it republic or monarchy, that such deeds have been done. The thought always makes me sick, and I am out of tune for the old Assyrian and his fellow-scribes of the terra cotta volumes. I have quoted enough to show that the world is not so new, nor we so all wise as we ourselves have supposed.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON

LADY BALTIMORE BY OWEN WISTER



WHEN Owen Wister wrote "The Virginian" he wrote himself into the hearts of us all. We all went down before the hero of that fascinating son of the languid South as we met him on the Western range. There was only one thing in the book more enchanting than the hero, and that was the hero's honeymoon.

Mr. Wister's new book, "Lady Baltimore," differs from "The Virginian," almost as much as one book could differ from another; but in its way it is quite as fascinating.

Mr. Wister always draws a hero who endears himself to us. We grow fond of him—so fond that his faults really hurt us, as the faults of those we love hurt us, even while we pretend to ourselves that we do not see them. But Mr. Wister's women are unworthy of his men. When they are bad, they are all bad; when they are good, they are inane. In the two books there is only one remembrable person (I use the word with care) of what is called the gentle sex—and that is little "Em'ly." "Em'ly" will live as long as people have eyes with which to read her pathetic and heart-breaking story.

"Lady Baltimore" deals with the prejudices, the memories, the aristocratic aloofness, of the old South. It is told with delicacy, reserve, sympathy and a kind of tender humor; in brief, it is told as only Mr. Wister could tell it.

Against this precious background of old ladies—who make one think of lavender and all delicate and sweet things—tear the terrible "yellow rich" in their automobiles and their steam yachts, brazen in their power, heartless in their anxiety and determination to be "in the lead," regardless of the rights of all save those in their own "set."

A man may own an automobile and still be a gentleman; he may own a steam yacht and entertain his friends upon it, without getting drunk; it is not to this man that Mr. Wister pays his compliments, but to the loud, coarse, crude, "yellow rich," the "replacers" of gentlemen and gentlewomen, the "honk-e-honk-honkers" whom we will all recognize now by their manner of tearing through city streets and along country roads and screaming with joy, when their "chugging" and "honking" terrify some unsuspecting plodder on foot.

One of the joys of their small and empty souls is to make a pedestrian dance a jig in his efforts to get out of their way. They would not like to kill him, but to startle him out of his senses, miss him by an inch and go honking on, leaving him pale and trembling at his escape—this is one of their contemptible joys.

It would be interesting to see the faces of the honk-honkers while they read this most admirable book—and every one who can stop honking long enough to read at all will read it before the year is done.

It seems ungrateful to criticise so charming and so unusual a book; and it may be that a woman's conception of honor differs from a man's. However that may be, the present reviewer felt the earth go out from under her when she came upon the grievous manner of John Mayrant's freeing himself from his engage-

ment. He had been represented through some three hundred and fifty pages as a young man of an exceptionally high and delicate sense of honor, which would not permit him to break an obnoxious engagement because "his dead passion had once put his honor in a pawn, which only marriage could redeem."

Then, in the end, this fine Southern gentleman, this flower of Southern chivalry, releases himself in one sentence, which for cold and brutal insult is not to be equaled in fiction. Furthermore, the sentence is spoken, the insult is offered, in the hearing of the man who tells the story, and who, later on, writes:

"To me, John Mayrant made no sign of any sort, by word or in writing, and this is the highest proof he ever gave me of his own delicacy, and also of his reliance upon mine; for he must have been pretty sure that I had overheard those last, destiny-deciding words. . . . In John's place almost any man would have either dropped a hint at the moment or later sent me some line to the effect that the incident was, of course, 'between ourselves.'"

This is monstrous. The only possible excuse we can make for it is to decline to believe it. We are quite ready to believe that a person who would have "dropped a hint at the time" or "later sent a line," might have spoken the sentence to the woman he was on the eve of marrying. But when an author has, through three hundred and fifty pages, persuaded us that his hero is a gentleman, he has no right to put a sentence in his mouth which marks him for contempt. We are too fond of John Mayrant to believe ill of him.

MAXIM GORKY AND MADAME ANDREIVA

MAXIM Gorky is living openly with a woman under conditions which cause such cohabitation to be accepted in Russia as marriage. In Russia they accept this state of affairs, while in America we accept divorce and remarriage.

Mr. Lewes could not marry George Eliot because he could not get a divorce from his wife under British laws — although certain ones of these United States would have granted it. Maxim Gorky cannot obtain a divorce from his wife, so he is quietly living with the woman he loves. Such relations, under such conditions, are said to be accepted in Russia as marriage.

They are not so accepted in America; but since we accept others quite as bad, the action of managers of New York hotels in banishing Maxim Gorky and Madame Andreiva, lest the chastity of the hotel atmosphere should receive a stain, is downright funny.

AGNES AND EGGERTON CASTLE

OF all light and romantic fiction of the present day, there is none so charming as that which is written by Agnes and Egerton Castle. To take up one of their novels is like setting sail on a purple sea for the far, sweet isle of dreams —so sure is one to put the workaday world behind him, and to drift for a few hours under the pleasant hypnotism of their touch.

"The Pride of Jennico" was one of the best light novels ever written, and deserved its popularity; and "If Youth but Knew" is a close second. They are no lighter, no more impossible, than the stories of Anthony Hope—and they have a poetic touch which his lack.

Do but read the first chapter, and, though you be the sternest of realists, straight you will find yourself transported to dim forests and winding brooks, noble princes, and maidens of high degree masquerading as peasant maids.

Not a word of it all is true; but the verisimilitude is perfect. While you read you believe; and when the book is closed and laid away, the charm of it all drifts round you, like petals shaken from a rose.

They are love stories, pure and simple; and they may be read by the "Young Person." If they do not benefit her, they will, at least, pleasantly entertain her; and they will do her no harm.



A department devoted to a conservative statement of the opportunities, development, growth and progress of the West, with special reference to the Pacific Coast.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
—Berkeley.

The Real Salt Lake City

By Eugene Boylan Palmer



SALT LAKE is not a city of whiskers and plural wives. No community in the United States has more individuality, nor is there one more misunderstood by the world at large.

An average of 100,000 tourists, approximately, visit the city annually. A scant corporal's guard of these have any idea of the real city. The typical tourist arrives in the morning. He inquires of the hotel clerk, and through this agency secures the services of a glib and prevaricating Jehu or chauffeur or a voluble and hyperbolic conductor of a "Seeing Salt Lake City" car. He gazes in rapt admiration at the solidly-constructed, granite Temple. He opens his mouth at the turtle-backed, withe-bound Tabernacle, hears a pin drop at a distance of many feet, and is enchanted by the great organ; he sees the Pioneer monument, designed by the gifted Mormon-born sculptor, Charles E. Dallin; he stares at the Lion-house and the Bee-hive house, where the concubines of Brigham Young were wont to live; he gazes at the Amelia Palace, where the favored consort of the Mormon Czar had her abiding place, and where now a "Gentile" millionaire from the East and his wife, have their abode; he reads the "Holiness to the Lord" sign in front of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, and learns that behind the "holiness," general merchandise may be purchased; from the elevation of Fort Douglas his eyes sweep the wonderful panorama of city, valley and mountains; and then he takes the train onward. Returning to his home, he writes learned articles on "The Mormon Problem"; he is interviewed at length by the local paper; or he tells his friends about his erudite observations while he was in "the Capital of Mormondom."

Now and then come writers. Perhaps, like Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Elbert Hubbard, they cuddle in the Mormon nest for a while, are duly warmed and instructed, and go forth to preach the virtues of the Mormons. More likely, they suck in the prejudices of the anti-Mormons, play upon the antipathy of the people in general to plural marriage, and write many

columns on the "horrible conditions in Utah." In the field of oratorical address, on one side are Mormon missionaries defending the faith of their fathers and the virtue of their mothers, although many of them admit to their friends their conviction that the plural marriage system is radically wrong; on the other side are ministers of the non-Mormon gospel, some of whom are known to their intimates as sermon-thieves and hypocrites with a proclivity to passing the hat after each appeal for "redemption from the Mormon menace." The truth is hard to get, even after years of residence in the city and state, for it requires a steadfast putting away of prejudice, and a judicial attitude in the face of plausible arguments on both sides.

Rising directly above Salt Lake, almost within the city limits, is a lofty natural dome known as Ensign Peak. Standing beside the flag-pole at the summit one has a commanding view of the entire Salt Lake Valley. A little close observation will disclose the elements of the real Salt Lake City. In the foreground the massive Temple rises above the surrounding trees and the other Mormon buildings that cluster near, the Tabernacle, the Latter-Day Saints' University, the Tithing-House, Lion-House, and Bee-Hive House, where the church offices are. Here are the headquarters for Mormonism throughout the world. Here is the original nucleus of the community, the thoroughly unique feature of Salt Lake City, and the one the tourist sees. But glance beyond these buildings, if for nothing else than the wonderful view. On the left, hemming in the basin, stretch away the rugged and snow-capped Wasatch Mountains. On the right, opposite them, are the lower Oquirrhs, their outlines softened by the long washing of the waves, aeons ago, of Lake Bonneville, the vast inland sea which at one time filled all this region and of which the Great Salt Lake is a relic. Between the ranges lies the broad valley.

Here is the Promised Land into which Brigham Young led his followers in 1847. Through that low ridge in the far distance comes the River Jordan, flowing from Utah Lake, the prototype of the Sea of Galilee. The sinuous, shimmering ribbon winds down the valley of the modern Canaan until its waters are swallowed up in the American Dead Sea—the beautiful and picturesque Great Salt Lake, which is seen far to the right from Ensign Peak, stretching for many miles. The waters of the Jordan and the tributary mountain streams have given a magic touch to the grays and browns of the former desert and turned them into the green of the growing crop or the yellow harvest, while lanky Lombard poplars, or humbler fruit and shade trees rise in rows or clusters. This is the setting of the



The Kenyon, one of Salt Lake City's leading hotels.



The nucleus of the Mormon community, the granite temple, the tabernacle, and the assembly hall.

wooded city which lies at the foot of Ensign Peak, and is even creeping up its sides.

Look closer, and see the real Salt Lake City. You do not think of New York as a community of Dutch farmers under Peter Stuyvesant. Philadelphia is now something more than a colony of Quakers. Detroit is no longer a French fort and trading post. Nor is Salt Lake City a frontier community of religious zealots threatening with annihilation all "outsiders" who venture there. The Dutch and their descendants are still in New York; the Quakers are in Philadelphia; children of the French remain in Detroit and New Orleans. In each of these communities these various elements help to give individuality, even though they are in the minority. The Mormons are undoubtedly in Salt Lake City, but it is a fact not generally understood that they constitute a minority there. A careful political census made in 1904 disclosed the fact that the Latter-Day Saints, including all persons of Mormon birth who had not openly apostasized, formed approximately 35 per cent of the population. Since then the non-Mormon population has increased so rapidly that it is safe to say at present there are two Gentiles for every Mormon in Salt Lake City and suburbs, and the Gentiles continue to pour in.

With these facts in mind, let us look closely at the city as observed from Ensign Peak. Turning to the left, we see a plateau which reaches from the eastern part of the city to the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains. Close to the mouth of Emigration Canyon, through which the pioneers entered the valley, the barracks and other buildings of Fort Douglas peep through the trees. Here was the first official foothold of Uncle Sam in the valley. The soldiers were the first non-Mormons to live in Utah. They came to take up their abiding-place on this spot overlooking the city and to compel submission by the Mormons to the laws of the United States. That was about a half-century ago. The original necessity has been removed, but Fort Douglas remains one of the important military posts of the United States. It is used to a large extent as an



The Brigham Young schoolhouse, built exclusively for the children and grandchildren of the Mormon leader.

army health resort, troops being brought here from the Philippines to rest and recuperate from the exhausting effects of the tropical climate.

Some distance to the south can be distinguished the walls of the historic old territorial prison, now the Utah State penitentiary, where many a polygamist has paid the penalty for his violation of the laws.

A little this side of Fort Douglas, perched on the same plateau, is a group of large yellow brick buildings belonging to the University of Utah, including the School of Mines and the State Normal school. The president of this institution and a majority of the Board of Regents, by the way, are non-Mormons. The School of Mines, though young, has the names of some eminent professors on its list of faculty, and with the opportunities offered young men to work, during vacations, in the mines, mills and smelters, and study the practical side of their chosen profession, it draws students from as far east as Maine and as far west as Hawaii. About 800 students attend the State University, and have their influence on the daily life of the community.

Although the most conspicuous of the educational institutions, the University is not the only one. Salt Lake is proud of its rank as the educational center of the intermountain region. The University is at the head of the educational system of the state. No other city in the West has handsomer public school buildings or a better educational system. An evidence of this is the long list of prizes won by Salt Lake City at the St. Louis and Portland Expositions. Here and there, looking from Ensign Peak, one can see the public school buildings among the trees. There are the denominational schools, also. Right at the foot of the hill is the Latter-Day Saints' University, the leading Mormon institution of learning In plain view, also, are All-Hallows College and St. Mary's Academy, the most important Catholic educational institutions in the intermountain region. A little nearer is Rowland Hall, an Episcopal school for girls. Over there are the Collegiate Institute and Westminster College, controlled by the Presbyterians, while the Congregationalists are represented by Gordon Academy. From Montana and from Arizona, from all parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada and Utah, are gathered the students. Men who have grown rich on the ranches or in the mines of these states have brought their families to Salt Lake to be educated, making their homes here while they continue to attend to their business wherever it may be.

Finding so many schools and colleges,



The "Emery-Holmes," an apartment house recently completed by the "gentiles" on the former site of the Brigham Young schoolhouse.

naturally you look for churches. Yes, there they are. A great, gray-stone building, nearing completion, not far from the Mormon Temple, is almost as conspicuous as that prominent structure. A glance at the rising twin spires shows the building to be a church. It is the new St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, which, when completed, will be among the finest in the United States. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco have cathedrals which are larger, but none more imposing or more richly furnished. Near it is the beautiful, new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church, while some five blocks away the First Methodist Church, having outgrown its old home, is building anew. Other denominations represented by one or more churches are the Adventist, Baptist, Christian, Congregational, Episcopal, Jewish, Lutheran, Nazarene, Christian Scientist, Unitarian, Mormon, Reorganized Latter-Day Saints, and Salvation Army.

Almost in a straight line south of where we are standing is a gray sandstone building, telling in every line of solidity, wealth and conservatism. This is the Alta Club. Scarcely two hundred feet to the east rises the large and graceful University Club, with its membership running into the hundreds—nearly all men from Eastern colleges, who have come to Utah to "grow up with the country." Just to the south of the Alta Club is the beautiful, new $120,000 Packard Public Library. This might be called a "public club," with its reading rooms, music hall, and lecture courses. The ground and building were given to the city by John Q. Packard, who made a fortune out of the mines of Utah, and took this method to express his appreciation. A little farther south is the Elks' Club, without a superior among the Elks' club-houses in the United States. Half a block beyond is the Young Men's Christian Association building, recently completed at a cost of $93,000. A block to the eastward from this the Masons are putting up a beautiful $90,000 temple, exclusively for the use of the order. In the southeastern outskirts of the city, the Country Club is building a new home for the lovers of golf and tennis. In downtown blocks are housed the Press Club and the Commercial Club. Not the least important is the Ladies' Literary Club, the first woman's organization west of the Mississippi River to own its own club-house. There are other woman's clubs galore; there are musical societies, literary and social clubs, gun clubs and other

sportsmen's organizations. Evidences of their existence may be seen here and there over the city's extent from the lofty viewpoint.

One of the most conspicuous structures in sight has been left unmentioned. It is a graceful pile of gray stone, surmounted by a lofty tower, sharing with the Mormon Temple the honor of prominence. This is the City and County Building, which is also the temporary State Capitol. Until the state is ready to build a structure of which it can feel proud on a hill site already secured, it is renting quarters in this building. Here is the political vortex. Around it have whirled the storms of many a famous political battle. Here met the constitutional convention that gave Utah the foundations of its state government. Here opposing senatorial forces time and again have marshaled and clashed. The building itself is a monument of a political victory, being put up for that express purpose at a cost of $1,000,000 by the first non-Mormon administration Salt Lake City and county ever had.

The State of Utah is not alone in making Salt Lake a center of officialdom. Barely visible from Ensign Peak, because it is low and massive, rather than tall and graceful, is the new Federal Building, Uncle Sam's official headquarters for the intermountain country. A long list of government officers are stationed at Salt Lake—members of the district and circuit courts, the collector of internal revenue for three states, the surveyor of the port of entry, the weather forecaster, the register and receiver of the land office, the immigration inspector, and branches of the geological survey and the bureau of animal industry.

But we have not yet touched on the most important phase of life in Salt Lake City today—the industrial side. The city ceased many years ago to be a pastoral community. Today the throbs of the engines at mine hoists, mills and smelters are the heart pulsations sending the life-blood through Utah. From our vantage point 1,500 feet above the city, look clear to the south and see the many columns of gray smoke curling upward. They come from the smelters where the metals are extracted from the rock. Salt Lake is today the greatest smelting center in the world. Here are being erected the greatest ore-concentrating works and the second greatest copper smelter in the world. The promise is made that in a few years the smelter will be enlarged until it eclipses even the mammoth works at Anaconda, Montana; for it has recently been demonstrated that those low Oquirrh mountains seen to the right contain, at Bingham, the greatest deposits of copper ore so far discovered on the globe. These are not the only copper mines in Utah. Back out of sight in the snow-capped Wasatch Range to our left are such famous silver-lead mining camps as Park City and Alta. In the former, one mine alone—the Silver King—turned five poor men into millionaires, and there are others with similar records. But the tales of the mines are endless. It is enough now to stop for a minute and watch the long trainloads of ore far below us winding along toward the smelters. These trains come from the gold camps of Nevada, from the mines of Idaho, Wyoming and Utah. They will return laden with machinery and supplies from the factories and wholesale houses of Salt Lake. Other trains in front of us are bringing coal and coke from Utah mines and ovens, iron ore from Utah deposits, sugar-beets to the factories, and cattle and sheep from Idaho and Wyoming to the stockyards almost at the foot of Ensign Peak.

Before our eyes approximately a hundred million dollars are being spent in buying and developing mines, erecting reduction works and carrying out other manufacturing enterprises, putting up buildings, constructing railroads in all directions, putting in electric transmission lines conveying cheap power, laying mains to conduct cheap gas, and carrying on other branches of industry. Over to the west, George Gould is building his Western Pacific road from Salt Lake to San Francisco. From the east is coming the Burlington, and also Moffatt's road from Denver, while inter-urban lines are radiating at our feet.

Let us descend, now, into the city. Practically every one of the banks we see is the parent of numerous offspring. These children are scattered through the mining camps, farming towns and cities of Utah, Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho. They constitute one financial family, united for mutual aid. The Salt Lake banker is loaning money to the sheepman in North-



The Los Angeles Limited, the new "de Luxe" train of the Salt Lake route, which connects Southern California and Salt Lake City. These two prosperous communities are now the closest commercial neighbors, and an increasing businesss is being developed and exchanged between them.

ern Wyoming and the mine owner or merchant in Southern Nevada, and he has representatives in each locality to keep him informed on conditions.

Pause at Main and South Second streets or some other prominent corner and watch the passing crowds. There goes a procession of shouting students, celebrating a football victory. That tall man with the gray moustache who is walking down the street with two other men is the governor of Nevada. He is in the city on business. Driving up the street, wearing traveling caps and veils, armed with cameras and listening eagerly to the driver are some tourists. They are headed for the Temple or Tabernacle, and thence to float on the dense waters of the Great Salt Lake. They turn suddenly and gaze at a tall man who is fairly sprinting up the street. That's Smoot—Reed Smoot, senator and apostle—he is hurrying to attend a meeting of the Apostle's Quorum. Here comes a stolid-faced man, accompanied by a weary-looking woman and numerous children. Their dress shows they are from the rural districts. Yes, they're Mormons, in from the ranch for a few days. That certainly is a fine automobile that comes chugging up the street. The man in front with the chauffeur had less than nothing a few years ago; now he has made millions out of Utah mines. He has a mansion in Salt Lake and everything he wants that money can buy. One of those men in the rear seat is an eminent mining engineer having headquarters in Salt Lake, and the other is an Eastern investor. There are the usual crowds of shoppers and of people whose individuality does not impress you. Here come a couple of officers from Fort Douglas. There go four miners just down from the hills, with their pockets full of money and their hearts filled with a determination to spend it. Those painted women over there in a carriage are riding to their lair, and that man lounging past, bearing every earmark of the professional gambler, will give them their opportunity for prey. That pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman riding by alone is one of the widows of Brigham Young. She doesn't look unlike an elderly woman that you might see anywhere else, does she? Here comes with slow step a gaunt young man, whose face tells his story. His lungs are diseased, and he has been ordered into this high, dry, clear climate. Cheer up, my friend, the records show your chances are excellent.

And so it goes. The people, like the buildings, help to show the real character of the city. As we have seen, Salt Lake is the educational, industrial, social, political and financial center of a vast, rich region, including all of one state and large portions of three others—a region which

is bounding forward in this age of progress. The forces at work are too powerful to permit even religious prejudice and bitter political warfare to stop the onward course. The true-hearted Salt Lakers often grow weary of the political strife and of unpleasantly notorious incidents growing out of peculiar local conditions. But those things are gradually becoming of the past. Salt Lake City is looking forward.

In some quarters is still the lethargy of age and prejudice. Perhaps this is a good thing, making, as it does, a curb on recklessness, and tending to force solidity of growth. But the spirit of the West, fought back for many years by religious bigotry, has swept over Salt Lake City. Aided by bountiful Nature, it is working such a wondrous transformation that the onlooker is fascinated as he watches what was the worm of other days burst through the strands of prejudice binding the cocoon and emerge, the civic butterfly—butterfly as to beauty and process of evolution, but possessing the bustling, thriving, accumulative industrial habits of the bee, which gave to Utah her state emblem.

The Wenatchee Valley, Wash.

The Home of the Big Red Apple, Where Money Grows on Trees

THE residents of the Eastern or Middle Western States, accustomed to farms containing from eighty to several hundred acres, and accustomed also to the idea that that amount of land is necessary to make a livelihood for one family, look upon the Westward emigration as a step into the vast unknown; the leaving of a fairly comfortable life for a venture into the rough, unsettled, primitive West, as an experience involving uncertainties with only the chance of a possible bettering of fortune after a while. This is before they have inquired into the matter or have become familiar with the actual conditions of the West. Among the many districts of the Pacific Northwest which have attracted attention as possible home sites none have been more prominent than what is known as the Wenatchee Valley. This beautiful spot is located in almost the geographical center of the state of Washington. Here, instead of the wilderness one imagines the West to be, there is a veritable farmers' paradise, verdant and fertile, set in among the mountain walls, watered by crystal and magic mountain streams and peopled by a happy, prosperous, progressive population enjoying advantages which the farmers of the Middle West never dream of.

For here the advantages of intensive farming under irrigation are enjoyed to the fullest extent. Farming has been made an exact science and conditions have taught the rancher to make the very most of his acres, even as a good business man figures on making the largest possible profit from his capital invested.

At first glance Wenatchee Valley land is not apparently cheap land, nor even a good investment at the prices current. But when one realizes what this prolific soil is capable of when the magic water has been applied, one begins to know the economic value of it, and sees how it is a money-making step for the farmer of the Middle West to sell his land which has reached a value of possibly $100 to $150 per acre, and coming westward, reinvest it in Wenatchee Valley land at from $250 to $500 per acre. The settler in the Wenatchee Valley forgets old farming methods and the necessity of tilling 100 or more acres of land to yield him a stipend that will carry himself and his family through the rigorous Middle Western Winter, and contents himself with the cultivation of a dozen acres, finding when the harvest is home that his seemingly small, meager tract has netted him a most substantial income. The fruit growers and ranchers in the Wenatchee Valley do not live from hand to mouth. The business is profitable enough, so that in addition to a comfortable living they are in re-



"Then is Wenatchee indeed the home of the big red apple."

ceipt of sufficient returns from their crop to establish the foundation for a fortune. The Wenatchee Valley farmers' homes are the finest in Central Washington; a number of them own automobiles, some of them are bank directors; they send their children to the best colleges, and if not content to spend the mild and altogether pleasant winter in the Wenatchee Valley, they take their families to California, returning only in time to direct their foremen or superintendents about the growing of the next year's crops, and all this on a ten or twenty-acre tract.

A Few Instances

Lest the reader think that these statements are overdrawn, it is wise to quote a few instances. Many more could be given, if the space but allowed, but the following will be sufficient:

Conrad Rose came to the Wenatchee Valley about ten years ago and bought forty acres of land, planted fruit trees and in a few years' time found his orchard was netting him over $10,000 a year in profits; since then his profits have been much larger than this. He has refused $75,000 for his forty acres of land. He is now, in addition to being a rancher, a prominent commission merchant and business man and office and stockholder of the First National Bank of Wenatchee.

C. G. Cooper last fall harvested five acres of fancy apples, including the Winesap variety, which produced 1,800 boxes; he held these for $2.25 a box and received it.

R. N. Bradford last year worked the C. A. Harlin fruit and alfalfa ranch. He has twenty acres under cultivation, ten of which were in alfalfa. He harvested from these ten acres, seventy-five tons of hay in three crops during the season. The balance of the place was set in fruit trees, on which only three and a half acres were old enough to bear. From this bearing part of the orchard he harvested 442 crates of apricots from thirty trees. These sold for 40 cents a crate net. The balance of the growing part of the orchard was in peaches and plums and apples, from which he marketed 225 boxes of summer apples, sold at 75 cents per box net; 412 boxes of plums, sold fresh at 35 cents a box net;

800 boxes of peaches, sold at 52 cents a box net; 200 boxes of fancy apples, sold at $1.50 a box. His three and a half acres therefore brought him $1,205.75.

A. B. Clements rented the H. C. Littlefield farm, known as Columbia Heights, last season, and from sixty trees of peaches of the well known Hale variety, which were only a small part of the orchard, he picked 1,050 boxes, which netted him a trifle more than 50 cents a box. Peach trees are usually set about 100 to the acre, and at the rate of bearing shown here the net returns on an acre would be $875.

The experience of J. A. Mote shows what the rancher can do when he first settles in the valley, without waiting for his fruit trees to become producers. In March, 1904, he bought five acres of land about a mile out from the town of Wenatchee and set the place with peach trees, planting black-cap berries and strawberries between the rows of trees. These netted him a nice little profit, and the next year he planted two acres of Rocky Ford canteloupes, one acre of watermelons and some garden truck. His wife and himself did all the work, and in the meantime he worked during the day at a carpenter shop. He picked and sold 450 crates of canteloupes, netting 50 cents a box; $50 worth of watermelons, and $50 worth of small garden truck. This year his trees will be in bearing, and from now on his profits will increase.

These few instances are sufficient to show why a few acres of Wenatchee Valley land are so valuable, and why less than a dozen acres will bring the farmer as good returns as the much larger farms on the prairies of the Middle West.

There are many advantages in a community where ranches are small. The average holding in the Wenatchee Valley is about ten acres, and this allows all the advantages of close neighbors, telephones, electric lights, frequent mail deliveries, and indeed all the comforts of a city and rural life combined. It is an ideal farming community, where the farmer leads a contented and independent life, and by the same amount of effort which he expended in the East for a mere living he soon becomes rich in Wenatchee Valley.

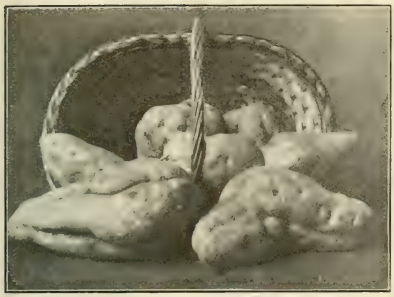
Under the direction and financing of W. T. Clark, the President of the Wenatchee Canal Company, there is now being constructed across the Columbia River a highway bridge which is the only wagon bridge across this river in its entire length of over 2,000 miles, and is the largest wagon bridge west of the Mississippi River. Its length, including approaches, is 2,100 feet; its main span is 520 feet, and it is 112 feet above the water. Its cost is $150,000. The prime object in constructing this bridge is to carry the water of the irrigating system of the Wenatchee Canal Company across the Columbia River in a huge pipe line, in order to irrigate a tract of 5,000 acres which the canal company has recently purchased. In addition to this use of the bridge, it also provides a highway across the river for the use of the wheat farmers of that magnificent territory known as the "Big Bend," and obviates the danger and uncertainty of the ferry, which heretofore has been the only means by which the wheat men could bring their crop to the city of Wenatchee.

If evidence were required of the value of irrigated lands in this section further than the accounts of the enormous yields already mentioned, the fact that the Wenatchee Canal Company has expended so large a sum in the construction of this bridge would be ample proof. As a further evidence, however, we would state that this cost is only about one-half of the amount necessary to deliver the water to these lands, as canals and laterals and pipe lines will entail a cost fully as great as the cost of the bridge.

"THE HAPPY VALLEY"

Wenatchee lies in a setting of remarkable beauty. To the west there are the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades, like serrated marble balustrades in the spring, and then brown as an Indian's breast in the fall. There are the gleaming snow fields glimpsed through mountain passes, and the dim blue haze softening all.

In the springtime come the blossoms on the thousand trees, and the zephyrs from the orchards hang heavy with odors deliciously sweet. The meadow lark welcomes you with his joyous song, and the soft chinook from the blue Pacific makes the snow on the mountain tops seem strange and unreal. The summer brings the scent of the blue flowered alfalfa and the ripening crop. The autumn brings the harvest of gold and crimson fruit. This is the fruition time, the harvest home, the



Sweet potatoes grown in the Wenatchee country.



Wenatchee is famous for the luscious grapes raised there.

gathering of the result of the year's labors. Then does the king come into his own; then indeed is Wenatchee the home of the big red apple.

THE CITY OF WENATCHEE

The metropolis and trading point of this valley, in fact of all North Central Washington, is the city of Wenatchee, which has quadrupled its population within the last three years, and increased nearly 50 per cent in the year 1905. Wenatchee is destined to be a large city. The stragetic value of her location alone is enough to bring this about; but with the rich country by which she is surrounded and the hustling and enterprising character of her citizens, her chances of such a destiny are increased many fold. Wenatchee is now the largest town by far on the line of the Great Northern Railway between Everett and Spokane, with the possible exception of Snohomish, which is virtually a part of Everett. It is at Wenatchee that the Great Northern Railway touches the Columbia River, and at Wenatchee only, a fact which, when the vast tributary country of the upper Columbia River is taken into consideration, makes the advantages of Wenatchee's location immediately apparent. The Okanogan and Methow Valleys adjacent to the upper Columbia River are rich and fertile and already are heavy producers, and when is added to this the benefits that will accrue from the irrigation projects in the Okanogan, this will be a wonderful country indeed. Realizing the future of it, the Great Northern Railroad this season will commence the construction of a branch line leading from the main line at Wenatchee up the Columbia River Valley to the Okanogan to tap the rich mining, agricultural and stock raising country of the north. For a number of years the Columbia & Okanogan Steamboat Company have been running vessels up the river from Wenatchee and making possible the large and profitable commerce which exists between that city and the up-river points. There are at present four boats operated by the company, which are modern and up-to-date in every respect, well fitted for the handling of passengers and freight. It is by means of these boats that hundreds of people reach Lake Chelan, that most beautiful of all American lakes, forty miles up the river from Wenatchee. By the same means they go to and from Brewster, Riverside, Okanogan, Methow, Chelan and many other important points on the upper river, operating at all times from its headquarters at Wenatchee, which is the transfer and shipping point for this immense territory. The development of this up-river country has been largely brought about by the splendid facilities which have been offered by the Columbia and Okanogan Steamship Company and the enterprise this line has always shown in the development of tributary territory.

The development of the growing town of Wenatchee is well told in the following wonderful figures:

1901—Value of Prop. in Wenatchee..	$197,358
1902—Value of Prop. in Wenatchee..	313,612
1903—Value of Prop. in Wenatchee..	487,469
1904—Value of Prop. in Wenatchee..	544,004

	Enrollment	Teachers.
1901—City Schools of Wenatchee..	280	7
1902—City Schools of Wenatchee..	451	8
1903—City Schools of Wenatchee..	602	8
1904—City Schools of Wenatchee..	692	12
1905—City Schools of Wenatchee..	800	23

In spite of Wenatchee's rapid growth

no improvement or anything which would tend to make the town a better and fairer home to live in have been neglected.

The town has water works, electric light and power, sewers, parks, a fine school system, fine streets, substantial business blocks, a very extensive telephone system. There are three banks with ample capital and fine stores carrying every line of up-to-date goods. There are churches of every denomination and an excellent high school which prepares pupils for the State University at Seattle, six hours away by train. The social life in Wenatchee is active, wholesome and thoroughly enjoyable. Our people are possessed of culture, refinement and of enough wealth to enjoy life as we pass along. A comfortable theater with ample seating capacity, booking a uniform average of high-class attractions, lends itself to the human craving for amusement. Indeed we have the ideal spot for the semi-suburban home; two large cities, each of them a bare six hours away by rail; six trains, three to the east and three to the west, each day, and a social life with vim enough, snap enough to distinguish it above the usual dull, monotonous routine of the usual suburban city.

Powers of Irrigation

For fully thirty years the Wenatchee Valley has been known in the Northwest as a producer of the finest fruits and grapes. During this time several small canals have been constructed by the ranchers; but it was not until 1902 that construction was commenced on an irrigation system large enough to furnish water to the entire district. At that time Mr. W. T. Clark, who had successfully carried through a large canal enterprise in the Yakima Valley, was induced to come to Wenatchee to investigate the possibilities of irrigating the district. While it has been clearly understood by investors for a number of years that the lands in this valley were exceedingly valuable if watered, the difficulties connected with the construction of a system of irrigation here were so apparent and so great that no one up to this time had had the courage and confidence to go ahead with the work. Mr. Clark, however, looked over the field with the result that actual construction was begun in July of that year on what is known as the Wenatchee High Line Canal.

The Wenatchee Canal Company was organized with W. T. Clark as president and Marvin Chase as secretary and manager. The construction of this canal was the marvel of the irrigation world, consisting as it does of miles of great cuts on the mountain sides; a tunnel of 800 feet through a mammoth granite point; over four and a half miles of flumes and trestles which cling to the almost perpendicular slopes of the mountain and which cross no less than twenty-three canyons and gulches. One canyon is crossed at an elevation of 140 feet with a trestle over 500 feet long. To carry the water across the Wenatchee River involved the construction of a steel bridge, which supports an immense pipe line over the river. This pipe line is nearly two miles in length and is forty-eight inches in diameter and carries sufficient water for all the irrigable lands in the valley. Four years following the beginning of the construction of this canal finds the increase in the population of 500 to not less than 3,500 at the present time, while the valuation of the lands has been increased by this canal from practically nothing to an average of over $500 per acre. This phenomenal increase justifies the large investment necessary to further extend the canal to the east side of the Columbia River and the construction of the great bridge before mentioned. The total investment of the canal company when the bridge and pipe line and canals are completed, and including the purchase of the 5,000 acres of land on the east side of the Columbia, together with the original cost of the canal, will show that over $1,000,000 have been spent for the reclamation of approximately 10,000 acres. This huge investment and the construction of this great irrigating system, as well as the organization by it of the First National Bank, stamps the Wenatchee Canal Company and its officers as the greatest single factor in the upbuilding of the valley and city of Wenatchee.

First National Bank

The people of Wenatchee point with pride to the record made by the First National Bank, because it is a home institution, floated largely by home capital and supported entirely by home patronage. They say that its splendid record and success are typical of what Wenatchee people can do when they get together and pull with the Wenatchee spirit for some desired object. Although the bank was

started a comparatively short time ago, its growth has been very rapid, and now its deposits compare in the aggregate with any other bank in Central Washington. The personnel of the board of directors and the officers of this bank show what good claim this bank can lay to being a home institution, which can therefore logically bid for a large share of the home patronage. W. T. Clark, the president, is essentially a Wenatchee man, as the larger part of his interests are bound up in the Wenatchee Valley. George R. Fisher, the cashier, and Conrad Rose, the vice-president, are both well known and popular citizens of Wenatchee. As an indication of the strength of this institution it can be said that when this bank was organized the incorporators qualified before the Secretary of the Treasury as having a net personal worth of over $1,000,000.

COLUMBIA VALLEY BANK

The prosperity of the Wenatchee Valley is exemplified in no more convincing manner than through the growth of her banks. The oldest and largest bank in the Wenatchee Valley is the Columbia Valley Bank, which is known as one of the soundest financial institutions in the state of Washington; its business extends not only to every part of the valley, but far up and down the Columbia River and over into the Big Bend country. J. J. Browne, the president, is one of the oldest and best known of Spokane's capitalists, and is known all through the Inland Empire as the "Father of Spokane." Guy C. Browne, the cashier and manager of the bank, is the son of J. J. Browne and is one of the most popular banking men in the state. He has been at Wenatchee at the head of the institution for a number of years, and is known from one end of the Columbia River Valley to the other. Charles H. Wildberger, the assistant cashier, is another well known Wenatchee citizen, who has been identified with the banking business for a number of years and thoroughly knows financial conditions in the Wenatchee Valley. The growth of this bank during past years enabled it during the last winter to increase the capital stock from $30,000 to $100,000. In the first place, when this bank was incorpo-



The fertile Wenatchee Valley.

rated for $30,000 there was not another town in the state of Washington, even twice as large as Wenatchee, that had a bank as large as this one. The increase in capital gives this bank twice the capital stock and surplus of any other bank in North Central Washington.

As this article will undoubtedly be read by a great many people who may wish to make some investigation of the Wenatchee Valley with a view of making it their home, it is not out of place for us to refer to some of the real estate agents and investors here. Among these are D. D. Olds, who is in the real estate, insurance and loan business, and who is also heavily interested in fruit culture in this valley. During his experience in the real estate business he has been instrumental in bringing many people outside of the valley to know of the tremendous worth of this section, and his business has grown at a rapid rate. He has been identified with all moves which have been for the betterment and growth of the city and is a competent and reliable judge of land values. It will pay outsiders desiring to know about the unlimited opportunities in the Wenatchee Valley to write to him.

Everyone who has even been to Wenatchee knows Arthur Gunn, who is one of the best known business men of Central Washington, and who has always taken a prominent part in the development of the Wenatchee Valley. He is the resident manager of the Wenatchee Development Company, the owners of the townsite. Mr. Gunn is also interested in a number of other important Wenatchee Valley projects, being president of the Wenatchee Electric Company, which furnishes light and power to the city and valley, and he is also a trustee of the Farmers' Telephone & Telegraph Company. He is also president of the Wenatchee Water Power Company, which was the pioneer irrigation concern, having built the first ditch that brought water to the formerly arid lands. In fact, Mr. Gunn is one of the pioneer "boosters" of the Wenatchee Valley and has as much faith in what the future years will bring to that section as he had in the wonderful development that has already come about since he first came to the Wenatchee country. He is one of the best posted and most competent of the real estate and financial agents in his section, and has invested many thousands of dollars of outside capital to the profit and entire satisfaction of the investors.

Among the leading and most successful real estate and insurance men of Wenatchee, and a man who has done much to promote the welfare of the Wenatchee Valley through his constant efforts in the behalf of its upbuilding, is Mr. Elihu V. Martin. Mr. Martin has been at Wenatchee for twelve years and has witnessed the rapid growth of the town from a small village to its present size. During that time he has seen property advance in value at least 1000 per cent and he says that he expects to see this experience repeated in the next twelve years. As an example of what can be done in the Wenatchee Valley property he gives his own experience with ten acres, which he purchased for $300 and sold after holding for three years for $5,000 net. He has raised in one year 2,800 boxes of choice tomatoes from one acre of his land, which netted him more than $700. He says that during his entire stay in the Wenatchee Valley he has not witnessed one crop failure. Mr. Martin would be glad to answer any inquiries regarding the Wenatchee Valley and to inform any prospective investors of the almost unlimited opportunities that exist for profitable investment.

Among the many ardent "boosters" of the Wenatchee Valley is the firm of Bosquet & Holm, dealers in real estate, loans and investments. These people have been in business in Wenatchee long enough to thoroughly understand real estate and investment conditions, and firmly believe in the future of the valley as one of the leading fruit raising sections of the West. They are thoroughly in touch with conditions and can give those making inquiry a quick line on the various opportunities which are offered to the small or large investor. They claim that there are few places in the West where investors realize better profits and where small sums will bring such returns. They know of thirty or forty instances where fruit growers have cleared from $400 to $2,400 in one year per acre. Where else, they ask, can this record be beaten or even paralleled? They will be glad to act as an information bureau for any outsiders desiring to know anything whatsoever about the Wenatchee Valley.

Another competent and reliable real estate agent is Mr. L. V. Wells, who has been a resident of Wenatchee for the past ten years and who has been successful both as a real estate dealer and as a rancher. His confidence in the growth of this community has been unbounded and the events have justified his faith. His personal success has been marked and his clients have profited by his experience.

The growth of Wenatchee and the large amount of building that has been going on in the city and throughout the valley during the past few years are facts well demonstrated by the record of the Columbia River Lumber Company of this city, which has supplied a large part of the lumber which has been required for this construction work. So rapid has been the growth of this company that it has recently moved from its old location and abandoned its old lumber yards, and is now occupying a fine new three-story building, with protecting roofs, wherein the lumber is stored unexposed to the elements, awaiting the call of the buyer, who receives it in as fresh and satisfactory a condition as it was when it came from the mill. The Columbia River Lumber Company is a branch of the Skykomish Lumber Company, the parent concern, of which George R. Farr is president. F. W. Smith is the manager for the concern in this city. The Columbia River Lumber Company has been doing business in the Wenatchee Valley for a number of years, and its enterprise has gained for it a large number of customers in all parts of the upper Columbia River Valley, which is tributary to Wenatchee. This company deals in a most satisfactory manner, and its large growth of business proves that its methods are acceptable.

A Bit of England on the Shores of the Pacific

By Herbert Cuthbert

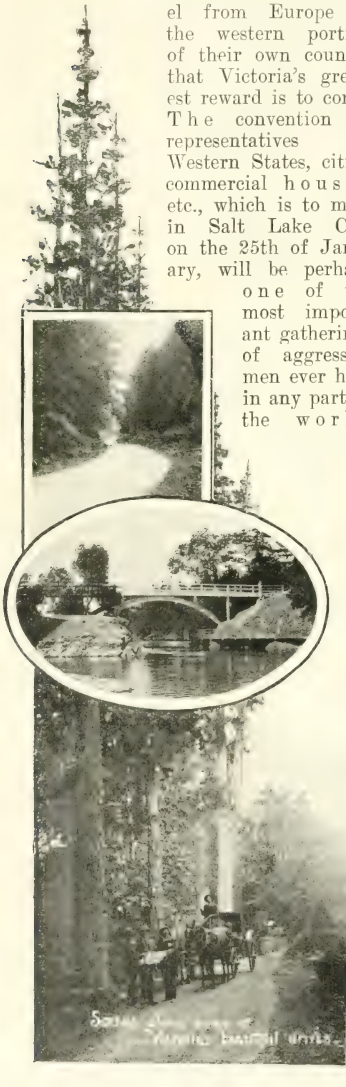


TWENTY years ago the people of Portland and of the Pacific Coast spent their vacations in the City of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, at that time recognized as pre-eminently fitted for the enjoyment of a vacation because of its charming situation and most delightful climate. With the advent of enterprising railroads and their energetic passenger and advertising officials, however, other parts of the Coast have been exploited, and the advantages they possessed as attractive spots in which those on pleasure bent could enjoy a good time, have been made thoroughly known to the people not only of the Pacific Coast, but throughout the East. The State of California has been built up by the enterprise of its people, and particularly through the railroads advertising its climatic and other advantages throughout the United States; and, not only in advertising, but by putting unusual energy into beautifying the country, building palatial hotels, and in many other ways making the southern portion of the state attractive to pleasure seekers, particularly in winter.

This advertising campaign had the effect of drawing the attention of people in search of a holiday away from Victoria until that city with its attractions was almost forgotten by its old friends, and unknown to the younger generation.

During the past few years, however, its citizens have awakened to the importance of acquainting the outside world with the opportunities and natural attractions it possesses and have carried out, on its own account, an advertising campaign which has done a great deal to draw attention of the people in the Eastern States and in Canada to the beauties of their own immediate neighborhood and to the whole North Pacific Coast, and, of the crowds of visitors who flocked to Portland last year to the Fair, many of them had their attention drawn to this part of

the world for the first time by the Tourist Association of Victoria. Victorians feel that while they have reaped from this pioneer work for the Pacific Northwest a great deal of benefit during the past few years that now that the whole of the West is awake to the importance of diverting American tourist travel from Europe to the western portion of their own country that Victoria's greatest reward is to come. The convention of representatives of Western States, cities, commercial houses, etc., which is to meet in Salt Lake City on the 25th of January, will be perhaps one of the most important gatherings of aggressive men ever held in any part of the world.



These people will carry out on a large scale a work Victoria has done on a small one, and the people of that city hope to receive a fair percentage of the business that will result to all Coast cities from the efforts of this convention, and so it should, for without detracting from any other portion of the Pacific Coast, there is, without question, no other city so capable and so well fitted in every way to cater to the Eastern tourist in summer as Victoria. Take its climate in the first place. What California is to the East in winter, that Victoria is in the summer. It is from five to thirty degrees cooler in Victoria in the height of the holiday season than in any other city. For the last ten years the temperature has only registered above 79 on three occasions, while it rarely falls below 73, except, of course, after sundown, and to the Easterner or resident of the Middle States, who knows what it is to have a summer temperature of from 90 to 110, the moderate temperature in this Canadian city is a very great factor in choosing a resort for a summer vacation. There is no reason why this climate should not be made the most of by the "See America First" movement in their advertising propaganda. The people of California have been co-operating with Victoria in this summer tourist business ever since the latter city commenced its campaign. Eastern tourists who visited California in winter, have invariably returned by Victoria, and, upon the completion of the new hotel which is now being erected in that city at the cost of $1,000,000, and which will add greatly to the already excellent hotel accommodation of the city, the volume of this business will enormously increase, and many of the tourists who come from the East to spend part of their summer in Victoria will undoubtedly return by California. The interchange of business, therefore, between the North and South of the Pacific Coast is likely to assume very large

proportions during the next few years.

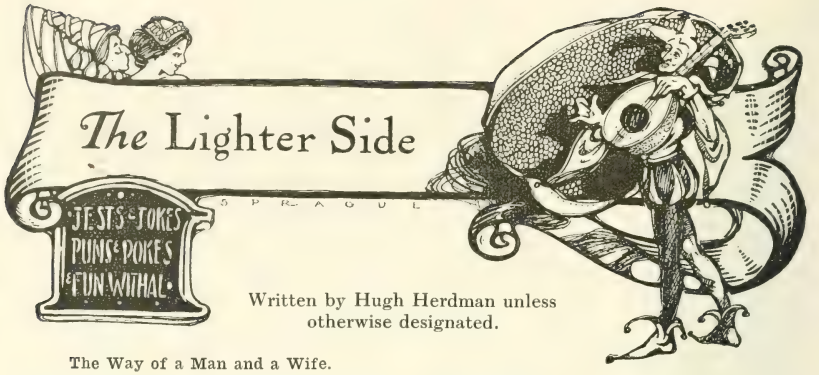
The scenery around Victoria is a great factor in attracting tourists and is of such a magnificent character that it has almost always baffled description even by is nothing artificial about it. It is the revelation of the Almighty's conception of the beautiful as exemplified in His perfect work in the wonderfully enchanting natural scenery which entirely surrounds the city. No attempt has been made by man to improve or adorn this perfect work. It is as it came from its Maker, centuries ago; centuries upon centuries before it stirred the heart and admiration of the early explorers and navigators, and enthralled Captain Vancouver when he first gazed upon its sublimity. This is no ordinary attraction. It cannot be purchased for the purpose of a city or Chamber of Commerce, neither can it be appreciated in a single day, nor from a single point of view. Victoria's greatest charm to the strenuous American citizens seeking a vacation is its restful character. The city is essentially English in all its features. It has not the rush and bustle of the usual type of Western city, but partakes more of the restful, quiet, unobtrusiveness and repose of the typical English city. Therefore it is very rare that a person spending his vacation in Victoria returns home without a sense of a new lease of life, and not as a good many people very often return, feeling that he has worked harder on his vacation trip than before he started. It must not be supposed, however, that the people of the city are not enterprising or progressive either in private business or in public affairs, only they do it rather after the style of the people in the old country from whence at least half of them or their ancestors came, and not after American methods. It is therefore extremely interesting to the people of the United States to pay this city a visit, and to those who will come from the East in response to the advertising of the "See America First" movement it will be one of the pleasantest portions of their trip to take that most enchanting sail across the waters of Puget Sound and the Straits of Georgia—inland seas—to this quaint and delightful city, for there they will see many of the customs of old England without actually visiting it.

In recreation and sport it has more advantages perhaps than any other city on the Coast, all kinds of outdoor sports and pastimes being indulged in by the young people. For years they have had the championships in sculling and other athletics, while there are innumerable resorts where trout fishing, both in lake and stream, is exceptionally good. Driving, motoring, riding and cycling upon the fine roads that radiate from the city affords the very best recreation for visitors.

There are many beautiful places within from five to sixteen miles of the city that are ideal spots for a day's outing, the scenery along the various routes being varied and extremely interesting. The opportunities offered for boating and canoeing are unequalled anywhere in the West, the arm of the sea known as the "Gorge" running inland about four miles, affords perfectly safe water at all times of the year, while those of a more venturesome disposition enjoy being out at the mouth of the harbor or in front of Dallas Road and Beacon Hill Park. During the past year two public parks have been added to Victoria's assets as a residential city, both of them at the Gorge Bridge, one owned absolutely by the city and the other by the British Columbia Electric Railway. This company has spent a great deal of money in making the park into a popular resort by providing music and amusement, but its most pleasing feature is its naturalness which the company has wisely retained as much as possible.

Of the many points of interest, the handsome Parliament Buildings, splendid Museum, beautiful Beacon Hill Park, and many charming suburbs, it is impossible for me to speak in this article, but they afford every facility for visitors to spend many pleasant and happy days. Many of these places are reached by the tally-hos, observation cars, autocars, etc., that are now features of Victoria's summer seasons.

Therefore it is not to be wondered at that, apart from Victoria's importance as a commercial and industrial center, it is undoubtedly the natural summer recreation ground of the people of the North Pacific Coast.



Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated.

The Way of a Man and a Wife.

"Down in Southern Oregon," said the Knight of the Grip, "there is a little town which I would rather make than any other town on the line. In the first place, it has a good hotel, and in the second, it has a cigar store which is just to my liking.

"This store consists of one of those little two-by-twice cubby-holes, where there are smoking and chewing tobacco stowed away more kinds of cigars, cigarettes, cheroots, than you would think could be put in a place three times the size. The important part of it, however, so far as I, and for that matter, most of the natives, am concerned, is the back room. A cigar store, you know, without a back room is like a bar without a foot-rail.

"In appearances this room doesn't differ from any other back room. That is to say, there are pictures of light-footed fairies smoking certain brands of cigarettes stuck up on the walls; there is a little stove in one corner; there are several 'horse-shoe' boxes filled with sawdust placed at the disposal of the guests, and there is a round table covered, or only partly covered as the result of much use, with faded green felt.

"About six-thirty every evening this back room becomes interesting. Schmitz, the proprietor, turns over the cigar trade to his boy, and ensconces himself in a large armchair and begins to shuffle and re-shuffle a deck of cards. Soon, in comes Schnell, as scrawny and weazened a little Dutchman as Schmitz is big and plump. For twenty minutes they play cribbage, the stakes being five cents a point. Then in comes Klusmann, and the pastime becomes solo. Finally the quartet is completed by the breathless arrival of Billy Kritz. He immediately stops the game in progress and insists that he be permitted to sit in a 'leedle game of poker.' As Billy's method of play is more or less pleasing to the other three, they with somewhat too great a show of reluctance consent to his demands. The bank is established, chips are purchased, all pipes are replenished, and the game is on.

"The luck of the game for Schmitz, Klusmann and Schnell ebbs and flows variously, but for Kritz it is generally on the ebb. When ten o'clock comes, he squares his account and looks around for his hat.

"'Where goin', Billy?' asks Schmitz.

"'Oh, he's goin' to home alreaty,' replies Schnell for him.

"'Yah, you pet,' Billy says, pulling his slouch hat down over his ears and thrusting his hands deep in his top pockets.

"'Say, py colly!' exclaims Klusmann, 'ain't it dat we all petter go to home alreaty?'

"'Nein!' exclaims Schmitz.

"'Yah, you pet!' Schnell mumbles.

"'Look hier,' says Kritz.

"'What is it?' they all ask.

"'Py colly, I don't know why it is yet, but when I to home went every night when the clock ten times struck, und leaves you poys hier mit yourselfs, I gits hot mit myself. I say what for I was such a pig fool for to quit dot leedle game when maype I can dot five dollars win back if I stays? Dot's what I questions mit myself, und I gets hotter und madder mit myself. Und I gets poody mad mit mein wife alreaty, pecause, py colly, she don't like it very much when I don't home py ten o'clock git, und she don't quit saying somethings 'bout me till, py colly! I don't git no sleep alreaty.

"'Und every time while I was walking to my house alreaty, I makes my mind up und down dot when I comes der house in und my wife stooden up by der front door, unt her fists all doubled like dis up und resting her hips on, und says to me, "Billy, where you was been all dis time, alreaty?"—when she says dot to me, I am going to say, "Py colly! it ain't none of your pizness where I was been." Dot was what I was going to say. Und every step what I tooken, I gets madder yet alreaty, und when I der door opens, und my wife she says, "Billy, where you was been all dist time?"—when she says dot, I yust up und says, "Oh, down to Schmitz's once." Py colly, dot's what I says every time alreaty.'"

* * *

The First Thing.

Mrs. Newwed—Oh, Mary, I want your advice. Tell me, do you think my new piano will look better in this corner or on that side?

Her Friend—Goodness me! Are you going to have a piano?

Mrs. Newwed—Yes, indeed; I have ten dollars saved up already.



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

Colly at "Sapho."

"Say, what do you t'ink? I know you don't usually, but try it dis time. Well, anyway, I'll tell you what you t'ink. I went to a swell show last night, and, say, Cul, old side-kick, it was de limit. No, not rotten or tough—dat is, I don't reckon it was, not much so you'd notice it, 'cause I seed two or t'ree old ga-zabes asleep. What was it like? Oh, say! But I s'pose I'll have to tell you 'bout it, eh? Well, keep your receivers open. You know dat gal of mine? Well, she got it into her connin' tower dat she must go to dis here show dat was comin' along called 'Sapho.' Well, I didn't know nothin' 'bout it, but she did. She said it was to be spieled by a French parleyvous lady dat was at de top of de ladder 'mong actor folks—dough I told her dat ain't no place for a lady to be—Heartburn, I t'ink was de way she registered. She said she was right dere wid de commodity as a actoress, and she wanted me to take her.

"Well, de first right hook I got was when I finds out dat de show ain't goin' to be in no t'e-a-ter, but in a armory. Now, what kind of a show would it be dat spiels in a place like dat? I asks a feller ahead of me in de line, why dey was to play dere, 'stead of in de t'e-a-ter, and he said it was 'cause de play was too tough for de t'e-a-ters to stand fer. My tootsies got frosty 'bout dat time, 'cause I've been to some shows in my time. And here I was, goin' to take me gal! I asks him what's it like, and he says to me dat it's French. When I comes out of it, I is next in line before de man w'at takes your good mun and gives you a bum seat. So I takes de count and comes up, resolved to die game. De best I could do was seats at two per, makin' four for de two; and me gettin' only forty per, too. Oh, boy, but it hurt!

"Well, de night of de show comes, and me gal she is all on edge, you know, trained to de minute, and ready for de time of her life. Me, well, I ain't expectin' much, you know, 'cause I knowed what dat feller said 'bout it's bein' French, you know, and me goin' double when I kinder felt ashamed, you know. Well, when we gets to de door and sees all de people a-pushin' and a-crowdin', den I knows it's a tough one. But I'm game, and in we goes.

"Pretty soon dey pulls a puckerin' string and slides some red rags back, and dere was de stage. I couldn't understand what dey was sayin', and I said what I t'ought of de man what pungles up dem seats to me; but me gal she says 'sh-sh-sh!' like dat, you know, and I springs de trap shut. But all de same, I'm sore, and when dey pulls de puckerin' string and shuts her up again, I tells how I feels.

"But me gal she looks at me and says, kind of condescendin'-like, 'Charles, don't you know it's French?' 'Sure,' I says, 'a

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bloke told me dat when I got de tickets.' 'Well,' she says, 'how do you expect to understand it when you don't savey French?' she asks, and I says, 'What's de answer?' Say, I never was no good at guessin' riddles, so I jest lays back and fans myself.

"I watches dem guineas on de stage awhile, and tries to make out what de game is, but I don't tumble, only I gets a hunch dat de gal and de mug in de tailor-made is in love, 'cause dey fights so much; but I gets tired listenin' to them parley-vousin', and I looks at de audience.

"Say, den I sits up and gives heed. Maybe dey ain't peelin' your lamps at. Honest, I've saw some audiences, but I ain't ever saw one like dat. De first ones I spotted was a couple dat had de map of Ireland all over deir mugs, and ten t'ousand dollars worth of diamonds on deir mits. And dey was sittin' dere playin' dey knowed French. And 'bout once every twice dey would look around to be sure dat someone seen dat dey was understandin' it all. Say, a Irishman ain't usually a liar, but when he is he's de limit, eh?

"De next was a old geezer who'd got stuck like me, and he wanted to go home, but de old woman, who had roped him in to see Heartburn, like me gal had me, kept him a-sittin' dere. He twisted and he screwed and he yawned and he stretched, but de old gal she kept one eye on him and one on de stage, and she was goin' to get her money's worth of Heartburn, or bust a hamstring. I'll bet he took a big swaller of the red and fiery when he got ready to 'Now I lay me.'

"Dey was some folks dere dat did savvy de lingo all right. I could tell dat by de way dey looked. Most of 'em was women, and dey had a look dat meant 'Dat ain't real nice, but, Oh! ain't she just simply too grand for anything!' Maybe it was, but it looked too much like shadow sparrin' to suit me. Dem dagoes all talk too much wid deir hands.

"But de foolest guineas I seen was dem dat bought dem books so dey could understand de play. Dey started in to read and watch de stage, too; but putty soon dey wouldn't be payin' no 'tention to what was doin' on de stage, and would be readin' right 'long. Right in front of me was a guy dat bought his gal one of dem books of de play, and dey started in to read it togeder. Say, hope to die if dey knowed when de bloke pulled de puckerin' string dat worked de red rag.

"And dat's de way I bought de green goods. Wouldn't you t'ink I'm old 'nough to be weaned? But I ain't. I'm jest gettin' my milk teeth. Got de makin's? T'anks!"

* * *

His Trade.

"This is a big undertaking," remarked the man in the black clothes and white tie, as he prepared a four-hundred-pounder for burial.



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A Born Diplomat.

An altercation had arisen between them at school over a question of veracity in a game of "bump-backs." The recess bell had put a stop, however, to settling the difficulty then and there, or there might have been blows passed, despite the certainty that a flogging by the principal would have been in store for them both.

During the time that intervened between recess and the close of school they had time to think it over. Jim pondered the situation and came to the conclusion that, though he was in the wrong, he would not admit the fact, but would find some other way out of the difficulty. Moreover, he was inclined to think that Tom could lick him, in fact he was almost certain of it. Hence the matter resolved itself down, if he let it go to a scrap, to a choice between a lickin' and takin' back what he had said. Neither of these appealed very strongly to him.

When the closing bell rang, he was as far from a solution as ever, but he crammed his books into his desk, pulled his cap out of his pocket and set out for the scrap rendezvous. He had his admirers, of course, who flocked about him, and this revived in some measure his drooping spirits, so that by the time he reached the place where all the scraps were held, and where the gang was already assembled, he had made up his mind to take a licking rather than swallow his words. But he still hoped to find a means of honorable escape.

The ring formed about Tom and him while they pulled off their coats. Jim looked at Tom and saw at a glance that Tom was much huskier than he, and his heart fell. Suddenly there popped into his mind an idea. He considered it a moment, then resolved to carry it out.

"Tom," he said, as they came toward the center of the human ring, "it don't seem hardly right to me that you and me should be scrappin' together. We've been good friends always and we've scrapped for each other, but we ain't never scrapped together."

Tom wasn't used to preludes of this sort, and had no reply to make, although his look indicated concurrence.

"I don't know whether I can lick you or you can lick me, and, by gum, I don't want to. I'd rather we'd be friends than be scrappin'. But, of course, if you want to, why—"

"Aw, I don't want to scrap no more than you do, Jim. There's plenty other kids I can find, 'thout scrappin' my friends. Let's call it quits."

The crowd was disappointed, but no one dared criticise them aloud.

* * *

How Could She Be So Cruel?

Miss Prettye—Tom said I reminded him of a flower, at the dance last night.

Miss Crustye—Yes, he told me you looked like the last rose of summer!

D. W. F.

The Way It Started.

She—Why did the poor woman commit suicide? Was she despondent?

He—Well, rather.

She—Over what?

He—Matrimony.

She—But she had been married four times.

He—Sure, and that's just the reason. They all died.

She—But I don't see why—

He—Oh, you don't, don't you? I suppose now that you would be tickled—

She—You have no right to suppose anything of the kind.

He—I haven't?

She—No, you haven't.

He—Why haven't I? What under the sun did you mean if you didn't mean that she ought to feel happy when she got rid of a husband?

She—I didn't mean anything.

He—No, you never do.

She—I wasn't thinking.

He—No, you never do.

She—Never?

He—No, never.

She—Oh, you are altogether too touchy.

He—Now, look here—

* * *

The Judge and the Juryman.

"One of the funniest experiences I ever had while trying a case," said the lawyer, "was in a railroad suit some years ago. We were trying to get a jury, and were having a hard time, because of the publicity that the case had attracted before it came to trial. We had, however, secured eleven men, and had only one man left out of a special venire. He was called and examined. Both the plaintiff's attorney and I were willing to accept him, and said so.

"The venireman seemed much disappointed when neither of us excused him.

"'Your honor,' he said to the judge, 'I don't think I am competent to sit as juror in the trial of this case.'

"'Counsel for both sides seem satisfied,' replied the judge. 'Have you any special reason for thinking so?'

"'Well, your honor, I am a lawyer, and as such ought to be declared ineligible.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' the judge replied, 'you don't know enough law to interfere with your sitting as juror in this case. Not excused.'"

* * *

All, But—

Nurse (to patient leaving the hospital)—Have you got all your things now? Isn't there something you have left?

Patient—Well, I've got everything except my appendix, my tonsils, some aduoids, a polypus, one toe, and a piece of my backbone; so I guess I'm lucky.

* * *

Hetty.

There was an old widow named Hetty,
Who by critics was deemed very petty,
For with money galore,
And estates by the score,
She lived in a flat small and sweaty.

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Some Horse Yarns.

Scotchie and Yankee Bill.

We were seated around the stove, spinning horse yarns. Tom had the best collection, for he had fooled with horses longer than the rest of us had.

"I remember one experience I had one year when the state militia was encamped down at the coast. General ——— was in command, and I had secured the contract to furnish horses for the regiment. The general came to me and said that he wanted everything to go right, especially when the boys were on parade, and that he would turn the horses over to me and expect me to keep things going smooth. Well, that was all right; so I got my men and assumed charge of the stable.

"Some of the horses were mine, and some were rented. They were all pretty gentle except one big sorrel horse that we called Yankee Bill. He was raw-boned and white-eyed, and was said to be a bucker if things didn't go his way. I didn't want to turn him over to a soldier till I had tried him out; so one morning early I had him saddled up. With me, working as groom, was a young Scotchman, just over from the bonnie home-land. He was a short, chunky, bow-legged, serious-minded fellow, and when he talked you could see the broom waving and smell the heather.

"I had fitted him out in a pair of overalls and a jumper. He had complained that the overalls were too tight, and they did fit him like a bathing suit, but I told him they were just the thing for riding, because they wouldn't be rolling up his legs.

"Well, as I said, I had Yankee Bill saddled up, and asked who wanted to ride him. Scotchie spoke up, 'I'll ride um'. So up he got, and we turned Yankee Bill loose.

"As soon as we let him go he went straight up in the air and came down head first. The second pitch, Scotchie kept going when the horse came down, and when he landed he did so sitting down with his legs straight out in front of him. The meeting between Scotchie and the ground was too much for the pants, however, and both legs split from the hips to the knees. I was standing there laughing myself black in the face. Scotchie looked up at me, and, without cracking a smile, said, 'Tom, I told you those pants was too tight.'"

Yankee Bill and the Frenchman.

"That reminds me of another time I had with this same horse, Yankee Bill," Tom continued. "It was the last day of the encampment, and the governor and his staff and a lot of the big folks were down to see the drill and inspect the troops, and all the rest of it, you know. Every horse I had was mounted except this Yankee Bill. I knew he would raise Cain if he got a chance; so I kept him in the stable. About ten minutes before the parade was to start, or whatever it was, a little fellow came running up to me and wanted a horse.

"'I'm on the governor's staff,' he said, 'and I must have a horse.'

"I told him I had only one, and he was kind of mean, and likely to jump. But the

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little fellow didn't care, he could ride him; so I let him take him. He went away all right, and I thought maybe nothing would happen.

"Pretty soon I heard a big noise and saw a lot of people running and heard them yelling, 'Whoa! Whoa!' and I knew Yankee Bill was doing things. I ran out to the parade ground and saw a yellow streak making for the gate of the barnyard. I made a run for it, hoping to head him off, but we reached it at the same time, and Yankee Bill, the Frenchman, and a big flag went by me, zip!—like that. He was headed for the barn, and I was afraid he would bump the Frenchman and kill him.

"I had nailed up some boards at right angles to the shed near the barn to put the saddles on, and they stuck out so that they would hit a man on a horse about the height of the breast. Well, sir, I held my breath, as I saw that crazy horse heading toward them. I couldn't do anything, so I just stood still.

"Sure enough, he ran right under them, and the first one caught the Frenchman across the chest and sent him upon his back on the ground. I ran up to him, expecting to find him dead, but just as I reached him he sat up, with the broken flagstaff in his hand, and said:

"'I can't carry a flag on that horse.'

"And he couldn't see why I laughed."

* * *

Not On the Map.

He, aged five, and his father had gone up town and while there had purchased a quart of oysters for dinner. To be sure of having them at home in time they decided to carry them themselves. On the way home they met an acquaintance with whom they stopped and talked for a considerable time. The result of this delay was that the oysters moistened the bottom of the paper bucket in which they were, and suddenly, with a great splattering and splash, they landed on the sidewalk. Then there was nothing to do but go back for more.

That evening at dinner the conversation turned, as conversations unaccountably will turn, to the subject of geography. Someone inquired how many cities there are the names of which end with the syllable "dam." They began to enumerate them—Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Pottsdam; but there they paused, trying to think of another. Suddenly from the lower end of the table came a small voice, piping, "Oysterdam."

* * *

Nothing New.

First Californian—I suppose you were awfully startled by the earthquake?

Second Californian—Not at all. You see, I had the chills last summer, and I thought they were coming on again. D. W. F.

* * *

Murdered Thought.

"What do you think of Miss Giddie's voice?"

"Nothing. It's absolutely impossible to think when she is singing." —D. W. F.

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Willie's Sunday.

It was Sunday, and Willie was supposed to stay in the house and read nice books, or at least conduct himself in a quiet, orderly way out in the yard. His papa was asleep, and his mamma was upstairs writing letters, so he was left largely to his own devices.

But Willie was not in the house reading a nice book, nor was he conducting himself in a Sunday-like manner; instead, he was con ducting what appeared to be a wild-west show. Willie lived in a small town, and his papa kept a horse and a cow. Besides, there was a calf which the old cow had found and brought home about two months previous to this time.

Now Willie had a little saddle with which he sometimes used to ride old Prince, and it occurred to him in a perfectly innocent way that it would be a good thing to break the calf to saddle, so that when she grew up she would let Willie ride her out to the pasture and back.

So Willie got the saddle down, and enticed the calf into the shed and shut the door. Then he tied her to the manger and proceeded to saddle her. She objected at first, but Willie was so persistent and so quiet, partly because he didn't want to disturb his papa's nap, that the calf finally stood still and let him buckle the cinch, although he had to tie several knots in it because it was too long. The stirrups hanging down nearly to the ground caused him a moment's perplexity, but he got a piece of string and, drawing them under the calf's body, tied them together.

With everything ready, he started to lead the calf around the lot, but no sooner did he get her out of the shed than she became frightened and jerked away from him. In about two jumps the string that held the stirrups broke, and when these began to flap they scared the poor calf nearly to death. She began to run harder and harder and to bawl and bawl awful, till Willie just knew she would wake his papa. Round and round the lot she went, bawling and running into everything and making people passing laugh like everything.

Pretty soon the saddle turned round under the calf's stomach, and then she got one hind foot through a stirrup, and, Oh! things were in an awful mess when Willie's papa came.

Willie never did like Sunday, anyhow, "'cause a feller can't have no fun without gittin' a lickin' or else sent to bed to starve to death."

* * *

His Long Suit.

Binks—Who is that debater who is so ably taking the negative of the question?

Jinks—Oh, that's Snapem, the photog rapher. He never takes anything else.

* * *

Too Soon Yet.

Smith—Hasn't Bernhardt a finished way of acting?

Smyth—Yes, but I fear she hasn't finished acting.

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From the kind that sets you laughin'
To the tune that brings a tear.
But I reckon there is nothin'
Ever sounded half so grand
As the music that us boys got from
The old-time circus band.

"I'm allowin' that it's comfortin'
Some to hear a violin,
And an orchestra's more stylish,
Or perhaps a mandolin.
But believe me when I tell you
That your hair will never stand
As it will for the music
Of the old-time circus band.

"Don't it set your ears a-tinglin'?
Don't it make your old heart beat
Wild with rapture when your memory
Brings it screamin' down the street?
Seemed the rest of the procession
Would just come haltin' to a stand
If it hadn't been coaxed onward
By that old-time circus band."

—W. B. S.

* * *

Not So Bad.

"There came into my office the other day," said a real estate man, "a fellow whom I used to know as a boy. We used to play shinny, one-o'-cat, and all the games that boys play, and we always got along with about the usual number of scraps. But of late years I hadn't seen him often, and had just about lost track of him.

"Well, we got to talking over old times, mentioning this fellow and that, and commenting on his success or failure.

"'What's become of the Jones boys?' I asked.

"'You mean the Bill Jones' boys?' he asked in reply.

"'Yes, Jim and Charlie?'

"'They're both dead.'

"'Is that so?' I said, for I hadn't heard of it. 'Too bad, isn't it?'

"'Why?' he asked.

"'Oh, well, you know how little money they used to have, and now see what that property they owned is worth. Sure, it's too bad.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' he said, looking rather queer and half-smiling. 'I married the widow of Jim.'"

* * *

Who Led the Applause?

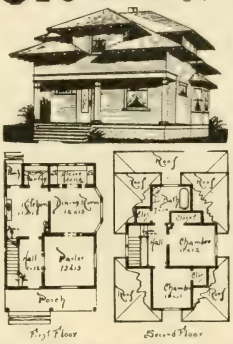
Readem—Hello, old man! You're looking smiling and happy this morning. What's the cause?

Writem—Why, my new play was presented last night. Weren't you there? Too bad. Really, you missed the greatest first night of the season. The audience applauded till their hands were sore.

Readem—Good! Shake!

Writem—Much obliged, but I'm breaking in a new pair of gloves and my hands are rather tender.

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The commercial interests of this city are too vast to be comprehended in the aggregate. Pause and consider carefully these facts concerning some of the principal factors in Seattle's success:

LUMBER—Lumber production for Washington, British Columbia, Oregon and Inland Empire, 1905, 4,006,996,489 feet.

ORIENTAL TRADE—Total value of trade, imports and exports was $52,200,000.

ALASKA TRADE—Total value, $27,000,000 annually.

GOLD PRODUCTION — Alaska, $14,650,000; Washington, $368,800.

WHEAT CROP—Washington, $25,712,482; 32,140,603 bushels.

FRUIT CROP—Valued at $12,000,000 for Washington.

FISHING—Fisheries production, 1905, for Puget Sound, Alaska and British Columbia, $20,000,000. All tributary to Seattle.



More individual fortunes have probably been made in and about Seattle than in any other American city. The foundation for many more are being laid here today. HOW about yours?

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Vacation Journeys.

A bat may sometimes be a stick
For baseball, that is, or for cricket;
It's broad and flat, or long and thick;
It guards the plate or saves the wicket.

A bat may also be a bird,—
A tiny, winged mouse, and furry,
Who's often seen and seldom heard
And always in a desp'rate hurry.

The third and best bat of them all
Is just a form of married spooning:
Home left behind, from spring to fall
One prolongated honeymooning.
—Warwick James Price.

* * *

One of the Two.

Simms—Seen Blowhard lately. He's all swelled up over something. What is it?

Timms—Some girl has accepted him, I suppose.

Simms—Maybe she has, but that isn't what has puffed him up. In fact, he would think that he is lowering himself in permitting any girl to accept him.

Timms—Maybe she has rejected him.

Simms—That's more likely. In that case, he'd give himself the credit for selecting a girl that would refuse him.

* * *

No Wonder.

Farmer Smith—I heerd that Bill Jones has gone broke on that farm he bought off of Joe Simmons a year ago last May.

Farmer Timmins—Yes, and 'tain't no wonder. Why, the good Lord Almighty hain't been able to raise nothin' but rocks on that there eighty fer the last thousand year, and I don't see how Bill Jones could 'spect to do no better. Do you?

* * *

Another Adage Gone.

Dusty Rhodes—What's de matter wid de mit, Weary?

Weary Waggles—It all comes from what some fool said 'bout a woman not bein' able to hit a nail. I was pinchin' a pie t'rough a winder up dere, and de ole woman landed on dem t'ree finger nails wid a rollin' pin. I saw it comin', but I t'ought she'd miss.

* * *

Hard to Distinguish.

Jones—There's that fellow Queerens. He's a genius, sure.

Johns—No, he isn't, he's only a fool.

"Clouds may have silver linings," grumbled Uncle Abe, "but I'll be gol-dinged if I wouldn't rather have some a leetle less expensible and not so dat-dratted leaky. Plain old tin would suit me."

* * *

Doing Her a Favor.

Violet—Jack saved me a millinery bill by one of his awkward tricks.

Lillian—How in the world?

Violet—He sat down on my last summer's hat, and crushed it into the latest shape! D. W. F.

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Proof.

The Americans are gentlemanly in their sports, and they love fair play above all things else. In proof of this are offered the following remarks addressed to various individuals during the progress of a baseball game by the crowd in the "bleachers:"

"Aw, you mutton-head! That wasn't no strike."

"Go chase yourself."

"Take an eye-opener."

"Robber!"

"Thief!"

"You lobster, you! You ought to be boiled in dago red."

"Say, you red-headed, freckled-faced shrimp, you, earn your salary."

"Have another drink, and come out of it."

"Take him out. He's rotten. He was out boozin' all night."

"That's it; smash him. Soak him."

"Hand him a bunch of fives, the thief!"

"Release him and get a good fielder."

"He's a dead one."

"Aw, look what's to the bat. He couldn't hit a flock of barns."

"Oh, ho! Butter-fingers!"

"Say, where 'bouts in the brush did they find you?"

"Back to the bushes for you. You haven't arrived yet."

"Twenty-three for you."

"Skidoo!"

"Gwan, you pie-face!"

* * *

The Usual Howl.

Cynicus—The two-faced deity should have been a goddess instead of a god.

Francus—Why?

Cynicus—Well, women are more often two-faced than men.

Francus—Oh, I don't know about that. I don't think they are.

Cynicus—Well, I do. They are more than two-faced. They have an everyday face and a Sunday face, an at-home face and a street face, a high-neck face and a decollete face. In fact, they have a face for every dress.

Francus—Cheer up, old chap. There are others just as good as she is, and you will be just as happy with one of them as you would have been with her.

* * *

Strange.

"I've often noticed," said the contemplative man, "that there are some people on this square who are not on the level."

"On the dead?" inquired the frivolous one.

"That's straight, and they don't move in the same circle, either."

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Pat occasionally acquired a thirst which nothing could quench. Innumerable vain attempts to satisfy the demand should have convinced him of this fact, but his Hibernian perseverence prevented him from acknowledging his defeat, and he undertook the task at every opportunity. On such occasions, instead of falling by the wayside to sleep off the weariness occasioned by his exertions, he usually managed to drag himself home and still have sufficient strength left to demonstrate to his expectant spouse that he was master in his own domicile. The result was that Bridget frequently wore on her otherwise flat countenance evidences of encounters with Pat's horny hands. She endured this for several years, but one day, realizing that not even the beauty of the wild Irish rose could forever withstand such usage, she appealed to Father O'Rourke for advice. With knowledge gained from long acquaintance with the failings of an erring flock, he advised her what to do when Pat next asserted his authority.

Bridget accordingly bided her time, which was not more distant than the following Saturday night. Pat stumbled across the threshold and roared for Bridget.

"Bridget, you lazy hussy, where ar-re yez?"

Bridget apparently was not at home.

"Bridget, come here, or I'll bate the face off av yez."

But Bridget did not heed the warning.

"Bridget! Jist yez let me git me hands on yez, and I'll make yez look like a busted tomaty."

But Bridget came not.

"Bridget, why the divil—Bridget! Bridget!! Oh, Bridget, darlint! I wonder, now, where the divil she's wint to."

The wonder of it apparently overcame him, however, for he threw himself upon the bed and was asleep as soon as he struck it.

Then it was that Bridget appeared from the woodshed, where she had been hiding. In one hand she carried a coil of clothes line, with which she proceeded to tie Pat in bed by winding it over him and under the bed; and in the other she held a long two-thonged whip. When she had her lord securely bound, she laid on with the whip until she exhausted herself. Then making for herself a pallet on the floor, she retired with a mind light with the knowledge of a good deed done.

In the morning Pat couldn't understand it at all, at all. He was sore from head to foot. Bridget said nothing until he asked her how it happened. Then she told him that when he came home ready to administer his usual caresses, she had repulsed him, and because he was too drunk to help himself she had merely given him some of his own medicine. Since Pat was always in a state of abject repentance after his "night wid th' bhoys," he took it in good part, but ceased not to marvel at it.

By dint of repetition Bridget finally im-



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pressed the fact on Pat's brain sufficiently to make it lasting, even when he was in his cups, that, if he came home in a riotous mood and did aught with his strength but repose it on the bed, he would have spots on his body the next morning that would be even more painful than his head.

Hence Bridget swears by Father O'Rourke.

* * *

Wait!

"Just wait till women gain equal rights with men and we'll show you," exclaimed the woman orator. "We'll do all the things you do now."

"Will you stand on the back platform of the cars?" asked a voice in the rear, "and smoke and spit on the floor?"

* * *

He Isn't In It.

'Tis now the coal man's looking blue,—
He hasn't got the price;
For while the days are long and hot,
You see, he cuts no ice!

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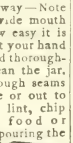
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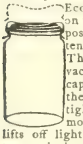
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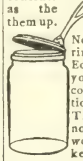
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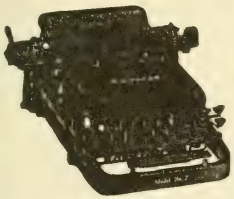
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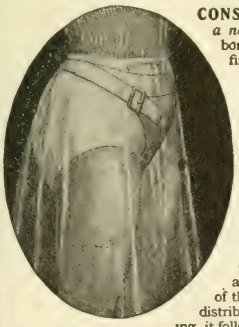
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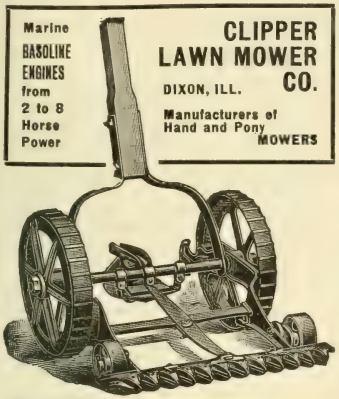
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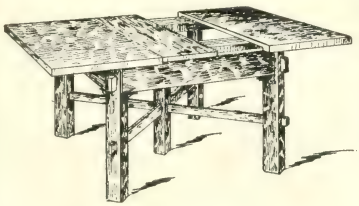
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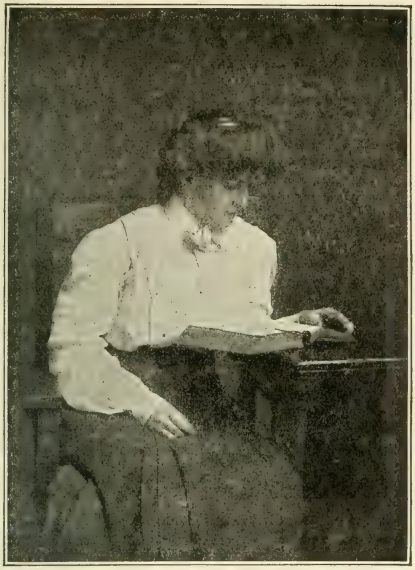
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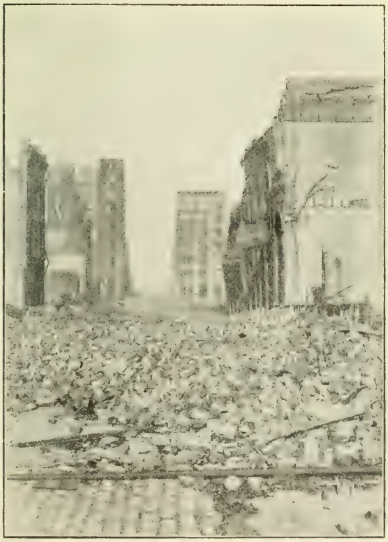
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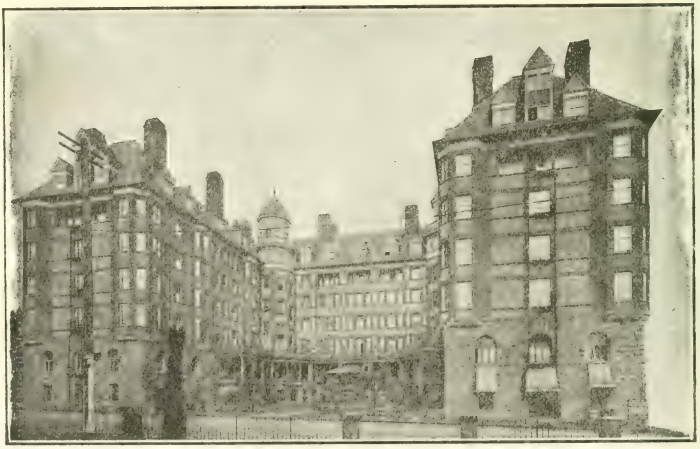
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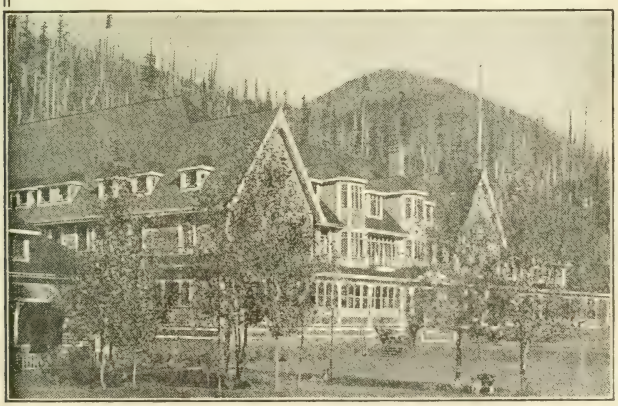
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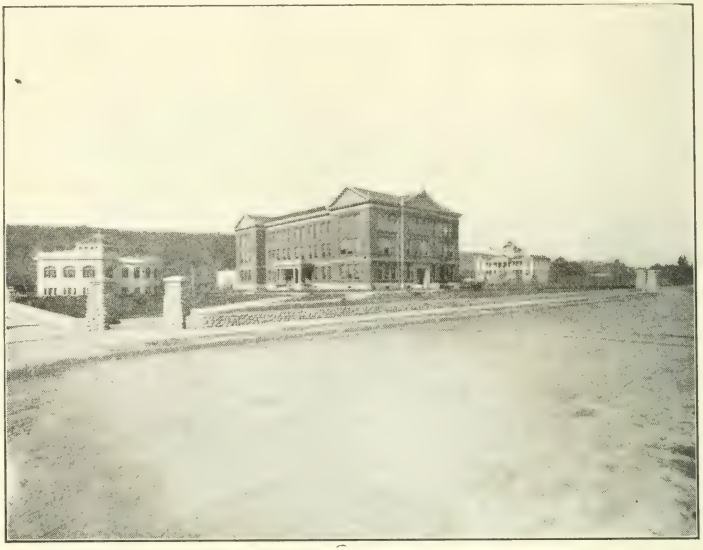
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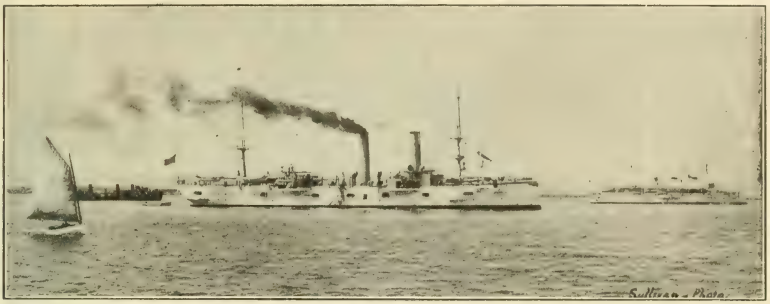
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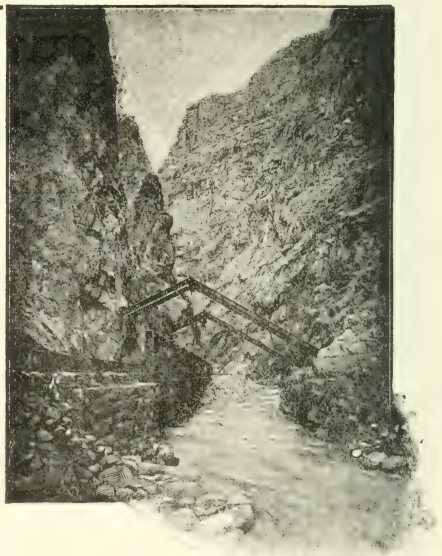
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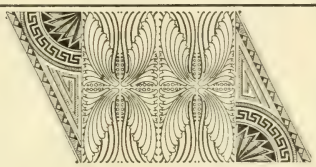
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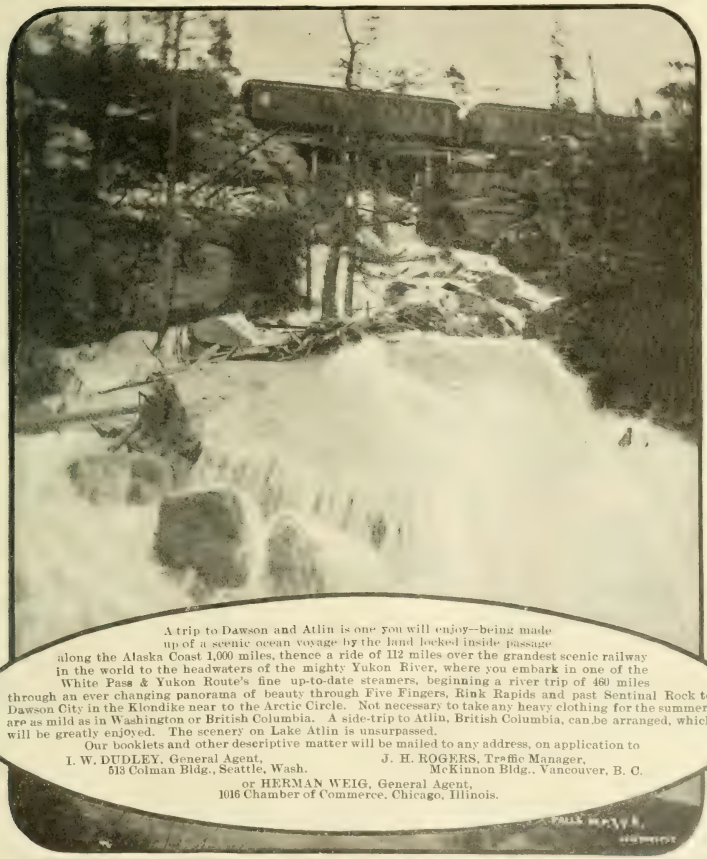
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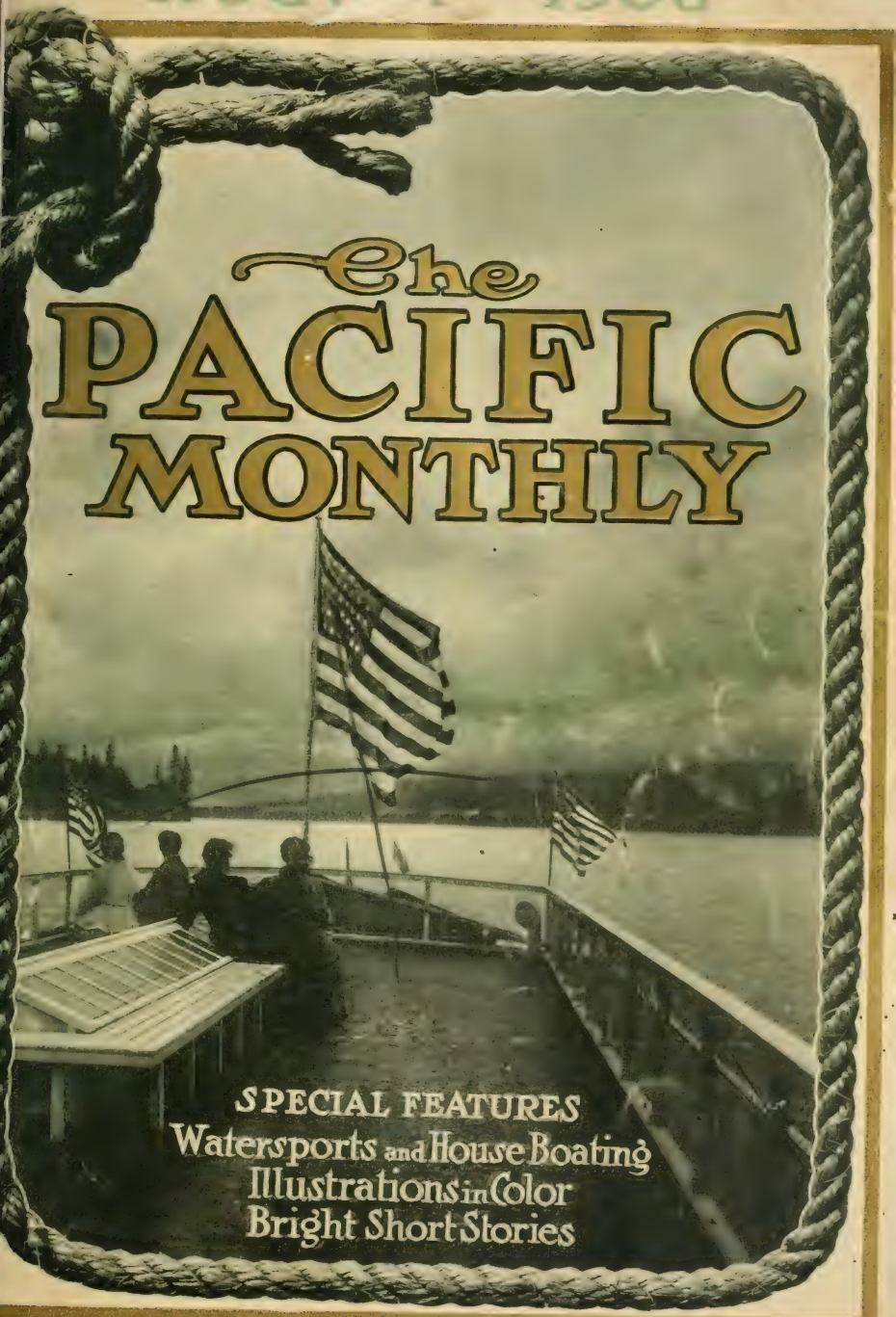
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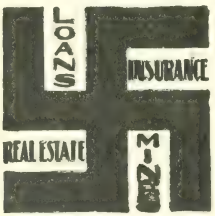
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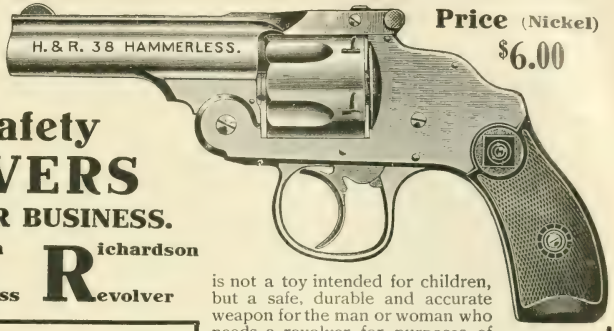
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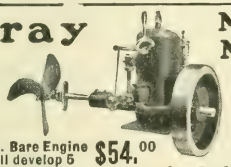
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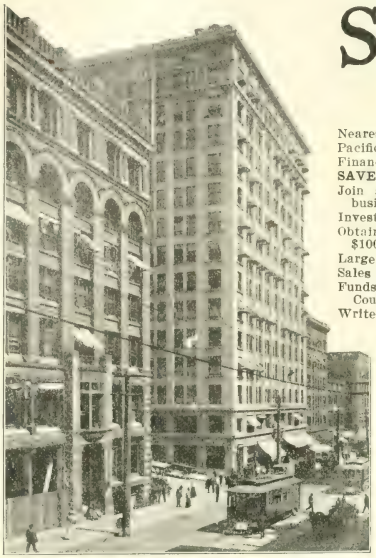
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Evidences of Tacoma's Progress

	Twelve Months Ending June, 1906	1905	Percentage of Increase
Realty conveyances recorded	$ 10,753	$ 6,295	71.0
Expressed consideration	18,617,721	5,968,250	211.9
Building permits	1,616	1,583	2.1
Estimated cost of improvements	2,531,823	1,946,536	30.0
Bank clearings	186,618,193	139,114,943	34.1
Bank deposits (June 18, 1906, compared with statements May 29, 1905)	12,765,186	7,874,523	62.0
Postoffice Receipts	141,819	122,882	15.4
Ocean commerce (12 months ending April)	52,425,488	43,425,309	20.7

TACOMA has 143.15 miles of electric and cable railways—urban, suburban and interurban—in operation, and 71 miles of additional electric railways under construction.

TACOMA paved upwards of ten miles of streets with asphalt pavement in 1905, and has awarded contracts for twelve miles of asphalt and stone block pavement in 1906.

TACOMA has 1450 acres of public parks.

According to recent federal census of manufactures, the increase in the value of the manufacturing output of TACOMA from 1900 to 1905 was greater than that of any other city in the Pacific Northwest. The increases reported by the Census Bureau were as follows:

TACOMA	$12,501,816
Portland	11,581,989
Seattle	10,084,043
Spokane	5,074,733

Tacoma's foreign commerce for ten years last past has been second on the Pacific Coast in volume and value only to that of San Francisco.

TACOMA handles more cars of railway freight than any other point in the Pacific Northwest.

WATCH TACOMA GROW!

Population in 1870	73
" " 1880	1,098
" " 1900	37,714
" " 1906	85,000

Four trans-continental railroads are now building to TACOMA,—the Great Northern, the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

For further particulars and illustrated literature descriptive of Tacoma's industrial and commercial activities and advantages as a place of residence, address, enclosing 10 cents in postage.

Secretary, TACOMA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND BOARD OF TRADE
TACOMA, Washington.



McLAUGHLIN'S WATER FRONT

ADDITION to SEATTLE

No city in the United States is growing as fast as Seattle. It is the first city in size and commercial importance on the Pacific Coast. It is on the great highway of commerce, between the wheat and cotton fields and the great manufacturing centers of the United States and the trade with the Orient. It controls seventy-five per cent. of the trade with Alaska. It has doubled its population in the last four years and is growing in every way at a phenomenal rate.

It is the New York of the West.

There is a way in which every person in the country can take advantage of the opportunities to make money in Seattle. That opportunity lies in the purchase of real estate.

Everything points to the continued growth and prosperity of Seattle. The bank deposits in this city have increased $15,000,000 in the last four months. All of the great transcontinental railroads of the country are making for this port. The financial interests of Wall Street are back of Seattle. It must grow.

WE SAY TO YOU—BUY SEATTLE REAL ESTATE AND BUY IT NOW

McLaughlin's Water Front Addition offers the greatest opportunity for profitable investment of any property in Seattle. It is located but a short distance south of the center of Seattle, in the heart of the manufacturing district. It has 16,000 feet of deep tide-water frontage, where vessels can load for any port in the world.

It is located in the Duwamish valley, through which all the railroads enter Seattle. The business and manufacturing district of the city is hemming it in on all sides.

Fortunes upon fortunes have been made on the tide flats lying adjacent to this property, and this land possesses many advantages over the tide lands.

We are spending $100,000 in street improvements, such as paving streets, laying six-foot cement sidewalks and water mains.

Lots in this addition sell at various prices, from $400 upwards, and on reasonable terms in regard to payment. This property will double in value within one year.

Handsome birds-eye view of Seattle, 28x32, sent free on application; also map and prices.

WRITE NOW, for in Seattle there is No Time like Today

McLaughlin Realty Company & Seaboard Security Company

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(2) *The* public ownership *of* a practically inexhaustible supply *of* cheap water *and* electrical power for manufacturing purposes.

(3) A climate which enables all classes *of* industries to operate every day in the year.

(4) Good *and* rapidly growing markets, cheap raw materials, cheap fuel *and* perfect facilities for the distribution *of* her mills *and* factories.

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

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The PACIFIC MONTHLY for September

WILL be an Irrigation Number. The leading authorities on the subject throughout the country have been engaged to write for this issue of the magazine. The Government Irrigation projects will be treated thoroughly, and private enterprise in this attractive field will be given its proper attention. All the important phases of irrigation will be shown by illustration. The September number will be attractive from many other standpoints, and will contain the usual number of stories and departments.

VANCOUVER British Columbia Canada



English Bay Bathing Beach, Vancouver. The most popular bathing beach on the Coast. Thousands line the shores during months of July, August and September. All the pleasures of a seaside resort are to be found here. "The sunsets are worth crossing continents to see."

The industrial centre. Manufactures more lumber than any city in Western Canada.

Has well-equipped Sugar Refinery, Grain Elevators, Engineering Works, Foundries, Shipbuilding Yards, Marine Ways, Salmon Canneries, Nail Factory, Sheet Metal Works, Cooperages, Pipe Works (Wood and Iron), Boot and Shoe Factory, Brick Making Plants, etc. More miles of cement walks, electric street railway lines and better lighted streets than any city of its age in Canada.

Has fourteen chartered banks, fourteen handsome school buildings, splendid churches. Population 52,000.

Building permits for 1906 will reach $3,500,000. Coming city. Six hours' travel from Seattle will bring you to Canada's hotels and boarding houses. Vancouver has the most modern and up-to-date hotels and summer resorts on the Coast.

"Vancouver is altogether one of the most attractive and prosperous looking towns I have seen in the West."—W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.



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The City of Opportunities

Located at the Head of the Famous Willamette Valley, the most beautiful and fertile valley of The Pacific Coast. Both in the point of natural resources and geographical location, Eugene is signally blessed.

NATURAL RESOURCES: Surrounded on all sides by an exceptionally rich farming country, the manufacturing center and shipping point for 35 billion feet of standing timber, also outlet for some of Oregon's richest Gold and Copper mines. UNLIMITED WATERPOWER.

FACTS ABOUT EUGENE: Population, 6138. Fast becoming the leading city of Central Oregon. Home of the State University. Also has the largest High School and best Public Schools in the State outside of Portland. It is the educational center of the State. Waterworks, Electric lights, Gas, and surveys now being completed for Electric Street Railway

INDUSTRIES: Three Sawmills, 3 Planing Mills and Sash and Door Factories, Excelsior Mill, Furniture Factory, Flouring Mill, Woolen Mills, Soap Factory, Knife Factory, Harness and Saddle Factory, Fruit Cannery, Vinegar Factory, Machine Shop, 2 Creameries and 2 Brick Yards, besides many smaller industries.

Eugene offers opportunities untold to the capitalist, the manufacturer, the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer.



Some of the Buildings of the University of Oregon, Located at Eugene.

LANE COUNTY

A County Unsurpassed in the U. S. in Point of Natural Resources

Lane County, of which Eugene is the county seat, embraces as her resources, THE FARM, THE FOREST, THE MINE, unlimited waterpower and a splendid ocean harbor.

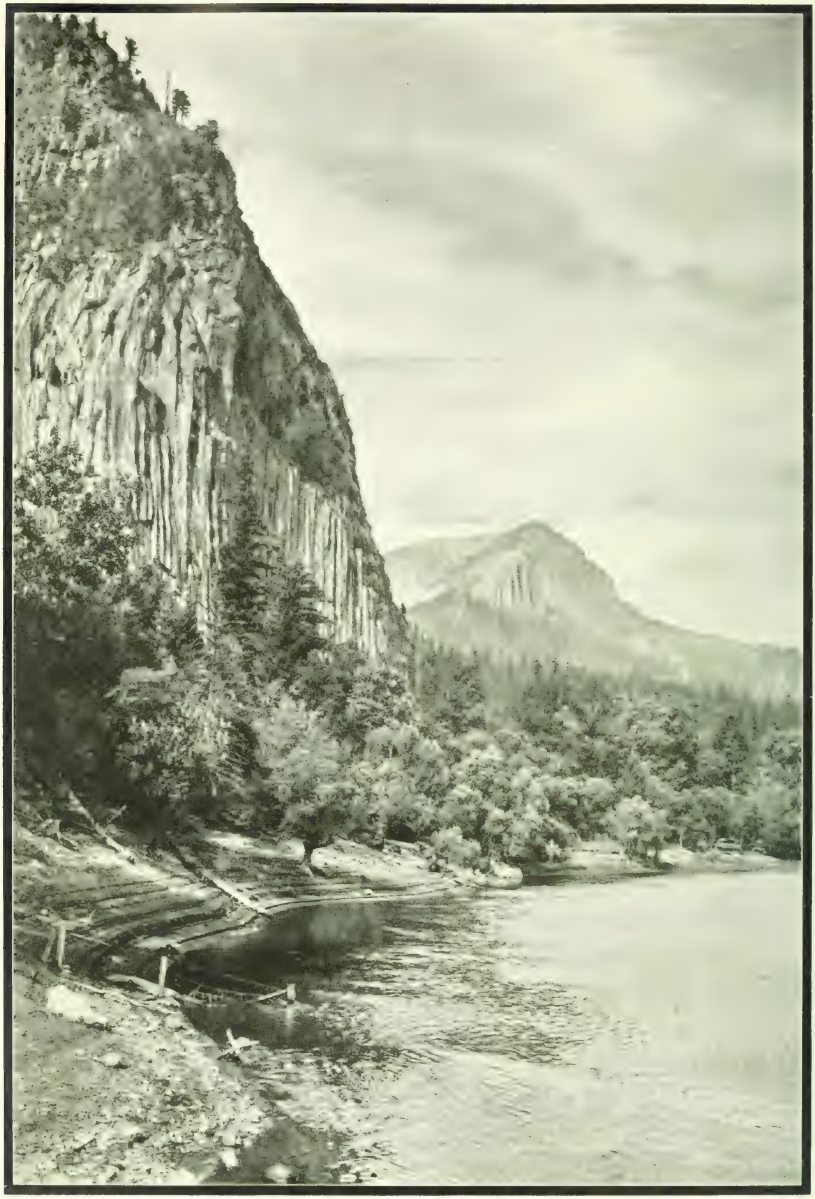
Lane County is the banner county of the Willamette Valley for the production of hay, grain, potatoes and all other root crops, hops; also all kinds of fruits. It has thirty-five billion feet of standing timber, more than any other county in the world. Several well developed and good paying gold mines. Lane County has a good ocean harbor at Siuslaw Bay, and natural waterpower from two rivers near Eugene, estimated by surveys to be upwards of 300,000 horsepower, 90 per cent of which is still unused.

For further and fuller particulars about Eugene or Lane County, address the

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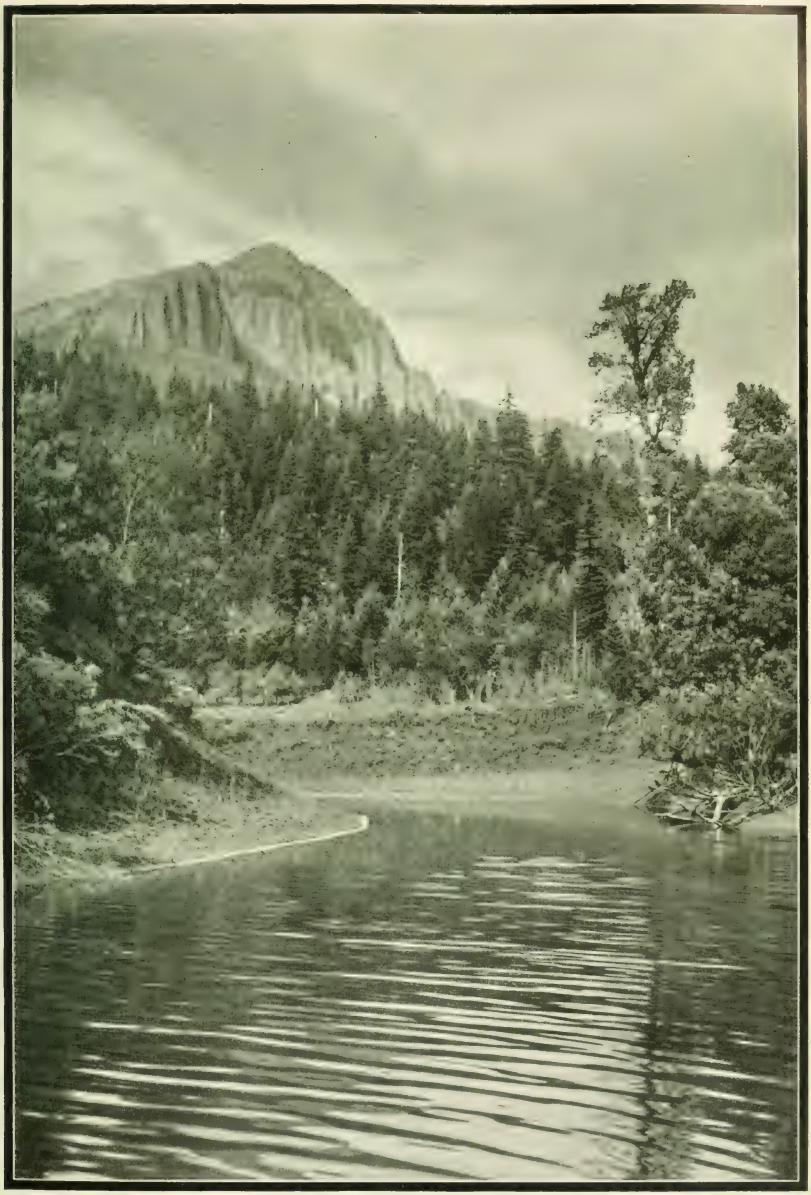


THE VIKINGS ARE NOT DEAD.
See Article "The Vikings of the Columbia."



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

SENTINELS OF THE COLUMBIA



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

THE NORTH BUTTRESS OF THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS.



ECHOLAS SHORE.

From a photo by Maud Ainsworth.



A SCARF OF MIST.

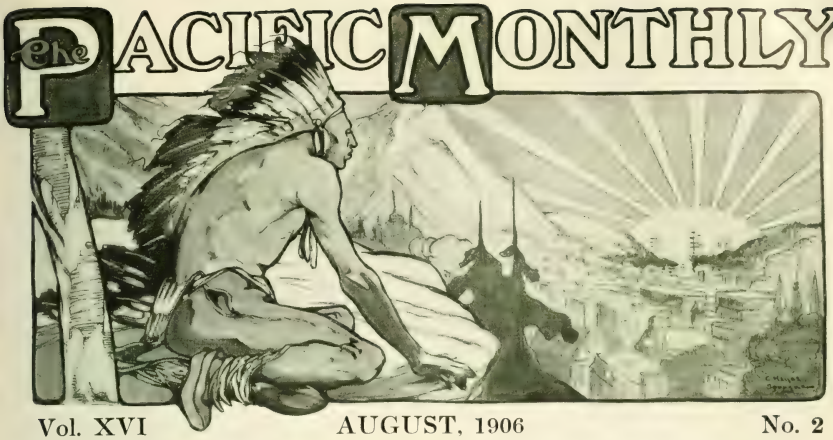
From a photo by Lily E. White.



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

THE GATEWAY TO THE INLAND EMPIRE.

The Pacific Monthly



Vol. XVI AUGUST, 1906 No. 2

The Vikings of the Columbia

By Marshall Douglass and Rea Irwin

Illustrated by the Authors

ON the fifteenth of April, at high noon, the salmon fishing season opened on the Columbia River. At that hour nearly two thousand gillnets dipped into the water. Four thousand men tended to the setting, looked to their position on the estuary and settled themselves down to wait for the fish.

For a week before, the City of Astoria had worn an air of unusual activity. Upturned boats covered the wharves. There was packing, hammering and painting. Of course there were the nets to see to, as they represent the greatest value to the fishermen. A net is worth from three hundred to four hundred dollars, and is made of twine from the finest of Irish flax. They are spread on the racks along the wharves, carefully examined, repaired and put in order. Cooking utensils that for seasons, perhaps, have proved the good companions of men away at the fishing are inspected and tinkered and stowed away in the boats.

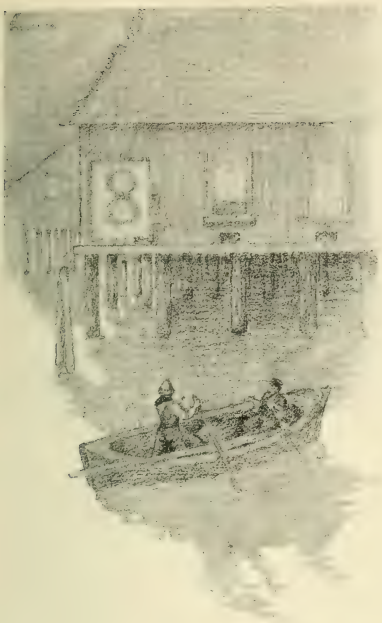
Down in the districts of fishermen's cottages and boarding houses, men proudly exhibit new boots and oilskins, compare them with old ones and argue the merits of different brands. Over the window sills and porch rails have been hung jerseys and woolens of all colors and descriptions.

This part of the town is unmistakably Scandinavian. It has a quaint, Old World aspect. The houses are picturesque wooden things, perched high on piles, and their porches are covered with the paraphernalia of fishing. The women who stand in the doorways and the children who play on the wooden streets have blue eyes and flaxen locks. The men are tall, big boned and deep chested with steel-blue eyes and shaggy yellow hair. No matter where you meet him, your Scandinavian carries the air of the sea with him. Two months ago you might have seen him in the lumber camps, wielding an axe or riding a log, and you would have mentally classed him as a mariner. Not that he wielded the axe clumsily or rode the log awkwardly, for his foreman would tell you he made an excellent logger, but because you could not have missed the reflection of the sea in his eyes, the swing of the ship in his stride. The blood of Viking forefathers has left its stamp upon him.

For a week the men have been gathering in the town, leaving the different occupations in which they have been engaged for the past eight months to take up this fishing trip with its greater revenue. The salmon season is of three months' duration,



"MANY A BOAT HAS BEEN RUN DOWN."



but this short period proves attractive enough to draw men from many trades. Deep-sea sailors have left their ships, in some cases weeks ago, to wait the fishing time. Farmers, carpenters and even small storekeepers have looked forward to it. But the greatest number of salmon fishers come from the lumber camps, which offer the field of labor most suitable to their great physical strength and their love of the open.

The opening day of the season dawns grey and miserable, but in the boats under the long wharves there is a cheery bustle and a clamor of tongues that rises above the lapping of the leaden swells. From the boarding-houses, the cottages, the saloons and dance halls, the fishers came in groups and singly; Scandinavians, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Finns. There is a sprinkling of Poles, Slavs and Latins, but the Scandinavian predominates. Some carry large pails that answer for larders. These they stow under the tarpaulins with care. Here a man is cooking breakfast over a small portable stove, and the smell of the bacon and coffee is savory and inviting. His mate busies himself meanwhile with putting the boat in order. Far out in the stream a full rigged ship, the *St. Nicholas*, is weighing anchor and an energetic consequential little tug is fussing about alongside. For cargo she carries fishermen and their boats, Chinese cannery workers and machinery, as well as three months' supplies for two hundred men. Soon she will be out into the wind and on her course to the salmon fishing grounds of Alaska. The stretch between is already dotted with white sails—the vanguard of the Columbia fleet.

The boats leave in twos and threes, pull out into the stream and drift down with the tide. There are few people on the wharves but the fishermen themselves. And at the end of the pier on which we stand is one lone bare-headed woman with a muffled-up baby in her arms.

Considering the importance of the occasion it seems remarkable to us that there are no well-wishers, no crowd of friends to bid them "God speed" or "good luck." For many of the men will not return to shore again until the end of the season, preferring to stay out and make the most of the precious time. But the "good byes" have evidently been said at home, for the fishermen slip into their boats, arrange their paraphernalia and pull away without further concern.

For a third of a year the gunwales of a salmon boat form the confines within which are carried on the operations of a community of two. For four months the captain and his crew of one pursue their business of fishing and do their trading and banking within an area of sixty square feet, and in this small space they take their food, their recreation and their rest. They carry a two-day food supply and are visited daily by a tug from the cannery, when their catch is taken aboard, weighed and entered to their credit on the books. Fresh supplies are issued and charged to them. Of course many of the men do their trading with the fishing stations which are situated at intervals along the shore, but in any case there is no time wasted in the transactions.

The daily catch for each boat averages twenty fish, weighing 300 pounds, for which the canneries pay a price varying





from $15 to $25, according to the market. The earnings of each boat are divided into three parts, a third going to the captain, a third to the boat-puller and a third for the boat and net. The captain is often the owner of the boat and net, in which case he is entitled to two-thirds of the catch, but generally they are rented or bought on the installment plan from the cannery with which he does business. Each canning company in Astoria sends out from three to six tugs which ply daily between the fishing grounds and the cannery. There are also several "packing" or "cold storage" concerns which send out boats and buy the fish for export. These are not canning establishments but operate refrigerating plants and prepare the fish for shipment abroad.

The cannerymen have thousands of dollars invested in the boats and nets hired by fishermen and on which they carry all risk, for a man is never asked to pay for a boat that he has lost. The packers, however, having no capital risked in this way, can afford to pay a slightly higher price. In truth they are bound to offer some inducement in order to get the salmon, as most of the fishermen are under obligations to one or another of the canneries. When it is particularly hard to get fish, the packers will make an offer of a cent or two cents a pound over the cannery price. They communicate this information by means of immense bulletin boards outside their establishments, facing the river. As we passed by one of these places we saw posted a bold figure which told the fisherman where he could sell his fish and possibly his honor for eight cents.

Our trip to the fishing grounds was made in one of the cannery tugs. The better part of an hour had been consumed in making ready, and when we got out into the stream, the estuary was patterned with the white sails of the fleet. As we steam among them they are maneuvering for their relative positions, taking care that they shall not be too close together. The captain is generally at the rudder and his mate is preparing his net to drop over the side when the hour of noon shall arrive. Nosing in and out of the fleet as it lies across the harbor, the government boat moves swiftly about. She keeps a Federal eye on the fishermen, for none may cast their nets before the appointed hour.

A few miles further down the river we meet a patrol boat from the Life Saving Station, hovering within call, and away in the distance towards the bar we see another. The presence of these life boats was evidence of the danger to the men engaged in this industry. One might think that the fleet within two hours' easy running to land, could, with a little caution, make for safety at any time without difficulty; and so they could were they to pull for shore at the least sign of dirty weather. But these men have a living to make in which personal discomfort and personal danger are conditions to be expected and contended with. The degree of caution exercised depends upon the temperament of the individual. Some take greater chances than others, but overcautious men do not make successful fishermen.

The dangers that threaten the fisherman are numerous. In heavy weather it is sometimes with the greatest difficulty that he manages to keep afloat, handicapped as he is with a cumbersome net. Scores of men have lost their lives in trying to save this valuable property, and it is only in the most extreme cases that the net is cast off and abandoned. At night in heavy fogs, many a boat has been run down without a moment's warning and lost.

We touched at the fishing station and had put out again into the channel, when our captain, a Norwegian, remarked, looking over the side: "Ay tank it ban past twelf o'clock."

We looked and saw that a half dozen boats were spreading their gillnets. The hour had arrived, and the salmon season of 1906 was on.

Right under our bow was a boat in which the captain was pulling out his net and arranging the leads, while the boat-puller was setting an alarm clock. "Ay tank you ban a leetle slow, eh, Axel?" yelled our jovial captain.

"He always ban slow," was the rejoinder from the boat.

We expressed surprise that such a land lubberly thing as an alarm clock should be carried aboard a fishing boat, and we learned that this was a most important piece of fishing-boat furniture, especially for those stationed near the bar. Many of the boats operate in the narrow channels above Astoria, going out early and securing the places where experience has taught them the fish most frequently run.



There the men come into town every two or three days, and very often, when they live near the shore, sleep at home. But to those who fish down the river, with the bar a continual menace and with the very holding of their positions a severe task in itself, requiring the greatest skill of seamanship, the utmost vigilance in watching, there is no regular or complete rest at any time. Sleep has to be snatched whenever the opportunity comes up. It is here that the usefulness of a good alarm clock is demonstrated. The word "good" is used advisedly, as it has often happened that a crew after many hours of hard work with the fish and the wind and tide, has taken advantage of a calm spell to secure a much-needed sleep. They may have been going down with the drift, having set the alarm clock for the hour which they figured would bring them to a given point, and then settled themselves down to sleep. Frequently an inferior clock has failed to wake the sleepers and they have drifted against the rocks, or have been run down by a passing steamer in the night. Formerly the greatest peril was a southeasterly wind and the wash from the ocean, but the seven-mile jetty at Fort Stevens has lessened this danger.

Sometimes a crew, after twenty-four hours of strenuous labor, has been sleeping as only seamen can sleep, their boat drifting, when a heavy sea has carried them out far beyond the bar, into the teeth of a hurricane in the ocean. They may have awakened before a single cross-sea has swamped them, or swept away their oars, and have fought desperately to save their boat and gear, for that is the fisherman's first care. In reckless attempts of this kind, one or both of the men have been washed overboard into the lashing waves. Many heroic deeds have been done to save companions at such times, but with oars gone and boat disabled, with nothing around them but water and cloud, spume and spray, and in their ears the deafening thunder of wind and wave, it is almost miraculous if they survive.

The ever-present dangers of the fisherman's life were brought more closely home to us when on our return to Astoria we learned that not an hour before, and at a point which we had passed in the morning, two men (one of them having a wife and three children) had been lost by the capsizing of a boat.

The great salmon fishing fleet of the Columbia carries nearly five thousand souls, and every one has faced, as a matter of course, dangers that would give the average reader many a nightmare.

It is generally with a vague regret that we read of the thrilling exploits of the Vikings. It would seem as if the days of daring deeds had gone forever. Yet if we stop to think, it is not the hardiness or the daring that has died in the hearts of men. The deeds of these sturdy Scandinavian fishermen, the acts which they are daily called upon to perform, are as brave, or braver than those of their Viking ancestors. For it is in the heart of every man to risk life for rescue or riches, for glory or for love, but to risk life for a bare existence, for other peoples' profit, in the daily routine of a prosaic trade, without recompense other than the satisfaction which comes of a task well done is surely courage of a higher order.

The Vikings are not dead. Our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon the wharves and we do not recognize them. They loiter on the streets and we do not know them. Their deeds of valor are not recorded on parchment nor told in heroic sagas. Their records of fortitude and courage are lost in the records of the season's catch of Royal Chinook.

What bard sings of the romance of the gillnet! What poet would think of glorifying the story of canned salmon!



"THE LONE BAREHEADED WOMAN."

The Rugs of the Orient

By E. T. Allen



HERE are Oriental *rugs* and *Oriental* rugs. Any rug made anwwhere from Constantinople to Yokohama may properly be termed Oriental. It may be made by a Turk, a Syrian, an Arab, an Egyptian, a Koord, an Armenian, a Jew, a Georgian, a Persian, Nestorian, Russian, a Balvok, Hindoo, Turkoman, Tartar, Mongolian, Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, Japanese, or by any one of innumerable nationalities inhabiting the continent of Asia.

It may be called Smyrna, Syrian, Turkish, Anatolian, Ghiordes, Japrale, Shigaz, Derbend, Kazak, Caucasian, Persian, Tran, Kerman, Kermanshah, Balook, Koordish, Senna, Bokhara, Tabriz, Shirvan, Gilan, Hamadan, Feraghan, Daghistan, Kabistan, Twistan, Hindostan, or by a great variety of other known and unknown names. It may be a foot square or less, or any combination of feet and inches to fit any room.

Only yesterday I read the advertisement of an Armenian rug dealer in New York who is prepared to manufacture any kind of rug in any design and any size. It may be any color or combination of colors; any figure or combination of figures; any thickness from one-sixteenth of an inch to an inch or more. It may be all wool or half wool, no cotton or half cotton, all silk or half silk or made partially or wholly of camel's hair or goat's hair. It may look dull or bright, old or new, perfect or imperfect, torn or worn or ragged, or as if foot had never trodden upon it.

Selection of Rugs

There are innumerable things to be considered in the selection of rugs and unless one is thoroughly acquainted with them, innumerable ways of being deceived. In fact the very elect connoisseur may sometimes be deceived. The colors, the weave, the age may be so "doctored" as almost to defy detection. I have seen beautiful new rugs spread in the streets of the cities of Persia for the camels and horses and donkeys and people to tread upon, that they might be made to look old or *"anteeka,"* as the Persians say; but this treatment is as nothing compared with the wiles of wily dealers. These "doctorings" and other things provide abundant opportunity for fraud or mistakes. The honesty of the dealer is no little thing (not all Orientals are honest) and his knowledge of rugs no less.

That a man has black hair and black eyes, a foreign look and Oriental name and speaks in broken English is no assurance that he has any knowledge of Oriental rugs. He may be as ignorant of their manufacture, their designs, their weave, their value and as little able to judge them as an American boy, born and brought up in a Western logging camp is able to judge American tapestries or carpets. I knew a young boy in a small Persian village who never saw a rug made, or the wool washed, or the dyes prepared, who knew absolutely nothing of the different weaves or colorings or history of Persian rug making, yet who on his arrival in this country began immediately to sell rugs, and because of his broken English and Oriental name, people purchased his rugs, which were of a poor quality, for just what he said they were and at about twice the price they could be purchased for at a reputable rug house. I met a native rug-repairer in Portland, Oregon, who did not know there were two methods of tying the knots until I called his attention to the fact and showed him the difference.

The design and different weaves, age, colors, size, luster, general appearance, the peculiarities if any, the regularity or irregularity of pattern, the straight or crooked edges, the condition, the shades of colors under different light effects—all these must be considered. Some time ago a lady fell in love with a rug and bought it. It was dark of color, with a beautiful rich and soft sheen in the store, but when taken home it did not appear the same; it was light and hard and lusterless. My wife and I were calling at the home later and the lady called our attention to the



rug and expressed her disappointment in it. Lowering the blind a little, I picked up the rug and turned it end for end, when, lo! it resumed its old luster and softness. If you wish to use a rug in the daytime don't buy it at night under an artificial light. You will probably be disappointed in the morning if you do. It's like marrying an Oriental wife under a veil—she loses her beauty in the daylight. Remember Jacob and Leah!

Familiarity Brings Love A full appreciation of Oriental rugs comes from familiarity with them. If you do not see any particular beauty in design or richness in color or artistic taste in blending above an ordinary Axminster, buy a rug and sleep upon it, pet it, smooth it, roll over on it, take it out into the sun, then into the shade, draw the blinds and lift them, look at it from one end, then from the other, count the knots and the threads of the warp and filling, live with it upon familiar terms for a month or more and it will have told you so much of its life and opened so many secrets that you will love it with a love that is only satisfied by the possession of many more like it. It is easy to become a polygamist if you marry a Persian rug.

Become familiar thus with these rugs and they will tell you of the flocks of fat-tailed sheep that carry their tails on little wagons, shepherded all over the hills and up under the everlasting snows; of the girls that milk them, the men that shear them and the fellows that wash the wool in the streams. You will learn how the under, softer wool is separated from the coarser and used in making the finer rugs. That there is a wool called "Tiptic" by the mountaineers, which is, compared with the ordinary wool, as the down of a goose compared with its feathers. The mountaineers use much of this "Tiptic" to make socks and gloves for the cold winters. The frost cannot get through it. You will learn of the man who cards it with a bow and string, and of the old women who spin it into yarn with the wheel or distaff; of the girls and women who search the fields for days and weeks for the many kinds of herbs from which to make the dye, of the men who hold the secrets of the dyes in their own families for generations, and of the women and girls who deftly tie the knots and form the patterns in their dark homes, or rude tents, or perhaps under the shade of a sacred tree. These rugs will whisper to you, if you listen carefuly, the story of the mud walls, mud floors, mud roofs of the homes of their old owners and that they added comfort and beauty and an artistic charm to the dingy and smoky darkness of the windowless homes.

Art *and* Harmony We are accustomed to an artistic harmonizing of the painting and papering, of the pictures and draperies and of the furniture with the rugs, that their beauty might be enhanced, but these rugs are not in need of our efforts. They beautified the old adobe homes, without light or furniture or pictures and they beautify our homes with little or much. He is a rare soul who fully appreciates a genuine Persian rug at sight, and it is safe to say that unless the beauty and attraction of your rug grows upon you with your acquaintance with it, it is not of genuine worth. As knowledge and appreciation of master paintings is a development, so is it with Oriental rugs.

Perhaps the majority of Americans see more beauty in an Axminister than in a Tabriz, but it is because they have been brought up on Axminsters and have seldom seen or handled the Oriental rugs. Let them become as familiar with the Oriental as they are with our American weaves and they will be converted.

A young lady came to stay in our home and expressed her surprise that we kept such "horrid" carpets on our floors—"old worn out things"—and being a particular friend, having the family blood, indeed, she took the liberty of suggesting that we sell the old things to the rag man and replace the Khorasan which was in the dining room with an "ingrain" if we could do no better. She remained with us some months and when she left sat down on the old rugs and wept, more hurt at parting from them than from us. She would have been glad indeed, I think, to have taken the holes with her.

Ignorance *and* Experts As appreciation is a development, so also is a knowledge of rugs. It savors of folly or conceit for one who is totally ignorant of the subject to suppose that he can secure an expert knowledge or



even a buying acquaintance with Oriental rugs in one visit to the rug department, or two—or even in years of experience.

A man who has handled rugs for eighteen years said to me: "I used to think I knew something about Persian rugs, but the more I handle them the less I seem to know.

It is more difficult to determine the real type of a rug now than formerly, for several reasons. Originally the rug received its name or type name from the town or district or province in which it was woven and usually but one character of rug was woven in a given district. Now the factories working under American or European control turn out rugs of many weaves in the same place, so that a Senna may be woven in Tabriz or a Daghistan along the Anatolian coast.

Generally speaking, the district from which most of our Oriental rugs come lies between Constantinople on the west and Khorasan and India on the east, the Caucasian mountains and Caspian sea on the north and the sea coast in the south. This is divided into districts from which the different types come. These types have well defined ear marks or peculiarities by which an expert can recognize them, unless, as frequently happens today, the types are blended, European designs introduced, sizes made to order, or to secure a better sale, inferior wool used, loose knotting resorted to and many threads of filling woven to save time, or inferior dyes used in coloring.

The Varieties In the Caucasian district are produced the following varieties: Kubistan, Daghistan, Shirvan, Kazak, Chichi, Derbend and others less familiar. The peculiarity of Caucasian types is the straight line effects—geometrical figures make up entirely the design both in the body and border. Occasionally crude figures of animals, birds and men are woven into the design and add interest.

The Kabistan is undoubtedly the finest rug of the Caucasian types. Its weave is finer than Daghistan, its nap and pile a little shorter and more evenly cut. It is softer in its blending of colors.

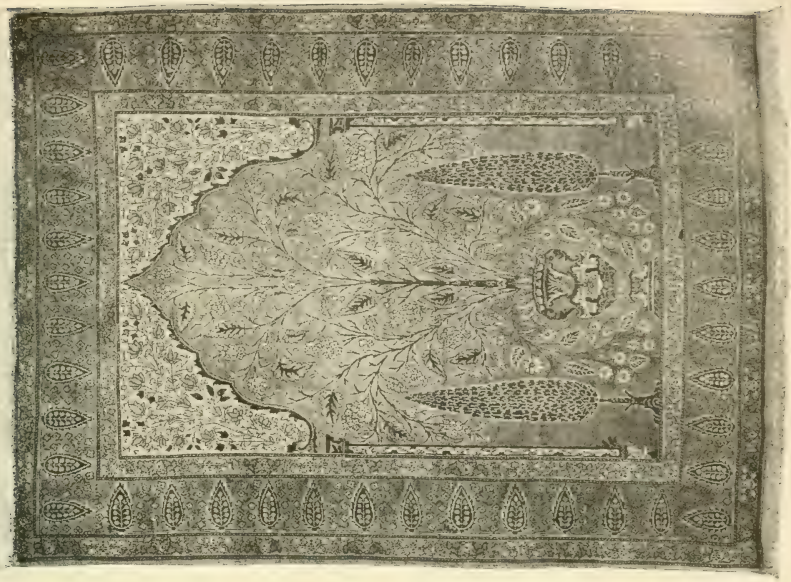
This is simply a general rule. There are, of course, many Daghistans and Shirvans of surpassing merit and there are Kabistans of mean worth—yet as a whole I think the Kabistans excell. The towns in which they are woven are only a short distance apart, separated by a mountain and ravine, yet there has always been a rivalry in the weaving of their rugs. In the Daghistan is developed sharply contrasting colors and in the Kabistan a blending and individuality of pattern. Caucasian types come usually in smaller sizes.

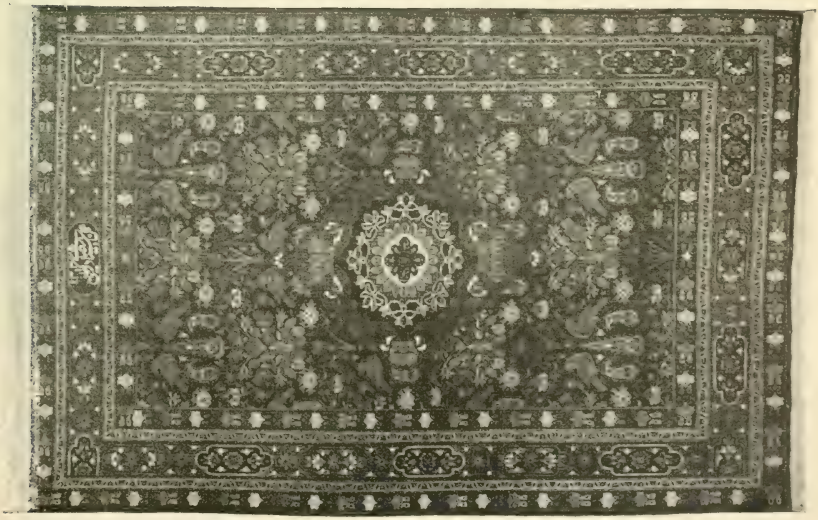
Anatolian Types Anatolian types are made in the district bordering the south coast of the Black sea and extending inland some distance. It is a loose term embracing most any Turkish weave. Gulistans, Yapraks, Spartas, Ghiordes, Birgomans and others make up the Anatolian types. A genuine antique Ghiordes of good weave is very valuable, commanding, if in good condition, twelve dollars a square foot and upwards to fabulous prices.

Modern Anatolians are coarse and thick and made entirely of wool. They offer a combination of designs, many of them in European patterns. There is also considerable variation in prices, depending upon the size and quality of the rugs.

***The* Finest Rugs** Northwestern Persia is the home of some of the finest rugs in the world, which are marketed under the names of Gorevan, Herez, Serapi and Tabriz. Tabriz is a city of two hundred thousand population, on the Bitter River. The capital of the province of Azerbijan, and until recent years the trade metropolis of Persia. It is on the old caravan route from east to west and Oriental traffic of all kinds has plowed through the markets for ages. The rug bazaars of Tabriz are perhaps not excelled in the world—any type of rug can be purchased here, and the merchants are always cordial and pleasing of manner.

This is the home of the "Tabriz" rug, a wonderfully fine type made usually in larger sizes and commanding splendid prices. A medallion in the center, of a lighter color than the rest of the rug, usually distinguishes a Tabriz, though this, too, is not an unfailing sign, for some Tabrizes have no medallion and some of other weaves have. The Tabriz is ordinarily of a very pleasing floral design, avoiding conventional patterns and abhor-





ring straight lines. The weave is exceedingly fine, the knots tied very close and tight and the pile cut smooth and close.

The Gorgevan differs from the Tabriz in not being given so much to medallions, in having more conventional patterns and using straight lines. The weave is not so tight, the nap longer and blending of colors crude. The wool is coarser and of inferior quality to that used in the Tabriz.

The Senna Rug Central Persia also produces some extremely fine rugs. Hamadans, Sennas, Kermanshahs and Feraghans lead in weave and beauty. The Senna can always be distinguished by the peculiar texture which the Senna knot gives. A new rug is firm and inclined to feel harsh and stiff, but with a little usage and a few washings becomes soft and pliable. The pile is cut very close, the patterns small.

Sennas are usually made in small sizes. The largest I have ever seen was one of a rich blue ground with the Herati design, measuring about twenty feet long by eight feet wide. It was made for the reception room in the palace of one of the princes in Tabriz.

Kermanshahs are usually made in large sizes, with floral designs. The fine quality of wool used in their manufacture gives a softness to the texture and tone to the colors which makes them famous. They wear well, keeping their shape and color under most any circumstance.

Koordish Rugs On the east border of Turkey and west border of Persia is the Koordish country in which are made the rough, heavy Koordish rugs.

The Koordish people are wild and mostly nomadic. They do not have the care to choose and sort their wool. The women spin it with the distaff as they go about their other duties. The yarn is knotty and rough. There being no cotton in the mountains, the warp also is made of coarse wool yarns. The pile is left long, the knots are loose and the filling is usually made with two woolen threads. The rugs are therefore heavy and coarse. They are usually made in narrow pieces—the lengths varying from five to fourteen feet. They never wear out and are reasonable in price.

Khorasan Rugs Eastern Persia and those Central Asian provinces absorbed by Russia are the home of many superior types of rugs.

The Khorasan is usually a large rug of fine texture and rich colors, partaking somewhat of the texture of an old Feraghan.

Bokharas are the choice of all the Eastern types. The rich dark red ground of the Royal Bokhara has made many men part with large sums that they might possess it.

The design is peculiarly its own. The wool is soft and pliable, the colors dark and take with age a soft, rich luster. The ends are usually woven beyond the pile in red, with at times a small oblique figure, and a long, ragged fringe is left.

Rug Dealers But why continue this? A complete separation of styles and description of them would fill volumes, and besides, "all signs fail" in rug dealing. While these characteristics are true in general, they may or may not be found in individual rugs of the weave described. Many changes have been introduced by European hands in sizes and designs to meet European and American demands. There has been a blending of types and a multiplication of them which makes their description difficult and not always accurate.

It may be said, however, that while of late rapid manufacture has put upon the market many inferior rugs, there has arisen a demand for the higher quality and better types which the weavers are endeavoring to meet.

A decade or more ago the Shah of Persia saw the deterioration prevalent and issued an order forbidding the use of analine dyes in rug making and offering rewards and decorations for excellence in their manufacture.

It is not possible to so describe Oriental rugs "that a novice may buy with discrimination and knowledge." The purchaser of rugs for Zeigler & Co., the largest rug importing firm in England, who was stationed at Tabriz for years, rarely if ever purchased rugs on his own responsibility. How then can one by the reading of a book obtain such knowledge? You can learn the names of the types from books, but only by living with them can you learn to know the rugs by sight. There are

reputable dealers whom you can trust and there are experts who can advise.

Market Values The prices of ordinary rugs are now a well fixed market value — so much a square foot—regulated by weave and quality. The large sized rugs, especially those inclined to the square, cost more to produce and therefore cost more on the market. There is no way of fixing the value of a genuine antique except between yourself and the dealer.

Oriental rugs can now be purchased for eighty cents a square foot in small odd pieces, and up to twenty dollars a foot or more for the choicest of fine weaves.

How Rugs Wear It is an economy to cover your floors with Oriental rugs at the prevailing market prices, for they will outwear any number of carpets. For four times the price of covering your floors with good Axminster or Wilton you can furnish your rooms with good Orientals, and when the Axminsters are worn out your Orientals, if genuine, will not only be as good as when first purchased, but will perhaps have increased in value by reason of their age. And in addition you have had a work of art on your floors that compares with the paintings on your walls. I have a Koordish runner three feet by fourteen —a very ordinary rug valued at about fifty dollars—which we have used constantly for fifteen years (there are children in our home and they wear heavy shoes), yet there is no sign of wear, and no one knows how old it was when I got it. The long nap rugs wear longer when given rough usage than do those of finer and shorter nap.

Rugs for Value It is a good investment for any one to buy one Persian rug if no more. It will be a treasure in your home, a source of education for yourself and children. It will enlarge your sympathies, improve your geographical knowledge of the countries where the rugs are made, cultivate your taste for the beautiful, add charm to your home life, and provide an heirloom for the generations to follow.



A COZY NOOK ON PUGET SOUND.



THE HARBOR BY DAYLIGHT.

From the Log of the "Raysark"

By Lily E. White, Captain



IT was a beautiful morning on June 8th, 1903, when I left *Raysark's* side with our little launch for a run to The Dalles, ten miles away. As shown in the foregoing photograph, the houseboat was moored near the great wharfboat, in a snug, rock-bound harbor on the north bank of the Columbia River, near the town of Lyle. I tore myself away from the charm of association with a jolly crew, going alone in the little boat in search of a mechanic who might remove the series of engine troubles which during the previous week had about unsettled my reason.

A fresh wind went with us. Stray hairs blew about my face and a thread of vapor followed our course until it left the visible world. The movement of the boat was a delight as it rose and fell with the rhythm of the swells. I felt the fullness of courage and inspiration with every breath and glance at the towering mountains as they stood high in stern majesty from the water's edge on either side. Alone—controlling the power, directing the course—one might well be so filled.

At The Dalles a floating dock stands out into the water, beside which is to be found a harbor from wind and swift current.

Strutting around its outer end, with a graceful sweep we chu-chued along the side, looking expectantly at the line of curious men and boys, wondering which one would "take a line."

A lone woman in a "power boat," who comes out of the unknown distance up a lonely, wind-tossed river, must have ap-

peared almost too independent to loungers on a wharf. Hands were kept in manful pockets. She must make her own landing and arrive on the high deck of the wharf as best she could and under fire from a regiment of critical eyes. When a woman will step into the world of action and do a few vigorous things for herself, she may do all the rest—ahem!

On the wharf, a last look at feeders and valves, I was away to find the man who would accomplish the work of repairs. A most interesting fellow responded to the call, so the day was spent in watching and helping in the changes made in pipes and rods. All day we screwed and turned, cutting and fitting, making many trips to and from the workman's shop, until without rest or food, we found our task finished just as the sun was sinking from view.

A handful of interested men collected as appearances indicated an early start into the falling night, and many were the protests, but I was not to be persuaded. What could be more delightful?—a run in the growing dusk, the dashing spray, an independent overcoming of distance, and at the end a cordial exchange of the day's doings with a hearty fellowship—and a good couch.

Away we sped, down around the high rocky point, out of sight and sound of the city—full of joy in the refreshing wind and pride in the trim little boat. We dashed along, cutting the water and casting a feather of foam, flecked with iridescent bubbles, which caught the sunset colors, holding them for a moment—then casting them into the deep green water.

A sudden jerk—a quiver which enveloped the whole frame of the dancing boat—and with one moaning puff the vigorous little engine had become as still as death. Turning with the wind, we floated lazily up and down as the swells passed beneath us. Some unknown obstruction must be sought and removed. Each sensitive point was carefully examined, and when the last gleam of light was withdrawing its fellowship, the little needle valve, the avenue through which the fuel is fed to the hungry cylinders, proved to be coated with soap, this being used to prevent the joints of gasoline pipe from leaking. This work had been the last touch before completing the repairs; some of this unyielding substance had become loosened, following the gasoline to this small entrance and stopping it completely.

Soon the soap was removed and again we bounded forward, around "Squally Point" and almost in sight of the floating home a few miles away.

Here a fresher breeze met us—to prevent shipping water a decrease in speed was necessary, a moment after the lever was turned—then came another sputter, a jolt and a quiver, and there we were still again—the engine gone out of action. The swift current and brisk wind made anchors necessary. Out they came, one from the stern, another off the bow, and when they caught in the depths below I was ready for another inspection.

More soap, but oh, the frailty of mortal mind!

In the business of anchoring the gasoline feeder had been forgotten and the engine was "flooded." The good inventor had skillfully contrived to bring safety together with utility, and more than enough, for one explosion (the motive power) prevented further progress; so the means of safety was a cause for delay.

After removing the remaining obstruction of soap with my hatpin (which, by the way, was available for the first and only time since my coming out in the spring) refitting the pipe joints this time with greater difficulty in the dark, and replacing the needle valve, I tried to start the engine.

She would not go—the flood still remained. After many trials and much exhaustion in trying to expel it, or start the engine, by turning the heavy fly wheel, I gave it up and went ashore, walking along the sandy beach to keep warm. Then I had a full opportunity to enjoy the night. I had no thought of worry or fear. I was full of life and a fair amount of strength, and the night's length had no terror for me. Just here I heard a sound, and turning, saw the twinkling eyes of a river boat, and heard her voice far out over the water as she came up the river. There was help! I knew the officers and crew, and knew that willing friends would soon be within reach of my voice. Help! What use had I for help? I laughed aloud at the thought—I had been jokingly

dubbed the "Captain"—all those men used the title when they addressed me, with a merry twinkle in their eyes. I can enjoy a joke on myself, but the present one was not well enough over to share it unhesitatingly. No, I would not ask for help; in fact, I would not accept it.

Running along the beach for fifty yards, with a final bound I was in the boat. Will they see me? Out of the regular channel, five hundred yards away? No. I wanted them to go by. Now, *did I really* want them to pass me? I meditated, the only friends the night would bring! Now was the time to call. I was silent. They were just turning away into the channel near the other shore. I smiled then, for I felt my situation safe under cover of the darkness. What a relief! I could get out of it alone!

No, the only break in the darkness that night came just then and set my little white boat like a gleaming jewel on the dark water. Flash! and the long-spreading arm of the searchlight felt its way through the blackness, with its piercing brilliancy killing the light from the sky, now reaching out rapidly; it threw a mantle of dazzling light over my lazy rolling craft, revealing the white anchor lines and my form as I stood and carelessly moved about, just to show that I was safe. No, thank you, I thought, in blinded good-humor. I knew even the smile on my face, the careless wave of my hand, would be caught by the concerned eye of the friendly captain through his night-glass. With his spirit of fellowship and understanding, he flashed his splendid shaft away, and with a long-drawn exhaust from the steamer's smokestack, I was left in the densest blackness it has been my lot to experience.

Now I must abide by my judgment—it was respected by others. Afterwards, in talking over the experience with the good captain, he said, "I knew if anything was wrong you would get out of it, even if you had to paddle home." Thank you, captain, I was mighty glad I had looked so unconcerned!

When the *Regulator* was out of sight, I drew my anchors aboard, leaving them close at hand for possible emergencies. Knowing that I would encounter no more river craft, I started to drift with the current, guiding the boat with an oar. For something like a mile we went very slowly—sometimes only being able to determine that the boat was moving by dropping my oar suddenly into the water and pushing my weight against it, then lifting it again to find the boat swinging back in the current. Finally I could manage the oar no longer in the increasing wind.

With a hopeful heart I went to the engine, making adjustments for starting as best I could in the blackness. With a vigorous turn of the great flywheel, we were off with a bound; she was really going, and with a quick rhythm that sounded almost too good to be true. I rushed to the tiller at the bow. The force of seven or eight miles an hour propelling power was different than drifting. I could see nothing but the white crest of the breakers as they rolled and tumbled before me. The wind blew a gale, the river here was swift, the spring freshet at its height, and high, perpendicular cliffs of rock stood several hundred feet, towers of magnificence on either side—batteries of destruction they seemed to me that night.

And here it was, during the time which followed, that I learned the real meaning of stillness.

Suddenly the tiller would not yield! I was dashing in the direction of the cliff. I had made in towards the shore where *Raysark* was moored. A light had been hung at her side, and at the little speck I had looked frequently and hopefully.

All on board the houseboat had withdrawn to take the rest so well earned by the activity of the day.

But the heart of the mother was restless, and anon her eyes looked into the darkness until all chance, it seemed, had passed that her child would return. So, ready for bed, she went on deck once more and took the lantern in.

When I realized that somehow my rudder was not to be moved at all, and felt more than saw the great rocks so near, I looked again in the direction where the encouraging little eye had twinkled. It was gone.

Could it be possible that I was so near the rocks that it was shut from view? Such stillness! body! mind! heart!

Thus it is when the passage of time slips from the senses. Like a flash of light a group of happy faces, full of love



THE STAUNCH LITTLE BOAT.

and courage, came up before me, mirrored against the darkness. Had I gone then with no further word or glance to those dear ones, I would have taken with me a picture fit indeed to cheer a passing soul.

Then followed a flood of realization—the cause of the trouble. The anchor ! The heavy anchor which I had hauled to the stern and left there for future possible use must have slipped under the rudder arm ! Quicker than thought my skirts were off, and as I ran, steadying myself with one hand on the gunwale, I felt for the panting, vibrating engine, and was over it with a bound. Holding to the brass rail with one hand, I felt for and found the offending anchor—yes, fast and unyielding ! I could not add the strength of the other hand. I would have been tossed into black depths in an instant from the madly careering boat. Desperation added strength to my arm, and I jerked it loose at last. With one movement I was in the boat, finding the side tiller, I turned for the open river.

She resisted the rudder for a few seconds. Then, yielding slowly, she struck a wave side long and sent the white foam dashing from her beam. Up and down we galloped like a maddened horse. Now to find the little harbor and *Raysark*.

These came quickly, for this raging water lies just outside the little sheltered nook I was looking so intently into the darkness to find.

Just discerning the great black body of the wharfboat dangerously near, and clearing it I felt smoother water under me. Reversing the wheel, we ran "longside" the dim white outline of *Raysark*.

A white form showed on the starboard bow, looking up. I saw my mother whose sharp ears had heard the puff of the little engine above the wind. I laughed away the questions about my strange yachting costume, and told her that we owned the finest little boat in the land.



RACING PAST ROSS ISLAND.

Rowing for Racing and Pleasure

By P. E. Stowell



STEVENSON, in his charming sketch, "An Inland Voyage," says "For will any one dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats? He must have never seen a boat, or never seen an office who says so, and for certain the one is a great deal better for the health." And what lover of boats will not heartily agree with him ?

Boats instinctively call to mind pure air and sparkling water, now blue and silver in the sunlight, now deeper shades of green to black in the leafy shadows and quiet pools.

For the Anglo-Saxon, rowing has an irresistible charm; possibly inherited from his remote ancestors who, crossing the North Sea and English Channel, mingled and formed the present sturdy race, and wherever you find him living near a body of water large enough to float his craft, there you will find his pleasure boat or racing shell. For rowing is of two distinct characters: racing and pleasure; the one purely for the excitement of contest and the desire to excel entailing the conditioning of the body to sustain the struggle for supremacy, the other for the exercise and pleasure derived simply from being on the water, away from the bustle of every day life, amid changed surroundings and close to Mother Nature.

Both forms of rowing have their devoted adherents and the purely pleasure boatman can find no enjoyment in the cranky racing shell. Neither can the racing man enjoy the slow "plugging" of the pleasure craft.

Racing in boats is of such ancient origin as to have its beginning lost in antiquity. In its present form it is about one hundred years old. Oxford and Cambridge began their yearly contests in the early part of the last century, rowing in stationary-seat barges; but the sport did not thrive till the sliding seat made its appearance. This improvement in the rig of racing and pleasure boats enabled the oarsmen to throw most of the labor of rowing from the back muscles to the



A CHAMPION CREW.

heavy muscles of the legs, usually better developed than others of the body.

The sliding seat was later improved by substituting rollers for the greased tracks, and movable oarlocks took the place of the ancient thole-pins, but English oarsmen are still taught the rudiments of rowing in stationary-seat boats. This gives the Englishmen the body swing so noticeable in all their crews.

Beginning first in the heavy barges, the oarsmen soon found that with equal crews the lighter boat won, and improvements began; first in boats, then in seats, oars and rowlocks, until now a boat seating eight men and capable of travelling over twelve miles per hour weighs less than two hundred pounds. There is more speed secured from the modern racing shell for the horsepower applied to the oar than from any other means of propulsion on water.

The building of racing boats has grown to quite large proportions, and numerous firms, composed mostly of old racing men, build no other style of craft, the material chiefly used in construction being Norway spruce or pine and Spanish cedar of fine, even grain.

In its best form racing is fostered by the universities and rowing associations in all English-speaking countries, but it probably reaches its greatest height of popularity at the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames, at London, shortly after Easter, when the yearly supremacy of these schools is decided; at New London, Connecticut, in June, when Harvard and Yale settle their differences of opinion, and at Henley, on the upper Thames, in the month of July.

The Henley course at this season is lined with houseboats and water craft of every description. The hotels are taxed to their utmost to take care of the visitors and "The Week" is one continuous round of entertainment, boating and excitement. The racing man is here king and all conversation drifts to the form, condition and speed of the different crews. The races are pulled off through one and a quarter miles of kaleidoscopic color and deafening applause, and nowhere can the setting be duplicated.

Here several Americans have pulled themselves to victory and fame, probably the most noteworthy being young Ten Eyck, a mere boy, who easily rowed away from the best in all England, winning the famous trophy, "The Diamond Sculls," the most coveted prize in the racing world. Scholes of Toronto turned the same trick last year. However America has not always fared so well, as her crews have often gone down to defeat, owing largely to the peculiar rules governing the standing of an amateur. In England an amateur is a gentleman, and a gentleman is one who has not performed manual labor or worked at a trade. This has kept many an excellent American and Canadian crew at home.

On the Pacific Slope the sport is not new, for in those hazy days of the early settlements the water courses were the highways, and it is probable that many were the contests held on the western rivers, the prize being the best price for the season's catch of furs, paid to the first trappers to arrive.

One of the first purely rowing clubs on the Coast was organized in Portland nearly forty years ago, and numbered among its charter members many who have been and are still its leading citizens. Vancouver, British Columbia, has held its contests on the water since it was but a straggling village, surrounded by the giant firs, and Victoria has citizens of middle age who rowed on James Bay as boys.

The sport languished in Seattle until stirred to activity by the University of Washington, which school now has its yearly contest with Stanford and the University of California on Lake Washington or Oakland Creek. The city, however, yet lacks an organized club of rowing men, although located most advantageously for carrying on such an organization.

Professional racing is almost a thing of the past, and since the days of Hanlon, O'Connor and Gaudauer, those past masters of the art of driving the racing shell, this branch of rowing has languished. Rowing is and should remain the purest of amateur sports. The traffic in athletics, so prevalent in other sports, is almost unknown, as the athlete who is willing to dispose of his services for a consideration is not made of the stuff to stand the steady grind of training, the daily ten-

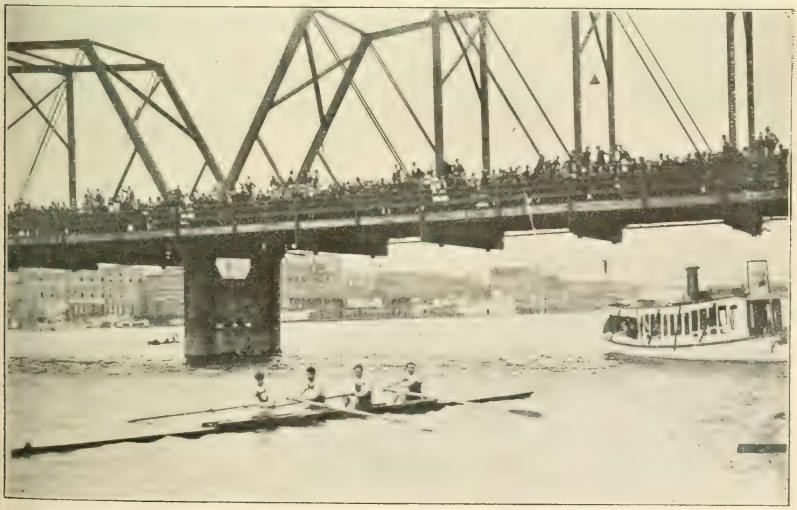
mile pull, the strict training table and the strenuous work required to put him in shape for the supreme effort.

Both racing and pleasure boating are recognized as of the greatest benefit physically. For the man or woman, engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, a row in the cool of evening is of the greatest value. Unused and neglected portions of the lungs are filled and expanded with pure air, where there is a minimum of dust and germs, the unused muscles of the back, arms and legs are brought into play, and after it restful sleep. These are but a few of its benefits. Aside from the purely physical side, the rhythmic splash of the oar, the sparkle of the water in the moonlight, the lazily floating craft, gently rocked by the rippling waves, have a restful effect on the mind, allowing it to relax from its high tension. Or perhaps it is a pair of dancing eyes, a low conversation between "just two," where none may overhear, that charms and makes another rowing enthusiast.

For the oarsman, nature is never just the same. In every familiar scene there is something ever new—the alighting of the wild duck, the splash of some sportive fish or the reflection of some passing cloud in nature's mirror all appeal to one, even though seemingly he be devoid of artistic sense.

To many, the water is a dangerous thing, to be carefully avoided, but the management of a rowboat is simple when once understood. The oarsman must never lose full control of his craft, his hands must always be firmly on the oar, whether the boat be in motion or lazily floating. If this were carried out the yearly record of the loss of life from upsets would be small indeed as, regardless of how violently the boat be rocked, a capsize would be an impossibility. The driver of a horse, if he is careful, does no allow the lines to trail along under the dashboard, and why should the oarsman allow his oars to be beyond his grasp in an emergency?

In the West rowing has figured largely in the effort to gain a livelihood. The Alaska miner of Klondike days will delight in telling of the rush to the diggings, of his trip by rowboat down the lakes, through Five Finger or White Horse Rapids, Miles Canyon and the Yukon to Dawson, of his hairbreadth escapes and the excitement of it all, and of the respective merits of this style of craft or of that. It is just such experiences that develop the style of boat most suited for



WATCHING THE RETURN.

the particular work it is called on to perform.

The dory of the Gloucester fisherman is the ideal for use on the Grand Banks off New Foundland or Nova Scotia, while the "Columbia River fishing boat" is recognized along the Pacific Coast as the only boat entirely suitable for salmon fishing. Wide of beam and of shallow draft, a good sailer and easily rowed, a "dry boat" in rough water, it fills every requirement. In days gone by the picturesqueness of the fleet off for the seining grounds has been caught by many an artist, but the sail stretched out to catch the breeze has been furled and in its place is installed the little gasoline engine. Thus is modern invention lightening the fishermans work, but is there not danger that the motor boat and auto car will sap the sturdiness of the race, by causing a fondness for ease, and a contest for the supremacy of machines rather than the desire to excell by personal effort ?



IN SMOOTH WATERS.

Indians of the Northwest

By Thomas Nelson Strong



IN writing an article upon the Indians of the Northwest, the chief difficulty has been to keep within proper limits, for the subject is an interesting one and not to be dismissed in a few words. The accompanying pictures are taken from the Indians of Eastern Oregon, and this has to be borne in mind, for the Indians of the Northwest are grouped roughly into two classes, Canoe Indians and Horse Indians, the line of demarcation between the groups being the Cascade Mountains, which also mark the line between the forest areas of the Coast and the open plains of the East. These two groups differ widely in character, a result due almost entirely to the fact that in the one group the means of transportation was by water and in the other by land. The Canoe Indians of Oregon and Washington were an unwarlike race and have almost disappeared. The Horse Indians, on the other hand, are born warriors; and by reason of this and the strength of character shown by them, have survived, although in Alaska, where a stronger race of Indians lived along the Coast, the case is reversed, the Coast Indians surviving better than those in the interior.

Originally there were scores of tribes of the Canoe Indians and similarly of the Horse Indians, each speaking a different dialect, and except at the Cascades of the Columbia River and at their meeting places upon the Fraser, Skeena and other rivers, there was very little traffic between them. The Horse Indian could not travel in the Canoe Indian country and the Canoe Indian could not travel in the Horse Indian country, and the different language and the lawless ferocity of the tribes prevented intercourse between them, and these primitive conditions continued until the coming of the Hudson Bay Company.

With the coming of the Hudson Bay voyageurs a new language sprang into existence and rapidly took its place as the universal Indian language of the Northwest. This Chinook Jargon, as it was called from a tribe of Indians known as the Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia River, was a wonderful little language. Where the Chinook Jargon came from and who invented it no one knows. Like Topsy, it "just growed," in response to a general need. Its entire vocabulary was composed of a few hundred words, and it came into general use from Southern California to the Arctic Circle and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. To use it properly required not only a knowledge of the different words but the skill of an actor. In every tribe it was used and to a large degree spoken differently, English words being interpolated into it by the English speaker and native words by the natives who used it, these being used in such a connection that their meaning was obvious; and it was so reinforced by gestures and the sign language that almost any idea could be expressed. One word might have many different shades of meaning, and used in different connections and with different inflections might have entirely different meanings. For instance the word *Siah* meant "distance." *Tenas-Siah* meant "a little distance." It might be an inch, a foot or 20 miles, as the case might be, depending upon the subject of the conversation. This word drawn out in its last syllable, *Sia-h* meant a greater distance. *Hyas-siah* meant "a very long distance."

The same two words, with the *Sia-h* drawn out as before, a still greater distance, while both words stretched out lingeringly on the tongue meant the longest conceivable distance. *Eked-sun-siah* meant one day's journey, *Eked-moon-siah* one month's journey, *Eked-snow-siah* a year's trip. The word *Sahalee* meant "high." It might be a high hill or the high sources of the rivers, but *Sahalee-Tyhee* meant God or the Chief on High.

Any one knowing this language was well equipped for meeting any Indian



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tribe of the Pacific Slope, but it required a certain amount of diplomatic ability to get the benefit of it. Going alone into the Indian encampment, for this was the best way to do, the traveler would speak in Chinook to the first of the Indians that he met. They would be ignorant, or would feign ignorance, but would conduct him to the lodges. Here a crowd would gather and listen to what he had to say. The elder Indians would look solemn and the Indian boys and girls would giggle. Soon they would be seen nudging some one or more of their number trying to push them to the front while the bashful victim of their attentions would try to escape, evidently at the same time disclaiming any knowledge of the language. Having this hint as to who could speak Chinook to work on, the traveler would change his tone and grow severe and tell the Indians how much *chickamen* (money) or blankets or goods they would lose if he had to go to some other Indians for the help that he wanted. Then the Indians would begin seriously to look up an interpreter, and almost invariably an old woman, presumably shameless and impervious to ridicule, would be produced who would, after considerable persuasion and scolding, commence a timid conversation. In an hour or so she would be talking freely and a half dozen other Indians would be joining in and after that there was no trouble. But almost invariably several hours would be wasted in these preliminaries.

The simplicity and childlikeness of the Indian character was its most puzzling characteristic, and the bashful fear that they might make some mistake that would subject them to ridicule, which they feared as a calamity, made it very difficult to deal with them. The men especially were peculiarly sensitive. The Chinook tribe of Indians was a very insignificant one, but their name promises to last forever, for whenever a strong, soft wind comes from the West, melting away the snows of Montana, Colorado and Canada or sweeping the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, it is called the Chinook—the great, soft snow-melting wind of Winter, and heat-moderating wind of Summer of the Columbia River.

This Chinook Jargon was almost universally used by the Canoe Indians, but the Horse Indians clung more strenuously to their own dialects. In their ways of living, as in their ways of traveling, the people of the two great Indian divisions differed widely. The Canoe Indians built permanent houses and villages from planks cut from the cedar trees, but the Horse Indians were more migratory and lived in temporary teepees and lodges, which were practically tents made of tanned hides. The picture of a Umatilla teepee shows very plainly how these were constructed, although in this case the frame work of the lodge is apparently covered with the white man's canvas instead of with tanned buffalo robes, which have long since disappeared. The manner of its construction was very simple. A large number of light poles cut near the camp were placed on end in a circle 10 or 15 feet in diameter, with their light tops brought together in the center at the top. Over these poles were spread tanned buffalo skins sewed together, leaving a hole at the top for the projecting ends of the poles, which also served as a chimney. In moving camp for any distance two poles would be fastened like the thills of a buggy, one on each side of a pony, the ends dragging behind on the ground. To these poles the folded tent would be fastened, stretching from one to the other, and in this primitive bumpity-bumpity cart or sled would be tumbled the household belongings, and the older babies of the camp. As for the little babies, these would be carried in funny little packing cases, the form of which as used amongst the Horse Indians is well shown in the pictures. This method of carrying babies was universally used by both the Canoe and Horse Indians, only differing in detail, and such packing cases were an absolute necessity in the migratory Indian life. Straps were attached that passed around the mother's forehead and a most familiar sight in the old days was the figure of the Indian squaw bending far forward and so carrying her baby on her back, the little tot looking backwards and very contentedly satisfied with the mother as a pack horse. The bronze statue of Sacajawea in the City Park of Portland, Oregon, is faulty in that it misses the peculiar attitude of the Indian woman carrying her baby, and so fails to show one of the most pathetic





pictures of the old Indian life. In camp the baby case, baby and all, was hung upon some convenient limb of a tree or was placed standing on end leaning against the lodge.

The pictures tell their own story, but in the case of the woman in the picture sitting wrapped in her blanket with the basket in her hands there is a suggestion of the faultless taste of this primitive people, and this would be still more striking if the picture could be printed in its true colors. It is hard to judge of it now because the Indian taste has been perverted by aniline dyes and other harsh tints of the white man's manufacture, but in the olden times when natural grasses and material were used, the robes, curios and baskets of the Indians were simply perfect in color and form. They were very fond of rich colors, and red and black were their favorite ones, but in the use of color in their baskets and other curios they were restrained largely to natural colors, and these harmonized perfectly, but, even when some of the white man's goods were used, the effect was not unpleasing. A young Indian woman with a black silk handkerchief over her head, a brilliant dash of red about her throat and an old tawny buckskin dress on of the old making, with beautiful beaded moccasins and rows of the Hudson Bay Company beads, was artistically a very beautiful object. It is a great pity that so clothed she has passed out of existence. It is also a pity that good pictures can not now be obtained of the Indian warrior, for upon occasion he was a most picturesque creature. One scene in particular lingers in the writer's memory.

In the early 70's a party of railroad engineers were carrying on their survey westward along Crab Creek south of the Grand Coulee in the great Bend of the Columbia and were stretched out in the picturesque confusion that such parties present when at work in the open country. First came the head flagman, with his red and white rod with its fluttering red pennon giving points of direction to the transit-man behind. About the transit instrument was gathered a little group of skilled engineers, while rapidly coming to the flag, setting their stakes as they came, were the chaining party. The head and rear chain-men bobbing up and down as the stakes were set and drawn like giant curlews. Far in the rear was another little group, the leveling party, and a mile or two to the south was the pack-train passing on westward to camp. At the same time from the north another picturesque party was coming into the scene. Chief Moses of the Klickitats and Okonagans, with an imposing array of his men and women, was coming down to visit the white men who were bringing the *chik-chik wagon* (railroad) into his country. It was a ceremonious occasion, and the chief and his followers were decked out in their finest array, and it is a pity that such scenes took place with no competent artist at hand to place them upon canvas. The Chief was dressed in a splendid buckskin suit, pipe-clayed to almost snowy whiteness, and was riding the finest horse of that whole northern country. He himself was a magnificent looking creature, tall and stately, probably the finest looking and most intellectual Indian chieftain that this Northwest Country has ever known, and the Indians with him were all picked men. Their Indian names have passed out of recollection except that there was one who bore the familiar name of Poker-Jim, so named from his love of the seductive game. There was always in every Indian tribe in those early days some Poker-Jim or Poker-Bill or Poker-something else, but this particular Poker-Jim was an unusually reckless creature, and so is remembered.

When the surveying party approached the mouth of the Wenatchee River and reached the wooded mountains, it became necessary to send to Walla Walla for axes, and Poker-Jim was sent for. How long would it take Poker-Jim to go to Walla Walla and back? Seven days if Poker-Jim went easy, six days if Poker-Jim went fast, five days if Poker-Jim went faster, and four days if Poker-Jim went heap *d—m* fast. How much money would he want beyond his wages to do it in four days? Twenty dollars. All right. Given the proper papers and instructions, in a whirlwind of profanity, lasting blows and swirling dust Poker-Jim disappeared with his pack-horses to the southward. Four days later the whirlwind subdued as to noise but still vindictive as to the lashing came up the trail with the axes to the





surveying camp on the Wenatchee. As the trails went he had crossed the Columbia River four times and had traveled about three hundred miles. Some days later on the trail Poker-Jim was only prevented by the persuasive influence of a revolver from crowding another Indian and his horse over a precipice sheer two hundred feet into the Columbia River. His sufficient excuse was that he had a *mesatchie-tum-tum* (a bad heart) to that Indian.

As there was then much ill feeling between the whites and Indians and Chief Moses had great difficulty in restraining his warriors, there was an element of danger in the occasion that did not detract from its impressiveness and the natural surroundings matched the scene. To the north were the Grim re-entrant Walls of the two great Coulees, and beyond them the Okanagan Hills, directly in front was the black canal-like canyon of the Columbia River and the white peaks of the Cascade Mountains, and to the South and East the yellow plains stretched out to the horizon.

The picture will never be assembled again. The Okanagan Hills, the Coulees and the Mountains stand as of old, but they are fringed with farms, and Chief Moses sleeps with his fathers, and railroad trains go rumbling by his grave. The process of civilization and assimilation is rapidly destroying the picturesque quality of the Indian, and now he must be draped and posed for artistic effect. Even in the pictures that go with this there are suggestions of the change. The somewhat notable Indian called Skookum Wahlihe is partially clothed in white man's attire, and even his name is a curious mingling of the old and new, for *skookum* is the Chinook word for "strong," while Wahlihe is a word out of his own tribal dialect. In ancient times he could never have borne such a name as Skookum. The cunning baby Wallna *Wa-Wa* has also earned a mingled name. Held in the lap of his great-great-grand-mother, worn out with the exactions of the lady of the camera, he is wailing loud and earnestly, and *wa-wa* is the Chinook word for talk and as used in the name it means noisy Wallna, or the baby that talks. There was no word, *Wa-Wa* in Wallna's ancient language.

Sallie Wakygus is half English in name and also in attire, but notwithstanding this, she is a fine figure of a young Indian woman and her Indian dress fortunately almost hides away the English.

Amongst the women the woman of the pestle and mortar is the type of her race. This is not a pose, but the woman's picture is taken at her daily tasks. At Celilo Falls, at the Great Dalles of the Columbia, where she and her people were encamped in temporary huts, she was grinding up dried salmon for the winter supply, as had been the custom of her ancestors for centuries, and there at her work the camera found her, an Indian Caryatid of the Indian social structure.



—Photograph by Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Oregon.



THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER.

WAR SHIPS ON THE WAY TO PORTLAND.

"Husks"

By Edna Pearl Luckey

"ARE you afraid, dear?"

The Girl lifted her eyes to the Boy's and dropped them quickly, a flood of light in her face.

"No," she answered simply.

They sat facing each other on the small seats beside the pilot-house. They had come up here to watch the water and have their joy alone.

Her dreams and books had been full of ideals and ambitions achieved. All her life had been a vague vision of future greatness which softened the rough spots in her present.

She wandered, drowsy from her idealistic imagining, through a world of harsh realities, feeling none. If a garden grew barren of flowers she sat among the waste oblivious, for flowers were always blooming in the world she made.

Women met her and called her clever, but her indolence to seek and harbor favor chilled them. Their interest soon died and she was left in critical isolation among her sex. She had found no time or care for them. When she met them she said the droll, queer things that pleased them and went her way. Her life lay within her and as yet no desire had reached her for contact from without.

To some she was objectionably a snob, to others, aimless, and to the few who had known her longest she was merely queer, clever Mary Mills.

In reality she was a marvel of sleeping energy waiting for a reason for being, a something that would merge her world of dreams into a world of facts, something that would force upon her a realization of the importance of some other living thing beside herself.

She had grown tall and clear skinned, looking with wide-eyed logic upon a sea of things she knew nothing of—and then He came, a laughing boy odorous of the world and its pleasures.

Before her girlish wisdom he knelt and worshiped; worshiped without the desire of even the touch of her hand. God had been kind to let him see her and he was grateful.

There had been only the Other Women in his life and he grew dizzy in her presence as the transient perfumes of the past came back to haunt him.

He thought himself vile, while he was only young and conscious before the shrine.

His reverence pleased her and he walked willingly beside her in the paths that she created for them both. For months of Spring and Summer they were happy. The wood's flowers and the water, the sunset and the stars, were all dazzling accompaniments to the words she spoke.

Once when he was leaving he caught her suddenly in his arms. "I love you, dear," then stricken at his daring his arms fell from her and she was gone.

The next day a note came to him from her:

"Boy:

"All my life I have been alone. I had grown so used to it that I thought it would always be so. Then you came. I felt so sure—I did not think that this could reach me.

"I seem to have been traveling, since I knew you, rapidly from a freezing zone toward a tropic. For gradually I threw one wrap and then another from me—and then suddenly it was warm.

"Now the sun is always shining, even when it rains, and I am grateful.

"MARY."

And he, with all the splendor of this first love glowing in his heart, whispered inarticulate words of gratitude and wonder that she should care for him.

There was only one more day left to them.

They were sitting together on one of the grassy heights overlooking the city, breathing the free, sweet air with the weary leaves of late Summer hectic in a slow consumption. At their feet the city smoked and steamed beneath its labors while they were sadly happy. She would be alone tomorrow.

They watched the river winding indolently beyond their view with the first town of the neighboring state upon its opposite bank.

It had always seemed a sort of wonder to her that so little prelude as a river and ferry-boat could make one state another.

The Boy bent nearer, "Marry me tomorrow, dear."

She turned quickly, startled, toward him.

"Just before I leave, sweetheart."

She still sat speechless.

"I'm afraid, dear—God. When I am with you Heaven is so near. But away all that time—"

"Don't, Boy."

"But I shall be away so long."

He looked at her. To him she was a thing for every man to envy. The thought of leaving her without some definite tie terrified him. The primitive desire for manifestation of property assailed him. There must be some sign that he could see and read and if necessary that others could see and read, that she was his—His, the wonder of it!

The Girl brushed the dejected leaves from her lap and rose, "We must go now."

A sudden blind need to be near her mother came to her. It was a crisis that she did not understand. A longing for the familiar things of home surged through her, and grew more insistent as they hurried among the burnished foliage.

For the first time her world had been peopled, and that night she lay wide-eyed and thoughtful in the dark. She could not bear the loneliness again and the dread of once more hearing only her own lagging footsteps through the silent streets held her in an agony of thought.

She rose, held a match close to her reflection in the mirror and studied her features cruelly. The match burned close and wavered.

"I am almost ugly," she whispered to the shadows, and crept shivering among the covers.

Today she looked pitifully childish there before him with the strange wonder holding her silent.

"Are you afraid, dear?"

His eyes watching her blurred with tenderness.

The ferry bumped on the landing. They passed through a little park where sickly fish wriggled in a slimy fountain. They stood watching them.

The church stood on the corner and the parsonage stood beside it in ivy-grown quietude. A child was skipping rope in the gateway. At their question she rushed in leggy haste toward the kitchen. They were shown into a prim parlor.

The Girl sat carefully on a scarf-draped chair. The Boy stood watching a spider work its web in a gilded horseshoe. The gaudy curtains parted and the wife greeted them eagerly, smiling, a delighted curiosity in her eyes. She sat wiping the last drops of moisture from her hands with her apron.

"The Minister will be here in a minute," she said conversationally. And she leaned toward them, a sort of gratitude in her bearing for this welcome break in a long monotony.

Presently the Minister came with his suave cheerfulness and well-worn jokes that his wife still patiently applauded.

The Girl asked for a short service and wondered if the Boy were frightened, or if she imagined his pallor.

The Boy stood close beside her for fear it was faintness that drew the white lines about her eyes and mouth.

The Minister began. Their answers were low and repressed.

Two children with shining eyes slipped between the curtains and stood watching. The Girl riveted her eyes on the freckled one and fought down the quivering in her throat. When the Boy bungled the ring she replaced it for him.

"I pronounce you Man and Wife."

The light in the Boy's eyes hurt her, and she turned away—a need for justification before the plain woman who beamed upon them.

"May I speak to your wife a moment?" Her voice was harsh and she moistened her lips rapidly as she followed the neat, monotonous figure to the kitchen.

The woman stopped, waiting, expectant.

"I wanted you to know, please, that we are not here because our parents objected, or because of anything of that sort. Only we are to be separated for a long time and we thought this would be best. Later it will be done again. This will be our secret until then."

She touched a glass of crystal jelly meditatively. "It is very nice," and moved toward the door. When she reached the curtains she turned, "He leaves tonight."

The woman watched her delightedly as she joined the Boy who was folding a freshly-blotted paper.

"No, you keep it," she said.

She turned to the Minister, "You were very kind. Good-bye—And thank you for listening," she said with her hand on the woman's arm.

The Boy, his face luminous, waited for her at the gate.

She walked to the extreme edge of the dock and sat down on a pile of lumber. He followed her, silently.

"What are those big poles tied together in a cluster like that for?"

"They indicate the channel for the ferry. One could not stand alone so they wire three together like that for security."

"They look so uncomfortable with their tops lashed like that. They try so hard to rub away."

"I suppose they're married."

"Don't, Boy. Do you suppose we will ever feel tied?"

"We'll try not, dear."

They sat watching the water, silently, for a long time. Finally the Girl spoke.

"Laddie, when you go away I shan't be with you and you will meet a great many people. They will be different, perhaps; you know we can't govern these things." She saw her pale reflection in the glass with glowing match above it and shivered slightly. "Perhaps you might care more for someone. I only ask one thing, dear; come back and be quite sure that I am just as you thought me, and if you decide in her favor—be quite frank with me. I will not make it harder for you."

He looked at her gravely, "I will, dear."

"The only difference now to what it was before, is that we must not seek diversion. You know, laddie, a diamond is awfully good, and, too, it is awfully clear and awfully hard, but if we try we can mar it. That's the only thing, just give it decent care."

"I will, dear," and the great grave Boy took the grave Girl's hand and watched the posts rub fretfully together.

"We must go now," and silently she led the way. He watched her lithe figure swing down the incline and his heart swelled with love for her.

The bell rang and they were once more ashore.

"I think I would rather leave you here," she said.

The Boy was gone. A need to do something, to employ herself, perpetually teased her. Little by little she found herself seeking out the people he had known.

She felt stray and isolated and lived only from one letter to the next. Gradually she found herself involved in parties of girls and men whom he had known at school or college. Unconsciously she sought them more and more frequently, stirring out of her indolence to please them. And so she began to see the sun rise over her moonlit world of dreams and view realities.

Her marriage seemed a picture with neither perspective or coloring. She said to herself, "I am his wife," and the words fell without meaning. Yet there was a quiet peace in the knowledge. So, they stayed apart, idealizing each other.

If she had lived less frequently with ideals the long separation would have been painful. Constituted as she was she derived a definite pleasure from the parting in the vague dreams of their future life together.

She had transferred her accumulated ambitions for herself to him and had flung her energies toward the accomplishment of his success with such force that the Man was rapidly becoming an Idea, for which she worked with unceasing labor.

In her naive perception she realized that the more friends she accumulated, the easier his way would be professionally, and she was indefatigable in her quest.

During the time, other women met and touched his life closely but she was the White Woman of the Shrine.

At the end of four years he returned and found her waiting, younger than when he left her, an odd untouched-by-the-worldness in her face. With infinite daring he took her in his arms and kissed her.

A week later they were married, and the world began swinging according to their long dreamed plans, he applying himself to his profession and she surrounding herself with the agreeable people that he enjoyed.

For a woman to whom friends came easily this attitude of effort would have been eliminated. Friends would have been an incident instead of a career itself. She was essentially an extremist and from the total isolation of her youth she flung herself into its opposite.

He, bearing toward her a reverence of an almost extravagant degree and feeling the force of her desire for their perfect happiness, worked at his profession, leaving her more and more to herself.

Thus these two splendid creatures, by virtue of their own great virtue, worked diligently at their own destruction.

In three years there had been only one rift in the plastic harmony of their union.

At the crisis, when he was crushed and humiliated by the weight of his transgression, she had met the emergency with perfect calmness.

She came to him shimmeringly beautiful. The cool curve of her shoulder exquisite in the half light, the perfume of her garments sweetly insistent.

He rose to meet her, a flood of possession surged suddenly over him and stopped half way.

"Boy." Her voice came coolly and he sank abashed into a chair as she continued. There was no abuse, no vituperation, no jagged edges. He made no attempt at justification—she seemed to require none.

When she had finished she came and stood beside his chair, the insistent perfume haunting him.

"Boy—"

A longing to crush her in his arms—for the tears that he might soothe by broken promise of repentences to feel her cling to him, to strengthen her and minister to her doubt in him by his tenderness.

But she only laid her hand absently on his shoulder—"Boy, when a garden first begins to grow there are a number of small leaves that thrust up in it. We cannot tell just at first which is weed and which is flower. But when they are a little taller and we can discriminate we must take care that the weeds do not remain for, before we realize it, we have grown a weed garden instead of a flower garden—and—we have worked hard to have ours a flower garden."

She kissed his hair lightly, "Good night."

And that was all.

He sat there silently.

Presently he lifted his head. "My God," he said, "My God."

Later he fumbled among the papers on his desk and found a picture. He looked at it long and searchingly.

The girl's clear eyes looked out from under the drooping hat, smiling into his. The reposeful lips, the chin,—she had looked so when they had watched the sickly fish wriggling in the fountain and she had gravely lifted her lips to his.

That was the girl he had married, but the woman who had stood there shimmeringly beautiful with her majestic judgment toward his weakness, her unfailing logic and impersonal justice, chilled him.

"My God," he repeated, "My God," and he forgot his first abasement at her discovery of his error in the misery at the coldness that was steadily gathering about his heart.

The next week her sister came bringing a glow of health and interest. Gradually it became a habit for him to rise early and ride with her and listen to her chatter across the breakfast table.

Little by little she crept into his life, warming it with her little errors and prejudices, her passions of temper and remorse, her delight in fun and irregularity.

They were constantly together and laughingly admitted to a dignified restraint when her sister, which rarely happened, accompanied them.

Mary went on in her placid way. That she had taken a man's life and glutted it with successful achievement and starved it for the primitive realities, that, however, unconscious the craving might be now, a full awakening was not far distant for him—such an idea never entered her head.

So they drifted.

"Was Mr. Winthrope in?" The melody of a piano floated uncertainly down to him as he stood waiting for the maid's reply.

No, Mr. Winthrope was not in.

Would she kindly take Mr. Wilson's card to Mrs. Winthrope and ask if she would see Mr. Wilson, who was an old friend of Mr. Winthrope's at college?

"Yes." Would the visitor have the kindness to be seated while madam was informed that Mr. Wilson waited below?

Mr. Wilson would, and while the maid's footsteps died away he sat musing at his surroundings. Suddenly his eyes fell on a picture hanging low and catching the full light of the window behind him.

"Hello." He went forward to examine it closer. "Millais. I wouldn't expect Jack's wife to care much for that sort of thing," and then he turned and saw Jack's wife coming toward him. Tall, slim, her white gown trailing softly behind her.

"I am so sorry Mr. Winthrope is not in. I am expecting him almost directly. You will wait?"

The soft purity of her tone held him. Yes, he would be glad to wait since Mrs. Winthrope was so kind.

The smile flashed out to answer him.

His eye sought the painting on the wall. It no longer seemed strange to him. This was the beginning.

Soon it became the natural thing for

her to play to him during the long, sultry afternoons or sit out under the trees reading, while Elizabeth flitted in and out in her never-ending activities or rode or played tennis with Jack.

"You indolent things," Elizabeth had called to them one day, waving her racket.

"I deny it," Mary answered. "We work our heads, while you broil your bodies in the sun."

"What a happy girl your sister is," Wilson had said.

"Yes, she and Jack are great chums," she sighed and her eyes followed the departing figures.

Elizabeth was going back to college in the morning and she and Jack had gone for one last round upon the links. Wilson and Mary were to join them later at the club house and arrange luncheon.

When Wilson drew up at the Winthrope's, Mary was standing on the porch in the midst of baskets and rugs looking up at the sky.

"Do you think it is going to rain?"

"I'm not much of a prophet," he answered, throwing the lever in place; "but you had better get on something beside that." He motioned to her white dress.

She glanced down meditatively at the smooth white expanse, a thoughtful frown puckering her brow.

"Do you think so?" and she turned obediently toward the door. "It will only take me a moment," and ran lightly up the stairs to her room.

His eyes filled suddenly with the tenderness that her quick obedience brought flooding to his heart.

He shook himself impatiently. "Don't be a fool," and began carrying the rugs and baskets to the motor.

Before he had finished she was standing beside him. "Is this better?"

"It is a great deal safer." He stood watching her, "How well you wear grey!"

She flushed slightly, "That's nice of you," adding quickly, "Those children will get soaked and so will we if we don't hurry."

He assisted her silently and soon they were speeding along the smooth road, racing to reach the club before the rain drops caught them.

There was no one waiting on the low spreading veranda, and while a fire was laid in the huge fire place, after searching through the kitchen and two locker rooms no sign was found of either Jack or Elizabeth.

"That's odd. Elizabeth always leaves her hat here," said Mary.

"Never mind, we'll get the kettle boiling. They'll turn up after a time."

But the only thing that came was the rain drops in a quick patter on the roof.

It was an hour past the time agreed for luncheon and Wilson had opened the hamper and drawn a little table to Mary's side. As she rose to assist him, he interposed quickly:

"No, you are the queen today. Let me show you how well I can serve you."

She laughingly complied and leaned back in her low chair before the blazing hearth.

When he had lifted the bubbling coffee from the crane and poured in the cold water to settle it, she smiled, "You do do it rather well, you know."

"Wait until I pour it for you," he answered proudly.

He was putting in the sugar and she opened her lips to tell him the amount.

"Sh-h, not a word. I remember," and the two lumps followed by the exact quantity of cream went in and the steaming coffee after it. He brought it around, steadying it in both hands, and placed it beside her plate.

She half rose to turn her chair toward the table, when he caught her hand, compelling her back into her seat once more.

"Didn't I tell you you were the queen? Do queens move their own chairs?"

She sank back laughing, "Very well, Sir Vassal."

And he, leaning over the back, caught the arms of the chair and swung her quickly around facing the table.

She had turned her head slightly at his unexpected movement, bringing her face so close to his that he felt her breath warm against his cheek.

He stood back breathing quickly.

"What a strong slave you are," she said, picking up her spoon.

"It is necessary to be strong to serve one's queen well," he answered.

She sat looking at him smiling, her eyes bright, her fine, dark head resting against the back of the chair, her hands lying idle upon the arms.

"Do you know, when you look like that—I thought of it the first time I saw you—you remind me of Iseult of Ireland?"

She leaned forward quickly, "Ah, don't say that. She was sad—I'm not."

"She was not sad when she drank from the cup with Tristram," he replied, looking in her eyes.

"No. But—" she stopped, confused, and arose. "I don't believe they are coming at all," she said over her shoulder from the window.

The rain was falling in determined sheets and the light from the fire was beginning to throw shadows in the gloom. Wilson was replacing the things in the hamper, his lips pressed firmly together.

"Do you—do you think we could possibly get home in this?" she asked after a pause.

"No. I left the storm hood at home."

"Then we must stay here—longer?"

He came and stood beside her. "Yes, we must wait here."

She looked up at him quickly, a shrinking entreaty in her eyes.

He took her hand gently, "Don't worry, dear, I won't say any more."

She went back to her seat by the hearth and he piled wood upon the coals until the flames blazed through the room. He finished strapping the hamper and brought her a magazine that some one had forgotten and left her, to carry the baskets and rugs out to the shed where his motor stood.

He came back presently. "It is easing up a bit. By the time you get your things on I think we can go."

She rose and went silently to the locker room for her wraps. She loitered over them and when she returned he was extinguishing the last sparks of the fire.

"I am ready," she said, and stood waiting for him.

When she was seated he wrapped her carefully in the rugs. The low-toned thanks came as if from some one he had just met. He looked up into her eyes once and only a numb misery met the dark pain in his.

It was still raining slightly and he gave all his attention to the machine. The miles slipped by in silence and finally they were home.

"I will carry these in for you," he said, and she, leading the way, stopped at the stairs, waiting for him.

The baskets placed in the dining room, he returned to where she stood, looking into her eyes.

"This is good-bye, dear; I shall go sometime tonight."

"Oh," her hand went up to her lips quickly.

"It is the only way—now."

"Yes. You will see Jack first?"

"Now, if I may?"

She turned and silently ascended the stairs, through the library and stopped suddenly at the sound of sobbing from the little music room beyond.

Wilson saw it first and moved to snatch Mary away from the view of it, when she turned her white, startled face toward him.

"Come away, dear, come away."

But she stood still, staring at the sobbing girl in the chair and the man who knelt beside her, crying out to her brokenly:

"Beth, dearest, dearest, don't cry like that."

And Mary turned and went swiftly from the room, down the broad stairs to the door.

"Good-bye," she said.

He looked at her pale face. "I can't leave you like this.

She smiled wearily. "Good-bye," she repeated.

"Only this—if I can ever help—at all—in anything—anyway—you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

He caught her hands quickly. And the door closed upon the still woman standing alone in the gloomy hall.

Elizabeth was gone. Wilson was gone. Jack sat with a book staring into the fire. Mary played softly in the room beyond. It was Grieg and the sobbing notes stopped abruptly. She came to the door.

"Yes?" he inquired without looking up.

She came to him quickly, "I am so sorry, Laddie."

Yes?" he asked again.

"About it—everything. That you care—that things are not different."

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes." The aching pain in her own heart understood the weary misery in his eyes.

"Isn't there some way out, dear?"

He shook his head.

She smoothed his hair silently. A longing to comfort him; to take him in her arms like a weary child and sooth the ache.

He seemed to feel the tenderness and groped for her hand resting on his shoulder.

Finally she said, "Did you ever love me, dear?"

His voice came wearily, "I don't know."

"Did I ever love you?"

"Sometimes I've thought so,—but I don't know." His voice was empty and hopeless before the tangled problem of their relation.

Her voice came sadly, "Is there any chance for us, Boy?"

He rose and drew her to the light.

In her eyes, he saw her sister's rebellious tears, in her lips, resting so bravely together, he saw the other's grieved trembling and dimpling errors.

The distant memory of her words to him that day on the wharf, when they watched the posts rub fretfully together, came back to her. "Am I just as you thought I was then, dear?"

Suddenly he bent and kissed her. "More."

But his heart knew that man, since the beginning, had worshiped such nobility, but human love, alas, craved human weakness.

Pinwah, the Indian Girl:
Her Life and Adventures

By Fannie Le Brette



HISTORY began for Pinwah in her eleventh year. Before that, every day was alike, and every day equally happy. Nature provided liberally for her child. Field, forest and water contributed to her enjoyment. The notes of the birds were as familiar as the voices of her friends, and almost as dear.

Born in a chieftain's family, she was brighter than the ordinary Indian, and possessed more will power.

Before her awakening the most stirring event in her life was the coming home of a deer. This meant new dolls for herself and her older sister Selpay. Not the least interesting part was the making of them. When the meat had been eaten off the shoulder blade, they scraped it with a rock till it was perfectly white and smooth. Then their mother dressed it in buckskin and strapped it on a board. They carried it on their back as their mother had carried them.

The coming of the Hudson's Bay Trading Post, up the Columbia, near their home, was her first glimpse into the outer world.

This was followed by a school. It did not meet Pinwah's approval, and she would not attend. One day in her wanderings through the woods she came suddenly into the clearing where the schoolhouse stood. She drew near to examine the windows. With an eye for everything new, she did not see her friends through the open window, but a tall, white-faced man, with eyes like the sky. When he beckoned to her, she stepped in gravely through the window, which was conveniently near the ground. This caused a laugh among the children in which Pinwah and the teacher joined.

The teacher gave her a chair beside him, and before school closed they were fast friends. She readily promised to come to school.

Next morning, while the dew was still sparkling on every leaf and flower, she skipped down to the river. Taking off

her moccasins, she sat on a flat rock with her feet in the water. She listened with her accustomed pleasure to her unpaid musicians, the birds. She thought they had never sung so sweetly. Full of joy and life she little dreamed how the day would end. A shout from the bank awakened her from her day dreams. Her sister, and a number of other children, were preparing a raft. It was a holiday and they were bent on having a gay time. She hastily put on her moccasins and joined them. The raft was soon made and shoved into the water. Two small pieces of split board served as paddles. The birch bark with which the logs were held together proved too frail, and two of them parted, letting Pinwah into the water. When she sank, the logs closed over her. In a few minutes, one of the older girls had pried the logs apart, and when she arose they dragged her on the raft, more dead than alive. She was unconscious, and the children thought she was dead. They carried her to the nearest tepee, placed her by a hot fire, and rubbed her briskly till signs of life appeared.

The children felt very sad, for she was a great favorite. Fever followed, and death seemed imminent. When the delirium was past, and she was able to recognize her friends, she seemed in a new world. No sound broke the stillness. The moving lips of her friends conveyed no thoughts to her. When she went out of doors for the first time the truth dawned upon her—she was deaf. She listened in vain for her old time songsters to greet her. Were they silent forever? It was a bitter thought. She threw herself down under a tree and cried violently. Everything she loved was gone. Even the happy school days she had planned had vanished. She wondered why her friends, the birds, could fly about and sing so joyfully when her heart was so heavy. Noticing a step she looked up and saw her blue-eyed teacher. He knelt beside her and took her in his strong arms. When she became quiet, they went for a walk in the woods. He showed her some things she had not seen before, while she brought to his notice whole beds of soft mosses and ferns that were a revelation to him. It was a smiling, happy maiden he left at the tepee a few hours later, instead of the tearful, sorrowful one, he found in the woods.

Shortly after this her father died. He left plenty to supply them for some time, but Pinwah's half-brothers and sisters took everything to make a feast and potlatch, leaving them very poor. The mother did her best to make a living for herself and her girls, but it was a hard struggle. The girls helped by picking berries and digging roots. The roots were often hard to find. When climbing a steep mountain one day in search of some, Pinwah slipped and fell over a rock among sharp stones. Badly cut and bruised, she was carried home in an unconscious condition. For the second time they despaired of her life. Youth and health again rolled back the gates of death. When she became strong enough to help her mother, winter had come. On account of her illness her mother had not been able to lay by any extra supplies, and soon want stared them in the face. The mother was in despair. No work was to be had; no provisions were offered. When only a few berries remained, the girls awoke one morning to find themselves motherless. Where she had gone they knew not; a fall of snow prevented them following her. Three days they were imprisoned. On the third day they had neither food nor wood. Wrapped in their thin blankets they huddled together for warmth. Hopeless and sad, they were both crying, when the door was pushed aside and the blue-eyed teacher entered. Pinwah sprang forward with a cry of joy. He called to see them when passing, little knowing how much he was needed. He gave them each a dollar and promised to send their friends for them. When he left, Pinwah pressed into his hand a little beaded purse. He looked down and smiled his thanks. As he put it in his pocket, he motioned to her it would be safe. She stood at the door as he galloped away. Just as he vanished behind a clump of bushes, he doffed his cap as gracefully as if Pinwah was a princess. She went in with a happy face. She felt well repaid for the many hours she had spent on that little keepsake.

The white man had been a swift messenger, for, in less than an hour, the Indians came for them. They were shocked to find them alone without either food or fire. They took them home and cared for them. Next day an uncle came to see them. He said he could take one, but not both, because he had a large family. Selpay was chosen, so Pinwah had to make her home with a half-brother who had a

grudge against her parents. Pinwah had often heard her mother speak of the bitter quarrel which had arisen in their family. Her parents were beyond his vengeance, so he determined to wreak it on their helpless child.

Poor Pinwah! Life was a burden. Half starved, over-worked and ill-treated, she felt the full weight of her brother's revenge. Instead of being allowed to eat with the family, she was obliged to sit at the door and take whatever was flung her, provided she was quicker than the dogs. At the end of a year another half-brother came to visit. He was very angry at the treatment his sister was receiving, but, for prudential reasons, said nothing. In disposition he was the very opposite of his brother. He went home determined to engage the good offices of his wife in Pinwah's behalf.

This was not hard to do. One bright day she went in quest of her sister, and none too soon. She had been cruelly whipped that morning for expressing a desire to live with her other brother. Pinwah saw her sister-in-law coming, as she sat outside, and guessed who it was. Her cruel mistress saw her, too, and knew her errand. She sat down beside Pinwah, and put her head in her lap in a very loving way.

With one hand she caressed her, with the other she pinched her to make her sit quiet. In spite of her show of affection, her sister saw the look of pain on the child's face as she rode up. She asked Pinwah to go home with her for a visit. Her brother's wife said "No," very decidedly. "I will not let Pinwah go, for her brother and I would be lonesome without her."

"Yes," said the other one scornfully, "lonesome for someone to scold from daylight till dark. I know how you have used her all this time. You have treated her worse than your dogs, worse than a slave, and yet, when I offer her a home, you refuse to let her go. You are taking revenge on a poor, helpless girl."

She dismounted, touched Pinwah on the shoulder and said, "I've come to take you away."

Pinwah knew by the motion of her lips what she said, and her look of sorrow changed to joy. When her sister mounted her horse again as if to leave, she almost screamed, she was so afraid she was going to be left. Her sister smiled, wheeled her horse around and held out her hand. Pinwah saw and understood. Quick as a flash she was astride the horse behind her sister and they were off.

The rage of her late mistress knew no bounds. She shook her fist at them as they vanished in the distance. Their only reply was a laugh. They reached home at sunset.

It was a comfortable house. When Pinwah's hunger was satisfied, she was put in a tub of warm water before going to bed. When she awakened in the morning she found clean clothes at her side. Her sister-in-law had sat up most of the night to prepare them. They were coarse and ill-fitting, but to Pinwah nothing could be nicer. She went out into the bright sunlight and gathered flowers till breakfast was ready. It was some time before she could get accustomed to having enough to eat. They were very kind to her and allowed her to stay out of doors most of the time, that she might grow strong again. At the end of a year she was tall and strong, with a clear, healthy complexion. After she had been there three years a step-sister she had never seen came to visit them. She stayed a week. She wanted Pinwah to go home with her. Pinwah refused, but her sister felt so badly she finally consented.

With tears, she left her good friends for her new home. They were loth to see her go, for they distrusted Racanmalks. Their suspicions were well founded. Instead of taking Pinwah home, she went to an out-of-the-way place, which Pinwah recognized as a white man's ranch. When they rode up, a tall, dark man came to the door. He fixed his eyes upon Pinwah in an unpleasant manner. She could not bear to look at him. She knew they were talking about her. He drew a bag of silver from his pocket and placed one piece after another in her sister's hand until she was satisfied. Her sister ordered her to get off her horse. She refused, knowing what was coming. The white man lifted her down and carried her struggling into the house, where he locked her in a small room. She threw herself upon the bed in the room and cried more bitterly by far than ever before. She had been sold body and soul by her own sister. The thought was intolerable. She knew perfectly well she was in the white man's power, that there was no hope of escaping while those cruel black eyes were watching her. She

paced the room when she tired of the bed, for there was no rest for her. At night-fall the bolt was drawn and her captor brought in her supper. She had eaten nothing since morning, and was hungry, but she would not touch the food. He patted her on the head and tried to comfort her, but each caress was like a stinging blow to poor Pinwah. She spent three miserable weeks in this place. Her sister came to see her quite often, but Pinwah would not speak to her. The white man was kind, but she despised him more and more every day. She could not understand why he kept her, because she did no work except when he was around the house to watch her. She would have been more miserable had she known that as soon as he could teach her to trust him, he intended to make her his housekeeper and wife.

Her own sister, Selpay, in her happy home, heard of the treatment Pinwah had received, and determined to rescue her. She rode up to the white man's at the same time as Racanmalks. They walked up the path together, but neither spoke till they reached the door, when Selpay said, wrathfully, "A pretty way to treat our youngest sister. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The One that is above us will punish you for this."

Racanmalks hung her head as if she felt the merited rebuke. The white man bade them enter. Selpay's look of hatred and contempt did not escape his eye. When she asked for her sister, he hesitated a moment, then went to her room and brought her. The two sisters were soon in each other's arms, sobbing quietly. Every movement was watched by the white man, lest his prisoner should escape. For nearly an hour they talked together.

When they saw the white man and their sister interested in something they quietly went out of the door. Selpay mounted her horse, and motioned to Pinwah, who went around the wagon out of sight and mounted behind her. Selpay did not wait to open the gate, which her sister had taken the precaution to close. Her horse leaped it, almost throwing Pinwah, who was not prepared for a ride in the air. Their flight was not noticed till they were some distance from the house. Their sister immediately mounted her horse and pursued them. It was a swift one, and she expected without doubt to bring back the runaway. Just as she started, they turned a point that hid them from her sight, and they knew that if they could turn a second point ahead before she reached this one, they would be out of sight for some time. They did not expect to escape by fair means. Their horse was already fatigued and the dense brush on each side forbade them entering the bush with him. Fortunately, they reached the second point in time to escape notice. They sprang from their horse, gave it a sharp cut with their whip, which sent it dashing down the road. They plunged into the dense underbrush and were soon lost to sight. If they could find their way, this would be a short-cut to their uncle's home. Their sister followed the horse for about two miles, when she came up to him quietly feeding on the hill-side.

She was very angry to think she had been duped, but was forced to return to the white man empty-handed. She went home after giving him the promise she would yet bring him his housekeeper. In their haste to escape, the girls lost their way. After wandering about for some time they decided to camp for the night. Selpay had taken her blanket and bag of edibles off the horse, so they were not destitute. Having found a suitable camping place, they built a large fire and ate their supper. They raked a lot of leaves together for their bed, put a large log on the fire and went to rest. It was late before sleep found them, and the sun was shining brightly before they awoke in the morning. After dividing the remaining half of their lunch they started on their way again. They wandered aimlessly about, as much puzzled as they had been the night before to know what way to go. On making a sudden turn, they noticed a tall man ahead of them. As they drew nearer, Pinwah recognized her old friend, the blue-eyed teacher. He had not forgotten them in the four years which had elapsed since his memorable visit to their wretched home. He gave them a hearty greeting. He looked admiringly at Pinwah who had developed into an Indian beauty. She was tall, slight, and graceful in movements. Her features were regular, her skin clear, her eyes sparkled and her unbound black hair, which hung to her knees, made a suitable frame for the picture. Fred Marvin thought he had never seen a prettier girl. After putting them on the trail, he wished them "Good luck," and plunged into the wood again with his dogs. Pinwah was happy as she neared her uncle's

home; glad because she had escaped slavery, and happy because she had met her old friend again. Selpay's life had been a peaceful one and she was shocked to hear how cruelly Pinwah had been treated. The sun was setting as they entered the village.

Pinwah was kindly welcomed by her uncle, and a bountiful supper was soon placed before them. After hearing her story, her uncle opened his heart as well as his home to his ill-used niece. Pinwah was delighted to be again by the side of her beloved river, the Columbia.

In swimming Pinwah excelled her sister, but in boating Selpay carried the palm. Pinwah had a strong love for the beautiful. This she showed by her unwearied search for new and rare flowers. Their home, a good log house, was always sweetened by the fragrance of wild blossoms. Their old friend Fred happened along there quite often now, and was welcomed by one at least. Her uncle often warned her against this white man, whom he did not consider worthy of his favorite niece. Fred Marvin, like many another youth, in his desire for adventure and freedom, had despised his birthright. Well connected and highly educated, he might have stood well in his chosen profession as physician and dentist had he remained in the East. He first came West with the Hudson Bay Company, and served them in various capacities, besides practicing his profession, for which he did not seem to have much love. To crush his growing love for Pinwah he went back to his home. A union with her was not repugnant to him, for, since he had grown so familiar with the Indians, all barriers had fallen down. He knew it would distress his parents, so he determined to flee from danger. Without bidding Pinwah "good-bye," he set sail for New York. He found his friends unchanged, but he no longer felt at home among them. His wild Western life wooed him continually, and his old companions, not finding him congenial, dropped off one by one. To marry an Indian would not only anger his parents, but also cut off his prospects of a share in their estate. Yet he saw no one who, in his eyes, was more beautiful than Pinwah, and he determined to return and marry her.

His mother was heart-broken when she heard it, and begged him to remain at home, but he was not to be persuaded.

"I love you, mother," he said; "but I love Pinwah more, though she is an uneducated Indian girl."

He sailed at once for the West and never again returned home.

Pinwah was very happy at her uncle's till one day, when she and her sister went down the river with him for supplies at the Trading Post. Their canoe glided swiftly down over the tumbling, rolling waves, and they were soon able to draw to shore at an Indian village and camp. As they bustled about their newly-made fire, who should appear but their mother. It was a joyful meeting.

She had stolen away from them in kindness. She knew their father's friends would care for them, if she were no longer there. Having no means of providing more food, she determined to go before the berries were all gone. The snow storm was an unexpected enemy hindering the friends from visiting them as usual. When homes were found for the girls she went away to Montana. Her land had been rented to a white man, but she had come back to take possession. The girls begged her to go home with them, but she refused. "If I get lonesome I will visit you."

Their uncle was much pleased to meet his sister when he returned from the river. They spread a cloth on the grass and ate their supper together. After supper the girls put up their tent and before dewfall they were all comfortably seated around a fire inside of it. Two young men, whom they recognized as their cousins, came in.

When Pinwah sprang up to greet them, one of them shook his finger warningly, and pointed outside. Quick-witted Pinwah understood at once. The white man, who considered himself her rightful owner, was after her. She looked helplessly at her mother, who quickly threw back some blankets and motioned her to jump under. In a moment she was out of sight and her uncle and mother went on with their conversation as if nothing had happened. Suddenly the door robe was thrown back and the white man entered. He looked embarrassed after glancing around the tent. The young men seemed surprised at this extraordinary behavior and asked him if he wanted anything. He shook his head. Motioning to their mother he led her out to his wagon. Throwing back the canvas, he showed her groceries and clothing enough to last her a year.

"If you will show me where to find Pinwah, all this will be yours, and more, too, if you want it." She shook her head and walked back to the tent. The white man stared after her in amazement. He could not realize that she had despised such a good offer. He decided on another plan that he was sure could work. Two hours later he sought the young men and offered them a bottle of whiskey if they would find Pinwah. They said they would do the best they could. After drinking the whiskey, they began searching for her. They had taken her to an old shack, where she was to remain till they could row her across the river out of the white man's way. Not knowing but what she might have to remain all night, she had taken her blankets and was now lying comfortably in the loft. Not feeling safe, she peeped through the cracks, and almost screamed when she saw the white man coming toward the cabin. He did not enter, but someone else searched below stairs. When she detected his foot on the ladder she siezed a pole and vowed she would kill the white man before she would be taken. A full moon streaming through every opening made it almost as light as day. Her uplifted pole fell when she saw her cousin appear at the hatch. They told the white man they would search the cabin, and then cross the river, for perhaps she had gone over there. Trusting them, he went away to feed his horses. They took Pinwah down to the river and rowed her across before he came back. Pinwah was so glad she clasped both by the hands and thanked them with her tears. After remaining a few moments the boys returned and told the white man, who was anxiously awaiting them, that she had been in town, but had gone they knew not where.

"We told you we would do the best we could, and the best we could do was to help her escape."

The white man's anger was like a hurricane when he saw how he had been fooled. He threatened and swore, while the boys yelled in derision.

Finally they left him to settle the matter by himself, while they went back to the tent to sleep. Peals of laughter were ringing through the tent when he went for his horses and that made him still more angry.

After returning from the East, Fred Marvin had taken charge of one of the Hudson Bay Trading Posts on the river. He was coming in with a load of goods the night Pinwah fled from the white man, and overtook her as she trudged along in the moonlight. In surprise he jumped from his wagon and accosted her.

"What are you doing away out here this time of the night?" he said in her language.

In the clear moonlight every word on his lips was visible, and she quickly returned, "I did not choose to come. I had no errand. I stay because I must."

He lifted her into the wagon and when they were on their way again she told him the whole story.

He was very indignant. When he had told her of his visit East, he said, "Pinwah, do you remember that little beaded purse you gave me one morning, so many years ago? I have traveled a great deal since then, but I have never let it slip out of my fingers. It has grown more precious each day since I received it. I have decided to put it into your hands and not take it back unless the giver goes with it."

Pinwah hung her head in confusion and turned the purse over and over in her hands. Without looking up she slowly handed it back. He lifted the hand that held it to his lips. She dropped her head on his shoulder and cried like a child. He gently stroked her hair in a comforting way that soothed her.

"Uncle will never consent," she said, in a broken voice.

"You won't let him separate us, will you, Pinwah?" said Fred, anxiously.

"No, never," was the firm reply.

He kissed her as he let her down at a friendly Indian's door.

"I don't like to leave you, Pinwah; I have an uneasy feeling. Are you sure you are well?"

"I'm all right. You won't be gone long, will you, Fred?"

"No, I'll come as soon as I can."

After another good-bye kiss he sprang into his wagon and left her.

She knew better than he what the future held. For some reason, unknown to Pinwah, her uncle had a bitter dislike to Fred, and she knew he would rather see her dead than married to him. It was a sad-faced girl that signaled for her uncle and sister as they came up the river next day. It was not unnoticed by her keen-eyed uncle. Selpay had many questions to ask about her adventures, but her uncle

was silent. He could not think why she was unhappy, now she had escaped the white man. He had some suspicions, but said nothing. Their canoe was heavily loaded, and it required their united strength to move it up stream, so little time was left for conversation. A short time after they reached home the uncle found Pinwah sitting by the fire and he sat down beside her.

"Pinwah, have you seen Fred lately?"

All fear vanished at the mention of her lover's name.

"Yes; I saw him last night, and I promised to marry him."

The old man's face darkened with rage as he stood over her with clenched fists.

"You promised to marry that good-for-nothing white man without my consent? I'll see you dead first."

"I'll die before I'll give him up," was the reply.

"I guess you will," said her uncle sneeringly. "I'll make you give him up, if I have to whip you to death."

"You can try it now if you want to," said Pinwah, angrily.

He turned and left her. At the door he paused and said, "You'll break that promise before you leave this room." He locked the door and went away.

"They'll have to keep me here forever, if they expect me to break my promise," said Pinwah to herself. She was too angry to cry at her uncle, and angry at herself for speaking as she had done to him. She knew she owed him more than she could ever pay, for he had given her a home and had been very kind to her. Morning wore into noon, and nightfall came, but no one appeared to release her. She wondered if they were going to starve her into submission, and smiled at the thought. When next morning brought nothing to satisfy her young appetite, she began to think it was not such a foolish thought after all. At noon her uncle came and said he had called the Chief and his men to hold a council over her. He asked her once more to marry a man of his choosing.

"No," was the firm reply; "I won't break my promise to Fred."

"Then the Chief and his men must decide."

He walked sadly out of the room, for he loved his young niece, and nothing but a desire to do his duty forced him to such a disagreeable task. He thought she would thank him in the future for snatching her from what he considered would be a life of misery. Pinwah was standing in the middle of the room when the Chief and his men came in. Young and old stared at her in pity and admiration, as they filed in past her. There was not a man among them who did not wish himself out of the disagreeable business. When they were seated, she faced them with a look of defiance. The old Chief rose slowly and gathered his brilliantly-colored blanket about him with an air of uneasiness.

"Pinwah," he said, "is it true you're intending to marry a white man?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Why do you want to leave your tribe for a white man your uncle does not like?"

"Because I love him, and have promised to marry him. I will not answer any more questions. You may do as you please with me, but I will not submit; I will die first."

"Then," said the old Chief, turning to his men, "you may do your work. Whip her till she yields."

He expected her to fall on her knees and beg for mercy, but she stood as determined as ever. After being bound hand and foot, Pinwah was whipped till she thought she would die.

At last the old Chief could stand it no longer. Holding out his hand, as a signal, he said, huskily, "That's enough. If her uncle is still determined to force her into submission he may do as he likes, but we will go to our homes."

Turning with a disappointed air, he led the way out of the room.

Left alone, Pinwah burst into tears for the first time since her imprisonment. Mentally and physically she was exhausted and nature called for relief. She had tasted no water since the day before, yet no one came near to assuage her sufferings by a cooling draught. Being unable to move from the spot where they left her intensified her pain. The door was not locked, but bound as she was, there was no release. About noon next day, one of her cousins, a little boy of four, came in. She begged him to bring her a drink. He soon returned with a large dipperful, which he held to her lips as best he could. Pinwah thought she had never tasted such good water, though her dress received a larger share than her mouth. Young as the boy was, he realized he had done a kindness to his cousin, and he walked proudly from the room. He promised not to tell, but

it is doubtful if he kept his word, for that night the door was locked and poor Pinwah got no more stolen drinks.

Next day, when she was beginning to think death would be her only release from her misery, her uncle entered and sat down beside her.

"Are you ready to submit?" he asked.

"No," was the quick response. "You may let me die here without food and water if you want to, but I will keep my promise so long as I have breath to tell you."

Things looked serious, and the old man began to be frightened. After thinking a few minutes, he decided to let Pinwah go and if she would not relent, force her to marry an Indian. He unbound the cords and told her to go to supper.

Poor Pinwah could hardly stand, she was so weak and sore, but after eating a little she felt better. She went to bed happy, for she thought her uncle had at last given up his opposition. Alas! Alas! The end was not yet.

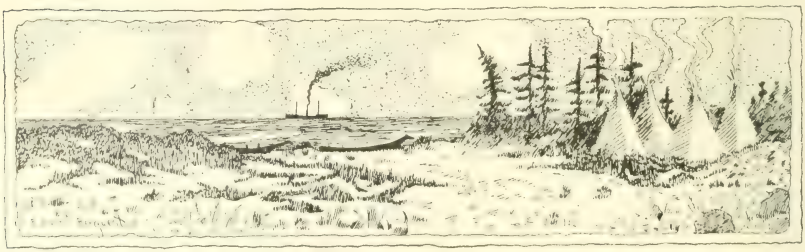
Two days later her uncle asked her for the last time to bend to his wishes.

"I cannot," said Pinwah, unsteadily. "I know you do not like Fred, and I know, too, I owe you a great debt of gratitude for your kindness to me and my sister, but I cannot and will not break my promise to Fred."

"Then I will take you up the mountain, and force you to marry an Indian."

This was something Pinwah had been fearing, and his words struck terror to her heart, for she knew if he could get her up the mountains he would keep his word. She had no chance to escape, for next morning she was forced by a whip to mount her horse and start for the mountains. Her uncle intended to keep her there until arrangements could be made for a speedy marriage. At noon they stopped on the banks of the Columbia for dinner. Watching her opportunity, Pinwah ran swiftly down to the river, and, before anyone could prevent, plunged into the cold water. They watched her eagerly from the shore; Selpay with a look of happiness and satisfaction she could not conceal, her aunt sorrowfully, and her uncle with a look that savored more of hell than heaven. Pinwah could swim like a duck, thanks to the many hours she had spent in the water racing with Selpay. When she reached the other shore she waved her hand to her relatives, gave one long, lingering look at Selpay, and then disappeared in the bushes. She had not gone far when she met Fred.

It grieved her to see his tears while she told the story of her sufferings, for in his presence she forgot her trouble, and his kisses were like balm to her wounds. They walked to his home in the nearest settlement and there began their journey through life together. Even in her old age, when she had children and grandchildren, Pinwah was a fine-looking woman, but the scars on hands, feet and body still testified to the sufferings she had undergone for love's sake.



The Animated Hat

By Florence Martin Eastland

MR. GRIFFITH cautiously pulled out the lower drawer of the dresser. Its prolonged creak registered a protest against his intention. He reassured himself by a hasty glance at the closed door and with a smile he turned his eyes toward the open drawer.

A consuming curiosity possessed Mr. Griffith. A man, mark you, was indulging an attribute usually ascribed to women. His attempt to gratify it was the less excusable because he had a legitimate opportunity not an hour before, when by asking a single question his curiosity would have been satisfied forever. His son-in-law-to-be had complacently remarked, as he laid his wedding clothes in the drawer while Mr. Griffith was present:

"There! everything is ready for tonight. I must acknowledge I am a bit nervous about a church wedding. But Gertrude wanted it, so it's all right. Now for a ride around the farm with Gertrude."

Mr. Griffith's eyes were for the opera hat alone. How innocent it now appeared lying there with Grant's white tie coiled round its suppressed energies. So harmless was its aspect that with another reassuring glance about, Mr. Griffith lifted it for closer inspection.

"I know this is a sneaking thing to do," he admitted, "but I've always wanted to see one of these odd things close to, and I never can remember to go into a store to examine one. I've no doubt Grant would have shown me, but the family ties are not yet so strong that he would label me eccentric instead of ignorant—like they will be later," he chuckled, "when he finds I've deeded the pair a nice home."

He poked a finger into it and immediately the hat was grown up.

"That's easy done," he commented. "I suppose it closes in the same way. No? A violent supposition, I see. You won't descend? O! come now, be a lady and shut up. Well!" he exclaimed after a fruitless survey of the hat's interior, "this is getting interesting. I'd be in a fine fix if I couldn't coax or coerce the thing back to its chrysalis state." He gently pressed on the crown with his palm. "You stuck-up thing! You needn't hold your head up so stiff just because you are a spring hat. I'd like you better if you were a fall hat."

As he stepped nearer the window for a better view of the hat's mysterious machinery, he heard Grant's voice outside. Dropping the hat, he darted into a closet near by and closed the door. Grant came into the room humming a gay tune—the typical stage entrance. He further adhered to the conventional plot by two strides, a halt and an amazed stare; but he stopped short of the "Ha-what-have-we-here" effect by picking up his misplaced headgear, reducing its stature and placing it in its original position. As he closed the drawer he observed:

"I must be in the deuce of a nervous condition to leave my belongings on the floor."

He brushed his hair, which showed the breezes' rough caresses during his ride. When his descending steps sounded on the turn of the stairs, Mr. Griffith softly opened the closet door with the intention of making a quick exit; but with fatal hesitancy he paused on the threshold, his fascinated eyes returning with longing to the baffling mystery encompassed in the dresser drawer.

"I wish I could have seen Grant do it. It didn't seem to take him a second. I know I'm smart enough to study out a simple thing like that. I believe I'll have another try at it. Nay, nay; I hear tracks."

Scarcely had he again shut himself in the closet before a tap and a turn of the hall door knob preceded Mrs. Griffith's appearance. She walked briskly to the dresser and stooped to open the lower drawer, remarking:

"While Grant is out, I will search for my veil which I must have overlooked when I removed my best bonnet."

In her quest she lifted one garment after another, coming at length to the hat.

"What nice clothes he has," she observed. "But what is the matter with his hat? It surely has been crushed. I will see if I can't straighten it."

The closet door opened a crack and a chuckle sounded from the closet's depths. Mrs. Griffith never knew how she did it, but when her startled gaze wandered back from the closet door to the object in her hands she beheld a hat that with a single bound had attained its highest state of development.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, holding it at arm's length. She laughed suddenly as she added: "Oh! I know. It's an opera hat. We have lived in the country so long I had forgotten the existence of such a thing. Let's see. How does it fold?"

She fumbled and pressed to no avail. No amount of coaxing could induce even a temporary abdication of the crown. She was becoming nervous, when she heard Grant on the stairs.

"Let me get it," he urged. "In a box on the dresser? All right."

Mrs. Griffith's usual judgment deserted her. In sudden fright she let fall her panic-provoking burden and made for the closet. Before her hand touched the knob the door flew open and she was whisked inside with a sibilant admonition to refrain from conversational tendencies.

Grant reached the dresser and found the object he sought before he noticed the open drawer. Glancing down, he prepared to close it, when his eyes wandered to the corner where his hat was not.

"What? Out again?" Astonishment was depicted on every feature of the young man's face. Immediately he located the truant at the left of the dresser. "You're there, are you?" he inquired ironically. "I didn't know but you had turned a couple of head springs and landed at the church. Can't you restrain your impatience? You can't be any more anxious than I am for the event to be over; yet observe my calmness. How did you get out again, anyhow? Is it possible that I opened the drawer just now and you jumped out while I was looking in the box on the dresser? I'll swear I don't remember. I wonder if all prospective grooms are as rattled as I am."

He again stowed away the collapsed cranium cover and left the room. The closet door opened almost as soon as the other door closed; but the god of chance still presided. Grant's receding steps could be distinctly heard when Delia, the maid, reached the upper hall by way of the kitchen stairs and walked unheralded upon the scene of action.

Intent upon her errand, she failed to hear twin sighs from behind the closet door, slightly ajar. In her hands was a pile of clean linen, which she laid on the dresser and then paused doubtfully.

"Sure now, what did the Missis mane whin she said to put these in the first drawer? The first from the bottom or the first from the top? I'll be makin' no mishtake if I put the half of thim in each, beginnin' with the bottom."

The familiar squeak announced to the listeners that another chapter of the hat's adventures was about to be chronicled.

"Well, now, will ye look at that! Misther Grant's widdin' gyarments, all folded up nate as a lady's. Sure, it won't do anny harm to take a peep at 'em."

"She's getting warm," Mr. Griffith whispered in his wife's ear.

"My! but there's shtyle for ye. He's the mon to do things right. Look at the foine coat that was built short in front for aconomy and long behind to show he bean't miserly. Now if his father-in-law calls him ixtravagant, Misther Grant jist pulls down his high-wather coat front and says, 'Not a dollar wasted there.' And if the Missis looks the word 'stingy' whin she sees his rimnant-bargaints crossed over his chist, he twiddles his spike-tails as much as to say, 'Do ye s'pose all this cloth is here for ornymint?' And here's his tie —white, of coorse. I wondher why all widdin' ties are white. Do they mane that the men's lives *has* been sphotless or are *goin'* to be? In aither case it seems to me a little sphot on the tie now and thin would be more in kapin'. Love of hivin! what is this?"

"She's burning," breathed Mr. Griffith.

"It must be intinded for a hat, but it's more like a pancake. Think of a man wearin' a dinky thing like that, ashamed to howld up its head. It must be shtylish, though, or Misther Grant wouldn't be afther havin' it. How'd I look in it now?"

She pulled it snugly over her frowzy locks and glanced in the mirror to enjoy the effect. For a moment she was rigid and speechless; then she crossed herself piously and by a series of shakes and jerks of the head precipitated the extended hat upon the floor. She shook her fist at it and backed away, saying:

"I wouldn't tech ye with a ten-fut pole. I called ye a pancake; but aven if ye'd had a can of bakin' powder inside ye, ye couldn't a rose like that. Lay there

now, and may yer own father, the divil, take ye."

She returned and placed the linen in the top drawer and closed the lower one. Perchance she anticipated a judicious tent-folding and a future reticence. Her astrological forecast, however, predicted her connection with stirring complications in the spring; therefore, approaching footsteps kept her in the lime-light, so to speak. As they sounded nearer, she realized the futility of flight and dashed to the closet door. Unable to turn the knob, she rolled over between the valanced bed and the wall. Grant closed the door and, taking off his coat, threw it across the chair.

"I believe I will take a cold sponge bath," he observed. "I need to recover my usual tone."

If his attention had not been suddenly directed toward his opera hat which lay near he would have heard the click of a lock at his right and on the left a smothered exclamation closely resembling "Hivins!"

"Well!" ejaculated Grant. He sat down and stared at the hat, and finding nothing in his vocabulary more fitting to express his amazement, he repeated his exclamation.

"I see you closed the drawer behind you this time," he remarked. "Look here! this thing must stop. You will lose your head in some of these uprisings. You can't expect to hurry matters by butting in. Back in the drawer you must go, and I am going to watch you to see if you are plotting with an outsider."

He replaced the hat, and opening the hall door, stepped into the corner behind it. Five minutes passed slowly in the tense atmosphere. Presently a general opening and shutting of the doors on the lower floor was audible to the four pairs of eager ears. "Mother," came in sweet girlish tones from the region of the back stairs. A pause. "Father." Another pause. A rhythmic shuffle of feet marked an approaching crisis. "Delia." A knock sounded at each door and the feet drew nearer the guest chamber. The girl tapped lightly and hesitated.

"I don't see where every one has gone," she said. "I can't find a soul and I have looked everywhere." She glanced around the room and saw Grant's coat across the chair. "He is not here, but there is his coat. Is there something concealed from me?"

"Only a man, dear," laughed Grant, coming from his hiding place.

The closet door burst open and Mr. Griffith appeared, apoplectic and doubled over with laughter. Between his shouts he managed to articulate:

"And another man."

He reached back and dragged out his unwilling but mirthful spouse, and added:

"And a woman."

Diving behind the bed, he pounced on the bewildered Delia and presented her to the astonished pair with the words:

"And another woman."

"Sure, now," protested Delia, "I didn't do any harm to the hat."

The light of comprehension suddenly broke over Grant's face. He sat down and laughed till the tears came, while Mr. Griffith rolled on the floor in an excess of merriment.

"We all—ha! ha! ha!—were ready for the drop of the hat," he managed to gasp. "Oh! ho! ho! it seems after all it was a yeaster hat that didn't fall after it got done rising. As spokesman for this family party, I rise, but without a spring, to request you, Grant, to demonstrate the hat's risibilities; also, which is more important, to show us how you induce it to shut up."

"All that is necessary," laughed Grant, illustrating the process, "is to indulge its affectionate nature and clasp it to one's breast."

The Ranch of the Tres Alamos

By Athene Douglas

I.



HE dusk of twilight was fast gathering around the ranch of the Tres Alamos. From the long stovepipe above the shed kitchen a volume of black smoke rose high into the air to meet the coming blackness of approaching night.

On the rude, uncovered porch that extended the length of the three rooms of the house, stood a woman, straining her eyes down the south road—the road that led to Roswell, forty miles away. It was too dark to see very far, but from force of habit she still tried to scan the dusky distance.

The hounds, five in number, hung around the kitchen door, anxiously waiting for their evening meal. They watched every movement of the woman on the porch, but she took no notice of them, still continuing her vain and eager search into the gloom beyond. From the left, down by the Pecos, the night wind came in heavily, as though fraught with a burden of sighs. This faint, moaning sound that had always sent a chill to her heart was unnoticed by her now, for she listened for one more welcome, the sound of wheels that would announce the return of her husband, Silas Judson.

Over to the right, beyond the sloping hill, came the sharp bark of a coyote. If she was deaf to the moaning of the wind, this sound did not go unheeded by her. She turned her face quickly toward the place from whence it came, and a nervous tremor shook her slight frame. The lonely bark of the coyote had always been an ominous one to her. Her fingers clutched the dish-cloth she was holding in a sharp, tenacious grasp, and her eyes turned and sought a certain portion of the rail fence on the hill near which she knew were the two mounds of earth that covered her children.

A moment later she choked back the rising something in her throat and returned to the kitchen. A bright fire was burning in the stove and supper was in progress. Opening the oven door, she took out a pan of flaky white biscuit. On the small table lay red slices of ham, and near by fresh eggs, ready to be broken for the frying pan.

"He ought to be here now," the woman muttered to herself, as she laid the table for two, going every little while to the open door to listen for the sound of wheels, for it had grown too dark to see now. The coffee boiled and everything was in readiness, but still he did not come. The lamp was lighted, and the woman's face revealed the deep anxiety she felt. This was not the usual homecoming of Silas.

The actions of his wife showed that there was something more expected than a spring wagon of provisions and a bundle of papers. Yes, there was indeed something more. He might be returning here for the last time; for, if the ranch was sold, they would leave immediately. She would turn her back upon this hated place where she had suffered so much in the last ten years. Silas had left yesterday morning with a prospective buyer who had stayed over night at the ranch. All of Monday the two men had spent in going over the fields and viewing the cattle. Silas had spent hours explaining the water right, which was entirely his own, and would one day be so valuable. The man had seemed pleased with the outlook, and that night Emily had heard him offer Silas forty thousand dollars for his entire interest. She had, upon hearing this, slipped away to the kitchen to thank God in her great joy. Silas had held the place at forty thousand, and had declared that he would not take a cent less. She had feared that he would never get it, but now it had come. She had not dared to ask her husband anything concerning his plans, and he had left yesterday morning for Roswell without a word as to what he intended doing. But she was sure he would sell. He probably was planning to surprise her by

walking in and telling her to pack up.

She was thinking of these things as she sat in the kitchen door. A smile, such as had not been there for years, shone on her careworn face, as she pictured a little home in Roswell where she might have a few friends and simple pleasures. To leave the ranch! Was such happiness at last to come? To cease the tiresome drudgery that she had known for ten years, to get away from the howling of the coyotes and the dark valley of the melancholy Pecos, never to have to spend another night here all alone but for the hounds—shivering in miserable fear while they and the wolves kept up their dismal howling.

Her eyes lighted up as she dreamed of all this, but darkened a moment later as she thought of what she must leave here—the little graves on the hill. The dogs whined for their supper, but they were unheeded. It was dark now, a brooding, starless darkness that is haunting in its spirit of unrest. The woman was thinking of the night when her little daughter had died. It was a little more than a year ago, and the memory of it stung her soul like a sharp lash over bare shoulders. The child had been ailing for some time, and that day had grown rapidly worse. Silas had insisted that it was nothing, and had scolded his wife for her foolish fears. She had hoped that he was right, but toward evening she saw that there was no change for the better—but for the worse. Then she went to Silas and demanded that he go for the doctor. Realizing the necessity, he started for Roswell.

It had been a wild, tempestuous day; one of the fiercest sand storms ever known in the arid region of New Mexico had swept over the valley, and the day was followed by a melancholy, windy night. All through it the woman sat by the bedside of her child, while the hungry wolves howled dismally at the very doors of the house. The dogs returned the wild howls, and heaven and earth rang with the sound. Slowly the hours passed and the feverish child grew worse and worse. At three o'clock she had died. Silas and the doctor did not come until it was daylight.

However, the mother did not weep now when she thought of it. She had never forgiven Silas for his persistent negligence, but now her tears were gone, and only a burning torture remained in her heart.

She got up suddenly, and as she did so one of the hounds came near and almost touched her hand with his hot tongue.

"Yes, I will feed you now, you poor dogs; it is late and I had forgotten you."

Soon after she prepared to retire. There was no use to watch any more; he would not come tonight.

A little later all was in darkness around the ranch of the Tres Alamos. The night wind, blowing up from the river, and an occasional bark of a coyote, and an answering one from the hounds, were the only sounds to be heard.

II.

Silas returned at noon the next day. Emily had watched the road all morning, and, on seeing the distant wagon, hurriedly finished the dinner. He drove into the corral and unhitched and fed the horses before coming into the house. His wife watched him with breathless eagerness; but she knew she must give him his own time to impart to her what he had done. On entering the kitchen he said, in his usual manner:

"It's gettin' pretty hot fer travelin' now. Any fresh water?"

"Yes," she replied, "I have just drawn a bucket full."

He drank thirstily, and after washing his face and hands, sat down to the table. Emily poured the coffee and he did not notice how her hand trembled as she handed him his cup. He ate in silence, and the woman across the homemade table kept her anxious eyes upon him. But he was the same as usual. However, he was always that way; he had never changed countenance in his life,—not even when the children had been laid to rest in plain board coffins that he himself had made.

Having finished the meal, without noticing that she had not eaten a mouthful, he leaned back in his chair and took a chew of tobacco. Then he rose to his feet.

"I think I'll go take a nap, Emily," he

said, as he started to the door; "my drive has made me kind o' sleepy."

Her heart sank. She could not bear to wait for him to take what he called a nap to hear what he had to say. She must speak now.

"Silas," she faltered, "what about the ranch? Did you sell it?"

The pause that ensued seemed to the questioner to last a lifetime; in reality it was only of a few seconds' duration. Emily's eyes seemed to have caught the expression of the hounds' when they waited for her to give them their food; the hungry look in her eyes held a world of hope and tragedy. At last he spoke.

"No," he said, as he spat through the doorway, "I won't take no forty thousand. It's worth fifty, and I can get it if I wait a while longer. Hiram Miller says I can get my own price after while, and I guess it'll pay ter wait."

The man did not, or pretended not to, see the look that came into his wife's eyes as he said the words. They fell with a cold, metallic clang on her heart and brain. The little kitchen reeled around her, but she must speak first. A sob was in her voice, but she tried to speak bravely. Silas hated crying women.

"But, Silas, you always said you would be glad to get forty thousand—you may never have another offer like that, and we have been here so long!"

Her voice ended in a break in spite of her efforts at self control. Silas did not look at her, but spat again, as he replied:

"Yes, I can get more when the time comes. I know I can. This man was a little too anxious to give forty for it. I know this here ranch is worth money—and I've stayed here and earned it, and there ain't no reason why I can't get it; and I will after a while."

"But we have been here so long and I'm so tired of it. Oh, Silas, if you knew how I hated it, you would sell now. As for me, I would take anything I could get—just to leave the place!"

Her outburst was one of rebellion and despair; but the intensity of its pathos was lost on the man who was her husband. As he went out the door he replied sulkily:

"Yes, I reckon so, Em'ly—you would take ten thousand right now. But you ain't no judge; you never did have no business sense—nor never will have—"

She heard the rattle of his boots on the porch. Then he entered the adjoining room and laid himself down on the bed.

Emily had not moved from the place where she had stood when the conversation began. It seemed as if the small walls of the board kitchen grew smaller than ever, and were smothering her. She raised her hand and brushed back the brown hair from her burning forehead, and then looked out of the window at the two mounds on the hill beyond.

The tears flowed fast as she cleared away the dishes. The little cottage in Roswell, with its yard of flowers, vanished quite away, and left only the dull ranch and the dingy Pecos to her view. The dogs called impatiently for their dinner more than once before she remembered them. Ere she left the kitchen to feed the chickens the sonorous breathing of her husband told her that he was sleeping soundly, all unconscious of the crushing blow he had given her. Down in the corral the chickens eagerly crowded around her for the noon-day meal, and the turkeys ran in from the hills at her welcome call.

It was late in the afternoon when she returned to the house with her apron full of fresh eggs. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the yearning look in them had deepened, but beyond that she gave no sign.

III.

A few days later, as Emily was throwing out her dishwater, she saw a horseman riding slowly toward the ranch from the Las Vegas road. Her eyes snapped angrily on seeing him.

"Whoever it is," she muttered to herself, "he'll get no dinner here today. I'm tired out!"

She spoke truly, for it was now two o'clock, and she was just leaving the kitchen for the first time that day. A long line of clean clothes stretched from the corner of the house to one of the three alamos. The washing had been finished at noon, then Silas had come up with five men, for whom she had pre-

pared dinner. They had just ridden off, Silas with them, saying he would not be back until night.

Now here was another cowboy to feed, and not a mouthful cooked in the house. This was only one day out of many to the ranch-woman. Ten years of such life had inured her to such contingencies. But she was in no good humor today. She was tired and rebellious.

When she saw the man riding toward the house she sought her bedroom, hoping he would pass by without stopping. In this she was disappointed, for soon she heard the tramp of the horse's hoofs, and a moment later they stopped at the porch. Brushing back her hair with an impatient gesture, she went to the door.

The rider was dismounting from his pony slowly, almost painfully it seemed to her. Though she could not see his face, he seemed to be different from the usual type that had been accustomed to ride up to the ranch. He wore buckskin leggings, a navy blue shirt, and the proverbial cowboy hat, but when he turned his face toward her, she saw that he was indeed not of the ordinary class of cowboys. He was pale and haggard, with a red spot on each cheek and a weary look in his deep-set grey eyes. As he raised his wide hat in greeting to her, she noticed that his hand was slender and white, almost as a woman's—indeed much whiter than her own that was brown with tan and rough with hard work.

"Madam," he said, "could I trouble you for a drink of water and an hour's rest in the shade? I have ridden all the way from Fort Sumner and the heat has made me ill."

She was out on the porch in an instant, and taking the bridle from his hands, she bade him enter the spare room. He did so, tottering at every step. Having tied the pony to one of the dwarfed alamos, she carried a cup of cold water to the stranger.

"Thank you," he said, as he drank thirstily, "that is the best water I have ever tasted. I seem to be burning up and my head throbs terribly. I think it is only the heat, and if you will let me rest a while, I shall soon be better.

"You are welcome, sir," the woman said, as she left the room.

Going into the kitchen she rekindled the fire and put fresh coffee in the pot. All the while she was thinking deeply. This stranger was something new to her. The words spoken by him had been different from those she had been used to hear at the ranch. The cowboys had accepted her hospitality as a matter of course, neither apologizing for putting her to any trouble nor thanking her for the same. But this man—this slender, handsome stranger, had spoken to her as though she were a queen.

She glanced down at her rough hands and plain calico, and for the first time in her life she felt ashamed of them. Who was he, and where was he going? she asked herself over and over.

The coffee was boiling now, and pouring a cup of the steaming fluid, she added fresh cream, and carried it to the man in the spare room. When she entered he was leaning his head upon his hands in a position of utter weariness. He looked up on hearing her steps on the bare floor.

"I have made you a cup of coffee," she said, "I think it will help you. Will you have sugar?"

"No, no sugar," he said, "and you need not have troubled. But I will drink it, thank you."

There was a strange look in his eyes, and Emily saw that he was not fit to ride again in the hot sun.

"You had better lie down till the cool of the evening," she advised, "you will feel better then." He was nothing loth to obey, and when he closed his eyes as though to sleep, she went out and led the pony to the corral, relieving him of saddle and bridle.

But the stranger did not ride away that evening. By sunset he was tossing on the bed in high fever and muttering half incoherent words. It was "Water! water!" he cried, and Emily ministered to him as she had done to her own children. Night came on, and she watched through the hours by the side of the stranger, bathing his brow and giving him cooling drinks.

The next morning when Silas came into the room, he shook his head.

"He's a pretty sick chap, Em'ly," he said at the breakfast table. "He's burning up with fever of some kind. I wonder where he comes from?"

The day wore on and the man was no

better. Another night came and he had become wildly delirious. Emily had had no rest for two nights, and dark rings were beginning to show around her eyes; she was not thinking of herself, but of the sick man, who was far from home and friends.

"Silas," she said, after breakfast the second morning, "this man needs a doctor. Can't we get one of the Miller boys to go for Dr. Simpson?"

"I reckon so, if it is needed," he rejoined, as he filled his pipe. "I'll ride down there directly and see. But do you suppose that feller has any money to pay for him? Doctors ain't riding forty miles for exercise on a day like this. I'll go and see what I can find out about him while you wash the dishes.

"He don't know a thing," he said, as he returned five minutes later, "but I looked in his wallet and found fifty dollars, and notes on a New York bank for a hundred more. His name is Richard Gordon, and I guess he's pretty well heeled in the way of money matters, but I wouldn't like to be in his shoes just now."

A little later he rode down to the Miller ranch and returned by noon, saying that Jim had gone for the doctor.

The hours of the long afternoon dragged by and the cooling night set in, but the delirium of the sick man did not abate. The moon rose and shone down upon the Alamo ranch and flooded it in a sheen of light. The rising river moaned and gurgled in the distance, and only the occasional bark of a hungry coyote broke the stillness that prevailed. It was midnight when the sound of wheels was heard, and soon after the kind old doctor entered the sick room. Emily listened in breathless impatience for his verdict. It came at last.

"Typhoid fever, Mrs. Judson," he said, kindly, as he opened his medicine case, "but I think we will pull him through."

IV.

The weeks that followed were long and tedious ones. There were nights of wild delirium when Emily thought each hour would be the last. The wolves and coyotes seemed to vie with each other as to which could howl the longest and most dismally. The restless wind, too, seemed to be more restless than ever, as it swept down upon the ranch house with a melancholy wail. The days were hot and sultry, but easier to bear than these nights of haunting misery. Yet they passed somehow, and at the end of five weeks the fever was broken, and the sufferer out of danger. Then followed longer weeks of convalescence—days in which the woman and the stranger began to understand something of one another. As he sat up, pale and emaciated, he would tell her of his life when he was a boy at home and at college, of his desire to see the west, which had brought him to New Mexico, and finally to the Alamo ranch.

During these hours of companionship Emily had forgotten to a certain degree, her hatred of her environments, but enjoyed to the utmost this new comradeship which showed itself in an earnest solicitation on her part and a deep gratitude on his. How different he was from Silas—how different from any man she had ever seen before! He talked to her of books and things that no one else had ever done. Her life at the ranch had been entirely without friends or neighbors. She seldom saw a woman unless one passed going to or from Roswell.

Silas was gone most of the time now, and the two were left entirely together. Gordon would accompany her on her household duties, now that he was able to walk. She found that she could talk to him as she had never spoken to any other person in the world. She told him of her life at her aunt's, in Missouri, of her marriage and coming here, of her children and their deaths. *He* did not despise nor scold her for the tears that filled her dark eyes. Somehow she felt that it was good to live when near him. She seemed to grow different in every way. The old indifference to dress disappeared; her calicoes were starched and ironed with great precision, and her long, dark hair was brushed well every night. She began to take those little interests in personal appearance that women who live long on a ranch usually forget. She did not realize the reason of this change.

And then one day it came to her all at once.

They were seated—she and the stranger—down by the Pecos, watching its rapid flow (for the river had been rising), when he said: "I think I shall go to Arizona when I leave here."

She looked at him startled; but he was gazing beyond the river and did not see the expression in her eyes. When he leaves here! She had not thought that this friendship could end. Yet, why should he stay? The question came to her mind in a flash, and in the same flash came the answer. *Because she loved him!* That was why. She loved this stranger with all the depth of a woman's first and only love, and now she knew it. What was Silas and the ranch to her now? Less, indeed, than ever before. She rose to her feet abruptly.

"It is nearly time for supper," she said, "and I must go." He walked beside her till they came to the narrow path bordered by a dense growth of underbrush and cottonwood saplings, and then he allowed her to lead the way as she was wont to do. He could not see that the color had left her face, as she walked before him with head erect.

As she busied herself about the evening meal, she was thinking of his leaving and what it would mean to her. Since she had known him she had never imagined what the ranch would be without him. With him she had entered a new world—a world of whose existence she had no idea. He would read to her from the papers and magazines that were sent him; he would talk to her of things that were foreign to the monotony of ranch life, and she would listen in pleasure and childish delight. Now, when he went all this would be ended. She would hear nothing but the talk of cattle and round-ups, water-rights and prices of land. She could not bear to think of it.

Day after day she found herself comparing Silas with this stranger, who took a kindly interest in everything she did. They rode together over the hills, hunting young calves and trapping quail, viewing the swelling river and setting baits for the wolves. The old monotony had given place to a fresh interest. Every day had its little plans, and it was strange that there were so many new things in this place, which had always been so drear to her. A congenial comrade makes such a difference. As to Silas, he rode off at will, and paid no heed to anything except that he got his meals regularly when he was at home. The stranger had made arrangements with him in regard to his board, and as long as it was paid, his presence was not objected to by the owner of the ranch.

One day Gordon and Emily had ridden in search of a truant cow; they had crossed the Pecos, which was rising higher and higher with the recent rains, and stopping under a tree about a mile beyond, they drew rein and rested a moment in the shade. The sun was very hot and the sky was a deep sapphire. Vagrant clouds floated here and there. The leaves of the tree rustled in the gentle breeze, and, in the topmost boughs a wood-dove cooed softly to its mate. A peaceful stillness haunted the place, and the two were unconsciously touched by it.

"Suppose we dismount and rest here a while in the shade," Gordon proposed, and a moment later they were seated upon the great roots of the tree. They were both silent a long time. The man leaned back against the trunk and closed his eyes. Emily thought he slept, and she watched him tenderly. He was still very pale but no longer thin, as when he had first risen from his bed. He had removed his hat and his fair, curling hair lay in damp ringlets over a brow of noble proportions. His mouth was gentle as a woman's, with a latent firmness about the corners that but enhanced its beauty to the woman, who watched him with her soul in her eyes. One slender hand rested behind his head, the other clasped the wide slouch hat beside him—those beautiful hands that had clung to her so in the wild delirium of illness. She would give the world to touch them now—but she dared not. The more she looked at him the more she hated Silas, who had gone off that morning, after a slight disagreement with her. They had come nearer quarreling than they had ever done in the ten years of their married life. Emily did not take things in dogged silence any more.

Presently the man opened his eyes. Then closed them again as he spoke: "I was thinking," he said, "about going

away. I am able to travel now, and I mean to ride away before another week. You have been so good to me, Mrs. Judson, that I am loth to leave, but I will never forget you—you saved my life, you know, little woman."

There was no answer to his words, and another five minutes passed. In his reverie, the man did not notice that she had not spoken. Then all at once the silence grew oppressive. The sleepy lids slowly opened and the grey eyes looked into the dusky ones of his companion. He saw great tears in them, and he started to his feet with a cry of pain.

"What is it, Mrs. Judson?" he asked in alarm. "What have I said to hurt you?"

For answer she burst into passionate weeping. He fell on his knees by her side and clasped her unresisting hand in his. There was a tender anxiety in his voice as he said:

"Tell me, what have I done that makes you so unhappy?"

Emily continued to weep bitterly. Again he pleaded, and all at once she burst forth, throwing prudence to the winds, "You have done nothing," she cried, "but I will die when you leave me. I will throw myself in the Pecos River, for I cannot bear it here when you are gone!"

Her voice died away in the distance, and the startled birds spread their wings and flew to a neighboring hill.

The man understood now. The woman loved him.

His voice was very tender when he spoke again. "Do you care so much, Emily, and is the ranch so hateful?"

"I care so much," she answered, desperately, "that I cannot live if you leave me here. I love you, and I will go with you to the end of the world." She stooped and impulsively kissed the hand that held hers. The touch of her burning lips sent the hot blood surging through the veins of the man at her feet. However, he tried to speak calmly.

"Hush," he said slowly, "do you realize what it would mean—to leave your husband and go with me? Do you understand what it would be in the eyes of the world?"

"I know," she replied, "but I do not care. What is the world to me? I would rather kill myself than stay a day here without you."

Her face was raised to his and stirred him deeply. It was beautiful by nature, though burned with wind and weather, and there was that in the dusky eyes that he had never seen in any other woman's. It came over him all at once that she was very dear to him. He had not thought before what it would cost him to leave her. She had saved his life, and all that it contained was hers by right. With a swift movement he leaned over and drew her dark head to his breast and laid a caressing hand on her shadowy hair.

"Don't cry any more," he said. "Come, tell me where we shall go."

* * * * * * * *

It was drawing near the hour of sunset when they crossed the muddy river; the gold of its light glinted over the surface, and the current reflected all the colors of the rainbow. As they neared the house, Emily was filled with a happiness that she had never known before. To think she would leave this place soon! —no more nights of the wolves howling at the door, no more days of cooking and washing—but, instead, a new life in a new country, with him!

They laid their plans carefully. Silas was to go to Roswell within the next few days. He would remain away three days. Immediately after his departure, they would take the buckboard and the bay team and drive in the opposite direction to Las Vegas. There, they would catch a train and be in Denver before Silas discovered that they were gone. From Denver they would go to Oregon. Once there, all trace of them would be lost.

Gordon lay all that night thinking over these plans. Had it not been for that breakdown of Emily's he would never have thought of asking her to go with him. But for all that he loved her, and in spite of her meager advantages, he would have no need to be ashamed of her. And surely no one could have a greater tenderness for him.

As he lay awake, the murmuring sound of the river and an occasional cry of a prowling wolf reached his ears. The cold grey dawn crept in through the narrow window when he at last sank into an uneasy slumber.

V.

The following days passed slowly. On Tuesday Silas announced his intention of going to town the next day. It was at the breakfast table, and his wife and Gordon involuntarily glanced at each other. Emily's eyes fell at once to her plate, and a deep blush overspread her face. Silas saw nothing, and presently the two men left the kitchen together. The day dragged to an endless length. The hours seemed to pass on leaden wings to the man and woman, who were planning to elope. Silas stayed around the house, and no words were exchanged between them, but both were thinking of the same thing, and pondering how it would be accomplished.

Silas did not leave the ranch till noon the next day. Emily prepared a hurried dinner, and immediately afterward he drove off. The two stood on the little porch and watched him drive down the road out of sight. Then they turned into the kitchen and their eyes met. Emily was the first to speak.

"The bays are on the other side of the river," she said. "I saw them yesterday, but did not dare drive them over then. They are down between the two hills near the great alamo."

"I will take my pony and get them," he said, "while you make ready to go."

"Yes," she replied, "it will not take me long."

He started to the door and then turned again to her. "You do not regret this step, Emily? Remember, child, there is no going back."

"I want no going back, Dick," she said, desperately, "I want only to be with you!"

Her eyes flashed defiance and love all in one glance. They had never looked so beautiful to him before. Something surged over him and he held out his arms to her. She came to him instantly, and her own bare ones were thrown around his neck. Their lips met in a kiss of rapture—there in the kitchen where she had spent so many miserable years. It was over, over. She was going into life and hope and love. She clung to him passionately, but a moment later broke away abruptly.

"You must go for the horses," she said, "and we must be off at once; everything will be ready when you return."

So, kissing her again, he left her.

A little later she watched him ride down towards the river, till the thick bosque hid him from view. She busied herself with preparations for their journey, packing a small bundle of clothes and filling a basket with lunch. The July sun shone down upon her as she came and went on the little porch, but for once she seemed indifferent to its hot rays. There was one thought in her mind—to get away from the ranch and its hateful environments—to breathe the fresh air of freedom, which lay beyond the dreary monotony of this place. There was no thought of wrong in the woman's soul—no whisper of conscience. The intense desire to leave here overshadowed all else.

By this time it was three o'clock.

"I wonder that he does not come," she murmured to herself, "the team must have strayed farther away." Putting on her sunbonnet, she went out to the corral and dragged the buckboard from the shed, and proceeded to put it in running order. She carefully and with the precision of a man, greased the wheels and tightened screws and rivets. She placed feed in the manger for the expected team and laid down the bars for their coming. Then she went into the stall where the harness was kept and selected the set which they were to use. Looking them over she discovered that they needed mending. This she prepared to do and hurriedly went to work. She had done this more than once, and it was no strange task to her. By the time she had finished, the hands of the clock pointed to half past five. A look of uneasiness spread over her features. Again she spoke, involuntarily, to herself:

"The bays must have wandered over to the Alamo Springs—I would follow Dick if I had a horse."

Another half hour passed uneasily. She went many times to the porch and watched and listened. In vain. Not a sound was to be heard save the rumbling roar of the river as it surged between its narrow banks. Emily now went into the kitchen and prepared a hasty supper,

so that they might refresh themselves with a warm bite before starting out for their night's drive. For it must be an all night's drive now.

Everything in readiness, she walked restlessly to and fro on the porch. The sun had nearly set. The clouds still drifted against the blue sky—drifted as though seeking rest, yet found it not. The western hills were silhouetted against the rosy evening light. With such a brilliant background, they looked like long, pure chains of amethyst. Then this gradually faded into the purpling dusk of summer twilight, and the pink tints sank lower and lower and were gone. The woman stood alone outside and watched the mysterious shades of evening fall around her. But the beauty of it all was lost to her. She saw neither the sinking sun nor the amethyst mountains. Instead, her face was turned toward the east, where the murky Pecos rolled dismally, and whence her lover would presently ride, bringing the horses, which would be to them wings to reach their Paradise.

The wind rose to a petulant moan and swept down upon the lonely ranch house, and the anxious watcher. It passed on down the valley and died away in a melancholy wail. Emily's dark hair was blown about her face, but she brushed it away with a quick, impatient gesture. Once, down in the bosque came the mournful call of a whippoorwill, the first real sound of approaching night. As it died away with a thrilling cadence, the sharp bark of a wolf jarred the memory of its tenderness. Emily shuddered and turned away. She remembered how they had howled on the night little Alice died. She entered the house again, but continued her restless pacing to and fro. The shadows fell around the ranch, and still he came not. What did it mean? Had he been hurt or become ill? Surely not. She told herself over and over again that the horses had strayed away, but that Gordon would find them and return soon . . . There he is now!

Her quick ears had caught the sound of galloping horse hoofs. Yes, they were coming up from the river. She now stood outside peering into the gathering darkness. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and soon she caught sight of the dripping team, as they emerged from the bosque and crossed the open space that led to the corral.

"Oh, my beautiful bays!" she exultantly cried, as she ran after them, putting up the bars and pausing a moment to pat each sleek, dripping side. Leaving them at their feed, she left the corral and stood in the path, waiting for Gordon. A few minutes passed and he did not come. Nor did any sound but that of the rising night wind and the groaning river break the stillness. She waited a little longer, then stooped and put her ear to the earth. No sound.

"Strange," she muttered rather than spoke, "he should be here by this time." A moment later she had sped down the path that led to the river, and soon was lost to view behind the shrubs. She almost flew down to where the muddy Pecos flowed. She had never gone this way after nightfall before; but tonight she scarcely felt fear, so great was her anxiety over her lover. Down the dreary path between the mesquites and small cottonwoods, she ran with the fleetness of a deer. The tangled briars tore her hair and scratched her face, but she felt nothing of this. She was hastening out into the night to meet the man she loved. He was coming to her, and soon they would be far away from the ranch, in a new land with new hopes and joys.

Sticks of dead brushwood crackled beneath her feet and the sound of the whirling river drew nearer with each step. If there had been a lingering greyness of twilight at the house, it was dark here at least. A few stars came out and shone coldly down upon the eager woman as she neared the banks of the river. Reaching the water's edge, she stood motionless and alert, listening for a sound other than that made by the current. She peered anxiously across the expanse of surface now growing darker and darker. There was no horseman in sight. Once or twice, indeed, she fancied she heard hoofs, and as often thought she could distinguish a moving figure on the other side. It was only a bush or tree waving in the wind. The watcher raised her quivering voice and cried out, "Dick! Oh, Dick!"

Nothing but the hooting of an owl on the opposite bank answered her. At her feet the mad river gurgled and surged like a venomous thing. Emily stood with

disheveled hair and staring eyes, as the stars rapidly filled the grey canopy of the heavens.

Presently another sound—the only one that was more terrible to Emily than the night wind—broke upon her. The shrill bark of a coyote came from the other side and was followed by another and another, till their dismal howling filled all the space about her. At the first sound she had turned with a startled cry, burying her face in her hands. Nearer and nearer came the hideous din, till at last one howl more terrifying than the rest sounded close behind her, somewhere in the bosque.

"My God!" she cried aloud, as she turned and fled back the dark path. If she had sped like a deer before, she now went like the wind. On through the night with the hideous noise ringing in her ears, Emily ran. She had made but that one startled cry, and that had been enough. The brush beat into her face and cut long red marks upon it. Her hands, too, were torn and her hair flying loose, like that of some maddened creature. At last, she emerged from the bosque and the ranch house stood before her. She rushed into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. Shuddering, she drew quickly into the corner by the stove as though, of all things, she needed warmth on this July night.

VI.

An hour passed in this wise. What did it mean? she thought, over and over again. Where was Dick and why did he not come? After a time she lighted the lamp and trembling entered her bedroom, locking the door behind her. The dogs barked and the wolves howled, and the river roared and surged the night through. Emily walked the floor as slowly, oh, so slowly, the hands of the clock turned round. At midnight she stopped abruptly, as she struck her hands together wildly. "Fool!" she muttered, and her voice was harsh and metallic as a discordant laugh broke from her. "Fool, that I was," she repeated, "to believe in him! He has left me and gone alone—"

She sank down upon the floor and beat her breast in a wild delirium of pain and humiliation.

Directly she arose to her feet and became calm again. She had thought it all out and she understood now. He had not wanted to take this step, and had left her and had gone alone. She recalled the day under the cottonwood, and remembered with shame that it was she who had spoken first—she, indeed, who had proposed the elopement. A wave of crimson blushes spread over the greyness of her face as she thought of this. Again she shuddered, as the weird howls of the wolves came to her. Now they almost reached the very door.

"But the horses!" she thought, wonderingly, "why had they come in?" Still, that was nothing unusual, for they had often done so—yet, tonight, of all nights!

She recalled every look on Dick Gordon's face. She thought now that there had been more pain than happiness when the journey had been planned. But it was all over now, and she was left alone, with the mournful night wind and the dismal howling of the wolves. They now surrounded the house, snarling at the hounds.

Emily heard them, in miserable fear and foreboding. Again she recalled the night little Alice died. Then, as now, they had howled at the very door, like the demoniac inhabitants of Dante's "Inferno."

The night passed at last, and the grey dawn fell upon the grey of the woman's face. She opened the door and let in the first rays of morning light. Then she kindled a fire in the stove, and made a cup of coffee, which she drank thirstily. Mechanically she emptied the basket of lunch and unpacking her clothes, laid them back into the small trunk. All was over; he was gone.

She brushed her wildly flowing hair back from her face, coiling it in the usual manner, and changed her dress for the blue calico and gingham apron. Then she went to the corral and put the buckboard into the shed and hung the harness on the customary pegs. Without looking at the horses she let down the bars and returned to the house. The dogs and chickens were attended to with her usual precision. She had no need to hide the

expression on her face, for she was far from human eyes.

Her eyes had a hunted look, and the features were drawn and haggard. The sun was high in the blueness above, and its rays fell sharply upon the ranch house. The wildness of the night before had given place to the peace of a bright July day, and all its terrors were gone save the restless and ominous sound of the heaving river. The wind had passed with the night. Now all was calm but desolate. It would always be desolate to Emily. But the calmness was almost as hard to bear as the storm of the night before. The anxiety alone was gone. It had settled in a stern reality and there was no more doubt. He had gone without her.

She busied herself in the kitchen and another hour or two went slowly by. Then she was startled on hearing the quick beat of horse's hoofs. She looked out and saw Hiram Miller riding swiftly toward the house. There was something in his manner that alarmed her, and she was on the porch as he drew rein. Great excitement showed itself in every feature of his comely face, and the pony he rode was dripping with sweat, while its mouth was white with foam.

"Mrs. Judson," he said, breathlessly, "somethin' dreadful has happened! We found the body of the stranger, the sick feller, down at our crossin'. The river is awful high and he was washed ashore. His pony was near and both are dead!"

With a discordant cry Emily sank back as though she had been shot. She would have fallen but for a supreme effort. The honest Hiram, seeing her white face, cried out, sympathetically:

"Don't take it so hard, Mis' Judson. It ain't your fault, nor mine neither. I told him the other day to be careful of that river. He couldn't swim a lick and I warned him. A week ago he came nigh not pullin' across when he was out huntin'. I guess his pony was dead beat and couldn't pull against the current. It's too bad. He war a nice feller and clever as you make 'em."

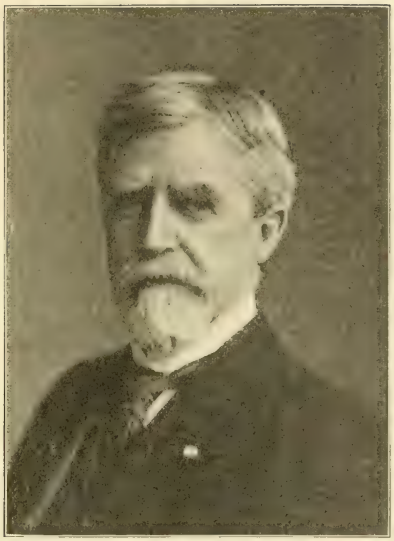
Emily did not hear Hiram's last words, but had entered the house and put on her faded sunbonnet.

* * * * * * * *

It was three months later, and Indian summer was showing itself in the valley. The turbulent river had subsided and was now flowing low in its bed. Hiram Miller and another horseman were riding past the Alamo ranch. Rank weeds had grown up around the porch and the kitchen door hung on one hinge. There was no smoke wreathing up from the long stovepipe, and no clothes hung on the line. The whole place wore an air of desolation.

"This ranch air a deserted looking place," remarked Hiram, as they rode on without stopping; "it has always looked like that since Mrs. Judson went away. It were quare about her. She never liked it here, and after that stranger got drowned, she could never be contented any more. She had nussed him through the fever, and somehow when a woman cares for a man like a baby, she gets kinder 'tached to him. I carried her the news of his death, and I never in my life, Bill, ever seed sich a look on a woman's face as came over her'n when I told her. It was kinder like that of a fawn when I cut its throat over in the Capitans last summer. Wal', Mis' Judson, she never war the same again, and she just couldn't stand the ranch any more. I reckon she felt like it was kinder hanted with his presence. Anyway, in three weeks she left it, and no one has ever found out whar she went to. She drove to Las Vegas with the Mexican that drives the buckboard and carries the mail. From there, nobody knew which way she took. Silas Judson was in Roswell at the time, and when he came back she was gone—hook and line. He don't stay here much since, but spends most of his time in town or on the range.

"See," he continued, pointing to the right, as they rode away, "thar, over in the corner of the fence, is where the feller's grave is. She had him buried right by the side of her two children. Quar, warn't it?"



General Thomas McArthur Anderson.

Sons of the American Revolution

By Thomas McArthur Anderson

IN the first edition of his dictionary Dr. Johnson defined a lawyer as a new kind of gentleman. The Sons of the American Revolution do not claim to be a distinctive kind of American gentleman, although political Philistines accused us of being somewhat imbued with mutual admiration and somewhat given to postprandial oratory.

It is true, that when our society was organized that prominence was given to the genealogical and historical features of our cult. Yet back of this, patriotic endeavor was the avowed purpose of our organization.

In the constitution of our Oregon society expression is given to the purpose; to revive the spirit of the revolutionary period, to carry out the purposes expressed in the preamble of our national constitution and the injunctions of Washington's farewell address, to oppose by moral means the spread of anarchical ideas and lawlessness, and to that end, to draw together into fraternal union the descendants of the patriot men and women of the revolution. And here, we may say, "that we note with pride" that the constitution of the Oregon society is the only one that gives this equal recognition to the women and the men of the American Revolution.

Their objects are certainly commendable. What can be done to effect them? As to our means, we have a membership of eleven thousand earnest and intelligent men, including the President, the Vice-President of the United States, several members of the Supreme Court, sixteen Senators and many members of the House, and, indeed, leading men of every class and profession. We should have a half million of members and would have but for the indifference of so many to everything except partisan politics or personal gain.

The dues of the society are so moderate that any industrious citizen can join.

The society is glad to have any man make out his claims to eligibility, even if he does not care to keep up his membership. Fifty-nine of the ancestors of the compatriots of the Oregon society were privates in the War of Independence and twelve served the cause in civil capacities. The pride of ancestry is in their worth and work, not wealth and position. No man or woman has a right to be proud of ancestry unless able to prove worthy of it. It will be seen therefore that the society is democratic in its principles.

What has it done? It has put monuments on every revolutionary battlefield, a magnificent mausoleum over the graves of the prisonship martyrs, tablets in every noteworthy locality, and markers over all known graves of revolutionary soldiers. It sent nine hundred of its sons to the Spanish-American war and all of its societies offer prizes to encourage our school children to study the history of the country in a patriotic spirit. It has saved from oblivion many valuable revolutionary records, and its members have been diligent in historical, genealogical and archæological research.

This is very far from what the society wishes to do if it had the support of members and the energy which comes with conscious strength.

It would make its patriotic propaganda effective by educating the immigrants coming to our shores in distinctively American principles. But the sad truth has been brought home to us, that there are Americans who need to be Americanized. The assassination of three of our Presidents shows that we have not escaped the curse of Cain. America, like the struck eagle which

"Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart;
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

now realizes what crimes are committed in the name of Liberty. Unquestionably there is an army of discontent within our borders. In dealing with that we must use: "First, all methods to conciliate, then all means to crush."



Columbia Glacier in Alaska.

To Star

(Killed November, 1904)

By Chas. Erskine Scott Wood

Faithful in hunger, cold and bitter rain,
With a blind trust that shames the love of man,
Faithful unto the hand which gave thee pain.
Were't blows, or bread, thy love unfaltering ran.
Faithful—that's the word. I would to God
I could be faithful as thou wert to me,
Forgiving all—the anger and the rod,
And loyal always, all unfalteringly.
Unwhimpering thou dids't toil in sleet and snow—
What man has given the love of thy dog heart
And deep devotion which thine eyes did show?
Alas! Alas! my dog, that we should part.
Thy head here in my lap till thy last breath,
And thy mute eyes still faithful unto death.



Le Conte Half Dome; Yosemite Valley.

In Arizony

By C. B. Clark, Jr.

There is some that likes the city
  Grass that's curried smooth and green,
Theaters and stranglin' collars,
  Wagons run by gasoline;
But for me a horse and saddle,
  Every day without a change,
And a desert sun a blazin'
  On a hundred miles o' range.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin'
Desert ripplin' in the sun,
Mountains blue along the sky-line—
I don't envy any one
When I'm ridin'.

When my feet is in the stirrups
  And my horse is on the bust,
With his hoofs a'flashin' lightnin'
  From a golden cloud o' dust,
And the bawlin' o' the cattle
  Is a-comin' down the wind,
Then a finer life than ridin'
  Would be mighty hard to find.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin',
Splittin' long cracks through the air,
Stirrin' up a baby cyclone,
Rootin' up the prickly pear
As I'm ridin'.

I don't need no art exhibits
  When the sunset does his best,
Paintin' everylastin' glory
  On the mountains to the West,
And your opery looks foolish,
  When the nightbird starts his tune,
And the desert's silver mounted
  By the touches of the moon.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin',
I don't envy kings ner czars,
When the coyotes down the valley
Are a-singin' to the stars,
And I'm ridin'.

When my earthly trail is ended,
  And my final bacon curled,
And the last great Round-up's finished
  At the Home Ranch of the world;
I don't want no harps ner halos,
  Robes, ner other dressed-up things;
Let me ride the starry ranges
  On a pinto horse with wings.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin',
Nothin' I'd like half as well
As a-roundin' up the sinners
That have wandered out o' Hell,
—And a-ridin'.



A SCENE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR CASTLE ROCK

From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.



From a photo by Lily E. White.

CASTLE ROCK AND HOUSEBOAT—COLUMBIA RIVER



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

HOUSEBOAT IN LITTLE WHITE SALMON RIVER, WASHINGTON.

Houseboating in the Pacific Northwest

By Sidona V. Johnson

HOUSEBOATING, matchless pastime of soft summer days, is matchlessly conditioned upon the interesting and picturesque waterways of the Pacific Northwest. Compared with houseboating on the Atlantic Coast and in Europe this manner of warm-weather outing has here scarcely passed beyond its infancy; but, bred in and of the expansive West, it is a lusty child, liberally endowed, and its development will assuredly be phenomenal.

In all our broad and beautiful land there is not a river more inviting to tourist or pleasure seeker, dreamer and idealist, robust sportsman or worn invalid than the glorious Columbia, from its wide mouth where sea and river merge, to its source, twelve hundred miles or more distant, in Columbia lakes in the almost untrodden wilds of British Columbia. The houseboat built at tidewater on the Willamette or Columbia river cannot, by reason of natural obstructions in the river, traverse more than one hundred and ninety miles of the Columbia's waters; but many joyously restful and inspiring summers can be spent in sheltered coves and nooks between Astoria and The Dalles, for upon the lower two hundred miles of this river its scenery is unsurpassed, the vagaries of wind and wave, current and clime, numerous beyond mention, and artist, scientist, sportsman and pleasure seeker will here find food in regal abundance.

The many tributaries of the Columbia



A STORM IN THE PALISADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

From a photo by Lily E. White.



From a photo by Lily E. White.

UPPER CAPE HORN, NEAR CELILO FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA.



From a photo by Lily E. White.

A HOUSEBOAT HARBOR ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



From a photo by Maud Ainsworth.

A PALATIAL HOUSEBOAT IN LYLE HARBOR, WASHINGTON ON THE COLUMBIA.

also invite the houseboat dweller to exploration, to fascinating sport, and to summer idleness or summer work, as may be preferred. Chief among these is the beautiful Willamette river, upon which at the present time almost the entire houseboat colony makes its headquarters, near Ross Island some two miles above the city of Portland. Here, within sight of the city's domes and spires, within hearing of its noisy signals, yet well without the atmosphere of factory and wharf, are comfortable floating homes, owned and occupied by city folk during the long ideal summers of the Willamette valley. Launches, canoes and row boats afford convenient and speedy access from Portland, so that business men may enjoy a whole summer of change and at least partial relaxation without missing one day from office or shop, or one evening of the companionship of family and friends.

Unique, individualistic, attractive are these temporary abodes. Many of them are to all outward appearance not more pretentious than the habitat of the prosperous scow dweller, but their interiors are a revelation of good taste, comfort, compactness and completeness. The smaller craft are built upon log floats, while the larger and more costly rest upon substantial pontoons.

Prominent among the latter are "Raysark" and "Casa Chalupa." The last named, 105 feet in length by 35-foot beam, is the largest and most sumptuous houseboat in these waters. In it a spacious cabin, furnished with every luxury that a city home can provide, a small open deck below and an upper deck over all invite to ease and retirement while affording as well ample accommodation for entertaining on a large scale. Six state rooms supplied with hot and cold running water, a roomy bath room, galley and hospitable dining cabin complete the interior of a home to be proud of anywhere on shore. The upper deck furnished with couches, cushions, easy chairs, rugs and all sorts of comforts suggest the cabin deck of an Atlantic liner, while the elegance and completeness of the furnishings of the main deck make it easy to forget the shore home which has been deserted for a season. A gasoline launch tender with launch house and complement of row boats and canoes complete this fleet.

"Raysark" is 80 feet in length by 28-



HOUSEBOAT AND TENDERS ON WILLAMETTE RIVER.

foot beam, with 5-foot hull. On her lower deck she has an ample and luxuriously appointed cabin, six staterooms, bathroom, dining cabin, galley, three-ton ice chest, linen closet and many other closets and conveniences all of which prove conclusively that a wise, home-loving woman was consulted when she was planned. An up-to-date dark room with complete photographic outfit, including running water and every necessary detail, further show that a photographer of no mean talent was a "charter member" of the gallant crew of "Raysark." Over all a comfortably equipped upper deck, under gay canvas, affords play space for every possible taste. This complete fleet includes a launch house, almost as large as "Raysark," in which is housed the "Lark," a gasoline launch tender 45 feet long, fitted with 45 horse power gasoline engine, a cabin with pilot house, galley and toilet, and cockpit for guests. Upon the launch house are galley, cabins, state rooms and bath for the accommodation of the engineer and houseboat servants. Here also is a gasoline engine for pumping water into the two tanks, and fire hose attached to the engine are ready to play several streams of water in case of fire. A repair department, consisting of machine and carpenter shop, complete the equipment of the launch house. In addition a smaller gasoline launch, the "Iris,"with launch house, row boats and canoes, make up this quite formidable fleet.

Noticeable in the Willamette houseboat colony among the modest craft of plain exterior is the "Tic-Tiac," whose interior boasts a charm hard to describe: At the beginning of her career she was a plain little scow-boat, but taste and skill have supplied her with woodwork of stained Oregon fir of Mission design and Mission furniture throughout. Writing desk, table, Davenport, chairs, buffet and beds are all good specimens of the Mission type, and would do credit to a professional craftsman. The 18x20-foot cabin, tiny dining room and galley and two upper-deck staterooms of this summer home are most cheerful and inviting, for during the past year they have been presided over by a mistress who dearly loves the place, and who is well qualified to lend to it the charm which must ever be absent from an abode where the spirit of femininity does not preside. Master and mistress alike are devoted to their



The Pacific Monthly photo

HOUSEBOAT FLEETS ON THE WILLAMETTE.



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

THE POETRY OF HOUSEBOATING ON THE COLUMBIA.



From a photo by Sarah H. Ladd.

THE PROSE OF HOUSEBOATING ON THE COLUMBIA.

little home and keep it in commission for twelve months in the year. Both are skilled in the use of oar and paddle, and many visits they pay during the winter months to this shrine of freedom. It is their practice to entertain a few friends at tea aboard the "Tic-Tiac" every Sunday evening the year round. The climate of Western Oregon is such that a little houseboating off and on during the winter months is entirely feasible, and the rosy-cheeked mistress of the "Tic-Tiac" enthusiastically asserts that a trip to this floating retreat on a rainy Sunday afternoon and evening is just the jolliest experience imaginable.

Of the deep delights of life during the long Summer days and cool starry evenings in the houseboat colony about Ross Island only those really know who have been fortunate enough to participate in it. Here is freedom from conventional restraint, novelty without end, good fellowship and ease; and as bobbing colored lights shine forth on ideal Summer nights from the trim decks, and melodious voices and guitar strains are wafted to the dwellers ashore it is difficult to be guiltless of envy.

To "Casa Chalupa," not yet one year old, must be awarded the distinction of being the largest and most ornately appointed houseboat upon the Willamette or Columbia River; but "Raysark," whose third birthday was celebrated this Spring, gracefully wears the laurels we are ever eager to accord to adventure and achievement. She has been down the Columbia River as far as Astoria, near its mouth, and up that mighty river, through its awe-inspiring gorge, over its most turbulent and dangerous waters, through the fine government locks at The Cascades, past lava beds and towering cliffs, to a safe and picturesque mooring at Lyle, Washington, a town twelve miles below the city of The Dalles and one hundred and seventy-eight miles distant from the mouth of the river. And from here this staunch craft has "lived" her way back over the highway of water to her winter mooring at Portland, pausing here and there, at the pleasure of her occupants, in the shadow of some sublime symbol of nature's immutable forces, or nestling restfully in a sheltered inlet where summer stillness brooded sweetly over all, and insect and bird life sounded an accompaniment to which the



human voice refused to sing aught but "dolce far niente."

Crowning her crown of adventure, "Raysark" is enriched with the charm which hovers about the head of hospitality. Aboard her the latch-string is ever out, and frequently she revels in the luxury of a social function. Special steamers from Portland are brought into requisition to convey guests to and from her hospitable decks, and she has entertained at one time as many as one hundred and fifty merrymakers. Fourth of July celebrations are an elaborate feature of her life, and they are looked forward to with delight by all who anticipate the pleasure of an invitation. In prose and in rhyme, in wit and in sentiment her Log attests the high degree of appreciation in which guests hold "Raysark" and her crew.

"Raysark" set forth upon her meanderings in April, 1903, ere yet the paint upon her decks and rails was dry, and she has spent the three summers of her life upon the glorious Columbia River, housing her crew and their fortunate guests in her beautiful cabins and staterooms in fashion so comfortable and satisfying that the mere mention of her name brings to the face of each a smile of beatific content.

That this ark of exploration might be able to carry back to stay-at-home friends some of the inspiration of her summer of life upon the Columbia, the Captain of the craft, an expert amateur photographer, was prepared at all times to photograph everything in sight, while the dark room and all necessary photographic paraphernalia at hand made it possible to turn out at any time a finished picture. The success or failure of this part of the project is left to the reader, for all the Columbia River scenery shown herewith, and many of the other illustrations, are the work of the artistic and energetic Captain, ably seconded by two clever assistants, the Hostess and First Mate.

Eventful in her history was the day when the spick and span craft was towed by the river steamer "Regulator" down the Willamette to its confluence with the Columbia River, and the maiden cruise of the "Raysark" began. She was manned by owners and crew and a merry party of friends who thoroughly enjoyed the hasty departure forced upon them by the warning of the Port Captain that



THE SUN SINKING BEYOND OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS



THE FLEET OF "CASA CHALUPA" ON THE WILLAMETTE.

The Pacific Monthly photo

"Raysark" would not be able to get through the gorge of the Columbia into the Locks unless she made the trip before the spring freshet was at its height. So she went, willy-nilly, minus a few finishing touches, but carrying an adequate ballast of enthusiasm and flying a pennant of eager anticipaton, for every one aboard loved the stately and wonderful Columbia and longed to revel at leisure in its never-cloying charm and beauty, its grandeur and its inspiration. And every one of them was tensely eager to see how "Raysark," planned for sedate home life upon gentle waters, would behave upon the strenuous trip up the boisterous Columbia where, piled up "on edge," the great river rushes through a gap of its own making in the Cascade Mountains. For had they not all fathered and mothered that houseboat from the day it was thought of, as a desirable successor to the modest little "Pyrocraft," upon which two ideally happy summers had been spent, but which would no longer contain the crew and all its enthusiastic houseboat plans and schemes? Had they not studied gravely its every line and angle when they held a formal "post mortem" upon the plans of the new boat? Had they not haunted the shipyard and watched the hull take shape, and then smiled happily as the deck house was slowly transformed from a mere plane to an actual tangible thing that could boast of three dimensions? And were they not now about to hear for a whole long summer the musical swish of the spirited water of the Columbia beneath the hull built to afford them a safe home upon it? The unalloyed joy of it all will never be forgotten!

Nor shall they ever forget the thump-thump of their hearts as they neared the swift, seething waters of the Cascades of the Columbia where, within a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the river level drops some forty-five feet. The intrepid Captain of the "Regulator" had on this occasion neither passengers nor freight—his sole duty was to bring "Raysark" and her crew safely through the famous gorge of the Columbia to a mooring in the more quiet waters above. As he neared the boiling, foaming water and felt his boat stagger as she breasted the rapidly increasing current he signaled once more to the staunch and valorous Captain of "Raysark" that all hands would be welcome aboard the "Regulator" if they had weakened at all in their determination to stand by their own boat through the thick and the thin, the swift and the slow phases of the Columbia. Unhesitatingly, almost disdainfully the resonant megaphone replied, "No; heave ahead." However, when the "Regulator" in front of them trembled and seemed to stand still as the whirling, confused currents encompassed her, and the tow line grew taut and yet more taut, all hands on the tow were summarily ordered to the upper deck, while the lower deck was cleared and cabin and stateroom doors securely battened. And these precautions were well taken, for at every foot of progress the foaming, reckless waters threatened to board the lower deck as the square bow of "Raysark" seemed obstinately set against climbing that hill of swift water. And one great white boisterous wave did come aboard, bent on carrying off anything lying about loose, from a camp-stool to a man. "All safe!" triumphantly sounded the sonorous megaphone from above, and exultation rode frankly upon every face.

Only a few moments more of stress and strain and both boats slipped into the quiet water just below the great Locks, and the ponderous lower gates opened to admit them with imperturbable silence and dignity, disregardful of the noisy toot-toot from every whistle in sight and lusty shouts of welcome from the land.

Over the more placid waters of the river above the Locks, past swiftly changing scene, "Raysark" moved uneventfully to its first mooring on the Columbia, in the shadow of a protecting cliff near the town of Lyle in the state of Washington. And here its crew settled down with a vim to that which is, despite formidable visual evidence to the contrary, the one real aim and object of life: enjoyment.



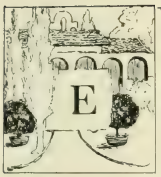
The Pacific Monthly photo.

THE FLEET OF "RAYSARK" ON THE WILLAMETTE.



My Own Story

By Mary Ashe Miller



VERY San Franciscan who was in the city on that early morning of April 18th, has a different and a weirdly interesting personal tale to tell of the earthquake and fire, and the aggregation of thrilling experiences is so great that hardly any one narrative rises above the level of the others. One hears of an escape from sudden and awful death by a margin of a second, or a few feet, told in a matter-of-fact way, and proceeds calmly to match it with one of equal marvel.

I told a man of my acquaintance that I intended writing my personal experience during the dreadful three days and he asked in a rather blase way: "Oh, was your experience anything—er—unusual?"

"Well," I said, "it had occurred to me that the whole affair was a trifle unusual. It's not customary with me, in any case." And then he laughed and admitted that he had been surfeited with such tales until he had, for the time being, lost all sense of the wonder of what we had gone through.

My most vivid recollection is, I think, of my feeling of absolute terror and helplessness during the few seconds of the earthquake. Of course, I had felt many minor shakes and paid them no more tribute than a gasp and a start, but this, although Professor Omori of Japan tells us it was a trifling affair compared with earthquakes he has known, showed me that I possess possibilities in the way of fear which I had not guessed.

I was living at the time at the Telegraph Hill Association Settlement house, in the northern part of the city, on the edge of the Latin Quarter, and on that night one of the nurses of the association and I were the only occupants of the house.

I had been at the opera the night before and it was two o'clock when I went to bed, so I was in my soundest sleep at 5:13 A. M. I missed the gentle premonitory shaking which I am told preceded the severe shock, and was awakened suddenly to a world of greater uncertainty than I had known before, by my bed writhing under me like a live thing in agony. I woke to instantaneous and fullest comprehension of the state of affairs. I knew it was an earthquake, the worst I had ever felt, and my instinctive thought was to escape from the house and get from beneath anything but the sky. I sprang out of bed, and without pausing even for a dressing gown or slippers, ran into the hall, where I met the nurse who had run out of her room, and we started downstairs.

The house was a frame one, rather old, and it shook in a way that made me absolutely breathless. I thought the wall in front of me was going to burst in, and the noise was terrifying, the racking of the

beams, the groaning of timbers, and worst of all, I think, the creaking of the nails as they drew. I half-ran, half-fell down the stairs, clinging to the banisters and thrown violently from side to side, as though I were at sea in a storm. As I reached the lower hall, a tall mirror in a heavy frame fell from the wall just in front of me, missing me narrowly.

Reaching the front door, which it occurred to me in a lightning flash of thought might be jammed, I flung it open and ran into the street, where we stood until the shaking stopped. I was in the street so quickly that I felt nearly half the shock out of doors, and I can never adequately describe the weirdness of the sensations of those few moments.

The street was smoothly paved with asphalt and it quivered beneath my bare feet as though I stood on a gigantic bowl of jelly. I turned and looked back at the house I had just left and then up the street to the summit of Telegraph Hill, a few blocks away.

In the strange gray half-light, the skyline wavered dizzily and the row of houses rocked as though built of cloth and flapped by a mighty wind. The noise was deafening, a hurrying sound as though all the houses had decided to move on hastily and found their joints painfully stiff from disuse. An army officer who was on Alcatraz Island, a mile or two from shore, told me that the sound from the city was like the roar and crackle of a hundred prairie fires at once.

The official record of the duration of the earthquake is, I believe, 28 seconds, but it seemed a small eternity and most people thought it lasted three or four minutes at least. I found myself saying, rather aimlessly, "Will it never stop? Will it *never* stop?" I felt as though it were a nightmare, and I wondered if I would wake up. A group of girls on their way to early mass stood on a street corner a half a block away, with a man leading a horse. One of the girls screamed out, "Oh, God! save us and help us!" and the horse neighed out shrilly.

I did not, as some people have said they did, see the events of life pass before me in review, as though I were drowning. I forgot, in fact, that I had a past. I was so occupied with the events of the present and the wonder as to whether I had any future. My mind worked oddly, however. A man rushed from the house next door, clad only in an undershirt, and darted, leaping like a terror-stricken hare, across the street and into Washington Square, the little park opposite us. The semi-nude condition of the man made absolutely no impression on me, or his terror either, but as he passed me on the unsteady earth I thought, "What a queer-looking undershirt," and now, after all the days and nights of excitement and horror, I remember the garment distinctly—white, adorned with undulating, horizontal lines of bright blue. As the earth, fictitiously termed solid, ceased quaking, the nurse and I walked across the street and sat down on the stone coping around the park, waiting to see if any more shocks came, and also that we might recover somewhat from our fright before walking further. The girls up the street burst into rather hysterical but appreciative laughter at us, as we sat there, white-faced and in our night-gowns. The man in the undershirt laughed shamefacedly at the spectacle he knew he presented, crouching behind a park bench, tugging at his one garment with the avidity of a wool soap advertisement. We laughed, too, partly because we were glad to be alive, but really because it was all so absurd in spite of the horror.

A German baker, making his early rounds, was having great difficulty with his terrified horses in the street near us, and as he finally subdued them he leaned out of his wagon and said to us excitedly, "Dis is an awful eart-quake; de vorst ve have ever had. San Francisco has never had so bad a von before." I replied in what I thought a rather heartfelt tone, "I hope it never does again," which quite annoyed him, and he said, "Dis is no time for laughing. Dere may come anoder at any minute some more, and kill us all." With which cheering prognostication he drove away.

Our knees, hearts and organs of respiration having reached a more normal state, we ventured into the house and dressed hurriedly. A second shock of some severity but brief duration, about ten minutes later, sent us flying half-way downstairs again. Nothing was broken in my room, but a large talking machine, sent

for the delectation of a boys' club, was thrown across the room adjoining mine and badly bent and battered, and downstairs, in the dining room, most of our dishes, quaint Mexican and French pottery, were on the floor in fragments. The mirror which had so nearly fallen on me was, by a wonderful chance, not even cracked. We had no actual conception of the damage done by the earthquake, as the buildings surrounding the park and in the nearby streets were of no great height and nearly all of wood, and none of them collapsed. The big golden ball topping the picturesque dome of the Russian-Greek cathedral, across the Square, was broken raggedly off, there were cracks in the pavement in several places in our block and our chimneys were all down, but beyond this we had only a vague apprehensive feeling of the horror of it all. There was a strange excitement in the air which was intensely disagreeable. For myself, having done newspaper work for several years, and being accustomed to late hours, I had almost forgotten that there was such an hour as 5 A. M., and to get up at that time was unpleasantly novel. We decided to take a walk and see what had happened, an idea which occurred about that time to about nine-tenths of the population of the city.

We lived midway between Telegraph and Russian Hills, two of the highest points of the city, from either of which a wonderful view was obtained, and we climbed to the summit of the latter. Reaching there about a half an hour after the earthquake, we had our first idea of the awful scourge of fire that was to lay waste our beloved city. Meeting an acquaintance as we climbed, he said, "Look at the fires; the whole city will burn." We had passed some engines on their way to extinguish a fire at North Beach, where a huge gas tank had exploded, and we had noted a smaller fire near by, but the possibility of a general conflagration seemed too remote to be considered.

"Why, what nonsense," I said. "The whole city can't burn."

As we reached the crest of the hill, the man pointed. "See," he said, and from the northern shore of the city to the extreme south, from North Beach to the far end of the Mission, fires were blazing aloft. We counted twelve even then of sufficient size for a general alarm to be rung in by the department under ordinary circumstances.

"And the shock has broken the mains so that the water supply is shut off entirely," the man added grimly. "The city must burn." As we stood there silently we felt for the first time a definite premonition of the three awful days and nights to follow, the nerve-racking strain, the uncertainty, the bewilderment, the loss of life and property, the destruction of our dear city, the keen physical discomfort and the helplessness and terror caused by the slight but constantly recurring shocks of earthquake.

Again the feeling of a bad dream came over me, a sense of unreality and, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, I said to myself, "Can this be really I ?"

We walked down into the heart of the city, so totally silent save for the sound of many feet hurrying hither and yon and the subdued speech of the people. There was no panic, people simply looked in wonder at the damage done.

A little after seven o'clock we took what was to be our last walk on Kearney street until it was a waste of gaping cellars and broken brick piles. Hundreds of people were there and all thoughts were on the fires, which no one realized, however, would sweep so much of the city. There were dreadful sights to the south; buildings collapsed and burning, from which corpses were being borne out. We did not go there, having no mind for further horrors, but meeting a man we knew, who urged us to leave the city, which we refused to do, we turned homeward, walking north through Chinatown. But little damage was done there, but the Chinese sat patiently dignified, with a stricken look on their faces, which was one of the saddest things I saw.

I began to realize that I was hungry as time went on. A healthy appetite will assert itself after three hours' walking up and down hills, even in times of calamity. We had by this time reached the Italian Quarter, and began to look for a restaurant, realizing that our cook, a fat Assyrian woman of good intentions but meagre mentality, would be quite useless. None of the Italians had opened their places, but at Luna's, a well-known little Mexican restaurant, we found comfort.

The sad, deliberate, one-eyed waiter greeted us as unconcernedly as of old and promised us such breakfast as we desired, their chimneys being among the very few uninjured in the city. We had had delicious meals of Mexican cookery there, but that morning we took good Anglo-Saxon bacon and eggs and coffee, the last comfortably cooked and served meal we had for many a day. After we left there there was a violent shock of earthquake, short but with a sound like an explosion, and that practically finished every one's nerves.

We decided that it was hardly wise for two women to remain alone in the house that night, so I packed a suitcase and prepared to go to some relatives for a few days' stay until the excitement should be over.

I considered the possibility of the fire reaching that part of the city sufficiently to pack a trunk with my best clothes and other possessions. I wore a new tailor-made suit, for which I was indeed thankful later when I knew that what I had on and the contents of my suitcase were all my worldly goods. I took what money and jewelry I had with me, lest the house might be looted, but the other things in the suitcase were rather trivial to take precedence in the matter of being saved. No clothing, save a change of underwear, a kimono, a pair of shoes and a few pique collars, and the rest, the usual things one would take for a night's stay—brushes, a tooth brush, nail files and the like. Everything proved useful and a comfort, however, in the days that followed when nothing might be purchased, and all the little things of ones' daily life were gone. When no water was to be had, I managed to keep, at least, a clean face by the use of my cold cream and violet water.

Most of that terrible Wednesday I walked, viewing the fire from different places and observing the crowds of people standing watching everywhere. I think it was the most vividly interesting day I have ever spent. It was almost like the beginning of the "Last Day." All of the customary occupations and situations were gone, there was no time or place for the "make-believes" of human nature, every one was down to the bedrock of his own personality and character, and, after seeing the bravery, the self-control, the kindliness and generosity that I did that day, and the absence of most of the petty meannesses, nothing can ever shake my faith in the possibilities of humanity. Twice I climbed to the top of Telegraph Hill and looked down upon the acres of flames burning the business part of the city, probably the most beautiful and the most awful sight I shall see in life. Dynamiting had begun and the city rocked with the explosions. Every one seemed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and yet everywhere there was faith and hope that the fire would be checked. No one could say how, but it was impossible to grasp any other belief.

There was no weeping or lamenting, even among those who saw their all going up in smoke, and in all the three days I saw no one in tears save a little lad about four years old. He, with his parents, was marching into the west to escape the flames which had already burned their home, and he sobbed bitterly. His mother said, "Do stop your crying, dear. This is no time to cry."

"But I'm so uncomfortable," he answered.

"Well, so is everyone else," said his mother.

"But I'm so unhappy," he persisted.

"So is everyone else," was the reply; "but suppose everyone else in San Francisco today who is unhappy cried. It would be a pretty looking city. Suppose you just be a man and shut up now." And he did "shut up," and those were the last tears I saw.

Most of the garbage gatherers of San Francisco are Italians, and they began packing their families and furniture into their huge carts on Wednesday morning and carrying them away. Hundreds of people gathered in Washington Square, bringing bedding and food. Just after noon there was a great excitement among these people, and we saw the morgue and undertakers' wagons beginning to arrive. The places where the dead had been taken were either burned or threatened with destruction, so they were removing the bodies to what were supposedly places of safety. Before I left the settlement house, twenty corpses lay on the grass across the street, covered with canvas, and more were coming all the time.

About three o'clock I began my long

walk out to Sacramento and Buchanan streets, carrying my suitcase. It was very warm and the walk filled with sights of horror and fire, seemed endless. It is a fearful thing to stand on a hill and see miles of fire destroying a city that you know personally as I knew San Francisco. To see one building and another catch, blaze and become either a gutted shell of steel, brick and stone, or a smouldering pile of ashes, is as though one were at the deathbed of a friend. We had dinner that night, cooked on a stove built of the chimney bricks, in the garden, and served through the back windows of the dining room. We were too nervous to have any appetites by that time, and several sharp shocks did not add to our happiness. Late in the evening a friend, who was likewise a refugee from the district nearer the fire, her little girl and I walked up to Lafayette Square, a block away, where hundreds of people were encamped, some already burned out and others badly "house shy" on account of the constant earthquakes.

It was nerve-racking to stay indoors, waiting for shocks, so we decided to join the campers, although as my fellow-refugee said, "It proves this to be a terrible condition when people in our walk of life take to sleeping in public parks."

We took steamer rugs, blankets and cushions and spread them out in a rather secluded bit of lawn, just where a soldier paced on duty all night, and there we spent the night until about four o'clock, actually sleeping several hours.

It was a perfect night, warm and balmy; the camping people were quiet and orderly, many of them apparently sleeping, too, and the terrible glow of the fire was like a rosy dawn over the hill. Several times during the night I walked across the square and watched the progress of the fire eight or ten blocks away, and coming toward us with a roar and crackle that was so monotonously constant that it finally seemed as though we had always had the sound in our ears since the first of life.

We had our breakfast of coffee and hard-boiled eggs, grouped on the front steps—family, friends, children, servants and dogs—and then, as that part of the city would burn unless the fire stopped at Van Ness avenue, we all made ready to move on. I went to other relatives, many blocks further out, just by the Presidio wall, but even there the people were preparing for departure. I watched the fire but little that day. I had seen enough the day before to last forever, and the immensity of the conflagration was too appalling. The heat was terrible, to people accustomed to San Francisco's cool climate, and it was a distressing experience to watch the hundreds who fled with whatever they could carry.

It was a grim procession, automobiles, carriages, wagons, bicycles, people walking; no one with any idea what they possessed in the world, where they were going eventually, or what would become of them. There was a humorous side to it all, though, which the people were quick to appreciate. One man, for instance, toiled along, saving a parrot, a ham and a pair of roller skates, which represented, I suppose, a kind heart, a provident nature and faith in the future outlook.

A man of my acquaintance told me recently that he had lost faith in the story of Lot's wife turning to salt because she looked back. In the light of later experience he believed she died of heart failure from dragging her trunk out of the doomed city.

We camped that night on a vacant lot, eating our dinner of odds and ends of cold and canned food off of papers spread on the ground. The Japanese servant of the friends with whom we camped remembered the invariable desire of the head of the house for flowers on the table, so he made a journey to the house nearby and brought a cut glass vase of American Beauty roses, which rose triumphantly amid the canned salmon and cold potatoes.

Late in the evening a soldier rode by, shouting out that the Western Addition was saved, as the fire was stopped at Van Ness avenue. It turned north then, however, swept around Russian and Telegraph Hills, out to North Beach, and the next day (my birthday!) burned the settlement house and my belongings which I had been unable to get away, even had I known of any place that seemed safe to take them. We slept in tents on Thursday night, but on Friday went into the house. No one went to bed, but mattresses were spread on the floors in the

drawing room, hall and dining room, and there every one lay, fully dressed, and got such sleep as they might.

No lights were allowed, for fear of starting other fires. Soldiers went from house to house about eight o'clock, shouting "All lights out ! No lights permitted !" and, if necessary, enforcing their orders at the point of a bayonet. Of all the time of the calamity nothing was more terrible than that night. Our nerves were strained painfully from the continuous stress and excitement; everyone was in great discomfort as there was no water for bathing, and we had not even washed our faces for three days. Although the heat had been frightful, we had walked miles, and had slept on the ground; little earthquakes came at intervals during the night, frightening us into such a state that one felt all palpitating heart and parched throat; we were tired and our limbs ached in a way that few of us had known before; there were vague and terrible rumors of all manner of lawless people abroad in the city and the men got up at certain hours during the night and went out to help patrol the vicinity, and over it all the blackest darkness, not a light in the city.

The night seemed an endless torment. We slept in our clothes downstairs for a week, cooked in the street for several weeks and almost lost even the memory of the blessing of a hot bath. But few gave way under the strain, and it is proved that fire and earthquake may be able to destroy a good deal, but in San Francisco people's courage and sense of humor survived it all.





AT EBBTIDE.

Scowtown and Its People

By Alma A. Rogers

WHOEVER has had occasion to cross and recross the great bridges that hold the two halves of Portland in a grip of steel, will not have failed to notice the floating settlements along the river shores.

Here are scows in groups of fifties and less, huddled close to the abutments of the bridges, and riding the smooth waters of the Willamette as airily as a fleet of tiny arks at anchor. Some are gay in crudest primary tints of red, green, blue and yellow; but for the most part winter rain and fog have bleached the weatherboards into a pleasing greyness. From the outermost fringe of scows to the shore narrow gang-planks span the watery dooryards from deck to deck, binding the whole community into a union no less fraternal than picturesque.

On the beach are nondescript heaps of wreckage that would delight the heart of a small boy or a junk dealer—driftwood, broken coils of wire rope, a promiscuous mass of sundries that owe their deposit to both time and tide.

Cables stout and long securely fasten the scows to the land. The decks surrounding nearly all of them show signs of domestic life. Children sport about the narrow gangways with all the unconcern of water-babies. The family cat and her natural canine enemy seem here reconciled. Even the canary bird sings in a gilded cage in a certain white-curtained window, and a certain luxuriant garden is moored to its owner's after-deck. The mingled remoteness and nearness is alluring when viewed from the calm perspective of a bridge rail. Here is a phase of life at once independent of and yet related to the movement of the city at large.

Scowtown is an eddy in the bustling swirl of the everyday current. One wonders what manner of people these are who

have elected to cut themselves off from the solid earth and venture for habitation upon an element which man has not yet succeeded in taming. Is it the natural fascination for the water-life that has driven to this amphibious residence, or merely an easy means of evading the landlord and the taxes? Perhaps a little of both. The motives even of simple folk are not easy to trace, and life on a scow is not without its appeal to the primal man. The instinct of self-preservation which demands a roof over one's head and a family hearth can be secured here to the toiler at less cost than on land, and with no half-hour or hour to waste daily on the street cars. The sense of self-respect with which Nature rewards those of her children who are obedient to her demands stiffens the spine of the householder on water as on terra firma. Nor are his slumbers disturbed by the click of the lawn-mower, which transforms the dreams of the suburbanite into nightmares and causes him to groan when the sun shines, because it makes the grass grow! The river attends to all that for the scow people.

The ebb and flow of the Pacific tides sweeping a hundred miles up the Columbia to tilt up the scows a couple of feet twice daily, meet all normal demands for civic improvement. If the inmates may not sit on their front porch and see the automobiles spin by, they have a still more fascinating exchange in the craft of the water-front. The harbor is never without the tall masts around which ocean gales seem still to whistle, and the great hulls, grain or lumber-laden, going out, of sailing vessels from all ports of the world. The Oriental steamers discharging their cargoes of silk and tea at wharves on the opposite side of the river are neighbors to the scow fleet. The spick and span river boats roll out sonorous whistles in warning to the bridge-tenders, and the ponderous draws open at their approach. Stout towboats of grimy and ungainly exterior but inward strength creep along at snail's pace, dragging immense log rafts for the mills above the farthest bridges. On pleasant days gay pleasure launches cut a white path through the blue water. If these and the endless variety of smaller craft fail to supply incident to the life of the scow-dweller, he may let go his skiff from its moorings and take a cruise on his own account, with drift logs for treasure should he have an eye to the state of his woodpile.

On the water-front of Portland, within sight from the bridges, are three scow settlements. For lack of more distinctive terminology I shall consider them as Upper, Middle and Lower Scowtown. The first lies at the foot of Mill street on the western bank of the river. The other two are on the east side, the second and largest being a little north of Madison bridge, and the last close in below Burnside bridge. In these three settlements there may be a hundred and fifty scows. Another settlement of some size is on the slough near the North Pacific lumber mills, and for miles up and down the river isolated groups and solitary habitations may be found moored to sheltering islands or to the river bank. Three hundred would be a conservative estimate of the general total, with a population of perhaps fifteen hundred, though one riverman declared that there are not less than five hundred scows on the river and five thousand people. When I objected that this would give the rather incredible average of ten persons to a scow, he protested that I had no idea of how closely some of these people were packed in!

At any rate, Portland has the largest scowtown in the United States. This fact is no doubt due to the mild climate, which renders life on the water agreeable at all seasons of the year.

The transient nature of the communities makes exact data a little difficult. Whenever a scow-dweller gets tired of his neighbor's back yard, all he has to do is to heave up anchor and sail to pastures new; provided he can afford the cost of a tug for transportation, or, as is often the case, a favoring wind blows his little craft, guided by his own skiff and sail, in the desired quarter. Thus today you may count half a hundred scows in the largest town, near the Madison bridge. Tomorrow or next week the number may be diminished, or, what is quite as likely, increased.

The tendency to change is not always the result of a roving disposition. The scows hold their location rent free, and are subject to the will of the water-front owners. More than once a whole settlement has been ordered to vacate to make room for wharfage for mills and other industries. This was the case with the populous colony to the south of Burnside



UPPER SCOWTOWN.



THE WHOLE FAMILY.

bridge, which vanished as in a night some two years ago. Lumber rafts now cover the site. It appears that the remaining northern half of the town has lately heard the summons to "move on," and soon these water tramps also must seek new haunts. Much regret will the removal bring to lovers of the picturesque, who from the lofty bridge rail have lingered over the wonderful garden, the blue-tipped picket fence around the white scow with red trimmings where the geraniums in tin cans have been wont to bloom, and especially the old tub whose water-soaked timbers must have known many a chance and mischance. Vale, and God-speed!

Each settlement has a characteristic feature. Lettuce, onions, radishes, even peas and tomatoes have I seen growing luxuriantly in their season from boxes and barrels of soil placed on a raft moored to the owner's scow. The latter, beside being a connoisseur in vegetables, is plainly of a more practical turn of mind than the boarder in "Rudder Grange," who, it will be remembered, made Euphemia's garden on the roof of the canal boat, whence the first rain brought down showers of mud and water on the sleeping members of that cheerful family.

In Upper Scowtown I discovered no floating gardens, but instead some plots of greens growing normally on the slope of the bank where a couple of diminutive scows are landed high and dry as Noah's domicile on Mt. Ararat. They were stranded here by the great flood of 1894. So firmly set are they in the bank that their occupants must have renounced the idea of ever taking to the water again. The brow of the hill shelters from wind, the lumber mill close at hand furnishes free pickings of slabwood, and the colony of aquatic neighbors, presumably fraternal tugs on cables not a hundred feet away. Wise is the man, whatever his condition, who knows when to let well enough alone.

I stood on Madison bridge and counted some fifty scows in Middle town, already mentioned as the largest. The queer little craft suggested a research into their geneology. The canoe, of course, is the tap root of the nautical tree, of which ships and steamers are the bud. It might be assuming too much intimacy with the possible to call them the flower. From a scow



LOWER SCOWTOWN.

to a ship is not such a far cry when reckoned by the measure of ideas, not time. We easily surmise how that primitive ancestor with more bumps on his head than his neighbors saw a log in the water one day as he mused beside a stream. The idea housed in bumps told him to wade out and mount it. He obeyed—the log still floated! To hollow out the middle so he could sit comfortably in a dry skin, point the ends for speed and guide it with poles instead of his legs was not a very difficult feat for the human brain when once the idea set it going. The next generation, after its habit, saw a way of improving the invention. Many logs bound together made a raft, and a room built on top was less trouble than cutting it out below. So the prototype of the modern houseboat evolved. It may be today a palace in miniature, done in white and gold for midsummer pleasuring, but without that bumpy man astride the log it could never have been.

Technically, a scow is a flat-bottomed boat. The term, rigidly used, is applied only to such craft with a shaped bottom, or hull. The kind which is built on a foundation of logs is called a float by the river people, who also familiarly speak of their habitations as "shacks." At least the land-lubbers do. One may easily fancy that the sprinkling of old salts who have found the refuge of age in these craft still cling to the terms which relate them, though ever so little, to the memories of deep-sea days. To a real sailorman, who, by the way, loves nothing better than to poke around in the driftwood with a pike, the plank footway is a gang, the porch the deck, the roof a crown, and whereas a land-lubber wakes up in bed in the morning, he turns out of his bunk to "sniff the air." Scows and floats to the uninitiated all look alike, and can be towed about just the same, though the latter is in more danger of becoming waterlogged. My boatman, who has lived on the river for fifteen years, says the only difference between a scow and a houseboat is that one belongs to the poor, the other to the rich.

Now it is all very well to consider pedigrees and definitions from the idealizing perspective of a bridge rail. But in a



BENEATH THE RAILWAY TRESTLE.

study designed to be "next the ground," it is not enough. Somehow the real and the ideal must be made to meet, to touch hands. Of course, I knew it was not necessary to bolt up to the front door of the scow people and demand a heart-to-heart talk in order to discover that under their humble roofs the same tides of human love and passion ebb and flow as in all other hearts. That never was and never will be a matter of the abiding place. The way to my desire opened, however, as it always does. One glorious afternoon when sunshine flooded the world I stood again on that same bridge, wondering if these Children of the River would reveal themselves to me if I dared go down. The huddled little dwellings glared cheerfully in their brilliant paints, the network of footways in which everybody makes use of his neighbor's gang in line of the shore bespoke hospitality and good-will, and through the maze of stovepipes thrusting forth from every shingled roof a few curls of white smoke floated upward, soon to be lost in the measured puffings of the big lumber mills in the background.

While I hestitated, a man came out on one of the decks, emptied the contents of a bright tin dishpan into the river, and disappeared. He was old, as his movements indicated, aside from the white hair that crowned his uncovered head. Presently he returned with a broom, and began toilsomely brushing the deck. At this point my attention was diverted to the newspaper boy on his rounds with the evening papers. He darted over the gangplanks with the ease of habit, leaving many papers. That decided me. I sauntered down the bank, followed a well-beaten path and turned up the first gang. It led to a confusion of ways, however, and a growing sense of intrusion and trespass. Neither the old man with the broom nor his scow could be seen. Making another start, I traversed a number of gangs that dipped to the water's edge under foot, and turned a corner where two men were building a porch around a large scow. One immediately called out that Mrs. Blank was at home and to go around to the other side. No time was lost in accepting the fortunate invitation, and I was soon seated comfortably in the best rocker, listening to the interpretation of



SOME BACKYARDS.

scow life as it appeared to one who was in it. Life was a serious bread-and-butter-business to my hostess, and the fascination of the river a mere abstraction. She lived there because she preferred it to a lodging house, and there was no rent to pay. A few months' rent for a house of equal size on land would buy the scow. The freedom of the life, its health, the fresh air and sunshine which no skyscraper can eclipse, the security from fire —that winged horror of the crowded city —and the neighborly kindness of the colony were dwelt on with an interest which it were unkind to link with the fact that this scow is for sale. Two hundred and fifty dollars will purchase its six commodious rooms and the dozen or more huge logs that buoy is upon the waters, not to mention sundry cables and two anchors that hold down its four corners. Here is a chance for the man or woman who harbors ennui to regain an excuse for existence.

Life in the scow settlements seems to move on in the same orderly fashion habitual to land. Groceries and dry goods are delivered to the house number, and the real Bull Run is obtained from shore, river water being used only for cleansing purposes. Mail is called for at the substation. Many of the residents are family men, quiet and industrious, who find employment on the wharves and in the mills. The sons and daughters work in the canneries and factories.

The homes of men who "bach" can usually be distinguished by the forlorn air about the place, in distinction to the lace curtains and flowering plants that mark the presence of the eternal feminine. There are exceptions. I have been in one. There is no scow on the river more trimly built or better kept than this home of a crippled youth, the watchman of water properties, every part of which was built and painted by his own hands. Another watchman is building a fine large scow near the steamers he guards, in order to have his family with him. This man has been an officer on both ocean and river vessels, and his story of how he has tried to break away from the spell of the sea reveals the mind of the genuine sailor.

In a solitary scow up the river lives an educated Italian, who is occasionally em-

ployed as interpreter by city firms. A dozen or more telephone girls have set up co-operative housekeeping in a down-town scow. Another is the home of the janitor of one of the largest business blocks in the city. On shore, in a shed of slabwood, is the buggy in which the family rides out on Sundays.

Near one of the fire halls are several scows which house the firemen. In the shadow of a bridge a photographer has both his home and studio on a scow, with a dark room fitted up with the best equipment. In summer he takes his outfit to the logging camps and fisheries, bringing back views that have made him known as one of the best photographers of Oregon scenery.

These eminently staid and respectable items are purposely put forward to lessen the shock of others. Scowtown has its riff-raff, along with cheap living and easy distances. But this fact is scarcely a reflection on scow life. The discredit cannot be imputed to either land or water, but to a much more difficult medium to master—human nature.

To this latter account, then, must be charged such authentic bits of high color as the jolly drunks of a convivial pair whose regularly recurring festivities put to shame that portion of the bachelor folk who sometimes wash away their loneliness in the flowing bowl, and bring the dreams of sober neighbors to an unwelcome climax by roysterings over the common footways in the wee sma' hours.

Though in general the scows may shelter the common kind whose sordid needs furnish sufficient reason for residence, the touch of romance is not lacking. A few years ago the son of a British lord concealed his identity in a ram-shackle scow above Burnside bridge. What were his wanderings, his sins or misfortunes, may not be known. Today in a tiny scow in one of the settlements lives a woman who was once a millionaire. The whirligig of time has now set this lady, accustomed to all the refinements of luxurious living, side by side with the laborer whose daily grind barely suffices for his hand-to-mouth necessities. These are facts, not fancies. Yet they are very sordid facts, after all, when named beside at least one moral heroine, who, with her husband, found the home of feeble age in the old scowtown that formerly lay to the south



MIDDLE SCOWTOWN.



A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON IN SCOWTOWN.

of Burnside bridge. The two tiny rooms were as spotless as her hands, knotted with rheumatism, could make them. She did cleaning for the shore people, while the husband picked up odd jobs. The visitor who told me this incident knew how to touch souls gently, and to her the old woman discoursed with genuine simplicity of her many mercies, and how, greatest of all, they had always possessed the priceless blessing of love.

"Allan," said I to the black boatman, while our skiff nosed about the scows, "why do you live on the water? Is it because you like the life?"

Allan, whose scow is built under a bridge where no order to move can reach the public highway, smiled broadly. "You see," he said, "I like to fish. I've always had a hankering to fish. I've lived on the river fifteen years.

"I catch chubs and pike and suckers and sell them to the Chinese merchants. They give me a good price, too. Did you know that Chinamen won't buy dead fish? Well, they won't. They keep them in tanks of fresh water till they are sold, and I have a bulkhead in my boat where I put them as soon as they are caught. Then in the evening I read and mend nets. I've read a lot. A lady lends me books and magazines. I do my own washing and cooking and have a partner to make living cheap."

"But if you are so fond of the water, why don't you go to sea? Have you not wanted to sail away in these tall-masted ships?"

"Never. And I like a steamer best, anyway. There comes one now. Feel the swell," and while our tiny boat tossed on the waves Allan explained how the swells are the terror of the scows, bobbing them up and down like corks by day or night, and sometimes causing them to break their moorings and start downstream.

"Freshets do that, too," he resumed, when it was over. Then I remembered how a bridal party was once in the midst of the ceremony when the cable broke and the scow sailed away, preacher and all, on an unpremeditated wedding journey. "And often the furniture slides and the shack careens. I balance my bed by my stove to keep an even keel."

"But would you not be more comfortable on shore?" I persisted. "You could easily find plenty to do."

The waterman threw back his head and showed a row of white teeth. "Maybe so. I've had a chance at lots of good jobs on land, but I couldn't see it that way."

For many years the scows and their people have been objects of my fancy. Imagination has peopled those low-framed doorways with a procession moving in and out over the narrow footways like the figures in a dream; and yet not a dream, but the passing show called Life. Certain forms, mostly stooped and gnarled, have seemed to sit on the rear decks of particular weather-beaten scows, on which the strain of years lay not more heavily than on their inmates. Then there have been other and brighter figures. Youth has gladdened the humble community with the music of laughter, love and the pain born of loving have come with the years that speed youth and careless joy. But always, underneath the muddy bottoms of the scows, the pulse of the river has beaten, moving onward, onward to the Sunset Seas. And when I have felt this pulse-beat the currents of youth and age, love and sorrow, have mingled into one vast, calm tide which bears all its children, humble as great, securely upon its bosom.





"THE ATLANTIS," OWNED BY H. D. HAWKS, STATIONED AT BELVEDERE.

Arks and Launches About San Francisco Bay

By Blanche Partington

NOAH'S, I suppose, is the first houseboat of history, and probably one of the largest,—though the evidence here in unauthoritative. Not so that which concerns the *H. J. Corcoran,* without doubt the largest ark ever seen in San Francisco Bay, as it is quite the latest and most remarkable.

A word here. Of the ark-life about our bay I have been asked to write; of the gay, Venetian-like, summer-long fiesta that it usually means; but how may one this year? From one's porch, gently undulating on the blue Tiburon waters, Belvedere over one's shoulder, a tiny Naples palaced to the crest of its tapestried hill with tiny mansions; one may see, afar, far off, the ashes of one's home in San Francisco. Not that the Californian saves them to sit among. As the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly, the Californian takes his grief gaily. Perhaps he better knows a grief when he sees one; better knows what there is in a name? But have his jest he will an' he die for't. Unmixed Californian is the sign "Crashed, not crushed," that one sees laughing out from the ruins of a famous crockery store on Market Street. The same man puts up "Broke but Happy" over his tent door. And the lady, the lily-fingered maid who last year hung a lantern on her father's ark as her sternest task, who shall say that she peels the family potato this year any the worse because she jests at the work? Doubtless, too, her smallest brother has inscribed on the galley: "Don't kiss the cook," but then nobody minds him!

Gay, then, as we count gaiety, this season will not be. Our men are too busy; our women are too busy. There is a city to be builded, the most beautiful and beloved of cities. The ark, the country home of the sea-lover, is this year his home where he must think and work for the "city beautiful." "Ark," the very name seems prophetic! To this place of refuge, where, before, their lightest moments were spent, came hundreds in their direst need, flying before earthquake and fire,



"WE FISH"; ON "THE BAT."

they came; naught left of all their wealth but these little palaces of pleasure, now their only homes. Rather soberly then, in comparison, will life go aboard the house-boats this year. Madame will hang up but one lantern to her bygone score, but she will hang up that! Monsieur will bring home not his dozen guests for the week-end but his one or two, if he remember! Nor will the *Naiad,* the *Dolphin,* lantern-jeweled, flower-decked, gaily swing from the winter lagoons into the free summer seas. That costs money. There isn't too much this year. But there will be aboard things better, high hope and love and laughter, as perhaps never before.

The *H. J. Corcoran,* as aforementioned, is the largest ark on the bay. Pleasure boat it cannot properly be called, though in its most timely hospitality its guests take an almost pathetic pleasure. The boat was once a mere ferry-boat plying between Vallejo and Stockton. In the present need it has become an ark for the lunchless rich, for the clubless banker, for the bunkless millionaires of San Francisco. Here foregather every day some 175 of the best known members of San Francisco's most famous clubs, even of the Bohemian Club itself, shipping and lumber princes, insurance magnates, bankers, burned out of the Merchants' Exchange, the Pacific Union and others. More uniquely famous than any of these the Jolly Tars, as they have christened the new club, promises to become. Here between 12 and 1:30 every day the map of San Francisco changes; here is the heart of her up-building. And the *H. J. Corcoran* "feeds, shaves and shines" daily her 175 guests, and can "sleep" thirty of them. True, though one hears no grumble about it, there are better views than the *H. J. Corcoran* offers wharved at Clay Street Landing by the Ferry Depot; nor is there a solitary mandolin or lantern in sight. Natheless in the desert "down town," where "ham and" in a tent is the most luxurious fare afforded, oilcloth and dynamite proof china the fashion of its serving, the big ark figures as a palace of delights.

I have before remarked that the Jolly Tars evince an almost pathetic pleasure in the *"Corcoran"* hospitality. Gourmands, famous even among San Francisco epicures, may be seen frankly reveling in its simple table; openly grateful, too, for the hook upon which they may hang their hat, for the quiet corner in which they may smoke. Only comparative is the term "simple table" by the way, Mr. Paul J. Szchoch (who likes it just that way), the Napoleon of the situation, got as much together as the following even by May 14th, when the *Corcoran* let down her gang plank:

Mock Turtle Soup
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Shad Kingfish Sole
Fricassee of Lamb, Petits Pois
Prime Ribs of Beef, Brown Gravy
Asparagus New Potatoes
Pie
Assorted Fruits
American and Edam Cheese
Oranges
Tea and Coffee

Considerably more elaborate is the menu of today, but it is doubtful if it is as heartily enjoyed as that first "civilized meal" of the period. Among those who dine are R. P. Schwerin, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who presides; Charles S. Fee, A. B. Spreckels, John D. Spreckels, Andrew Carrigan, C. M. Goodall, A. S. Cheseborough, Bruce Hayden, S. B. McNear, P. W. Selby, Vanderlyn Stow, William Greer Harrison, E. R. Folger, William Dingee, John R. Hooper, A. C. Macondray, J. R. Hanify, William H. Sproule, William A. Landry, Charles Spear and Augustus Taylor, who, with the rest of the Jolly Tars will doubtless spin

many pleasant yarns in the days to come, of life upon the big ark after the quake.

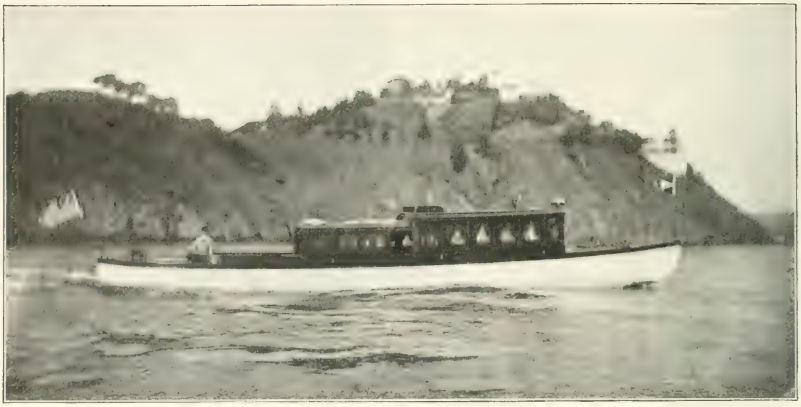
Ark yarns will undoubtedly be popular among "quake-lore," not less so, perhaps, the launchman's stories, and Mr. Gordon Blanding already tells upon his hill at Belvedere how the *Chipmunk,* prettiest of pleasure launches, carried his family safely from the burning city. Nor will August Pape, who owns the largest (real) ark on the bay, (among other distinctions) readily forget that it was the *Dolphin* at quiet Greenbrae, that housed wife and babe when the Pape home burned.

But away with quake and fire! By much the fastest thing to get away from them with about here is John Twigg's beautiful little launch, the *Twig It.* Its builder, Mr. Twigg himself, is something of a personage, haply indeed, to boats what a Stradivarius was to violins. At least he believes that with this launch he has upset all previous theories of boat speed. Properly speaking the *Twig It* is an "auto boat," though its maker dubbed it a "seaworthy speed launch." Whatever you call it, it goes! Weighing 1016 lbs., with only a 34-horse power gas engine, the *Twig It* has made 22 miles an hour, and has a possible 25. Her measurements add to the wonder. To her 33 feet length, she counts a five foot beam, with a draught of 24 inches at the propeller.

How the *Twig It* does her 22 miles an hour, and how in so doing she knocks out the stuffing, as Mr. Twigg says, from the older theories, he says is just this. It is simply that she cuts through the water instead of trying to keep atop of it! So simple when one knows! She does it this way, by, like a wise boat, really following the lines of least resistance. Even the land-lubber cannot but note the curious and beautiful flight—it is the only word—of the *Twig It.* Where the keen little nose of her cuts into the water there is not a ripple. Inch by inch along her sides, carved like a fiddle, the waves slide away as if they were paid for it. You get, when she is at her fastest, white wings of spray, sheer as a hornet's, flying from her beam; the beguiled sea has discovered the lady's wiles. But protest is useless now; it may exact no further toll of speed. Yet, even the *Twig It's* stern seems to cut a slicker line than other sterns; a trim groove, neatly fitted with foam, that might have been sawed out. Nor, sailing in the *Twig It* as Mr. Twigg



"H. J. CORCORAN", ARK OF "THE JOLLY TARS."



GORDON BLANDING'S "CHIPMUNK."

proudly mentions, need the guests part their hair in the middle to keep afloat. Ten of them she holds, too, this boat that is "first, a seaworthy launch; second, a speed boat." We shall doubtless hear more of the *Twig It;* she has only lately made her debut.

Perhaps it will be at the next San Francisco Yacht Club regatta that Mr. Twigg's boat will be heard of? Last year the club instituted a race that promises to be exceptionally popular, in the first power race of its history. A goodly number of the launches about the bay took part, Mr. White's boat, the *Claire,* a gasoline launch of 35-horse power, coming in first. Another well known speed launch about the bay, that won the auto boat race last year at the Portland Fair, is the *Union,* owned by the Union Gas Engine Company, and 19.83 miles an hour the *Union* makes, and measures 40 feet in length with a five foot beam.

The San Francisco Yacht Club, that foregathers at Sausalito, is the oldest of the clubs hereabouts and the most famyear she will not be able to cram 16 into ous. It is the center of the launch life as of other yachting, though the Corinthian Club at Belvedere, and the Encinal Club both count many handsome launches in their fleets. Few prettier sights about the bay can be seen than opening day of the S. F. Y. C. and the setting is altogether charming; the steep, wooded hills of Sausalito for background, the quaint, colorful little village fringing the cove, and the club's handsome clubhouse to the fore. About it, gay with bunting and flags, marshals the fleet, numbering some sixty boats. The house itself is brilliant with guests; and with receptions there on the yachts, dinner at the clubhouse, dancing, the fiesta is royally observed. Thereafter come race and cruise, interclub meets and sallyings forth under full moon, clambakes and regattas, until the season's end in October.

One of the particularly handsome boats to be noted in the Sausalito fleet is the *Lurline,* Mr. A. B. Spreckels's fine steam launch. Truly a pleasure boat is this. Not only for a day's cruise is she built, as are most of them, but the *Lurline* possesses four Pullman berths, quarters for a crew of four, a handsome saloon, and all the requisites for a long tour upon the waters. Add to this a spanking pace of 13 miles an hour, the joys of living on the *Lurline* will be apparent. Other noted pleasure boats are the *Chipmunk,* aforementioned, and the *Idlewild,* the latter owned by C. F. Kohn. These are as familiar to the blue Lake Tahoe as they are about the bay. Mr. Kohl's is most important in point of size, the launch carrying a 95-horsepower engine. It is a beautiful little boat, and Mr. Blanding's *Chipmunk* is also among the prettiest specimens of the bay craft. F. A. Hyde's *Olive,* another 45-horsepower gasoline launch, is also well known among the bay beauties, as are also James Kitterman's stunning boat the *America,* and S. L.

Napthaly's graceful little craft, the *St. Francis.* S. D. Rogers, in the *Regence,* boasts one of the fastest boats about the bay.

Deep water, clear up to the club wharf, is one of the assets of the S. F. Y. C., and from this comes the fact that all the large yachts on San Francisco Bay are enrolled therein. *El Primero,* E. W. Hopkins' steam yacht, is the largest of these, with its 250-horsepower engine. It is further a particularly shapely and graceful boat. Robert Hickmott's *Imp,* steam launch, 100-horsepower, is another of the finer craft. She also happens to be a sister boat to the picturesque *Aquila* that began as a pleasure launch owned by William Randolph Hearst, then fell into smuggling somewhere Santa Barbara way and finally went down in Alaskan waters. And besides these there are some score of other launches, little, big, comely, plain, in the fleet, and all adding to the gaiety of the bay life. Napa, Vallejo, Petaluma drawbridge, Paradise Cove, McNear's and Suisun Bay, favorite goals for the longer sails, but there is enough just about the bay to keep the average launchman happy.

Belvedere, or rather the Corinthian Yacht Club of Belvedere, contributes a handsome dozen launches, their owners, Bush Fennell, with the *Halcyon;* John L. Bach, J. C. Brickell, W. F. Fisher, J. S. Hawkins, C. E. Knight (the *Athlete*), E. Kiel, C. F. Morel, M. A. Newell (*Ada*) and W. C. Leavitt.



"OLD BILL."



"WE BOAT"; FROM "THE BAT."

In Belvedere there is another launch, which takes one to the ark. In fact that is what this particular launch does, takes the modern Noah to his ark from his daily ferry. Otherwise, you would hardly notice the *Favorite,* "favorite" as she is. But the *Favorite* mornings and evenings is as busy as "Old Billy." "Old Billy," to digress, is the water carrier of Belvedere, who has the quaintly sounding task of carrying water to the arks. But what a flutter of pretty business is the *Favorite's!* Mornings and evenings she brings and takes husband, father, all day at work "in the city," from the ferry to the ark and from ark to ferry. On Saturday afternoon she brings in the week-end house boat party. On Sunday she usually carries in more party. On Sunday evening she will speed the parting guest, though he usually clings, limpet fashion, to the ark until he is shipped off! No wonder. It would be difficult to find a more delightful fashion of spending a holiday than in an ark, given the right company.

It is wonderful, too, what you can do in the way of company in a house boat. Captain Bowers, for example, whose ark *California,* stationed at Greenbrae, is one of the finest about the bay, does not at all mind a score or so of friends dropping in upon him on a Saturday night. He manages it this way: Six staterooms the *California* has, with two bunks apiece. She has a "social hall" 18 feet square, and there you are! who, among this nation of campers, minds a bit of crowding?

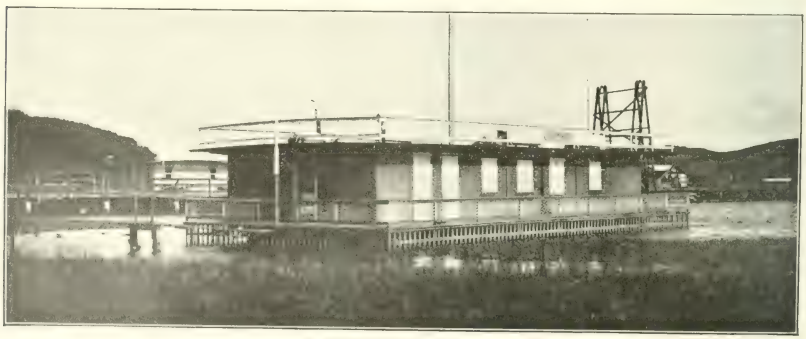


LAUNCHING "THE LURLINE."

Captain Bowers's boat is an exceptionally luxurious specimen of the tribe. It is furnished throughout in golden oak that accords most handsomely with its green stained walls. It has a fine bathroom, an enviable kitchen, trim, as only a true sailor knows trimness, and a canny servants' room. Sixty-two feet the *California* measures from end to end, and 32 feet across.

And oh! the view! From his porch the owner looks out on Tamalpais, across the Ross Valley, on the "Sleeping Beauty" of the Indians, a sleeping beauty that never sleeps.

Belvedere, of course, with its fair lagoon for their summer protection, its beauty for their setting, is the houseboat paradise. A little Venice is here. In summer fete follows fete. The day goes by how it will in boating, bathing, fishing, and for the adventurous, in shooting. At night the lanterns bloom out with the fancy of Japan; the mandolins tinkle, the banjos plunk, and he that sings, sings. From April to October this continues, the royal procession of the arks from the lagoon to the bay beginning it. Four boats only, this year, have sailed into the bay; eloquent comment on the situation. I found even *The Bat* most hospitable of arks, soberly reposing in the lagoon. It is now the only home of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rothkopf, burned out of home and store. Yet, there was a knife and fork for the stranger, an invitation to a berth for the night, and though Mrs. Rothkopf laughingly deplores that this year she will not be able to put sixteen into the little boat at once, there is aboard here, as ever, the true Spirit of the Ark.



"THE CALIFORNIA."

The Girls' Rowing Clubs of San Diego Bay

By Waldon Fawcett

GLOBE TROTTERS are wont to agree that nowhere else in the world is aquatic sport presented in such alluring form as on San Diego Bay, the beautiful sheet of water which forms our most southerly port on the Pacific Coast. Not only is this landlocked sheet of water, with an area of twenty-two square miles, exceptionally attractive from every standpoint, but the fact that this section of Southern California enjoys the most equable climate on earth makes it possible to indulge in water pastimes every month in the year in this region of perpetual Spring.

Aside from its fame as the ideal marine playground San Diego Bay has gained world-wide distinction through several unique features of life on the waves as here presented, the most notable of which is the extent to which young women participate in these health-giving exercises and particularly in rowing. Whether it is the climate or the surpassing beauties of the Bay or some other magnet which attracts them might be difficult to determine, but certain it is that nowhere else on the globe is there presented the inspiring spectacle of several hundred pretty young oarswomen rowing regularly twice or thrice a week the year round with a stroke that would put to shame many a masculine crew.

Rowing was first systematically undertaken by the young women of this climatic paradise more than a dozen years ago, the first step being the formation of a girls' rowing club by four young ladies whose given names were Zulette, Lena, Agnes and Carrie. The name "Zlac" chosen for this pioneer organization was formed, it will be noted, by a combination of the initial letters of the quartette of members. The La Faluca and Columbia Clubs were organized in the year 1894 and other organizations followed in quick succession, but the Zlac Club continued in existence and now numbers more than sixty members.

The barge owned and used by the sailor maids of this Zlac Club may be briefly



GIRLS' ROWING CREW IN SAN DIEGO BAY.



"OARS TOSSED."

described as typical of the boats pushed through the water by these strong-muscled belles of the Pacific Coast. The Zlac barge is forty feet in length and three feet four inches beam and is covered on the outside with canvas, heavily painted white. The inside of the boat is finished in natural wood, shellacked and heavily mounted with brass. There are eight sliding seats with a lazy-back for the captain. The rowers use spoon oars, fourteen feet in length, from which fact it may be appreciated that the handling of such a boat is a task to test the strength as well as the skill of the fair rowers.

The barge, which is the proudest possession of the Zlac girls, cost about $900, and nearly the entire amount was raised by the energetic mariners. The young women have also erected a pretty club house that cost $1,000, bonds being issued to meet the expense. These bonds, it may incidentally be explained, have nearly all been redeemed with money raised by means of dues, initiation fees and the proceeds of entertainments given by the club.

This club, which may be cited as an example of the other organizations of oarswomen at San Diego and Coronado, now has within its membership four rowing crews, each crew having a separate government, crew officers, crew rowing days, crew flags, etc., yet all divisions being subservient, of course, to the general club executive management. Each girls' rowing club has its own distinctive club colors, combinations of blue and white and red and white being especially popular. The Zlac Club has black and yellow as club colors, the crew pennants consisting of black fields with yellow border and one, two, three or four stars, according to the crew to be designated.

The individual life of the respective crews extends to meetings and social functions, but on the first of every month there is a club meet and supper in which the entire enrollment of the organization participates. In most of the San Diego rowing clubs married women are not eligible to membership, but if a member marries she is retained as an honorary member. Every member of such a club is expected to be proficient in swimming. If she cannot swim when admitted to membership she is allowed one year in which to learn, ofttimes under the more or less mischievious tutelage of her sister oarswomen.

Girls under fifteen years of age are not



SAILOR MAIDS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.



A PRACTICE ROW.

admitted to any of the clubs, and the average age of the entire body of sailor maids is probably about twenty years. A candidate for admission to a club is first voted for by the crew of which she would become a member, and if this verdict be favorable her name is thereupon passed upon by the entire club. Each crew rows at least once each week and perhaps several times within the interval. Most of the rowing is done during the afternoon hours, principally from three o'clock until dusk.

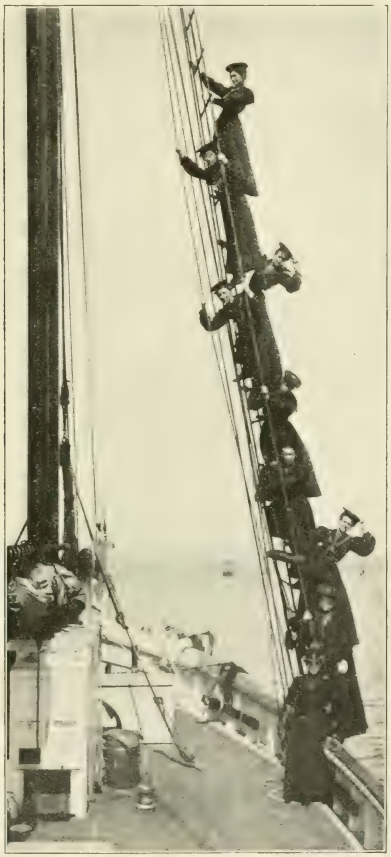
Some pessimistic folk are wont to declare that the opportunity to wear fetching sailor costumes is one of the prime incentives to membership in these organizations of oarswomen. Certainly the average San Diego maiden appears mighty attractive in the garb of a mariner. As evidencing the manner in which color schemes are worked out in these costumes there might be cited the uniform of the Zlac girls, which consists of a black sailor suit, trimmed in yellow braid, with yellow vest piece and yellow tie and a sailor's black "tam."

The pre-eminence of rowing as the most healthful of exercises could not be more convincingly demonstrated than by the spectacle of one of the San Diego crews of young oarswomen placing their craft in the water and embarking. The girls carry their barge out of the boat house and unaided lower it four feet or more into the water. During this operation two of the girls are stationed at capstans while four of the young women heave on ropes with double pulleys. As soon as their craft touches the water the girls slide down the ropes and, taking their seats, await the pleasure of their captain. Rigid discipline is enforced and the rowers are not expected to make any unnecessary movements in taking their seats—precautions in this respect being essential since the rowing shells are so light and narrow that any disturbance of the equilibrium will upset them.

When the San Diego feminine rowers are bending to the oars in regulation racing trim each girl rows one oar, grasping it firmly in front of her with both hands and bending her back instead of crooking her arm in making the sweep. The coxwain sits in the stern, facing the crew, and gives orders for shortening or lengthening the stroke, incidentally steering the barge. After each practice row the girls draw out their boat and wash it down, leaving everything shipshape for the next crew. The racing stroke of the champion crew of the Zlac Club is 36 or 38, but they have a record of a stroke of 42 in certain hotly-contested races with rival feminine crews. The skill of the San Diego girl rowers has been most highly commended by United

States naval officers and well-known oarsmen from Yale and Harvard who have at one time or another coached these fair experts of California.

No mention of rowing on San Diego Bay would be complete without reference to the eight crews made up of the young women students of the State Normal School of California, which is located at San Diego. Some of the independent organizations of oarswomen on the American Riviera have chosen rather fanciful names as witness the Olympia, La Sirena, Columbia and Lascouarias clubs. All told, there are now fifteen girls' rowing clubs in San Diego and vicinity, and there is every prospect that within a few years more we shall see thousands of sailor maids afloat where now we have hundreds.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MARINERS.



THE FASTEST BOAT ON THE WILLAMETTE.

Yachting on the Pacific

A YACHT on the Pacific is the climax of sport; for the Pacific Ocean is the greatest of all the seas, its shores are the most fascinating of all the world. The yachtsman is essentially an adventurer, an explorer; he sails because he loves it. So it comes that in the waters of the North Pacific there are to be found fleets of vessels of every type, owned by both well-to-do and poor, carrying on their gay decks the care-free and the happy, sailed by men and women who love open water.

From San Diego to the reaches of the Alaskan bays the yacht is now frequent. But in all the pleasure grounds of the amateur sailor no place has yet been found more delightful than the cruising grounds along the Oregon and Washington coasts.

Here the yachtsman finds all that he can desire: the brisk sea open to every wind; bays brimming inland to the mountains, rivers threading the gorges; sounds lying for hundreds of miles among green islands—cities, towns, villages, and the silent forest.

The two great centres of yachting on the North Pacific coast are Portland and Puget Sound. Portland has the Columbia, the Willamette, a score of smaller streams and the sea near at hand and easy of access. Puget Sound is itself a compendium of all that makes sailing good sport.

The many kinds of water, the endless variety of the cruises that may be taken, have resulted in a variety of pleasure craft in Oregon and Washington and British Columbia which almost defies enumeration. There are the big sea-going schooners and sloops, the lighter center-board boats of every imaginable rig, speedy launches—everything that floats, from the steam cruiser to the lazy and domestic house boat.

When summer comes in Oregon and the snows melt from the mountains, the Columbia and Willamette rivers quickly become inhabited. At the same time the yacht clubs of Puget Sound display their pennants in every bay and the season is on. And what a season! Clear cold waters, brisk, unfailing breezes, dark forests on the shore, blue skies and days doubly long because of the twilight that lasts far toward midnight.

The very hardihood needful to take a



A SHORT REACH.



FULL SPEED.

yacht on the big trips so easily at hand finds equal expression in the quieter rivers and bays in the building and management of smaller craft. If one may not take a sea-going sloop off on a deep-sea voyage, one may at least run a fast launch, equipped with all the comforts, up the Columbia river or to Astoria and around to Shoalwater Bay. Or one may dally with the fitful breezes of the Upper Willamette amid as fine scenery as any in the world.

To indicate roughly the possibilities discovered by the yachtsman of the Pacific Coast for sport and pleasure, it will be enough to say that from San Diego to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca there are over a thousand miles of coast well lighted, comparatively free from danger, blessed with the steadiest of winds, and only once in a while subject to the violence of a gale. And this whole coast, with the exception of the Southern Oregon coast, has endless bays and river mouths up which one may sail. Then there are the Columbia and Willamette rivers, the thousands of miles of Puget Sound and the lovely inland sea of Alaska.

Does the yachtsman desire to try something more adventurous, he can sail 2200 miles to Honolulu, or cross to Japan, or seek any one of the thousand little known bays and bights on the Western Alaska coast.



A PUGET SOUND FLYER.



A WESTERN MODEL.



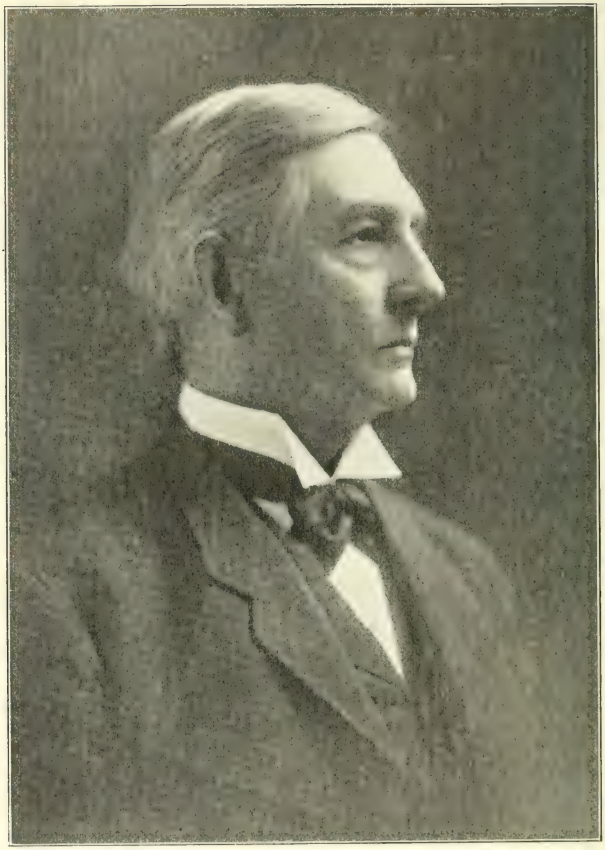
ON THE PORT TACK.

VIEWS

By WILLIAM·BITTLE·WELLS

A SLIGHT, anemic appearing individual of immature years has been traveling about the country in the guise of the greatest violinist in the world, and as one of the greatest that has ever lived. It is perhaps not too much to say that all who have heard this genius—as genius he undoubtedly is—are invariably disappointed in the violin art as interpreted by him. Yet none will deny that Kubelik is a master of technique. We might even go so far as to say that in this particular branch of the violin art he is, or has been, surpassed by only the great Paganini himself. But to say that he is the greatest violinist in the world today is to belittle the king of musical instruments and to make a necessary means toward an end the chief end in itself. Nor, indeed, is it possible for any one, no matter how gifted, to be "the greatest violinist in the world." No man can compass the whole of the violin art because no man has ever lived who has suffered to the extreme limit of suffering and in a degree which is not possible for other men. No youth, therefore, however much of a genius he may be in executing difficult and intricate technical compositions, can ever attain to the extreme height of musical interpretation that this mystic and dignified little box makes possible. For, above all and through all, the purpose of the violin is to express emotion. Disappointment, failure, hardship, the scorns and rebuffs of the world, an understanding of the uncertainty of life and the seriousness of its problems—these are the essentials in the proper interpretation of the violin art. The young man, therefore, sleek and well fed, and with whom all things are going well, is in no position to attempt to interpret emotion or to grasp and explain the mystic power of the violin. To secure the proper and full interpretation of emotion through the medium of this great instrument one must not only have suffered intensely, but he must at the time of the interpretation be in the proper frame of mind to express to his auditors the intensity and beauty of the feeling which he himself is endeavoring to interpret. The calm, placid face of young Kubelik as he stands before an audience and executes the most difficult technical compositions is in itself sufficient indication that he is not, and never can be, a really great violinist. Indeed, the ragged, uncouth man on the street who, with all his soul, makes this noble instrument sob and wail at life's miseries, is an infinitely greater violinist, though his name will never be known, and his fame will be unsung.

PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS recently declared that Mark Twain is "the greatest figure in English literature." He might have added that "Huckleberry Finn" is the greatest of Mark Twain's productions, and certainly one of the rarest gems that any literature has ever produced. Professor Matthews also claims that "no man, even in England, can be compared to Mark Twain as a master of the language."



SENATOR W. J. STONE, OF MISSOURI.



Corporations; the Public Weal and Democracy

An Interview with Senator W. J. Stone of Missouri



SENATOR WILLIAM JOEL STONE, for eight years vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, now a Senator from Missouri, sunk deep down into the wide embrace of the great leather Senate chair in his office in the Senate Annex. He looked across the green of the Capitol grounds and began to scowl fiercely at the symbolical female figures surmounting the Peace Monument at the foot of Capitol Hill.

He is a new Senator of the United States, and already by his independence of thought, his natural aggressive expressions, and his grasp of national subjects, he has attracted to himself a degree of favorable attention that marks him as one of the coming men on the minority side of the Senate.

The scowl deepened, and he seemed to be mustering up all of the hate in his soul against those marble figures showing through the green foliage of the trees.

He was not offended, nor was he in anger at the work of art. He was simply thinking, and to think with Senator Stone is to beetle his eyebrows and scowl in a most threatening way. I had put a question to him and he was taking his own good time to answer it. In the framing of the answer, the mental process brought the scowl. It is characteristic of him, just as is the disposition to stretch out his long, attenuated, Cassius-like form and get his heels higher than his head when he converses with intimates. Nobody knows how long ago he contracted the habit of heel elevation and the scowl, but I know he had it when he was in Congress two decades ago and again when he was Governor of Missouri one decade ago.

Now his face begins to clear, and he reaches for his "war lock" to caress it back into place. That war lock is known wherever Stone is known. It became most famous at the time of the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1896. The "lock" hangs down over the Senator's high forehead. It is of dark and gray hair, and he always wears it long enough so that he can throw it back in anger, or caress and pat it back, in seeming affection. That tossing of the "war lock" or the slow shaking of the right forefinger, constitute with him the true signs of the close of mental travail. It was so this time.

"You ask me, 'What is the Democratic view of the public responsibilities of corporation officials,'" said the Senator. "I scarcely know how to consider such a question from a partisan standpoint. There should be no difference of opinion on such a question among right-thinking men, no matter what their political opinions may be. The first and most immediate duty of a corporation official is to

serve his corporation faithfully, and to employ his capacities to the utmost honestly to promote the interests committed to his hands. His position is one of trust, and it is both his legal and moral duty to administer his trust with fidelity and to devote to it the greatest energy and highest intelligence of which he is capable. It is not only his duty to be honest with those who employ him, that is, the people who are financially interested in his corporation, but honest, also, with the public at large.

"Corporations are the creations of law. They exist by virtue of popular consent. They are created by the people, or their creation is permitted by the people, partly as a convenience for the conduct of business, but partly, also, as a public convenience. The latter consideration is, of course, more pronounced in some cases than in others; still the idea that the public interest is subserved by corporate organization lies at the base of the public policy which permits such organizations to exist. Hence the official who conducts the affairs of a corporation is under obligation to observe the law, to keep within the limitations which the law prescribes for the corporation, and to deal honestly and justly by all with whom he comes in official contact. Not only so, but it is his duty, perhaps his highest duty, to do nothing himself, nor permit anything to be done by his corporation, which would tend to debauch the public morals, or to impair the integrity or efficiency of public administration.

"No agency of a corporation can be properly or lawfully used to undermine the integrity of public affairs. Take a railroad or insurance company for illustration. The officials of such companies are bound to guard and strive to promote the interests of those in any way financially concerned in the corporation. But they are equally bound to deal fairly and honestly by the public at large, which means that they are bound to deal fairly and honestly by every man. They are bound also to obey the law of the land, and any attempt by them to attack, subvert, or corrupt the sovereignty by whose authority they exist would be criminal. In this view I hold that contributions made by corporation officials out of corporation treasuries for political purposes are not only immoral but criminal. The official who takes the money of his employer and devotes it to the furtherance of political ends is morally, if not always technically, guilty of violating the criminal laws of the country. I cannot conceive of a greater crime, or one fraught with greater danger to our institutions, than for the great corporations which the people created for beneficent ends, to rob their treasuries and combine to control the public affairs of the country. Corporation officials owe a duty and a responsibility to the public not to interfere with the course of public administration, and when they seek to use their power and opportunities to corrupt or unduly influence the people or their officials they are guilty of acts for which they ought to be sent to the penitentiary.

"The foregoing is about the only answer I can make to your inquiry. I think that is a fair statement of the Democratic view. It ought to be the Republican view also; and, theoretically, I have no doubt, it is the Republican view, although far from being in accordance with Republican practice."

Before I realized it the adroit Senator had turned my query into a favorite line of his own and was discussing campaign contributions. It is a favorite subject with him and one which he is fully capable of discussing intelligently and informingly; for, during his association with the national organization of his party, he handled most of the funds collected, and he it was who devised the plan of "dollar contributions" with which the campaign of 1900 was conducted. It can be said, parenthetically, that he was the first contributor to the Democratic campaign fund of 1896 by turning over to Chairman Jones of the National Committee a thousand dollars.

Senator Stone came to the Senate three years ago and, during the last session of Congress delivered a speech arraigning the Republican party for receiving corporation contributions in a manner that made some of the elder statesmen sit up and take notice. The speech read much better than it sounded, for the Senator did not seem to wake up and enthuse as he might. While there has been sufficient of deep thought, and the mark of the student, in several of his speeches,—

which have been much more numerous than the traditions of the Senate accord to a new member of that body,—to attract favorable attention to him, he has not really shown oratorical power. This has been surprising to those who heard his Dick Bland speech in the Chicago convention and some of the philippics he has delivered in the national and state campaigns. One of his close friends declares that to really see Stone at his best, or at himself at all, some one must cross him, or badger him. When once his ire is aroused he speaks with the ease and elegance or the bitterness that make him the peer of most public speakers of the present day.

I happen to know that Senator Stone wrote most of the 1896 Democratic platform as he did much of the 1900 platform and I thought he was dodging my question with too many generalities and not enough of the true partisanism which I expected from one so profoundly a party man. So I prodded him with:

"Please remember I asked you for the party view of the subject and not a general view."

Quickly he replied: "You ask me to give a partisan turn in my answer to your question and yet your questions develop only points of duty and of morals rather than partisanship. I have always believed the Democratic party could again become a dominating force only through the revival of the old masterful and assertive spirit. Any party that would wield the sceptre in America must be affirmatively progressive, creative and constructive. I would have the Democratic party inspired by the noble ambition to direct the destinies and mould the policies of the Republic.

"This question of campaign contributions by corporations should be forced to the front. It involves public morals and strikes at the root of our national life. It is a question of such great moment that it should rise above all others. I would wish to see my party make a leading national issue out of the enormous sums of money contributed by corporations which enjoy public favor to the end of controlling Presidential elections. The practice is one of placing the Presidency on sale and it is a crime that threatens the national existence. To my mind the Democratic party should make the suppression of this crime its special mission."

Senator Stone seemed to take on some of the old fire and enthusiasm of the campaign days when he, a western man, had charge of the eastern headquarters of his party at New York City. That experience cost him no little in reputation as a prophet, for he was the last man to admit the possibility of Mr. Bryan's defeat and persisted in not making the admission until after it was an accomplished fact. Stone proved by that experience, and his forecasts of that time, that he was not the seventh son of a seventh son in handling a political horoscope. But he also gained a prominence in party counsel that makes his suggestions as to party issues of more than ordinary interest just now.

Of all the personal friends of William Jennings Bryan none was closer than Senator Stone. Through the vicissitudes that have come to both men, since the two campaigns, they have kept up a personal correspondence. When Bryan's political fortunes are to be decided again no man will be given greater prominence than Senator Stone.

What could be more natural than to have Stone, now a Senator of the United States, at the request of Bryan himself, in his old position of honor and trust in the party organization? If the present Bryan drift should lead to his third nomination for the Presidency, Stone would again be his chief platform speaker.

Bryan believed, and so does Stone, that the palm of victory in 1896 was snatched away from the Democratic party through the use of money. Stone does not hesitate to say it, for he said to me:

"Many eminent men, well qualified to speak and whose sincerity cannot be doubted, have repeatedly expressed the belief that the result of the election of 1896 was brought about by the corrupt use of money."

Then as to his opinion of the effect of this and his idea of the future and perhaps a plane he sets for himself and his associates in the Democratic party two years hence, he said:

"It can bode no good to have a large proportion of the people believe Presidential elections are determined by fraud or force. In 1896 there was an uprising which threatened to sweep all

opposition before it. To check this uprising many great financial interests, and interests enjoying unjust and unlawful privileges, and interests dependent on the Government for favors, were effectually organized and knit together in a bond offensive and defensive. It was the most powerful combination of the kind ever organized in America. It was omnipotent, irresistible. I will not provoke acrimony by recounting the numerous expedients to which this combination resorted to accomplish its ends. I speak of one thing only—the use of money.

"We have all been taught the patriotic lesson of prompt acquiescence in the popular verdict, but if the belief should become deep-rooted and widespread that Bryan's leadership, promised to sweep all the Presidency is ever in any way made the subject of barter, it would shake the foundations of public order. No greater danger could threaten or evil befall American institutions than that of corrupting the electorate, for that is to pollute the very foundation of political power. Therefore it follows that no greater service could be rendered the country than that of guarding it against that danger and that evil."

"My Old Pal"

By J. Clifford Harris

The Bushman's Lament.

'E's jest passed by me with 'is kids & 'er,
My pal—my pal as used ter be.
'E recognized me shamefaced like—the cur,
A traitor to 'imself & me.
I never was a chap for womankind,
Not since I lost my fust & only gal,
An' all the 'eart I 'ad I giv' to 'im,
Aye—'e was all the world ter me, was Jim.
I never loved another chum & never shall,
Like my old pal.

The times we've 'ad together—me & 'im,
Good times & bad, you understand.
'E's saved my neck a time or two, 'as Jim,
Aye, I'ce bin proud ter grip 'is 'and.
We stuck together, rain or shine, for years
We've roamed the world from Kangaroo to Cal',
Aye, many a time we've shared our only crust.
'E's grumbled 'cause I made 'im bite it fust.
I never lov'd another chum & never shall
Like my old pal.

To think as 'ow it all should end this 'ow!
My pal—my pal as used ter be.
We never meets if we can 'elp it now.
It's irksome like ter 'im & me.
An' all because 'e went & lost 'is 'ead.
Ay, lost 'is 'ead on some fool of a gal.
They're married now—she's come 'twix 'im & me.
Compare 'im now wi' what 'e used ter be.
I 'ates that woman—aye, I 'ates, & always shall.
She's sp'iled my pal!

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES·ERSKINE·SCOTT·WOOD

THE principal contests in the last Oregon election were on the Governorship, the Sheriffship of Multnomah County, the United States Senatorship, the amendment of the local option law, and the woman-suffrage question.

Governor George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, was offered for re-election against Thomas W. Withycombe, Republican. Dr. Withycombe was the nominee of the Republicans of the State at the direct primary and the Republicans registered in the State a majority of more than forty thousand. Dr. Withycombe had affiliated with neither of the Republican factions, and as the head of the Oregon Agricultural College was supposed to be strong with the farmers. According to the registry the State should have gone overwhelmingly Republican, and it did so on the legislative ticket, but Governor Chamberlain was elected by a very liberal majority. Oregon is by habit so disproportionately Republican that on his first election it was said Governor Chamberlain was only elected by the revolting faction of Republicans voting with the Democrats. That was undoubtedly true. But his re-election can, to my mind, be accounted for on more satisfactory grounds. He made an excellent Governor. He concealed nothing from the people. He had no ring, no boss controlled him, and he could point to accomplished facts: the reduction of taxes, the honest care of the State lands, and the termination of land graft, the cessation of the graft in interest on State funds and the fearless and intelligent exercise of the veto power.

In actual performance it seemed difficult to better him. The voter under the secret ballot system, the direct primary and the referendum, no longer has to fear the party whip—the lash of the machine on the rebellious back—and so voted his inclination; and his preference was for a tried and approved man. Republicans claimed during the campaign that in every one of the reforms produced by Governor Chamberlain he was aided by his Republican fellow-members of the State government. But the Governor's reply to this is complete, namely: so long as there was a Republican Governor the reforms were not inaugurated.

His political adversaries said his success was due to his great personal popularity. The Governor denies this. Undoubtedly he has an attractive personality, genial, courteous, kindly, putting the people always first and himself last. His power of personal attraction cannot be belittled even by himself. He is popular, and with his four years of opportunity to make himself known all over the State, this had some effect. But in my opinion, and it is refreshing to think so, no mere charm of person could have won Governor Chamberlain his majority had it not been backed by a record of which his adversaries, finding nothing hostile to say, could only seek to join with him in the credit. And there were enough people who had the courage to disregard party prejudice.

But right in the teeth of this good sign of independent thinking comes the defeat of Sheriff Word. At this writing his opponent has received his certificate of election, and though the re-count and contest may alter this result it will not alter the discouraging fact that his majority will be so narrow it means disapproval. Thus a man who had fearlessly enforced the law, who had kept sacredly his ante-

election promises, instead of being rewarded for his fidelity, is either retired from office or remains by the skin of his teeth.

The great opposition to Sheriff Word was from what is known as the liquor vote. Word had broken up the open gambling houses and made some efforts at eliminating houses of prostitution. This was felt to be a forerunner of his activity in enforcing the prohibition or local option laws. He had some opposition in the Democratic primary, and perhaps there was jealousy in municipal and other departments at the Sheriff being so effectively officious in the affairs of the city—as distinguished from the county. But beyond question the great opposition to him was the "liquor vote," and therefore we have the strange spectacle of an officer sworn to uphold the law being punished for his ardor in enforcing the law.

My position is well known. I do not believe these prohibitive laws make for real morality, any more than if you eat for me I will get fat. A man's life must be lived by the exercise of his own moral forces as well as his physical forces, and until that struggle is made a free one, depending on free will alone, humanity is not progressing, for it is not making moral fibre to be transmitted by the laws of heredity. Still holding the beliefs I do, if I were a sheriff I would enforce every law to the letter. The making of the law is not my affair, nor any sheriff's affair, and when he winks at law-breaking he is making himself the legislature, not the sheriff. He is violating his oath and his duty. But apparently this is exactly what the people desire. They enact these foolish blue laws in spasms of hysteria and then all but the enthusiasts who believe it is better to have people good even if they have to be kept in jail, grow tired of the burden and instead of having the courage to repeal the laws, they punish the Sheriff who will not make them a dead letter and let things be comfortable.

It is only fair to Mr. Word's competitor, Mr. Stevens, to say that he states he refused to tie up with either "liquor vote" or "church vote," and is absolutely free and intends to enforce the laws fully and impartially, and it casts no doubt on the truth of this statement that the "liquor vote" was for him and the "church vote" for Word. The "church vote" approved Word's course and distrusted a change; the "liquor vote" felt any change could not be worse for them, and the result is that a model law officer is defeated.

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST

The Senatorial contest was between Senator Gearin, the Democratic incumbent by appointment, and Mr. Jonathan Bourne. Mr. Bourne had been an ardent free silver man and he had the credit of having affiliated with the Populists when he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, of defeating Senator Dolph in 1895 after he had been approved by a Republican caucus, and of having held up the legislature in 1897 so that there was no organization and no election of a Senator. Thus he had offended both the Dolph faction and the Mitchell faction of the Republicans, and had given the impression that he was a freebooter, and beyond a doubt many who could not stomach him voted for Mr. Gearin. But Mr. Bourne's weakness on party lines was also his strength. His old Populist friends rallied to his support. He got the credit of being hated by the "machine" and that was water on his wheel. He was well organized, experienced, had plenty of money and no antagonist from the City of Portland who was strong politically. He made a most intelligent and minute canvass, reaching every voter in the State by his circulars—of which the chief elements were: That he would serve the people honestly, opposing all graft and bossism, and that he would hold to the doctrines of the Republican party.

In my opinion, without any personal element in the matter, this last should have defeated Mr. Bourne if the people really comprehended the true principles of the two parties. For to my mind it is the same thing as saying that a man will oppose all graft and truly represent the people and yet represent the Republican party, which is the parent of trusts and special privilege and the party under which all this graft has arisen. It is a

party which, to my mind, does not represent the people. Its principles require that the protective tariff graft, the ship subsidy graft, and all the various forms of special privilege be maintained. It is a contradiction in terms to say that a man will adhere to all the principles of the Republican party and also represent the people. The party of reform is the Democratic party, and Mr. Bourne ought to be with, not against Mr. Bryan if he asks the support of the long-suffering people of Oregon.

Now Mr. Gearin is skilled in public life, a learned lawyer, a man of irreproachable public and private character, a most likeable man personally, and a Democrat—so allowing them to be equal in all respects but party principles, the voters of Oregon ought to have, in my opinion, preferred Mr. Gearin, who belongs by his record and by inclination, to the party of reform—the party of the plain people. These examples seem to me to warrant the conclusions that campaigns are conducted and decided on personal lines and that party principle is lost sight of. It is well to abolish party prejudice, party discipline, which is another word for the slave-master's lash, but it is not well to abolish the eternal distinction between those principles which make for the special privileges of king, noble, or plutocrat; and those principles which make for their annihilation and an era of equal opportunity and equal rights. I think if Republicans truly understood what the party is committed to and what it stands for today, and what the Democratic party under men like Bryan, Tom L. Johnson and Folk, is committed to and stands for today, this State would be overwhelmingly Democratic, and would send to the National halls and to the State halls of legislation men who would uphold the principles of Democracy. I think the voters would question every candidate for every office on his political creed—for I emphatically dissent from the idea that there is no difference in the parties. There is no difference in the members. They are all human beings, much alike, and many Republicans are really Democrats, and some Democrats are in effect Republicans; but the difference between the two faiths is as wide as the poles, and the difference should be made clear in season and out of season and then let the voter go to which fold he pleases, and let him select for office the man whose political faith accords with his own. Men will die but principles will live; and in my opinion the Democrats of Oregon make too little of their opportunity to preach the radical differences between the Republican and Democratic parties since the civil war. One is the party of the trusts, the other is the party of the people.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The woman suffrage amendment to the constitution was snowed under. The good men and women worked hard against it because only the bad women would vote—the good women would be too modest. And the bad men and women voted against it because the good women would always be in majority (thank God) and would want to reform things (God forbid). So the "liquor vote," whatever that hateful animal is, worked against it lest Portland be made too good, and the Ladies' Association for Preserving Civic and Female Virtue (I forget the true title), worked hard against it because woman-ridden Denver is a wicked city, and they feared the woman vote would make Portland—vile as she is—still worse, and we are too near the earthquake belt and the personal wrath of God to risk that. For did he not ruin San Francisco because of its sin? Not sparing even his own temples and his own followers. This fate has been spared Portland—thanks to the defeat of woman's suffrage. Portland will not now become a metropolis whose sin would make Sodom and Gomorrah seem like rustic villages, as innocent as Eugene or Salem—woman shall not corrupt the purity of our ballot.

She is good enough for the washtub and the factory, but not for the polling booth. She is intelligent enough to read the stars, write our poetry and our novels, manage colleges and keep books, but not intelligent enough to understand the mysteries of masculine politics so clear to any man, even when he is a babe in arms—or

an imported article. She is good enough to be the mother of men, but she is not expert as an admiral or a general—and war is the real occupation of man and the process by which he acquires all his wealth and comfort and civilization. I say, though it is a foolish thought, we may remark that admirals and generals are rarely the mothers of men.

But woman suffrage has been badly beaten. Womanhood has been saved. Purity of the ballot has been saved. The Republic still lives.

Meanwhile ye stern matrons of the crusade, let me once more whisper in your ear—"Begin with the girls." "Teach the women." When the women know what they want they will get it. They know now. They want that sweet helpfulness, that winsome ignorance, that unalloyed femininity which marks the ladies of the Orient.

PROHIBITION

Some thousands of wise men have said representative government never represents. It is the same old story of government. It exists for a few. Some other thousands have said it is dangerous to vest in any man or men a power over the lives, liberty or property of others, as it is sure to be abused. And some fewer thousands have said the minority is always right.

That prohibition does not prohibit every one knows except those dear well-meaning souls who believe that the liquor traffic is the source of all evil, and that men can be made good by law—though one said to me: I do not believe a man can be made good by law, but I believe men can be prohibited by law from selling poison to young boys and girls. Possibly! though the suicides still seem to get their poison. But with that disposition to tyranny and unfairness which always goes with fanaticism, the prohibition law now in effect provides that if a county goes "dry" each precinct in it must be dry no matter if some precincts voted "wet." This is "local option," though the localness of the option is not apparent to the unbeliever. It also provides that if any county goes "wet" each precinct in the county which voted "dry" shall nevertheless be "dry," and if any election decides "wet" the contest may be immediately renewed, but if the decision is "dry" it cannot be reopened for two years.

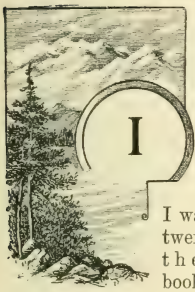
This one-sided law is open to the legal objection that it is discriminating and class legislation, but I care nothing about that.

What saddens me is to see the genuine pride the prohibitionists take in this unworthy trick and contemptible unfairness. The amendment to equalize matters has just been voted down, showing that where a sense of power exists all sense of fairness disappears. Meanwhile those counties which are the driest devote their energies as before to raising hops, of which they promise us a banner crop—140,000 bales—every hop of which will be used for brewing the stupefying beer and the exhilarating ale.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON

A DISCOVERY



I CONFESS with contrition that until now I have never read a book by John Luther Long. I have tried; but the first twenty pages were always too much for me. How I waded through the first twenty of "The Way of the Gods," his latest book, I know not, for if anything in print be duller than these, it is the fifth chapter of Genesis—and even it hath its charms.

But somehow I did get through the first four chapters, and at the fifth—lo, I suddenly sat up and began to "take notice." And now that I have finished this delicate and exquisite book—this dear and precious story of the little Japanese maiden, "Dream-of-a-Star"—I find myself kowtowing and prostrating myself before John Luther Long, as little "Star-Dream" did when she was in need of forgiveness. Yea, I am almost minded to call him a "pleasant person," so grateful am I to him and so eager to make amends.

The passion of the book is so innocent, the sacrifices so noble, the descriptive touches so poetic, the humor so delicate, that the reader is charmed.

When Arisuga and Star-Dream came to America, they worked for Mr. Jones who was getting a divorce.

"It is not certain that the divorce will be granted by the judges," said Arisuga.

"Do they make people live together who do not wish to?" asked his wife.

"So it seems," laughed Arisuga.

The end of the book is beautiful; for who would not choose the "great red death?"

THE SPIRIT OF A WOMAN



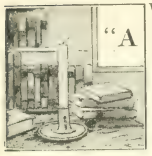
I AM absolutely charmed by the remarkable spirit displayed by a woman living near Seattle. Her husband is suing for divorce because he "doesn't understand her." She chops down doors that sag, with an axe, knocks out hinges that creak, and breaks windows that won't go up and down. If any judge grants a divorce on these grounds, I shall personally proceed to make life a burden to him.

When I consider the women of my acquaintance whose doors, hinges and windows do these things and have been doing them for years; when I recall the number of times that I have heard these women entreat their husbands, in vain, to have these doors, hinges and windows repaired—why, then, my heart swells with pride in this woman of Green Lake in my own state; and I feel constrained to pass the good news along.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling charmed a dense world of admirers with some doggerel about a *woman* who "never could under-

stand." Now, at last, his meaning is plain. The man in the case had very probably been chopping his clothes to pieces because the buttons were missing, and burning up his hose because they were not darned—and the woman just simply "couldn't understand."

"THE LADY OR THE CHURCH"



"A WOMAN'S HEART" is the story of a woman's intense love for a priest. It is told in the form of letters which she writes to the priest. There is not a reply from him; and this—possibly purposely—makes him a dim and chaste figure almost lost in the seclusion and the secrecy of his "retreat."

So far as the reader gathers, the woman makes all the love. Throughout the book she implores him, tempts him, entices him, to renounce his vows and marry her.

She constantly attacks his church and his faith—in which, considering the weakness, the bigotry, the narrowness, the selfishness, the intolerance, that are to be found in all other creeds and religions, as in his — she is only unconsciously humorous. The priest's implied patience with her railings at his religion would seem to bear silent witness to his abiding love for her—a love far deeper and nobler than her own hysterical outbursts for him.

Writing of his church, she says:

"I loathe its enslaving superstitions and grip upon humanity, and I cannot see that it is divine. Rather, in its degradation of men it is satanic. . . . Neither what you have said, nor the books you have given me to read, have had truth or force enough to bring one primary principle. . . . . There is no better test of the love of a woman who is not of your faith than to see you in priestly vestments. Such trappings demean a man in her eyes. Any other occupation, she says, would be more manly than this of trading on the credulity of the unfortunate and undeveloped of our kind."

Surely, only a saint could go on caring for a woman after such an exhibition of bad taste on her part! Once or twice he appears to have shown anger at her attacks; but for the most part, they seem to have been borne in humility and sweetness.

The book might have taken a hint from Stockton and become known under the title of "The Lady or the Church"—for it was a long and bitter struggle in the man's heart between the two. It would be unfair to tell which finally won.

Notwithstanding its hysterics, the book is worth reading—chiefly because the woman, struggling to make the man realize the narrowness and the humor of his position, fails utterly to appreciate the narrowness and the humor of her own.

Confidentially, this is just "what ails" religion—begging William Allen White's pardon. As a matter of fact we have so many religions that there is no religion—each man seeming to think that to condemn the other man's creed will glorify his own.

THE FIX!



I TOLD a parrot story in these columns last month and am still alive; so I venture to tell another which is as true as the first.

It was the morning after the earthquake in San Francisco. Down along Market street, through all the flames, the desolation, the terror, went a wagon loaded with household goods. High on top of all was a cage holding a parrot. Unblinking through the awful sights, unsilenced through the awful sounds, as the cart jolted over the debris, the parrot sized up the situation and shrieked it from one end of Market street to the other, in a wild, hysterical, human voice:

"This is a h—l of a fix! This is a h—l of a fix!"

And every soul that heard answered "Amen!"



Why Tacoma's Industries Thrive

By Louis W. Pratt

Secretaty of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade



ODERN discoveries and inventions tend more and more to aid in the growth of cities. Municipal improvements are almost indispensible, not only to the comfort and convenience of the individual, but to the economical and successful prosecution of industrial and commercial enterprises. The manufacturer who is disposed to complain of his city taxes would doubtless forfeit many essential advantages and assume a much larger expense in securing independently some of the facilities the city provides for him were he to attempt to carry on his business at some isolated point. The proportion of the urban population to the total population of the United States is steadily increasing, as is also the proportion of urban manufactures to the total industries of the country. Centers of industry are becoming the centers of population. As a rule, the cities which make the greatest advance in manufacturing acquire the largest population and handle the largest volume of trade.

Every ambitious community recognizes the importance to its growth of manufacturing industries. In their anxiety to locate this or that manufacturing plant, the members of commercial organizations or owners of land frequently offer free sites or make cash donations to manufactures to locate a plant in their town or city. There is doubtless something to be said in favor of this method of promoting the upbuilding of a community, both from the standpoint of the public and the beneficiaries of the subsidies. On the other hand, this plan often results in disaster, is sometimes fraught with the greatest injustice to industries already established, and generally operates to the ultimate disadvantage of the beneficiaries themselves, who may have been persuaded to adopt a location far less desirable for the conduct of their business than one where no gifts of land or cash could be obtained.

The true test of a desirable location for manufacturing is the measure of success achieved by manufacturers. The best location that can be found is the cheapest in the long run. It is better to pay a good price for a piece of property at a point where the greatest economies can be obtained than to accept a free site and pay higher rates on freight on the raw materials required and on the transportation of the finished product to the markets where they are consumed. The soundest and most effective argument that can be presented to the promoters of any legitimate undertaking in a manufacturing line is a demonstration of the economies obtainable in actual operation at a given point.

Tacoma has experienced during the past eight years a steady and quite remarkable growth as a manufacturing city. During all that period not a single gift of land or



THE CITY'S OUTLOOK.

cash has been offered as an inducement to any of the hundred or more new manufacturing plants which have been established at Tacoma and are now in successful operation. This is a record of which the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade is justly proud. It is particularly gratifying to note that some of the most important of the new industries established at Tacoma have declined offers of free sites elsewhere, preferring to pay the market price for a site at Tacoma

Among the advantages urged in behalf of Tacoma as a manufacturing point are its location and facilities as a railway and ocean terminal, by which the lowest competitive freight rates are obtained both by rail and water routes. For example, pig iron can be shipped to Tacoma from Alabama at a cheaper rate than to many interior points with a shorter haul. Sailing vessels which carry wheat from Tacoma to the United Kingdom bring back cargoes of Scotch pig, cement and fire brick from Western Europe, which the owners prefer to carry at low rates rather than to send their ships in ballast for another cargo of wheat. The water route is available from Tacoma on shipments to or from New York, and other cities on the Atlantic seaboard, and the leading ports of Europe, Asia and South America, by steamship lines giving a frequent service. Water competition is the most effective regulator of railway rates, and justifies the establishment of tariffs which seem all out of proportion to the higher rates for a shorter haul to non-competitive points.

Furthermore, Tacoma is admirably situated with reference to the raw materials which are principally used in her leading manufactures. Western Washington is largely covered with a dense growth of giant trees—fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock. A number of lines of railway radiate from Tacoma to the north, east and south, over which long train loads of logs are hauled daily into the city. Puget Sound, with its 2300 miles of shore line, affords the cheapest means of transportation for rafts of logs, which are towed to Tacoma as one of the most centrally located points on this great inland sea. The forests of Western Washington thus contribute their wealth of raw material to the most important of the industries thus far estab-

lished. Tacoma has more than a score of lumber and shingle mills, and more than forty other wood-working establishments. The lumber cut for the present year will approximate five hundred million feet, while half a billion shingles constitutes another item in the manufacturing output of the city for the current year. The rail shipments of lumber and shingles from Tacoma to eastern points now exceed one thousand cars a month, while the cargo shipments of lumber from Tacoma mills average from ten million to fifteen million feet a month. The wood-working industries of Tacoma consume a considerable portion of the lumber cut. Among these are planing mills, sash and door factories, box factories, furniture factories, and plants for the manufacture of woodenware of all descriptions, wooden-stave water pipe, caskets and burial cases, show cases, launches, boats and ships, railway cars, wagons, ladders, handles, wheelbarrows, and many other manufactures of wood.

The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades in Northern Idaho, Eastern Washington and Oregon known as the "Inland Empire" has become an important factor in the wheat production of the United States. The annual yield of grain—wheat, barley, rye and oats—is from sixty million to ninety million bushels, the largest share of which delivered at any tidewater point now comes to Tacoma. Tacoma has the best facilities on the Pacific Coast for the handling of grain, with large elevators and warehouses where the grain is stored, and cleaned and sacked for export. One warehouse erected by the Northern Pacific Railway at Tacoma five or six years ago is 2350 feet long and 140 feet wide, and six or eight wheat carriers can load simultaneously along its wharves. The development of the flour and cereal milling industry at Tacoma has naturally followed the movement of wheat to this point, and the daily flour-milling capacity at Tacoma is now larger than that of any other point west of Minneapolis and Kansas City.

The mineral wealth of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska has also proved of importance in the industrial development



THE TACOMA SMELTER.



CAR AND LOCOMOTIVE CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR

of Tacoma. The Tacoma Smelter was established in 1891 as a lead, gold and silver reduction plant. In 1902 a furnace for the reduction of copper was added and a copper refinery was installed in 1904. The output of the smelter has increased year by year from $750,000 in 1892 to $10,500,000 in 1905. Within the past twelve months the capacity of the copper reduction plant has been doubled and that of the copper refinery greatly enlarged. Ores and concentrates are now brought to the smelter from Eastern Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon by rail and by water from Alaska, British Columbia, California, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chile, Straits Settlements, Korea and Japan. The smelter pays annually for rail and ocean freights more than $700,000.

The fisheries of the North Pacific have also contributed largely to the industrial development of Tacoma. There are several fisheries in Tacoma, one of which was recently declared by a representative of the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, D. C., to be the largest and most complete he had found in the United States. It is a curious fact that carload shipments of halibut are being constantly made from Tacoma to Gloucester, Mass., by rail, the latter being the most important distributing point for fish on the Atlantic coast. This would seem to justify a revision of the time-honored remark about "carrying coals to Newcastle."

In addition to a wonderful command of raw materials required in many lines of manufacturing, Tacoma offers to manufacturers abundance of cheap fuel. Most of the lumber mills are compelled to erect large steel refuse burners in order to dispose of their waste after utilizing as much of it as possible for fuel in their own or neighboring establishments. One large flour mill on the waterfront adjoining a big lumber plant uses exclusively for fuel slabs of bark from the adjoining mill. Other plants use cheap fuel oil from California, which is brought to Tacoma at an exceedingly low freight rate in oil-tank ships. Coal in inexhaustible quantities is stored in the Cascade Mountains and is brought to Tacoma from fifty mines within thirty miles of the city. Water shipments of coal from Tacoma have amounted to more than 600,000 tons a year, and an excellent quality of coke is produced at ovens near the city and is extensively used at the smelter and in other industries.

Of equal importance with cheap fuel for manufacturing is the delivery at Tacoma of electric power from the harnessed glaciers of Mount Tacoma and the waterfalls of the Cascade Mountains in the near vicinity. From the snow-line of Mount Tacoma many streams, fed by copious rains in the winter and swelled to flood level by the melting snows in the dry season, descend 7000 feet to discharge their waters into the Sound at or near Tacoma. The installation of some of the largest electric power plants in the United States in the vicinity during the past few years has enabled Tacoma manufacturers to secure electric power at the cheapest rate at which it is obtainable at any tidewater port of the United States.

Topographically, Tacoma is admirably situated for a manufacturing city. The



SHOPS AND PLANT OF GRIFFIN WHEEL COMPANY AT TACOMA.

natural shore line of Commencement Bay and the additional wharfage secured by the construction of waterways indenting the flats at the head of the bay, will give Tacoma thirty-three miles of deep water frontage accessible to vessels of the greatest draft. About twelve square miles of level land just above tidewater are available for industrial and commercial purposes and rail and ocean terminals. This land lies between the bluffs in the estuary of the Puyallup River. South of the city is a vast extent of level land known as the prairie, on a plateau which is crossed by the lines of railway leading to the south and southeast. The first large plant located on the prairie south of the city was the car and locomotive construction and repair shops of the Northern Pacific Railway, covering 100 acres, where now about 1000 men are employed. The Pacific Coast plant of the Griffin Wheel Company was established in 1898 immediately adjoining the car shops. Large tracts of additional land have recently been secured by both of these concerns. Tacoma has all the deep water facilities required for the largest shipping port in the world; level land adjacent to deep water spacious enough to accommodate the railway terminals of Chicago, and an expanse of level land to the south, as desirable and well located for manufacturing establishments requiring rail facilities only as is to be found in the manufacturing district south of Chicago.

These are some of the advantages which have determined the choice of many a manufacturer in favor of a location at Tacoma. Tacoma is becoming more and more widely known as the leading industrial city of the Pacific Northwest, and the possession of such an unusual galaxy of facilities coupled with a strong disposition on the part of her citizens to engage in manufacturing enterprises, and the large measure of success her established industries have achieved, justify the prediction that Tacoma's industrial progress will be long-continued.





A BIT OF NATURAL BEAUTY AT CHINO

A Day at Chino Ranch

By Wm. A. Smythe

IT is a long time since I have passed a more interesting day than my day at the Chino ranch. We left Los Angeles at 8:05 a. m. and were back again in the city at 4:40 p. m., yet in that brief interval we had seen much of the most famous and beautiful part of Southern California, ridden fifteen or twenty miles behind sleek horses in comfortable country wagons, inhaled the fragrance of April flowers in many a dooryard, consumed a preposterous number of the sweetest oranges which we picked from the golden boughs, talked with a number of settlers already located upon the land, eaten a leisurely lunch served by young ladies whose blooming health spoke eloquently for the climate, and had time in the midst of it all to pick up a wide range of information by talking with the people we met. It was a busy and profitable day, and when it was all over we had still an hour and a half to wait before it was time to go to dinner at our hotel in Los Angeles.

Next to the things we saw and heard, the most interesting feature of the day's experience was the little party of people with whom I made the trip. There were half a dozen of them, all prosperous, middle-aged men, and all looking for homes among the irrigated farms of California. They were typical of the human element who have made the country what it is and who will carry its development to a new and even higher level in the future. I suppose it is ungracious to say it, but our New West is certainly skimming the cream from the population of the United States, and Southern California is getting a remarkable helping for its share. And what is "cream" in this sense? Not the richest people, nor the poorest, though

there may occasionally be some of both; but the comfortably well-to-do, generally possessed of considerable culture, and dominated by the thought that they want to spend the rest of their time on earth where life is best worth living. The late Professor Shaler spoke of the instinct of exploration as "the hunger for the horizon." Those who are coming to the New West have something of that instinct, but they have also the hunger for the blue sky, the hunger for quiet, independent living in the midst of the most beautiful surroundings that man can create by working in partnership with God. The famous colonies of Southern California have grown up in response to the creative touch of this kind of folks, and the work of developing the resources which remain is moving forward at their industrious hands.

In our little party there were three from Iowa, and I was amazed to learn how rapidly the more prosperous people of that great state are gravitating toward California. One man told me that fifteen of the best families in his little town had come here during the past two years, and that he had criticised them severely for what he regarded as a sort of disloyalty to their neighbors and friends. Still, his curiosity was aroused and he came out to observe the nature of the attraction. "Now," said he, "I am going back to turn all my property into cash and get ready to settle in California, myself. Iowa is an awfully good state—but life is too short! I want to be a Californian." He is a prosperous merchant, but thinks he would like to exchange his store for the open air and a home on the land. Another member of the party was an Iowa banker, who told me confidentially that he had bought land "all the way from Old Baldy to Santa Monica." I suspect he has bought some more by this time, for he was very enthusiastic over what he saw at Chino. Then there was a Connecticut Yankee who had fully decided to cast his lot among us. Finally, there was an old-ish gentleman, a veteran of the civil war, who already lived in Los Angeles, but who had laid out his savings in Chino land and was bent upon getting the property into fields and orchards so that he might leave his children and grandchildren



HOME PARK ON THE CHINO RANCH

in a condition of absolute independence. It was beautiful to witness his enthusiasm over the thought. And, after all, what better legacy could any man bequeath to his loved ones?

It is many a year since I was initiated into the joy of California life, but I lived the experience over again as I drove with these new friends over the perfect roads, breathed the sweet air, basked in the genial sunshine, and beheld the wonders which the soil has brought forth in the way of tree and shrub. I asked myself again, as so often in the past: "After all, what is the secret charm which makes conquest of every heart?" There is plenty of good land and climate in almost every part of the United States, but there is something about Southern California that is not accounted for in any catalogue of its material advantages. I believe it is the spiritual touch, which the dullest feel and the brightest cannot express. "Religion is that fine sense of soul which connects the individual with Universal Purpose," says one of the great teachers of the time. In some indefinable way, we are conscious of "that fine sense of soul" as we stand in these charming valleys, within sight of the everlasting mountains, and as we see the aspiring eucalyptus reaching its bold, straight branches to the sky. The charm lies, not in any single item, but in the combination of the whole and in that compelling sense of the nearness of the Infinite which takes possession of us. I know I feel it here as I do not in my native New England, and I know those men from Iowa felt it as they do not on their native prairies. And if you will study the history of Southern California from the day of the Mission Fathers, you will find this subtle influence woven through it all.

What is now known as Chino Valley was long occupied by the missionaries as a pasture for their herds. During the quarter of a century in which Mexico ruled California there was an effort to settle the country, after the loose Mexican fashion of the time, and to this end the choicest domains were granted to favored individuals. Among the early pioneers was Don Antonio Maria Lugo, who came north from Sinaloa, and who had the great good sense to select the Chino Valley as the private estate which he would like to have carved out of the public property for his benefit. It was granted to him in 1841, under the name of the Santa Ana del Chino rancho, and vaguely described as "five and three leagues of land." Subsequently, it became the property of Lugo's son-in-law, bearing the good old English name of Isaac Williams. The great estate was conducted in the wasteful manner which characterized the Spaniards and their de-



CUTTING ALFALFA AT CHINO.



BALING ALFALFA ON THE CHINO RANCH

scendants in the days when a single family owned land capable of supporting thousands of families. It was the scene of a spirited engagement during the Mexican war, in which the Americans were beaten. But the Americans were destined to take the place eventually. They are taking it now—in ten-acre tracts!

The first man who conceived the idea of developing the Chino rancho in accordance with modern methods was Richard Gird, a wealthy miner from Arizona who acquired it in 1880. He founded the present town and left a substantial monument in the shape of a $20,000 school building which he presented to the community. But many great proprietors have learned that God did not intend any one individual to monopolize a vast area of fertile soil, Richard Gird among them; nor did he really desire to do so. He subdivided the property and made efforts to sell it to small ranchers. These efforts met with some success, especially after the beet sugar factory was built and a considerable acreage planted in beets. But the real day of development was not at hand. It awaited the coming of younger blood, larger capital, and better methods of colonization.

The town of Chino has no particular beauty except its park, which should be carefully preserved and improved, and the handsome, well-shaded avenues which lead out into the country. The development of the lands has proceeded only far enough to demonstrate the possibilities in various lines of agriculture and horticulture. For the most part, the property is raw material awaiting an army of settlers who shall come and convert it into finished product. But in years of western life and observation I have never seen finer raw material. If the valley had been laid out by a landscape gardener with a view of subdividing it into hundreds of small farms, it is difficult to see how he could have improved in any respect upon the work of nature.

Apparently, the soil is all good, though by no means all of the same kind. The northern portion of the rancho, which seems particularly adapted to oranges, is the reddish soil which characterizes other districts famous for citrus culture. The southern portion is a black sandy loam,

overlying a species of marl. This is extremely favorable for vegetables, including sugar beets, walnuts, and deciduous fruits, and if I have ever seen richer or prettier fields of alfalfa than those which are growing in this soil, I have forgotten the place. But the soil deserves a higher compliment than that implied in naming the crops to which it is specially adapted. It is suitable for that safest, surest, and most profitable institution of our irrigation empire—the little, diversified farm. Give a man a piece of rich land, under a reliable water supply, in a climate like that of California, and you have made him absolutely independent, if he is able and willing to do his own part with reasonable industry and intelligence. He can enjoy practically everything that he will find upon the bill of fare of the best hotels, from olives and radishes in the first course to fruits, raisins and nuts in the last. And that is precisely the scheme of cultivation which poor men, or men of small means, should be encouraged to adopt in Chino Valley.

The most interesting individual I encountered was a man past middle age who had worked all his life for wages until two years ago. Someone persuaded him to exchange his house and lot in Los Angeles for five acres of improved land in Chino. "I got tired of working for other people and decided to work for myself," he told me. He is king of five acres and there is no happier monarch in the world. His little place is much diversified, but his cash crop is mostly apricots, which he sun-dries. He states that he has refused $650 an acre for his land and that he would not trade back for his former Los Angeles home if offered a bonus of $1500.

I looked over the place of another man who went there with nothing, managed to get forty acres into alfalfa, and now says he would not sell it for a thousand dollars an acre. I believe the unimproved land is selling for $150 an acre, which means that a 10-acre place can be bought for $1500, mostly on time. I have seen a little strip of sand, twenty-five feet wide, on the ocean front fifteen miles from Los Angeles, sell for four times as much. No one can foretell the fate of the boom towns on the beach, but it requires no gift of prophecy whatever to see that ten acres of land at Chino will support a family in opulence and increase steadily in value with the passing of the years. I shall quote no figures showing the returns which may be had, from this crop or that, to prove the statement. Such figures are always more or less deceptive, because the individual is one of the important factors in the problem. Besides, I am not interested in speculation, but only in home-building. The Chino Valley is as fine a place as I know in the world to make a home. In saying this I assume the adequacy of the water supply, which is vouched for by City Engineer Mulholland, of Los Angeles, and accept the figures of settlers on the ground in regard to the cost of equipping and operating small pumping plants.

There is but one suggestion I can offer with a view of improving the advantages now available to settlers. The Chino Valley ought to be the scene of another Riverside, another Redlands, another Ontario. The natural conditions are in no wise inferior to those famous colonies, and in some respects they are superior. There is the same soil and the same water, the same climate and scenery.



THE IDAN-HA HOTEL.

The National Irrigation Congress

Why the Coming Session Will be the Most Interesting and Instructive Ever Held

By W. T. Booth

THE event of the year for the Western States will be the session of the National Irrigation Congress, which meets at Boise, September 3d to 8th. As assistant secretary, I have been asked to outline the programme, and what Idaho intends to show the delegates.

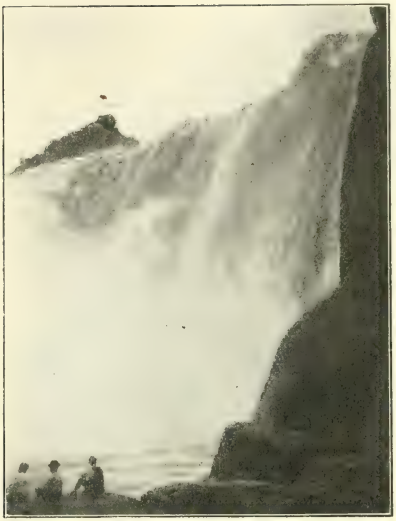
Idaho asked for this session of the Congress because it believed that it could give the delegates an object lesson in what is being accomplished in the way of reclaiming arid lands that could not be given by any other state at present.

Nature has dealt very kindly by Idaho in the way of a water supply. The great Snake river, the American Nile, rising in the mountains of Western Wyoming and Montana, follows the setting sun across the state, with its tributaries draining the entire southern half of Idaho. This great river and its splendid tributaries, the Payette, the Boise, the Malheur, the Bruneau and others, probably furnish more water available for irrigation than all the streams of Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and Utah combined.

These streams flow through canyons and narrow valleys, and it takes great capital to dam them and divert their waters to the vast prairies of fertile soil that lie a hundred or a thousand feet above their beds. Until the past three years our agriculture has been confined to the narrow strips of river bottom.

Within that time capital, both public and private, has noted the splendid opportunity offered by this combination of land and water, and the government is now developing the Boise-Payette project, embracing 300,000 acres, and the Minidoka with 100,000.

Private capital has inaugurated the Twin Falls scheme, covering 250,000 acres on the south side of the Snake and a similar body on the north side, and a



SHOSHONE FALLS.

dozen other projects containing from 10,000 to 100,000 acres each.

During the last three days of the session we propose to take the delegates over this new land, and give them an idea of what the reclamation of the desert means that they could get in no other way. We will show them vast fields of alfalfa one year from the sage brush, that will cut $50.00 worth of hay per acre this year; a modern city of three thousand inhabitants whose site two years ago was peopled only by jackrabbits and coyotes.

Incidentally, we will show our visitors the famous Shoshone Falls, the Blue Lakes ranch, one of the beauty spots of the world, and other scenery it is worth crossing a continent to see.

This trip, which brings before the eye the work actually accomplished largely through the efforts of former sessions of the Congress, is a feature never attempted before, and we believe it will be the most interesting feature of the programme, and should cause all delegates to make a special effort to attend the Congress.

To return to the meeting place, traveling men will tell you that Boise is one of the prettiest little cities in the Union. Nestling at the foot of the mountains, on the bank of the Boise river, with its well paved business streets, its splendidly shaded residence streets, its wealth of school houses and churches, it is a typical modern home city.

Its hotel accommodations are good, its restaurants numerous and excellent, and its people earnest in their intention to see that every visitor shall look back on this trip as one brightest memory of his life.

The summer theatre, where the meetings will be held, has a seating capacity of two thousand, is situated in a splendid grove, where it is always cool, and is probably the pleasantest meeting place ever offered to this Congress.

The display of fruits and agricultural products raised by irrigation will be remarkable, and prizes are offered which will bring competitors from all the semi-arid states.

Now, a word to others besides delegates. Are you one of the thousands who, for one reason or another, desire to change their environment? Why not take advantage of these rates and see what Idaho has to offer you? With its millions of acres of fertile soil just being awakened to life by the first kiss of mountain waters, with its untold water power just being harnessed, with its railway development just commencing, with the prospector just making ready to tickle the mountain side, and the lumberman just unstrapping his axe. There will be something doing in Idaho for the next ten years.

Come and see us, join us, and help make history.



A BOISE HOME.

Arizona: Natural and Acquired Advantages

By Elmer White

THE commercial and industrial continuance of a locality depends upon its diversified important factors. By continuance I mean the fixedness of reliable interests and steady earning capacity. These make for the highest type of activity in this moving age.

Arizona has mines of great quantitative production; mines of promise in process of development; and a mining section as wide and as long as the territory.

Arizona has a combination of soil and climate which makes for large production and quick-maturing crops, the combination insuring high market prices.

Arizona has 75,000,000 acres of standing timber, estimated to be worth several hundreds of millions of dollars.

Arizona has a large water supply for irrigation storage; and the largest reclamation project in the United States is now under construction in this territory.

Arizona has a school system on a par with the best in the older sections in the United States.

Arizona has an American citizenship.

Sum these six natural, developed and acquired advantages, and mention another territory or state that is more favorably conditioned in every essential which counts for commonwealth stability, population and prosperity.

Perhaps of all six of these enumerated advantages, the character of the citizenship will appeal the most to persons who are investigating the territory with a view to investment or location. The states of Ohio, New York, Virginia and Massachusetts, considered as types of good Americanism, are on no higher plane than is Arizona. The Middle West was pioneered by men from New England and the Middle States, and the constitutions, the laws, the schools, and the methods of life in those sections confirm the sterling character and upbuilding capacity of those pioneers. Their lives of self-sacrifice, toil and honor are to this day reflected upon the great center of population. Arizona is largely peopled from the Middle West, reflective of all that is superior in the East. The men who give character to the Arizona of today are those who came to the territory within the past quarter of a century (a few more cycles added to the years of many), and the young men native to the soil. Old border conditions changed when the Indians were whipped and corralled, and when the railroads invaded the deserts, the valleys and the mountains. One might stop over in hamlets along the railways, or drive across country to trading towns, in many directions, and find the same character of men and similar methods of business as in the villages of the older-settled states. Farming is different, but it is the same as all ranch life and methods on the Pacific Coast where irrigation is a necessity.

The central and largest valley in the territory, in which the capital is located, is entirely surrounded with mountains and buttes, with openings into lesser valleys and with clefts through which the rivers emerge. An equable climate unites with rich soil to make a veritable paradise. One of the smaller valleys, adjoining and opening into the central productive section, is called "Paradise Valley." It would hardly be believed that soil could be rich and loamy for a depth of thirty, fifty, one hundred, and two hundred feet, but such is the soil formation in the Salt River Valley. In the large central valley much of the soil is river silt that has accumulated for ages. On the northeast of the valley there is a breadth of about thirty thousand acres of loess, which is an admixture of disintegrated granite, lava, ash and lime. Rich! A soil chemist has pronounced it richer and more inexhaustible than the delta of the Nile.

The area of this one valley is larger

than all the irrigated districts of Southern California—not larger than might be irrigated from Tehachapi to Mexico, but greater than is now under water conservation. Such comparison gives one a fair conception of what the soil capabilities of just one valley in Arizona signify. It means that all the people of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange and San Diego Counties, in California, could be fed from the soil products of one valley in this territory. The mountain ranges of Arizona could supply the meats for the entire State of California. Such comparison is not prejudicial to other sections. It only shows how great and inexhaustible are the food capabilities of the West.

Nature has provided both the water sources and the soil, but these two must be wedded for the seasons, else there can be no productive results. How quickly the soil goes back to desert was shown in the fertile valleys during the seasons of protracted drought a few years ago. Because of poor irrigation, supplied by diversion dams which were useless in drought seasons, many fine orchards were denuded, and the arid mesquite, the poly verde and cats claw, the grease bush and the sage brush sprang up to be kissed and nurtured by the rays of the unclouded sun. The same limits on production without water exist in all naturally semi-arid districts of the United States. The Eastern farmer who rides along the highway in Arizona where desert waste is on his left and irrigation and fruit-growing are systematically combined on his right, would not believe that water—just water—could work such miracles of horticultural alchemy.

In Arizona it is probable that future droughts cannot disturb the irrigable sections, because a water supply which is drought-proof is being supplied by the United States and by private enterprise.

Intelligent application has opened the mines, and intensive labor has made intensive farming profitable. The certitude of Arizona's future high place among the states, and of its commercial importance, is already outlined in a broadly-planned school system; in laws of honest purpose and impartial enforcement; in model village and city government; in moral communities; in agricultural, horticultural and mineral development, and in a citizenship that respects the flag for what it has signified in compelling and preserving the peace in this border region—a citizenship that may place the hand of loyalty upon the shoulder of Uncle Sam and declare fealty that cannot be questioned.

The flora of Arizona has all the glow of the desert, and the coloring of the purpling mountains. The trees of shade, planted by man, include the eucalyptus, pepper, umbrella, locust, cottonwood, and the Arizona ash. The latter is not a tree of commerce, but is graceful and limbed as long and lithe as the willow. The home gardens of flowers are a riot of loveliness, not necessary to particularize; but Easterners, and even Californians, and men and women from farther north, may "sit up and take notice" that in December, at Christmas time, American Beauty roses were marketed in Phoenix at fifty cents a dozen.

The yellow pine of this territory is finer grained than the Sierra growth, and much of it ranks fairly well with a good grade of Michigan white pine.

Referring to the mining prospects and realities of Arizona, it will be well to not forget that the United Verde copper mine has already produced more than $90,000,000, and that there is now blocked out, ready to be removed when desired, more than fifty more millions' worth. Such figures paint pictures of prosperity.

In national affairs, Arizona would be pleased to be let alone. It does not want the dignity of statehood thrust upon it. The people are well satisfied to work out their own destiny; they are willing to complete their state-making upon lines laid down by themselves—laid by their pioneers and the yeomanry of business which came voluntarily to the territory from the East and Middle West. They are radically and almost unanimously opposed to union with New Mexico.

Arizona has outrivaled all the States and Territories in liberality of laws for the incorporation of joint stock companies, and great numbers of Californians as well as others continue to avail themselves of the advantages of incorporating under the laws of the territory, which

are simple, effective and most liberal to the corporations, but sufficiently strict to keep them within proper bounds.

Corporations may be capitalized for any amount and no part of the capital is required to be paid in at the time of incorporation. The capital stock may be issued in exchange for property and for services, and the stock may be made non-assessable. The cost of incorporating, which is only fifty dollars, is the same whatever may be the amount of capital stock. There is no franchise or other tax. The offices of the company may be located and the business conducted anywhere, and neither the incorporators, directors nor officers are required to reside in the territory. Freedom from publicity in private affairs is assured, as no statements are required to be filed or published.

Under these most advantageous laws corporations are being organized for the transaction of business of almost every conceivable nature in every part of the world. Incorporation is perfected the same day that the necessary papers reach Phoenix, the capital.

No thought is indulged or attempt made to lead one to believe that Arizona is better than other good sections of the United States, but unprejudiced observation, with desire and purpose to obtain facts and learn truths, should impress any person that this territory is not only misunderstood, but that it is little understood by people generally. Conditions of living and business, of resources and possibilities, are far better than were those of a number of localities west of the Mississippi River that are at the present time flourishing and populous states. I am endeavoring to find the kernel in this nut, and give it to you in its natural state, which, thus far, I find to be good.



TWO NATIVES.

San Francisco—A Response

By Winifred Webb

"With all the blossoms of her mirth
Crushed like her youth, beneath the stones."
—*Wallace Irwin.*

Oh distant sons, whose shaded eyes
Are straining o'er a startled land,
To where, on wasted hills she lies,
Stripped of her pride by ruthless hands;

Stripped ev'n as Phryne,—poor and bare!
But ev'n as Phryne, Phryne still!
Dauntless she fronts the frown of care,
With eyes the old-time glories fill.

You loved her, knew her? Not by half,
If you could think her heart would cower!
She was the very first to laugh;
She kept her spell, she holds her power.

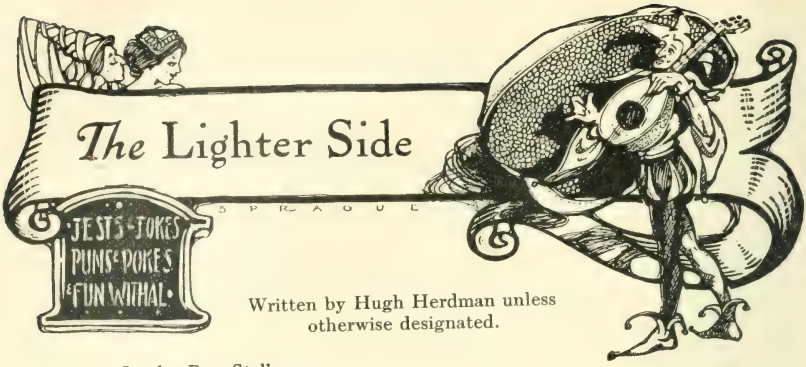
Had she not known the worth of jest?
And would she now forget? She sips
The wine of days to be. The rest?—
She smiles it down with trembling lips.

Upon her face the sweet air blows;
Still gleams the misty bay of blue;
Come whistling back! Your love she knows,
And flings her promise out to you!

Prudential had a blank claim list. In all important accidents involving serious loss of life, The Prudential's claim list is generally considerable, and its practice is to pay all such claims immediately if possible. In the San Francisco emergency the Company allowed policyholders affected by the disaster a period of thirty days beyond the legal limit, within which they might pay their outstanding premiums.

Since The Prudential commenced business on the Pacific Coast, in 1901, its progress has been remarkable; at the beginning of 1906 it had several millions of insurance in force in the Pacific Coast States. It proposes to enlarge its business, however, in this section, and with that object in view, has commenced an advertising campaign in The Pacific Monthly. Its future announcements in this magazine will be found interesting. Its policies have a national reputation in all that makes life insurance valuable. Its representatives on the Coast are, to a man, aglow with the determination to make the year of the earthquake the banner year for life insurance, and will be glad to give all necessary information to intending policyholders. Their names are: Robert S. Boyns, 865 Eddy street, San Francisco; The Nelles Co., 706-7 Herman W. Hellman building, Los Angeles; O. Edgar Fell, rooms 407-9 New York block, Seattle; Wm. B. Raleigh, rooms 401-5 McKay building, Portland, Ore.; and Harry A. Flood, 410 Empire State building, Spokane, Wash.





Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated.

In the Box Stalls.

They were talking horse. Seated, some on buckets, some on boxes, and some on their heels, they lounged about the stalls and swapped yarns.

"Well, you can say what you like," said Tim, the trainer, who had been a jockey, but who was now too fat to ride, "but I believe that just as many races are lost by using a whip as are won. You've got to know how to hit a horse, and you've got to be able to do it, or you bother him in his stride.

"I know it looks like the jock is getting more out of a horse coming down the stretch when he's hitting him every jump, but it's not always so. And a jock that's a good judge of pace will tell you so. When I was riding, I used to tell the man I was riding for that I didn't know how to use a whip, when he'd jump me for not winning a race.

"But I had it handed back to me. The first horse I ever trained was a sorrel horse called Painter, and he could burn the wind. The first race I started him in was a seven furlongs, and he win. The next time I [illegible] and he lose by a head, the jock good and hard. 'See here!' I said, 'What do you mean by putting up that kind of a ride? That's the best horse in that field, and you bring him in last.'

"'Well, I jes' tells you how 'tis, boss. Hit's dis' heah way. I was out ahead of de bunch, and goin' way from dem at every jump. I was jes' a setting' up dere and a holdin' his hade in my lap easy like and comf'table, when all at once dat dah horse, he turn his old hade roun' an' he look up at me an' he say, "Look heah, Mist' Jock, 'taint no use fer me ter try ter run no more, 'caze I is all in." An' when he done tol' me dat, den I knows 'taint no use.'"

* * *

Art.

Farmer Cornblossom—Hello! What's that thing you're paintin' there?

Artist—Why, don't you recognize it?

Farmer Cornblossom—Can't say's I do.

Artist—Well, it's what we call a landscape.

Farmer Cornblossom—A landscape, eh! What's that?

Artist—That's a tree

ike a tumble weed

A ant hill?

-And what's that

barn.
Durn funny way
's this red dot out

- Jumpin' chinch-
you ever see a
bulls don't wear
ı fine short-horn
: in this pasture.
netime, and you'll
ter this. Here he
blood in his eye.
hat fence. Come
traps. Hustle!
;s if you don't!



HON. MONTE B. GWINN.

The Fourteenth National Irrigation Congress

By Hon. Monte B. Gwinn
Chairman Executive Committee

THE National Irrigation Congress honored the city of Boise by selecting it as the meeting place for the fourteenth annual session, to be held September 3 to 8, 1906. It is the determination of the citizens of Boise and the State of Idaho to honor the Congress by making this convention the largest and most successful in the history of this national organization of empire-builders and home-makers.

A board of control of local arrangements has been created, consisting of ten of the most prominent citizens of Boise. To this organization has been assigned the work of providing the entertainment of the visiting delegates, and arranging the features which are to comprise the entertainment. When the date for the Congress arrives, it will be found that this work has been well done. The citizens of Boise and the people of Idaho will be ready with their glad hands and glad hearts to welcome the arriving guests with open-hearted, free-handed hospitality.

There are many reasons for saying the



TWIN FALLS, IDAHO.

One of the beautiful regions which will be shown the delegates to the National Irrigation Convention.



A TYPICAL BOISE RESIDENCE.

Idaho session will be the largest and greatest in the history of the National Irrigation Congress: Irrigation as a practical science is understood and appreciated by more people than ever before; this Congress will be held in the midst of the greatest public and private enterprises in the world; object lessons in irrigation will greet the delegates on every hand, affording the best opportunity for acquiring further information; the work under the National Reclamation Act has demonstrated its absolute success from a business and economic standpoint; Idaho has more irrigation enterprises under construction, embracing a larger area of lands to be reclaimed, with a larger volume of water with which to do it than any other state; these will furnish homes for many thousands of families and cause cities to be built that are yet unnamed; immigration societies, railroad and transportation companies, capitalists, manufacturers, and wholesale institutions have recognized the opportunities offered for a vast amount of new business.

The Fourteenth National Irrigation Congress has been exploited in more than 500 newspapers, periodicals and magazines, published in every state in the Union; the official call has been mailed to more than 6,000 individual addresses, and responses indicate that fully 2,000 delegates are coming to take part in the work of the Congress.

The personnel of the Congress will comprise a larger number of Senators and members of Congress, Governors of states, National and State Engineers, immigration bureaus and industrial organizations, railroad managers, capitalists, manufacturers, homeseekers and investors, agriculturalists and horticulturalists, noted Government and other foresters, miners and livestock growers than were ever brought together at a civic meeting—all interested in the up-building of the arid and semi-arid lands of the Western states.

The work of the Congress will consist in a general review of past accomplishments and outlining plans for future developments; the highest duty of water in producing certain crops, and the duty of those applying water to beneficial use; the

forest reserves of the United States, their relation to the storage of water for irrigation, and the policy in force for their management and control; lumbering, mining, stockraising and agricultural settlement within the reserves; immigration, rural settlement and the best means of making homes on the lands reclaimed for those who need homes. These are but a few of the important questions to be discussed and definite action taken upon by this Congress.

The three years in which the National Reclamation Act has been in operation has demonstrated that the loan made by the government of approximately $35,000,000 for the reclamation of arid lands is a sound business investment, and that the security for the loan is more than three times the amount advanced. The slogan of the Boise Congress will be an additional loan of "one hundred million dollars for further reclamation." The object of the Reclamation Act was to "cause great fields of vegetation to grow where nothing was grown before." The object of the advanced movement is to accomplish in five years what would require fifty years under the present law.

During the session of the Congress the board of control will hold an exposition of the products of irrigation, in which each of the sixteen States and Territories comprising the irrigated area will make comprehensive exhibits, showing what has been accomplished through this method of agriculture, being practical object lessons for the benefit of delegates and visiting citizens to the Congress. After the sessions of the Congress have closed special excursion trains will be run to the different irrigation districts, in order that practical demonstrations may be shown in the practice of irrigation. The excursions will include visits to the great fruit-producing regions, sugar beet factories and fields, alfalfa and grain farms, irrigation projects from the first season of cultivation to fifty years of agriculture. Many places of noted scenic interest will be shown, and the visitors of Idaho made acquainted with the general resources of the state, its climate, and its citizenship.



SOCIAL LIFE AT BOISE.

PETER'S



THE ORIGINAL
SWISS MILK
Chocolate

"High as the Alps in Quality"



A MESSAGE FROM THE ALPS.

"We send you our best in PETER'S Chocolate." If you cannot get to the world's wonderland, you can yet have the world's wonder in confection-food.

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK **CHOCOLATE**

(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., *Sole Importers,* 78 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF—

SCENE I.

Any Old Street Corner.

Mr. Offus Eeker—Why, howdy do, Mrs. Newvote! Howdy do! How's the man? And the dear little children? What? You haven't any! Why, that's strange—I mean I must have got you mixed with somebody else. You know us men that have the responsibilities of politics resting upon us meet so many people. Say, I want to talk to you privately. Just step here in this doorway. Yes, I know, but I won't keep you but a minute. You see, it's this way. My friends have been after me all the time to permit them to run me for constable. They come to me and they say, "Now, Bill, look here! We've got to have a man on this ticket that's solid with the party, See? We've got to have a man that has never been a traitor to his party. See? We've got to have a man that's on the dead level. See? We've got to have a man that'll treat everybody alike. See? We've got to have a man that's above suspicion. See? Now, Bill," they say to me, "you're the only man for that place. You're solid with the party, you're loyal, you're square, and you don't know a preacher from a hobo when it comes to interpreting the law." That's what they say to me, you see. Not once, but all the time. Well, what could I do ? I've got a business down here, you know, that takes all my time, and I can't afford to go into politics. But when they come at me this way, why, of course I've got to do the way a good citizen should—sacrifice himself for his party. See? So I consent to run for the nomination. See? It's against my will, you understand, but I'm doing it for the party. See? Now, what I want is this: You give me your support and when I'm elected if there's anything I can do for you, you bet I'll do it. See? You've got a cinch on that Monday Morning Club, and you just line them up for me and vote them straight, and you'll always know where to find me. You see what I mean. Think it over. It's a good proposition. Have a soda check? Here, take a cigar home for the old man. Tell him I sent it. So long!

Mrs. Newvote—So that's politics, is it? Goodness me! I've missed my car, and I'll be late for dinner. Oh, dear! Gracious! I wonder how many saw me talking to that horrid old thing.

SCENE II.

Polling Place, Precinct No. ——. 3 a. m.

Mrs. Newvote—Dear me. I think it was just horrid for them to make me the only woman on this night board. I'm so tired, and they smoke such an awful lot of cigars, and such bad ones, too; and there's that horrid old democrat over there who smokes that nasty old pipe all the time. I'm just dying for a cup of tea, but

Plant a Maple Tree in Your Kitchen



Mapleine makes this statement a possibility, as Mapleine flavor is the exact counterpart of the inherent Maple flavor in the

Maple Tree

Dissolve granulated sugar in hot water, add a few drops of Mapleine, and you have a syrup

Better Than Maple

at one-third the cost.

For 35c (stamps) we will send you enough for 2 gallons with copy of "Mapleine Dainties."

CRESCENT MFG. CO.

SEATTLE, WASH. U.S.A.

3 GOOD WAYS

To Invest Your Surplus

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TACOMA REAL ESTATE

Present Values will soon Double

Our Two Mexican

RUBBER PLANTATIONS

(One now producing)

GRIBBLE ISLAND COPPER

A producing mine. Just a little stock offered. "Your money back if goods don't suit."

Let us tell you about these

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

A. M. RICHARDS & CO.

504 National Bank of Commerce Bldg.,

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

I don't suppose they would even let me run over home and get it. I've tallied for ages, it seems, till I know that I'll dream, "Smith one, Smith two; Jones three, Jones four, Jones tally," all the rest of my born days. What's the use of all this, anyway? Why don't people just pick out the men they want and put them in office and do away with all this horrid voting and swearing, and smoking, and counting, and staying up all night? And then some people are so curious. Why, we hadn't any more than got started to counting than people began coming in here wanting to know how the election went. And there was that horrid old Mrs. Manbe that came in and started to tell me what to do. I just told her to mind her own business—of course I didn't say that, but I gave her to understand that I knew just as much about politics and voting and counting the votes as she did. And the way she dresses, too! Gracious, look at that man! I believe he is drunk. My! I hope he won't look at me. I know I'll faint if he does. He's the man that's interested in this prohibition fight. I hope he loses it, because he's such a horrid old pig. I wonder whether he knows I fought against him. Now, here he comes. I just know he's going to speak to me. Oh, dear! Yes, he is! Oh, I wish George were here! I don't see why some of these men don't stop him. They haven't the least bit of gallantry.

Heine Boozer—So you're the old dame, are you, that tried to give us the knife in this precinct, eh? Well, you look the part. You don't look as if you ever knew what it was to have some of the real stuff trickle down your gullet. Well, I guess you've got us all right this time; but you just wait till next election, and we'll give you old hens a run for your money. You'd better do your cacklin' now, 'cause you won't have no chance next time. So long, sister!

Mrs. Newvote—Ah, ah! Isn't this just too awful for anything! I wish I could cry without those men seeing me.

SCENE III.

Meeting of the Woman's County Central Committee.

Chairman—Well, ladies, we're beaten. I guess that's plain enough to all of you.

Mrs. Manbe—Beaten? We're licked—licked to a finish.

Miss N. Thusiasm—Well, what if we are? There are other elections coming on. Let's get ready for them.

Chairman—I think we would better analyze this one a little bit first. What beat us?

Mrs. Manbe—I know. Money.



The Peerless Seasoning

As a seasoning for Fish, Steaks, Chops, Game, Soups, etc., nothing can take the place of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Beware of imitations. Look for Lea & Perrins' signature on label and outside wrapper.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N Y.

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For Manufacturing Purposes

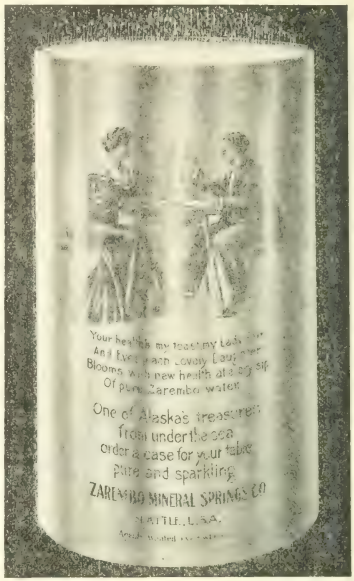
If you contemplate establishing any business requiring POWER in PORTLAND or its suburbs, it will be to your advantage to talk with us before placing your orders for machinery.

Advantages in the cost of producing power in Portland, in comparison with other cities of the country, enable us to make lowest rates and give the best service in the supplying of LIGHT, HEAT or POWER.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "A"

The Portland General Electric Company

Telephone, Exchange 13
Seventh and Alder Streets
Portland, Oregon



Mrs. Simpleby—Money? What do you mean?

Mrs. Manbe—What I say. I mean that the other party went right down in their pockets and dug up the dough that beat us. They licked us by buying votes. Why, do you suppose that their candidate could ever in the world get that many votes if he hadn't lined up with that bunch of boodlers below the dead line, the liquor gang, and had them come through with the stuff?

Chairman—How do you know this?

Mrs. Manbe—I keep my eyes open. Don't you suppose these men know the game a million times better than we do? Why, they've been at it always, and we've just got in. They licked us, and they used the simplest trick they have to do it. We get up and make a great fuss about purity in politics and how clean a campaign we are conducting, but does that make it necessary for them to use those methods? Not on your life! And look what they did. We showed up their candidates in their true colors, gamblers, barkeepers, and worse, and we thought the public would then of course vote for our candidates. But this other crowd turned right around and told all kinds of lies about our people. Look what they did to poor little Miss Busy, our candidate for school director. She never will live down the disgrace which their lies brought her. The public doesn't know whom to believe, them or us. So that's how they licked us in another way.

Mrs. Simpleby—What do you think we ought to do?

Mrs. Manbe—Do? What can we do? Take our medicine of course, and continue to take it every election till we find some way of fighting their fire successfully.

Mrs. Simpleby—But isn't there some way?

Mrs. Manbe—Yes, there's the way the men used to use before we became mixed up in politics.

Mrs. Simpleby—What is it?

Mrs. Manbe—Fight fire with fire.

Mrs. Simpleby—Do you mean to use the same method against them that they used against us?

Mrs. Manbe—That's what it means.

Chorus—Never! Never! Never!

Mrs. Manbe—Then go on getting licked.

Mrs. Simpleby—No, a thousand times no. I have too much faith in human nature to believe that wrong will always triumph. The very justice of our cause will make it the victor.

Mrs. Manbe—All right. But all the same you noticed that justice got a black eye this time, didn't you?

Chairman—If there is no further business, a motion to adjourn—

Mrs. Manbe—Here is a statement showing that this committee has incurred an indebtedness of fifteen hundred dollars. I

suppose that it is up to us to dig up. I move that each member of the committee contribute one hundred dollars toward this fund.

Mrs. N. Thusiasm—I move that we adjourn.

[The meeting adjourns sine die.]

* * *

A Sailor on Horseback.

"Well, you know, I gets alongside and I puts me foot in the ladder and up I goes. I has a pretty good cargo aboard, you know, and I am pretty careful to get an even keel before I weighs anchor. Finally everything being ship-shape and the wind fair, I heads her round by the starboard side, and breaks out everything to the top-gallants'ls.

"Say, I ain't been there long when I begins to notice that there's a pretty fair sea runnin'. Next I notices is that she don't ride the swell none too free, but goes choppin' through it. Then I tries to pull her off and run straight before the wind, but I finds that the steerin' gear is fouled somehow. Then I finds that she is sailin' a fourteen knots right in the teeth of the wind. And then she begins to whip from side to side, and I'm afraid she's going down.

"All at once I see we are bound to go aground. I tries to steer her away, but she don't answer the helm, and we go straight on 'em. I'm washed clean off the deck, and when I comes to and looks round for the wreck, there ain't none, not even enough to make a raft of. So I has to walk back and that's why I'm in the brig for stayin' over my leave."

* * *

At the Seashore.

"Dearest," he whispered, as they nestled close together under the lee of a huge log of driftwood, "you are all the world to me; I didn't suppose I ever could love as I love you."

"Oh, sweetheart," she murmured in reply, "say it again. I didn't know what it is to be told that one is loved. I never dreamed it could sound so sweet."

Their sweet nothings were interrupted by a couple who passed close by them.

"Great Scott," he said to himself, "there's that Johnson girl I was engaged to down here last year. I wonder if she's married yet?"

"Oh," she mused, "there's that Charlie Something-or-other. I was in hopes he wouldn't be down this season. What on earth is his name? Strange I should forget it after being engaged to him."

* * *

Disconcerted.

We are reliably informed that the Czar feels toward the Duma as a hen does toward her brood when she discovers that someone has stacked the deck on her by giving her duck eggs.

Sunburns, Poison Ivy, Prickly Heat, Mosquito Bites, Etc.

quickly relieved by

Hydrozone

This remedy will allay and subdue inflammation in a remarkable manner and can be used as directed with absolute safety, as it is as harmless as water.

Eminent Physicians have successfully prescribed this remedy for over 15 years.

To demonstrate its healing properties, I will send a

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

to anyone filling coupon and enclosing 10 cents to pay postage—only one bottle to a family.

Beware of concoctions of Oil of Vitriol, Sulphurous acid and water bearing similar names.

Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

Charles Marchand

Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris (France).

30

57 Prince St., New York City.

FREE! Valuable booklet on How to Treat Dis-eases.

COUPON

Send free trial bottle of **Hydrozone**, for which I enclose 10c. to pay forwarding charges. Coupon good only until Sept. 30, '06

Name.....

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WRITE LEGIBLY

The Twilight Days and Without An Income



¶ **YOUNG MAN** the productive period of your life is passing more rapidly than you realize.

¶ **MR. MARRIED MAN** the investment of your money judiciously is a duty you owe your estate as well as yourself.

¶ **SEATTLE BUSINESS REAL ESTATE** brings a larger net income every year. Don't say you are not financially able; cowards never make successful business men.

¶ **MAKE** the money you spend foolishly help you NOW and it will help you TEN-FOLD MORE in years to come.

¶ **YOUR** time to act is today; good resolutions will avail you nothing unless put into execution.

¶ **WE** are raising money to purchase desirable business property in Seattle, in the center of the busy section where values per front foot are increasing rapidly. This class of property in any city is always the largest income producer.

¶ **THE INVESTOR** can take advantage of this opportunity with $100, and he will become an owner of the property receiving the benefit of its increase in value as well as the accrued earnings of the property.

¶ **THIS** gives the small investor an opportunity to share the profits deriving from investments requiring large sums of money to handle, where he could not do it as an individual.

¶ **$10** per month is all that is necessary to start you on the road to success.

¶ **WE** have several handsomely illustrated books telling all about making money in Seattle. They are free to YOU for a postal.

Seattle Improvement Syndicate

Colman Building Seattle, U. S. A

Seattle Business Property

Don'ts for Millionaires.

Don't press your own trousers.
Don't blacken your own boots.
Don't mow your own lawn.
Don't curry your own horses.
Don't milk your own cows.
Don't build your own fires.
Don't trim your own trees.
Don't saw your own wood.
Don't plow your own garden.
Don't dig your own flower beds.
Don't plant your own potatoes.

If you do, people will think you are tight. Do these things for some other fellow, and they will attribute it to generosity. At home, it would be working; elsewhere, exercise.

* * *

A Big Job.

Biff—That's a big job Secretary Taft has undertaken, isn't it?

Miff—What's that? Digging the canal?

Biff—Nope.

Miff—Repealing the Philippine tariff?

Biff—Nope.

Miff—Backing the President up on the railroad rebate bill?

Biff—Nope.

Miff—Keeping Fairbanks warm?

Biff—Nope.

Miff—Keeping Roosevelt cool?

Biff—Nope.

Miff—Well, what in thunder is it, then?

Biff—Reducing his weight to three hundred.

* * *

Those Girls.

Maud—How do you like my new bathing suit?

Clara—Awfully chic, dear.

Maud—Doesn't it fit snug and nice?

Clara—Yes, but are you sure it will not shrink?

Maud—Yes.

Clara—Not the least little teeny bit?

Maud—Yes. Why?

Clara—Because you may have my ulster here if it does, dear.

* * *

An Old Invention.

Snips—Who was the first talking machine?

Snaps—Who was? You mean when was?

Snips—No; I mean who was.

Snaps—Why, you're bughouse. Well, what's the answer?

Snips—Why, Eve, of course. Wasn't she the first woman?

MANZANITA HALL FOR BOYS

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Life of mt., valley, sea. While a majority of its graduates enter Stanford, it has had marked success in preparing for Eastern univ. and technical schools. Ideal dormitory system. New cinder track this coming year. Every branch under a master. A growing school for growing boys. Send for catalogue. 14th year opens Aug. 22.

J. LEROY DIXON, Head Master.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum **TOILET POWDER**





AT THE SEA SHORE

Mennen's will give immediate relief from prickly heat, chafing, sun-burn and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.

DEVER'S

GOLDEN WEST

SPICES, COFFEE, TEA, BAKING POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Absolute Purity. Finest Flavor. Greatest Strength. Reasonable Prices.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.



BUTCHER'S

Boston Polish

Is the best finish made for FLOORS, Interior Woodwork and Furniture.

Not brittle; will neither scratch nor deface like shellac or varnish. Is not soft and sticky like beeswax. Perfectly transparent, preserving the natural color and beauty of the wood. Without doubt the most economical and satisfactory Polish known for Hardwood Floors.

For Sale by Dealers in Paints, Hardware and House-Furnishings.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET telling of the many advantages of BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH.

THE BUTCHER POLISH CO.,
356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Our No. 3 Reviver is a superior finish for kitchen and piazza floors

A Queer Gait.

He was straight from old England, and he had an accent like an onion. He wore odd clothes and walked with that long, loose-jointed stride peculiar to Englishmen. The boys of the ranch took him for fair game from the start, and they certainly ran him to a finish. They had him holding the sack all night for quail; they had him walking for hours around an owl, with the expectation of seeing its head drop off as a result of twisting it so as to keep an eye on him. They got him into the pen with the pet deer; but this joke came near resulting seriously, both for him and for the deer—for him because the deer nearly killed him, and for the deer because he was bound and determined to get his rifle and kill the bloody beggah.

But they never could get him on a horse. The first day he arrived, he happened to see Texas Joe astride a bucking bronc, and although he didn't make any comment, it was evident that the picture had impressed itself upon his memory. They tried all sorts of schemes to get him mounted, but he always laughed and said, "Naow, you bloomin' beggahs you, I don't want tew ride a bloody 'orse, you know. I would rawther walk, you knaow; it's nearah the graound, don't you knaow."

One afternoon, everybody left the ranch except Texas Joe and the "bally Britisher," as they called him. Along about five o'clock, Joe said he didn't feel well. Pretty soon he began to roll and tumble and complain of pains in his stomach. Another fifteen minutes and he was in mortal agony. Jonesy, the Englishman, was in great dismay. Nothing that he did seemed to do Joe any good. Finally Joe raised himself on his elbow and with eyes wild and voice hollow, cried, "You've got to go to Medora and get old Doc Sturges; take my horse."

Well, there was nothing else to do. Jonesy made a run and clambered into the saddle. He kicked the horse in the ribs and headed him down the trail. The first move the horse made was a buck jump and everyone after that was another. The strange part of it was that Jonesy kept him headed toward Medora and that he stuck to the saddle like a leech.

Texas Joe seemed to recover with marvelous rapidity, for as soon as Jonesy was in the saddle Joe appeared at the window and laughed till the tears ran down his face. At the same time, on the hills and buttes round about appeared the other boys, all intent on Jonesy's feat. Naturally Jonesy was too busy to see them, and when he disappeared down the trail they all made their ways to the cabin. They laughed, to be sure, but there was a note of disappointment in their voices. They had given him old whirlwind, the worst bucker on the ranch, and the bloomin' idiot had failed to fall off.

Three quarters of an hour later, they

CORSET COVER, 39c



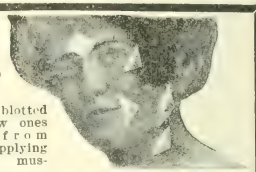
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Infallibly breaks the frowning habit in children or grown-ups. As pleasant to apply as a rose leaf.

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Free demonstration every afternoon.

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Trout Flies

40 and 50 Flies	$0.25 dozen
75c Flies	.50 dozen
$1.00 Flies	.75 dozen
$1.50 Flies	1.00 dozen

These flies are in bulk—not carded. It is customary for dealers to buy carded flies for convenience in retailing, for which the customer is usually charged a price out of all reason.

Try a sample dozen and be convinced.

Postpaid to any address on receipt of price.

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3 ft....	$.30	$.50	$.75	$1.00	$2.00 dozen
6 ft....	.50	1.00	1.50	2.00	4.00 dozen

A good 25 yard oil silk line, 25c.

Best enameled 25 yard oil silk line, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

Any of the above postpaid.

PIPER & TAFT

Sporting Goods.

1024-26 Second Ave. SEATTLE, WASH.

heard a horse's hoofs pounding on the trail. There was Jonesy, hatless and breathless, and old Whirlwind almost a wreck after twelve miles.

"The doctah said he couldn't come, you know, but he sent this. How do you feel, old chap?"

"Oh, I'm better," Joe said faintly. "Give it here," and he swallowed the whisky at a gulp.

"How did the horse go, Jonesy?" Joe asked after the medicine had time to work, and he felt better.

"Why, don't you know, that's an awfully crazy kind of a 'orse to 'ave. 'E carries 'is 'ead so laow and canters so 'igh, the bally beggah does, don't you knaow. But 'e's a ripping good traveler, don't you knaow."

* * *

Musings of a Thoroughbred.

How would you like to have a man that pretends to know how to ride thumping and bumping around on your back from your withers to your kidneys?

How would you like to have some greenhorn yanking and hauling and sawing away on your mouth when some other horse was beating you and laughing at you for being so slow?

How would you like to be beaten in a race because your rider hit you with a whip and spurred you at the wrong time and threw you out of your stride?

How would you like to be beaten over the head because a horse that could run faster than you could beat you in a race?

How would you like to be shot full of cocaine so that your eyes were like coals and your heart a piece of red hot steel?

How would you like to be made to run two miles when you knew very well that one mile was all you could do in creditable time?

* * *

English a la Mode.

"Hey, you fat-headed robber, you!"

"That ain't no strike, you lobster."

"Twasan't, no such a thing no strike."

"Aw, dig the gravel out of your peepers."

"Smash him, Larry. Soak him in the kisser."

"Come out of it! Come out of it!"

"You need four lamps instead of two."

"What? Out? Oh, you squarehead! You thief!"

"Get in the game. You're not worth the envelope it comes in."

"Get off your foot."

"Haw, haw! Serves you right. Knock another and kill him."

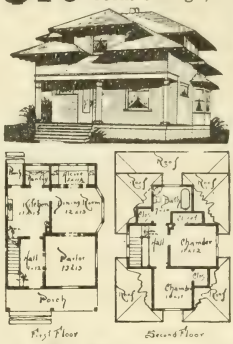
* * *

He Auto Know.

Simmons—I hear you are a regular lady-killer, Tim. How 'bout it?

Timmons—That's an unqualified and malicious falsehood; I've run over pigs, chickens, and dogs innumerable, and one man, but never in my life did I kill a lady.

$10 For complete Plans, Specifications and Details of this 6 room Cottage; can be built for



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Vice-President, A. C. Simonton, M. D. and capitalist;
Treasurer, Forrest A. Sutphen, secretary and treasurer M. B. Crane & Co.;
Secretary, A. Hamilton, machinery, Caldwell Bros. & Co.;
Attorney, Wm. Lee Waters, Alaska Building.
Depository, Scandinavian-American Bank of Seattle.

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Industries Behind SEATTLE

There are more great industries directly behind Seattle than any other city of its size in the world. The many and diversified interests which concentrate at this point are building a city destined to be one of the foremost in the United States.

Seattle is situated on the coast of a state renowned for its natural wealth—Coal, Timber, Mines, Fisheries, Fruit and Grain all conduce to her commercial importance. Added to these are magnificent harbor facilities and direct communication with Alaska and the Orient.

The commercial interests of this city are too vast to be comprehended in the aggregate. Pause and consider carefully these facts concerning some of the principal factors in Seattle's success:

LUMBER—Lumber production for Washington, British Columbia, Oregon and Inland Empire, 1905, 4,006,996,489 feet.

ORIENTAL TRADE—Total value of trade, Imports and exports was $52,200,000.

ALASKA TRADE—Total value, $27,000,000 annually.

GOLD PRODUCTION — Alaska, $14,650,000; Washington, $368,800.

WHEAT CROP—Washington, $25,712,482; 32,140,603 bushels.

FRUIT CROP—Valued at $12,000,000 for Washington.

FISHING — Fisheries production, 1905, for Puget Sound, Alaska and British Columbia, $20,000,000. All tributary to Seattle.



More individual fortunes have probably been made in and about Seattle than in any other American city. The foundation for many more are being laid here today. HOW about yours?

Write today—GEO. A. VIRTUE, 304 BOSTON BLDG.—for information concerning the Real Estate situation in Seattle. Seventeen years in one place. References—Any bank or business man in Seattle.

The Cynic Snarls.

Husbands don't always forget the anniversaries of their weddings, but they try to.

Strike your dog, and he will lick your hand; strike your wife, and the sheriff will lick you—in Oregon.

Brigham Young lived to a ripe old age. He might have lived longer, but there is reason to believe that he never heard of Dakota.

The whipping post may be the right thing for men who beat their wives; but just think of the many men who, on account of shame, must bear their unrequited bruises in silence.

Woman's suffrage probably would do the men a great deal of good, but what about the women?

* * *

The Return of the Native.

"Well," said the policy-holder, "I see here in the paper that the president of the Skin Em Alive or Dead Insurance Company has returned from Europe."

"A case of the prodigal's return, eh?" remarked a fellow sufferer.

* * *

A Hit.

"There's many a bad egg thrown in good faith," remarked Barnstormer, looking himself over ruefully.

Perennial.

Angeline—Oh, Josephine, I have just the loveliest, cutest bathing suit this year you ever saw. It'll be just dandy to learn to swim in.

Josephine—I thought you learned to swim when Charlie was down here last summer.

Angeline—I did, but he's not coming this year.

* * *

Misled.

"That just goes to prove that you can't believe what you hear," said Mr. Nail, rubbing his head tenderly. "A woman may not be able to hit a nail on the head with a hammer, but my wife can with a rolling pin."

* * *

Too Populous.

Smith—Hello, Smythe! What's the matter? You didn't stay long at the beach.

Smythe—No, too crowded.

Smith—How's that? I thought the more the merrier there.

Smythe—No; a fellow can't kiss a girl anywhere there without being seen.

* * *

Would You?

How would you like to own a tin mine, now that the beef trust has been canned by the President?



The Joker Joked.

A story is going the rounds concerning two young men from Portland which is too good to be kept confined. These two young men were in San Francisco a short time after the earthquake, and when they were ready to return home they were fortunate enough to secure a lower berth apiece in the sleeping car. This they considered the height of good luck, first because the trains northward were all loaded to their capacity, and secondly because each tipped the scales at something over two hundred pounds.

Bed time came and Jim proceeded to roll into his berth. Jack, however, was not sleepy, and went forward to the smoking compartment. When he had finished his cigar, he came back and found a lady of fifty-odd years and a superabundance of adiposity seated on the edge of his berth. She seemed much distressed, and explained that her trouble was due to the fact that she had been unable to secure anything except an upper berth for the trip. Being very heavy and afflicted with rheumatism, she found it almost impossible to get into the upper part of the section.

Jack saw a good night's repose vanishing rapidly, but his gallantry came to the fore, and he promptly offered to exchange his lower for her upper. The lady gratefully accepted his offer, and he mounted the ladder and clambered into bed.

Next morning Jim was the first to rise. When he emerged from the curtains, the first thing he spied was one of Jack's shoes. Taking a firm hold of it, he peered into the darkened berth, and selecting the proper part of the recumbent figure for bestowing the sole of a shoe, he let drive with full force.

Instead of the imprecations which he expected, he was greeted with a screech of terror, followed by a cry of "murder." Instantly heads protruded from every berth. Directly above him appeared a fat face, which suddenly flew open and emitted an ear-splitting guffaw. Jim stood staring in helpless bewilderment, with the offending shoe in his hand. Jack fell back among his blankets and roared to exhaustion.

Now Jack carries in his pocket a miniature shoe which he displays to Jim whenever he feels in need of liquid refreshment. He says that it is an infallible talisman.



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Unwarranted Interference.

"No, sir," said farmer Hicks, "it ain't right, neither, so it ain't. Roosevelt ain't got no business stickin' his gab in everything. It's all right fer him to git after them insurance grafters and that there standard Ile outfit, 'cause they ain't nothin' but gol-durn robbers, and they was jest a stickin' their hands in our pockets and takin' every cent we've got. Give me a chaw, Bill. But when he goes to gettin' after the men that's runnin' the meat business of this here country, why, gol-rap it, that ain't right. People will quit eatin' meat, and then what'll we poor cusses do, gol-ding it. I got fifteen head of fat steer out to my place and thirty-two head of hogs, and the paper says that both beef and pork has fell off half a cent already. No, sir, I say let him run the gov'ment, but let him not go monkeyin' with what belongs to you and me. Give me a chaw, Jim."

* * *

Agreed.

The Poet—Ah, the greatest motive in this world is love. It is love that impels man to great deeds, brave deeds. It is love, love, love, that makes the world move onward to that perfection which God intends it to attain. It is love that makes the world go round.

Mr. Worldly—Yes; love of money.



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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, U. S. A.

FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager. "Some People don't like us."

Bears.

"I remember takin' a party through here once," said the plainsman who was piloting a party on horseback through Yellowstone Park, "when there was something doing all the time. I was considerable younger then than I am now, and the things I could think of to do that seemed to me ought to be done were somehow awful numerous. No, I reckon I'm not so slow now in some ways, but I was a durn sight quicker then.

"Well, I had a bunch of tenderfeet, and was herdin' them along putty well. They would stampede every once in a while, but that wasn't strange when you consider that the herd was made up of a lawyer, an editor, a judge, two doctors, a dentist, a preacher, and some gentlemen—other gentlemen, I mean, of course. Well, what they couldn't think of wasn't in the cards, especially when I was there to help them out, 'cause that was partly what they paid me for, and I knew it.

"But once in a while, we would all seem to be up against it for something to do; poker didn't have no more charms; seven-up was played out; nobody had a story that he hadn't already told; and even smoking seemed to pall on us. At such times, I made a quiet sneak away from the fire, and hunted up Larry. Larry was the wrangler I had along with me, and he certainly wrangled that bunch of saddle horses to the queen's Sunday taste. He was a little, bow-legged, red-headed, skillet-faced Irishman, with an upper lip as long as the time between three o'clock and supper. And he had more fun tucked away under that red mop of his than—oh, me, oh, my! What's the use trying to describe an Irishman anyway?

"Well, one evening I knew I was due for a call on Larry, 'cause things was awful dull 'round camp. So I makes my sneak and whistles to Larry to follow me. I goes out of hearin', and when Larry comes up, I says to him, says I, 'Larry, what are we goin' to do?'

"'Well,' says Larry, 'if you don't mind, the first thing we'll do is to take a drink.'

"We took a drink.

"'Now, what's the matter?' asks Larry.

"'Can't you see?' I says. 'They're beginnin' to sulk on us. Next thing they'll stampede.'

"'Well, I'm willin',' Larry says. 'Fact is, I'll help.'

"'Well, I'm not; I need their money.'

"'Won't they stand a little game of stud?'

"'Not that. I mean I'm gettin' paid for this job of guidin' them through the park, and I've got to keep them happy. Think up a new game, quick.'

"'I have it,' says Larry, right quick.

"'Let me have it, too, then,' I says.

"'A bear hunt.'

"'But the government won't stand for it.'

"'Oh, I mean just for fun. Just a toy hunt, you know.'

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"So Larry got ready for the hunt. He hung out some bacon and spilled some sugar, and by the time we turned into our tarps we could hear the bears shufflin' round in the bushes near camp. We didn't say anything to the bunch 'bout a hunt comin' off, but we talked 'bout bears and how each man must grab a club and make for old Mr. Bear if he came into camp any night. And I kind of dropped a hint that we might expect them that night, 'cause every time I had camped here, I'd had trouble with them gettin' into the chuck-wagon.

"Well, we rolled in, and in 'bout a half hour, soon as the fire died down, Larry lets out a Irish yell that brings everybody up sittin'. Then he begins to holler 'Bears, bears!' and chase round them like a drunk Injun. Everybody makes a grab for a club, and out after the bears we go. It was bright moonlight, and we could see two or three old bears shufflin' round the bacon and sugar that Larry had put out.

"Larry had set his bait to the north of the camp; so when we come chasin' up a yellin' and a whoopin', the bears naturally go off to the north. They run into a little thicket and we after them. Then out the other side, with Larry close after them and a-lettin' out those Irish-Injun war-whoops, and a-yellin', 'Bears! Bears!'

"Well, sir, what do you think that wild man from Erin had been plannin' all this time? When he was huntin' water for his horses, he run on a camp on the other side of this thicket, and he was headin' the bears straight for that. But that's not the main part. It was a camp of tenderfoot schoolmarms.

"Can't you see things happenin'? Well, sir, we no sooner hits the open ground, with the bears in the lead and Larry a-lopin' along after them and a-whoopin' at every lope, than a commotion sets in among the tents. Great buckin' broncs! I never did see so many things occur all at once, and I've been to a circus, too. It looked like I expect to see heaven look, all covered with white-robed angels a-flittin' and a-twitterin' around from bush to bush.

"Soon as we saw what we'd run onto, we stopped, but not Larry. The bears took to the woods right on through the camp, but Larry he seemed to think they were hidin' somewhere in camp; so he went a-skippin' and a whoopin' 'Bears!, bears!' round every tent, so as to be sure that he hadn't overlooked them. Then he takes to the brush, too, 'cause all at once he seemed to realize that he had forgot to put his pants on.

"Well, sir, we laughed all night, I reckon, and the next mornin' we went over to see if anybody was hurt. But the camp was gone. You could see there had been a camp there, though, 'cause the bushes were all covered with white handkerchiefs.

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This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of $25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of $1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear of old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

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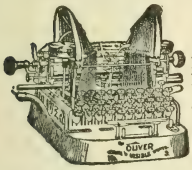
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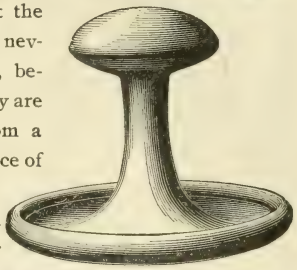
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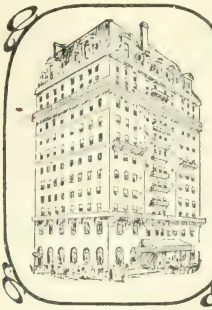
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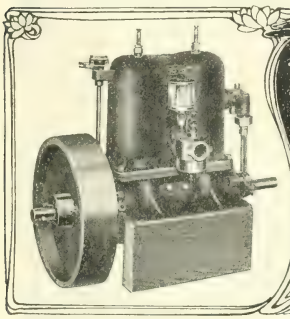
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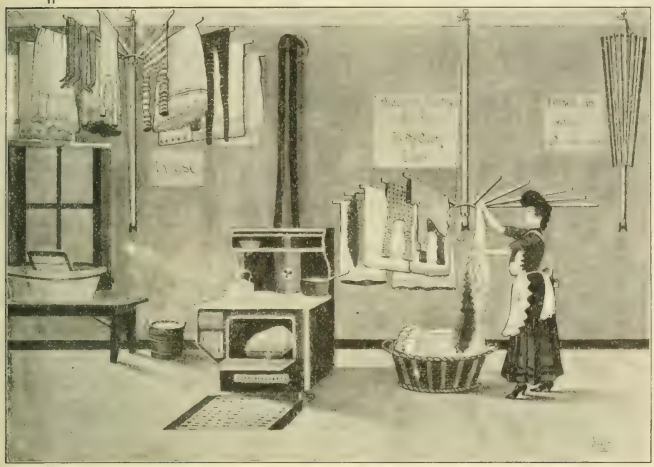
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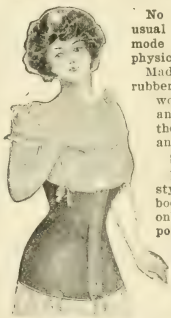
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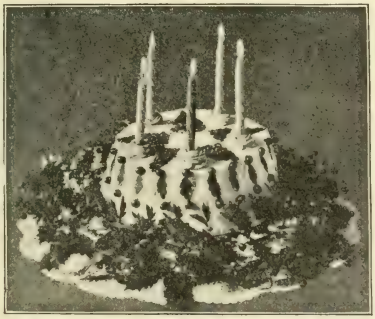
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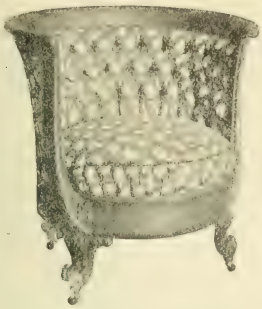
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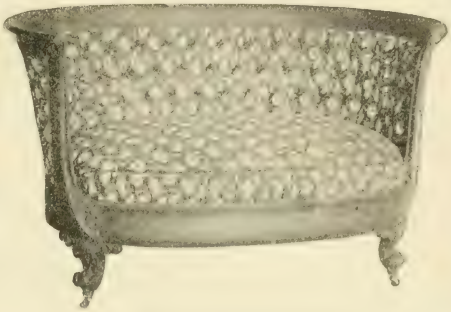
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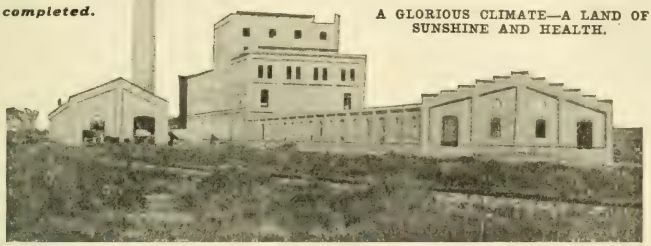
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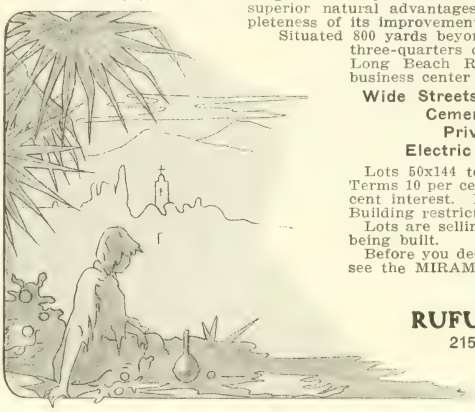
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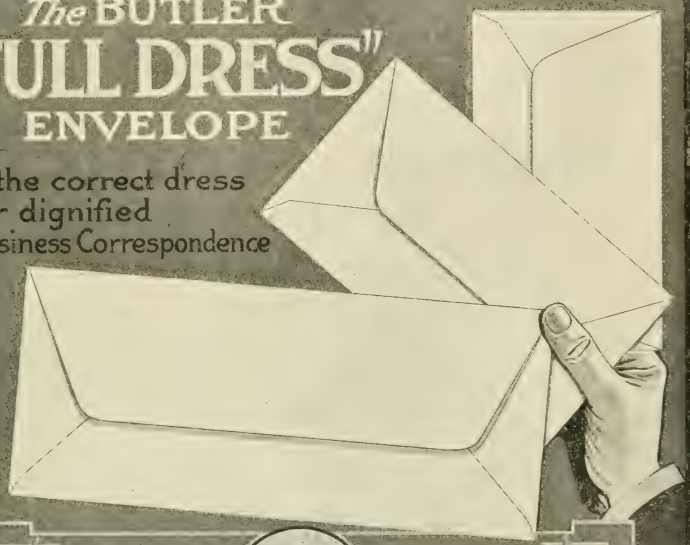
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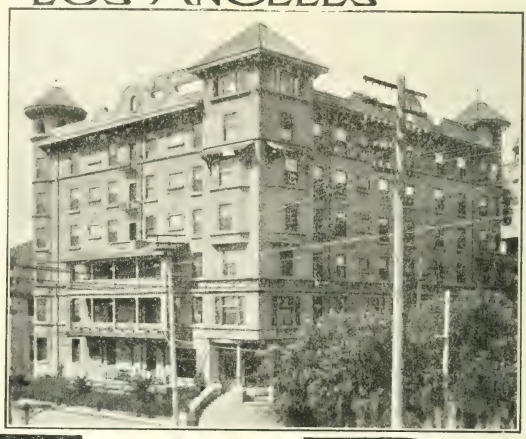
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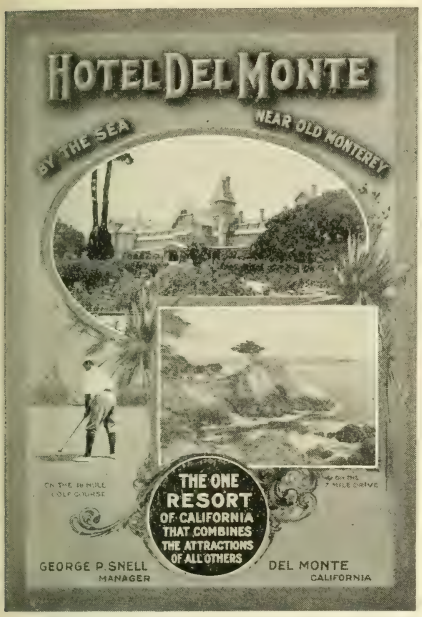
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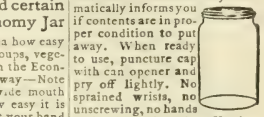


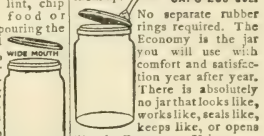
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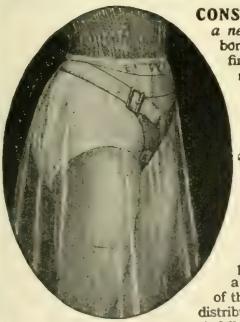
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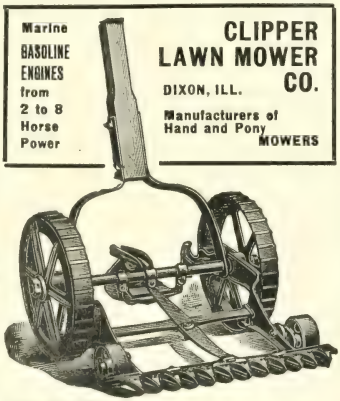
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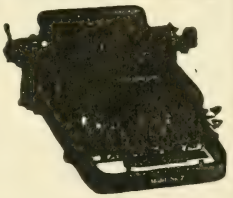
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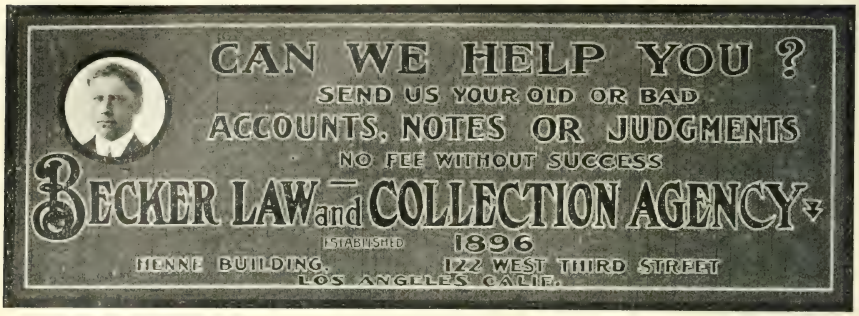
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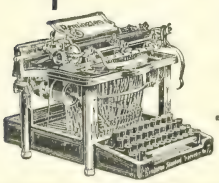
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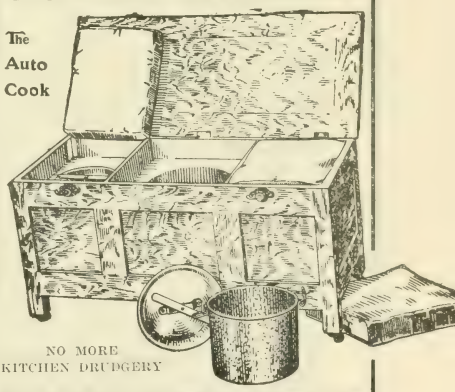
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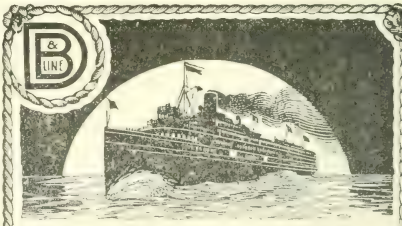
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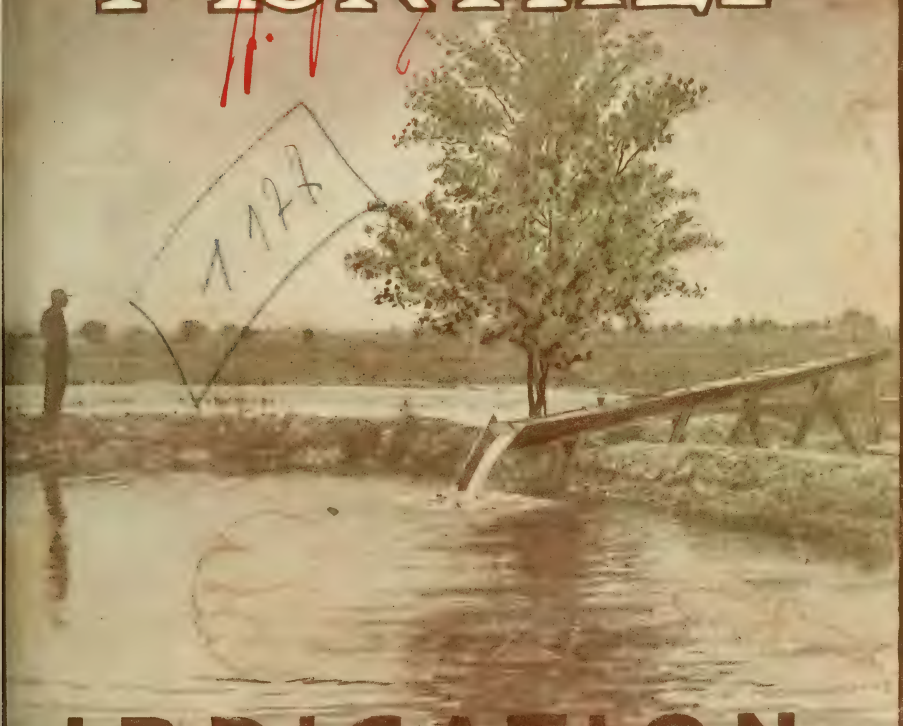
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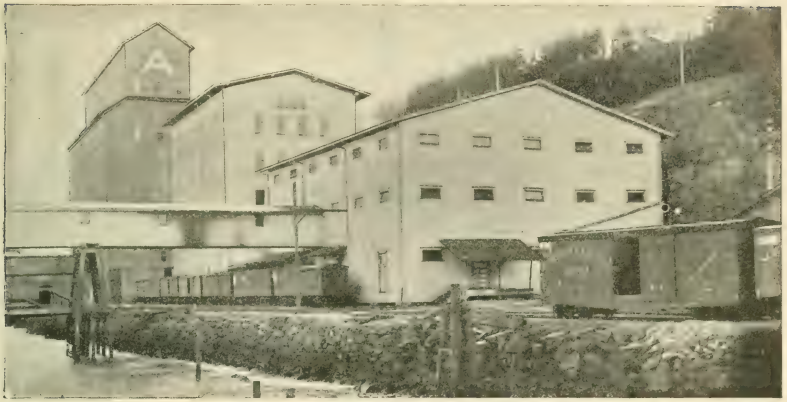
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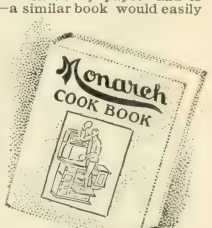
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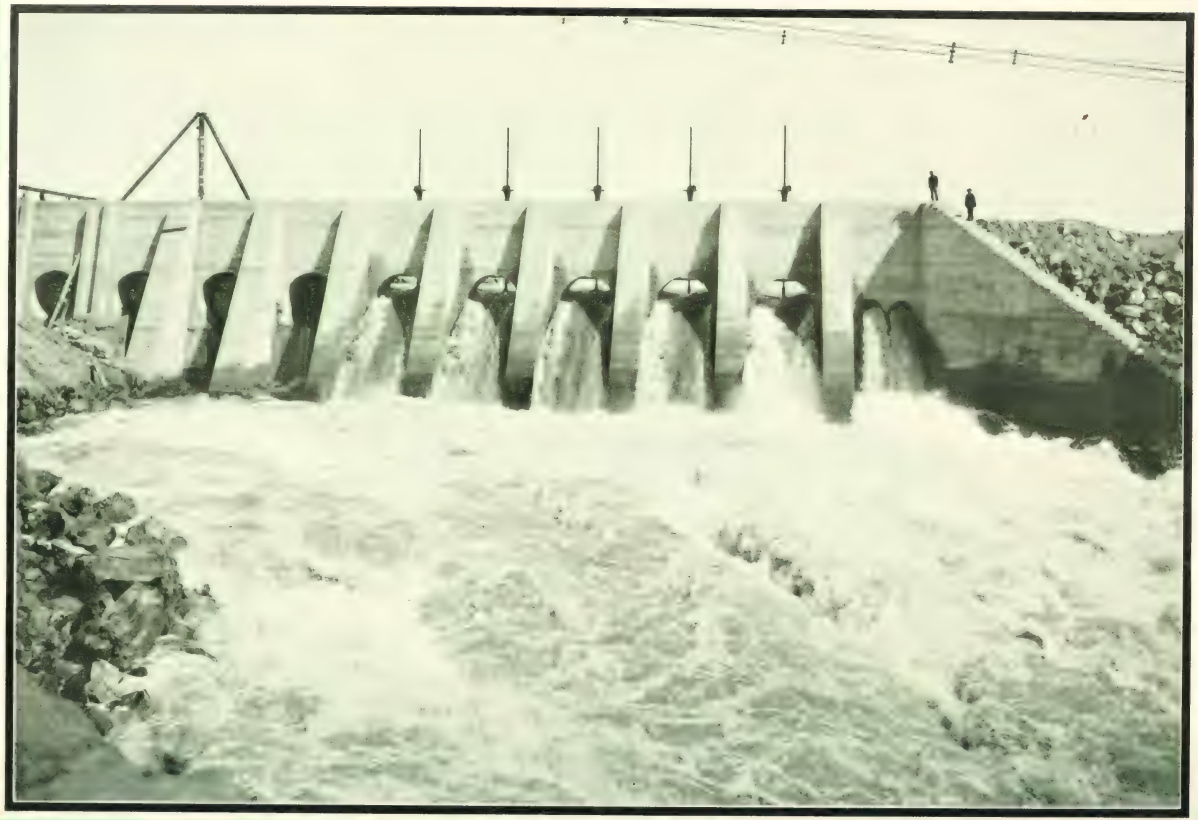
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The Pacific Monthly



Vol. XVI SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 3

National Irrigation as a Social Problem

By Francis G. Newlands

THE passage of the Reclamation Act marks the commencement of an important epoch in American legislation. The national government, under this act, for the first time went into business—a business in which all the people were stockholders, and of which all the people were to be the beneficiaries. Prior to that time, whenever government participation in business was suggested, it took the form of government subsidy to great corporations about to enter upon enterprises of magnitude that were supposed to be for the public good. Steamship lines were subsidized, the bonds of railroad corporations were guaranteed, and large grants of public lands were made to them. Taxes were imposed upon imported goods in order to enable the manufacturers of domestic goods to receive a larger price. In all this legislation capital was made the beneficiary, upon the assumption that aid given to private capital would eventually filter down to the masses of the people.

The Reclamation Act was a great piece of social and business legislation which disregarded entirely the intervention of private capital, and utilized the public property and the public money for a business undertaking intended to be of the widest application and benefit. The great public domain with its vast regions of hidden and exposed wealth—wealth of iron, of coal, of timber and of soil—had been largely disposed of, part of it wisely under homestead laws dividing the cultivatable lands into small holdings and promoting the creation of individual homes; part of it unwisely, permitting the aggregation of vast areas of irrigable desert lands, of timber lands, of coal lands, and iron deposits to drift into the hands of great and farsighted monopolies.

After a long struggle it was determined, so far as the arid lands—apparently the most worthless of all—were concerned, to withhold them from this wasteful policy of consolidation and monopoly. It was determined that the nation collectively should enter into the business of reclaiming these lands, of building the great storage and irrigation works necessary for such reclamation, of dividing

these lands into small holdings, each of such acreage, to be determined according to the productiveness of the soil, as would support a family, and of selling such holdings to homeseekers and homemakers for the mere cost of reclamation upon long time and liberal terms. The nation was to furnish the capital, the nation was to do the work, and ownership was to be ultimately vested in large numbers of small proprietors, upon terms just to the nation and regardful of the self-respect of the individual.

A reclamation fund was created from the sale of public lands, a revolving fund, to be used over and over again in accomplishing its beneficent purpose. The moneys expended in the first place in the completion of great projects were to be returned to the fund by purchasers of the lands reclaimed, and used over again in similar projects.

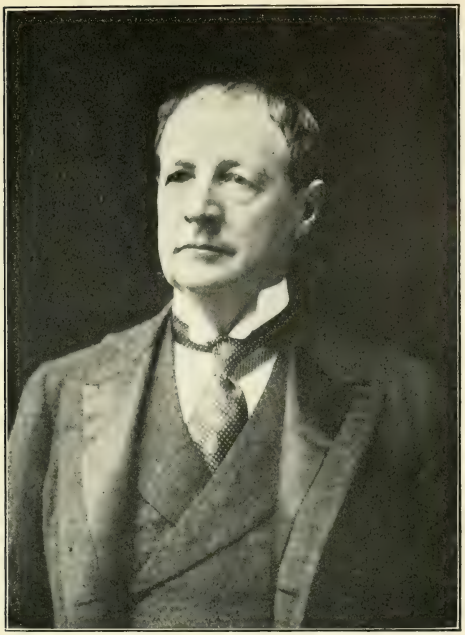
After the disposal of the major portion of the lands in each project, the irrigation works were to pass under the management and operation of the owners of the land irrigated thereby, but the reservoirs and the works necessary for their protection and operation were to remain in the government. Thus, collectivism was employed gradually to promote individualism, the nation retaining the ownership and control only of those great reservoirs upon whose future enlargement might depend the further expansion of reclamation.

This great work was put upder the control of the Geological Survey, a scientific branch of the Interior Department, composed of men who had for years been making a study of the earth's surface in all that related to geology, topography and stream measurement; a service entirely disconnected from politics, and composed of trained and educated men whose ideals lifted them above mere commercialism, and made good service for the whole people their highest ambition. Power was given to the Secretary of the Interior to determine what projects were practicable, and to enter without further authority upon immediate construction. There were to be no delays in appropriation, no delays in construction, and no limitations upon the powers of the Secretary except that the works should be completed by contract, and that no contract should be let unless the moneys for its payment were in the fund.

Under this act nearly $30,000,000 has been paid into the reclamation fund, operations have been commenced in thirteen states and three territories, enormous projects are now under process of construction, and the triumphal completion of one was celebrated in Nevada last year—within three years after the passage of the act. The work has been done with quickness, with efficiency, and with honesty; not a breath of scandal thus far has tainted any of the work entered upon.

The act was careful to guard against monopoly of the great arid domain now in the ownership of the government. It guarded against monopoly by providing, as to the land reclaimed, that no grant should be made for more than 160 acres. Thus the concentration in single ownership of land reclaimed by the government was avoided, and the menace of land monopoly averted. As to the land in private ownership coming within the beneficial operation of this act, it was provided that no water right for more than 160 acres should be granted to any proprietor of land within reach of the irrigation project. Such a proprietor may have thousands of acres of land, but he can only get a water right from the government for 160 acres, and the application of water from government works upon vast areas held in single ownership can only be secured by division and sale of the land into small holdings of not more than 160 acres. So this act guards not only against monopoly of arid lands in the future, but destroys existing monopoly, and is gradually disintegrating these great holdings without injury to the proprietors and with benefit to the entire country.

Doubtless in the near future the reclamation service, in laying out the public lands under the various projects, will provide for well-planned towns in which the owners of the adjoining farms will gather for social, educational and religious purposes. Intensive cultivation, which irrigation facilitates, will so promote small holdings as to enable the residents of these towns to be within easy reach of their farms. Reservations will be made for schools, libraries, churches and public squares. Water, sewerage and electric light systems will be planned and pro-



SENATOR FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS OF NEVADA.

vided, and thus, farm life will lose much of its unattractiveness and isolation. Our frontier towns will not be, as heretofore, accidental growths devoid of comfort and attractiveness. Collectivism will be employed with great economic advantage in comprehensive plans covering town development, sanitation and architecture, and ending in the individualized home near the outlying farm, associated with all the advantages of religious, educational, and social life.

How much better is such legislation than the old form of legislation which would have regarded private capital as the only means of conducting such enterprises, and which would have resulted in the disposal of vast areas of arid land to great corporations for the purpose of facilitating them in the construction of the storage and canal projects necessary for their reclamation.

The successful administration of the Reclamation Act, now apparently assured, will be an object lesson to the people of much that can be accomplished by the nation which has hitherto been entrusted to private enterprise. It will encourage the spirit of co-operation through national action, as opposed to the spirit of combination through individual action. Already the Senate has passed a bill withdrawing public timber lands from sale, and providing for the sale of stumpage, the proceeds to be applied, partly to local schools and roads, and partly to the reclamation fund. Th Public Lands Committee of the House has not yet approved the bill, but it will doubtless pass the House if reported. We will next have the withdrawal of the iron and coal deposits of the country from private entry. The nation will retain the wealth it now owns, and will administer it wisely in the interest of all. The modern tendency towards combination and consolidation which has drifted the anthracite coal fields into the hands of a few corporations largely identified with transportation, and which has led to the gradual consolidation of the bituminous coal fields and of the great iron deposits of the West, formerly part of the

public domain and belonging to the whole people, will be checked. Not only will our future policy tend towards the division of government lands into small farms for individual homeseekers, but the great timber reserves, the coal reserves, and iron reserves, now constituting a part of the public domain, will be held by all the people for all the people.

All this means the gradual adaptation in government of what is wisest and best in the new social theories that are attracting so much attention. It will not mean communism, it will not mean socialism, it will not mean anarchy, mistakenly regarded by so many as the synonym of communism and socialism. It will mean the destruction of private monopoly by a wise compromise between individualism and collectivism. It will mean that the people will no longer endure the ownership of the great steel highways of the country by private corporations, if they become convinced that equality of service or reasonableness of rates cannot be secured so long as a private interest collects the toll. It will mean that just as foreign commerce is to be promoted by such government undertakings as the Panama Canal, so domestic commerce will be promoted by governmental improvement in our waterways. The Great Lakes will be connected with the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Gulf, and the expanding oceans by a government canal only 100 miles long, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio River. The spirit of co-operation will gradually concentrate the whole machinery of transportation, whether by water or by rail, in the ownership of great corporations, and then, if private greed makes equality and reasonableness of service impossible, in government ownership itself. Transportation is at the very basis of commerce. A proper transportation system is as essential to commerce as a proper money system, and the nation will see to it that neither falls under the control of monopoly.

Co-operation through the agency of great corporations has done much for modern development. This form of co-operation will be supplemented by certain forms of co-operation through government. The collectivism of the corporation will not be done away with, but it will not monopolize the field of effort. Collectivism through government will have its part to play.

We are on the eve of great movements intended for the advancement of man. The public service will constantly improve, the public servant will advance in efficiency, in disinterestedness, and in patriotic integrity. The government will not simply be a machine to rule, but it will be a machine to administer, and the constantly increasing intelligence of the voters of the country will see to it that such administration of government by all the people will be for the best interests of all the people.

The Mirage

By C. O. Case

There's a Child that the gray-grown Desert holds
  In her lap, with fond caress;
And the Child it plays with the faded folds
  Of its Mother's dusty dress.

And this to the dearth-drowsed Mother seems
  As real as if 'twere true;
She wakes at last from her dainty dreams,
  And the pretty play is through.



FROM SMILEY HEIGHTS, REDLANDS. THE RESULT OF IRRIGATION.

The Singer to Her Audience

By Curtis Hidden Page

I was Isolde—body and soul and voice
I gave myself to be Isolde's self
In full abandon. . . . But Isolde died
With that last note of love in death. I know
The truest of you fain would make no sign
But one deep silent breath, and slowly going
Feel me Isolde still.

It cannot be . . .
I am the woman now, and need your praise . . .
Let me sink back and rest in your applause.
Upbear me on its waves that swell and rise
And break in shouts of praise—lest I should faint
In falling back so far to be myself
After Isolde—lest I, too, should die
Falling from that last note of death in love.

The New York Stage: Its Power and Influence

A Glance at the Dramatic Season of 1905-1906

By William Winter



EW YORK is the capital, and the whole stage of America is affected by the stage of New York. The time may come when the stage of the Pacific Coast will initiate a policy for itself; at this time it follows the lead of the capital. The waves of theatrical activity that rise in Paris and London break upon New York and Chicago and subside on the shores of California and Oregon. The stage of the East, accordingly, apart from its intrinsic interest, is important to the stage of the West. The proceedings of actors and theatrical managers in New York possess, and may long continue to possess, a practical meaning for inhabitants of the Pacific Slope.

There are, as usual, two forces at work in the conduct of the stage of New York. There are a few managers who, while not neglecting personal advantage, labor to maintain the dignity and promote the welfare of the theater, and thus to minister to the public good. There are many who labor only for profit. Mr. David Belasco, of the Belasco Theater, and Mr. Harrison Gray Fiske, of the late Manhattan Theater, are, intellectually, the leading managers of the city. The former, it is pleasant to record, has desisted from the illustration of trivial and unworthy themes, of the order of his "Zaza" and "Du Barry," and, in his tragedy of "Adrea," his melo-drama of "The Girl of the Golden West," and his production of "The Music Master," has aimed at a high mark. The latter has wrought with noble purpose and patient, tireless resolve, to place his brilliant wife, Mrs. Fiske, in the position of honorable and influential prominence that she now holds. At one time, after the death of the broad-minded, intrepid, resolute manager Augustin Daly, Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theater, seemed likely to hold the leadership; but he was soon submerged by the "Theatrical Syndicate"—with which his brother, Mr. Charles Frohman, of the Empire, and of various other theaters, was, and is, affiliated—and he now occupies a subsidiary position. The chief managerial power, financially, is "The Syndicate," an organization that was formed, some years ago, for the purpose of monopolizing theatrical business throughout the country. Other syndicates are proclaimed. The general tendency, at present, is toward the formation of theatrical rings; in order to restrict "the business" to a few hands; to make "a corner" in "theatricals"; and, by peddling plays and actors, to squeeze out of the theater all the money that may happen to be in it, for the benefit of the shop-keepers, who mostly control its affairs, and who, mostly, know no more about the great art of acting than the hedge-hog rooting in the mire.

Throughout the season of 1905-1906, which began in September and ended in May, those forces made themselves manifest in scenes of active competition. There are about forty theaters in New York, and all of them were opened early in the autumn of 1905. It is customary, in "the smart set," to assume that the season has not actually begun until the opening of the annual "Horse Show," at the Madison Square Garden—an event that agitates the mind and assembles the butterfly denizens of the world of metropolitan fashion; but, as a fact, enterprise was active, last Fall, before the advent of either the horses or the butterflies.

At first a cloud of sadness overspread the scene, because of the death of that great actor, Henry Irving, a calamity which occurred on October 13, 1905, at Bradford, England—depriving the theater of the most potential beneficient influence that has ever been operant in its administration. Irving was as well known in America as in England. His career had comprehended the stage of both coun-

tries. In both, his example had, to some extent, been followed. In both, he had been admired and loved. In both, he was deeply lamented. The tears of the busy world, however, are soon dried. As said in Shakespeare, by King Richard II., "His time is spent: our pilgrimage must be."

Much was achieved in September and October, but not much of the achievement was attended with consequences discernible beyond the moment. Miss Blanche Walsh, a vigorous, turbulent actress, revived, at the Herald Square Theater, a coarse play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, called "A Woman in the Case"—a play in which the chief scene depicts a violent encounter between a drunken drab and another female who pretends to be both drab and drunken. Mr. John Drew, long popular as a light comedian, appeared, September 4, at the Empire Theater, in a thin comedy called "Delancy," and was warmly welcomed. Mr. David Warfield, on the same night, reappeared in the serio-comic play of "The Music Master," in which he had already gained success and honorable repute: his re-entrance was made at the Bijou Theater, and he continued to act there, to good houses, till June 2, 1906. This is one of the enduring triumphs of earnest purpose and devoted art. A sophistical play, by Mr. G. B. Shaw, entitled "Man and Superman"—a flippant, showy, vulgar composition, in which coarse ridicule is cast upon the relation of marriage —was brought out, at the Hudson Theater, September 6, with Mr. Robert Loraine and Miss Fay Davis, performers of mediocrity, in the leading parts. The clever and popular comedian, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, appeared, on the same night, at the Lyceum Theater, in a play called "The Beauty and the Barge," which proved ineffective and was soon withdrawn. Mrs. Fiske, after a long tour of the country—a tour in which, notwithstanding the active and malicious opposition of the hostile "Syndicate," she was munificently prosperous—returned to the Manhattan Theater, and gave performances of the powerful drama of "Leah Kleschna." Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Frank Worthing—the best light comedian of the day, and also competent in serious character—acted at the Princess Theater, and were successful, in a drama called "Zira"—a new theatrical version of the deeply interesting novel of "The New Magdalen," by that wonderful story-teller, Wilkie Collins. Mr. William Faversham presented himself at Wallack's Theater, in a play called "The Squaw Man," which has had a long career. Mr. E. H. Sothern and the romantic and beautiful actress, Miss Julia Marlowe, appeared at the Knickerbocker Theater, and, for six weeks, acted to good houses, in plays of Shakespeare. It should be noted that their season has been continually prosperous. The calamity at San Francisco prevented their purposed expedition to the Pacific Coast, and discomposed their plans. The audience of San Francisco and of the coast in general would have been deeply pleased with their eminently creditable presentment of "Twelfth Night," in which Miss Marlowe gave a captivating personation of the gentle, vivacious tender Viola, and in which Mr. Sothern gained his best success, as the severe, formal, intense, whimsically humorous, and semi-tragic Malvolio—giving, indeed, the most faithful, competent and finished Shakespearian performance that he has ever given. They re-appeared in New York, May 28, at the Academy of Music, and acted there till June 23, when their season closed.

A conspicuous popular success was gained by the fairy-story of "Peter Pan," by Mr. J. M. Barrie, produced at the Empire Theater, November 6, with Miss Maud Adams in the central part. This, dramatically, proved to be an echo. All readers know Mr. Barrie's story of "The Little Minister," and all play-goers know Miss Adams' performance of its heroine, Lady Babbie. Mr. Barrie has not written a better story, and Miss Adams has not given a better performance. There are potential incidents in the story of "The Little Minister" that cannot be reproduced in the play, and therefore the story is the better of the two. Miss Adams is more an amusing, winning, elf-like personality than an actress of comedy, and therefore her personation of Lady Babbie, good as it was, did not, in all respects, reach the height of the character as drawn by the novelist; but it was pleasing with childish frolic, mischievous pleasantry, and impulsive action; it was half-joyous, half-rueful; and it had the charm of piquant



THE CARD GAME FOR THE OUTLAW'S LIFE IN "THE GIRL FROM THE GOLDEN WEST."

singularity. Those characteristics appeared again in her impersonation of the much inferior part of Peter Pan. Mr. Barrie's new play was styled "a phantasy." He has, for some time, been writing, "phantasies"—the best of them being "The Admiral Crichton," a droll satire, which in a happy vein of whimsical humor, shows the inevitable tendency of things toward a compromise between radical democracy and irrational caste. Both those extremes are pungently ridiculed in that clever piece. The phantasy of "Peter Pan" will be shown in many cities. It is, in particular, an appropriate Christmas piece, and it will prove pleasing to children.

Two other "phantasies" by Mr. Barrie were produced last season—"Alice Sit by the Fire," and "Pantaloon" (Empire Theater, December 25), but the leading parts in them, assumed by Miss Ethel Barrymore and her brother, Mr. Lionel Barrymore, were not well acted, and those pieces made no considerable impression. The play in which Alice figures was, apparently, intended as a satire on the vanity alike of the rising generation and of the elders who linger, superfluous, on the stage of youth. In London Alice was acted by Miss Ellen Terry. If that accomplished actress should visit America, this season, as it is understood she has promised to do, the significance of that singular composition will, perhaps, be made manifest.

Various events of minor importance naturally find their way into such a record as this; but they can only be mentioned. Mr. Ben Greet, an itinerant English actor, who assumes the educational pose, cultivates the clergy, and appeals to the Dorcas societies and the seminaries, appeared in town early in November, presenting "Much Ado About Nothing" somewhat in the manner in which that comedy is supposed to have been presented in the time of Shakespeare. Such exhibitions serve to illustrate, by contrast, the superiority of the modern over the ancient method of presenting plays—the method that uses such scenery as will heighten the illusion. Mr. Ben Greet is the manager who brought over Miss Matthison—a good actress in serious drama—introducing her in the sombre, antiquated, but impressive "morality" called "Everyman." About the middle of November a new version of "Oliver Twist" was produced, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, and Mr. J. E. Dodson, an actor of exceptional and marked ability, acted Fagin—a part that was made exceedingly prominent on our stage, about forty years ago, by James W. Wallack, Jr., a fine and famous actor in his time, of whom it is a pleasure to be reminded.

Among the prominent players who emerged here between September and Christmas should be named Mr. Robert Mantell, who filled an engaement at the Garden Theater, giving about fifty performances of Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, etc.; Miss Maxine Elliot, who appeared in a piece called "Her Great Match"; the late Mr. E. J. Morgan, who performed in a dreary play, by the didactic novelist Mr. Hall Caine, entitled "The Prodigal Son"; Mr. Arnold Daly, who endeavored to foist upon the public a foul concoction, by Mr. G. B. Shaw, called "Mrs. Warren's Profession" (that profession being the keeping of a brothel), but whose attempt was, very properly, suppressed by the police; Mr. E. S. Willard, who revived the old tragedy of "The Fool's Revenge," and acted Bertuccio—a part in which Samuel Phelps, in England, and Edwin Booth, in America, were famous; Miss Grace George, who offered an epitome of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's dull novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," which relates to the scandalous story of Lady Caroline Lamb and the poet Byron; Miss Viola Allen, who brought forth a dreary conglomeration of forced situation and distorted character, made by that trivial playwright Mr. W. C. Fitch, entitled "The Toast of the Town"; Mme. Bertha Kallich, a Yiddish actress, who, having learned English, performed at the Manhattan Theater, in the erotic, salacious, and absurd play of "Monna Vanna," by Maurice Maeterlinck; Miss Olga Nethersole, who disclosed her bad taste and worse judgment in a repulsive drama entitled "The Labyrinth"; Miss Virginia Harned, who acted in a meritorious melo-drama, named "La Belle Marseillaise"; Miss Henrietta Crosman, who vainly tried the singular and injudicious experiment of refurbishing the good old comedy of "A Scrap of Paper," under a new and inappropriate title, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"; and the distinguished French actress, Mme. Sarah



MISS BLANCHE BATES.

Bernhardt, who played a round of old parts, and showed the lasting vitality of a youthful spirit and a resolute will.

An auspicious event was the production on November 14, at the Belasco Theater, of a new play by David Belasco, called "The Girl of the Golden West," in which that brilliant actress, Miss Blanche Bates, acted the chief part. That play held the stage continually till July 7; then, after a brief recess, it was revived for the season. It tells a romantic story of California life, in the wild days of '49. The Girl is a dashing beauty. A bold Outlaw and the Sheriff who are in pursuit of him are rival suitors for her hand, in marriage. The Outlaw is preferred. There comes a



DAVID BELASCO.

time when, under picturesque circumstances, artfully contrived to arouse and sustain excitement, the favored lover, closely pursued by his malignant rival, is sheltered and saved by the Girl. That scene—together with incidental portrayal of desperate character, adventurous conduct, and humorous manners in frontier life—carried the play to success. Miss Blanche Bates, as the heroine, was the incarnation of abounding physical beauty and vigor and the admirable emblem of an impetuous woman's ardent devotion to her lover and to love. The part of the jealous Sheriff was made both terrible and piteous by Mr. Frank Keenan. The drama was set in suitable and sometimes beautiful scenery. It will be presented, by and by, in the West, and it should receive special attention.

Another notable, though less auspicious event, was the presentment, on November 20, at the Lyceum Theater, of a new play by Mr. Charles Klein, called "The Lion and the Mouse." That play has had a continuous career, and it is still current. It treats of the Money Power in American civilization, and, notwithstanding artifice of plot and improbability of incident, it contains enough of romantic interest and striking admonitory truth to impress the desultory public. It was earnestly and carefully acted. An effort to place it on the London stage was not successful. The auditor is advised that the Senate of the United States is carried in the breeches pocket of a New York millionaire, and also that a girl, privately betrothed to that millionaire's son, could, under an assumed name, introduce herself into his house, and obtain employment as his secretary and biographer, meeting the son and father every day, and yet remain unknown to the father—that millionaire being depicted as at once the most able, sagacious, imperious, and ruthless of mankind, and as being dominated by the passion of hatred, the most vigilant of all the passions, and the least likely to be deceived. A play that purports to depict actual life should be, in all respects, credible. The millionaire, a composite person, supposed to be typical of Messrs. Morgan, Ryan, Harriman, Rockefeller, etc., was impersonated by Mr. Edmund Breese, who made him loud and violent. In actual life such men are, usually, calm, impassive, and peremptory. Miss Grace Ellista, as the heroine, gave a crude, ungraceful, ineffective performance of a good part.

The Shakespearian impersonations given by Mr. Mantell served considerably to augment his reputation as a thorough, careful, forcible representative of the legitimate drama. The acting of Mme. Bernhardt requires no comment. That veteran sailed, June 14, for France, and probably she will not revisit America. The plays customarily presented by her are of an unhealthful character, and their absence causes no regret. Miss Olga Nethersole also is a performer of diseased plays and her departure from our stage would be generally approved. Mr. E. S. Wil-

lard's brief season in town was marked by his clever assumption of the character of Benjamin Goldfinch, in the excellent comedy of "A Pair of Spectacles" (a part inseparably associated with that great comedian John Hare), and by his powerful, tragical presentment of Austin Limmasson, in "The Man Who Was"—a theatrical epitome of a sketch by Rudyard Kipling. The embodiment of Limmasson was a pathetic display of the gradual return of reason to a man who has been half demented by cruel treatment, terrible hardship, and protracted mental and physical anguish. Mr. Willard closed his American tour on May 26, 1906, and sailed for England; but it is announced that he will soon revisit America.

A mischievous play entitled "The Clansman," by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., brought out at the Liberty Theater in January, attracted passing attention, because of its obvious tendency, if not its positive purpose, to stimulate race hatred between the whites and negroes. The author stated that he had "studied dramatic technique for two years" before writing the play; but his piece gave no evidence that he had profited by his study. The only dramatic passage in "The Clansman" was found to be a plagiarism, because a garbled form of the incident of the confession that is extorted, by a mesmerist, from Mathias, is in the "The Bells"—that excellent drama, made from a French original, and much improved by Leopold Lewis, for the late Henry Irving.

Mr. Henri DeVries, an actor of Dutch origin, appeared at the Madison Square Theater, in January, and in a single scene, called "A Case of Arson," impersonated seven different characters, making the critical changes very rapidly, and deftly contriving, by many subtle touches of facial expression and of demeanor, to make each person distinct. His acting did not reveal imagination, but he was surprisingly expert, and he especially exemplified the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the art of "make-up"—an art that most actors neglect.

A sparkling actress of comedy was disclosed in the person of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who appeared, January 22, at Daly's Theater, in a bright play, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, called "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." A domestic story, the every-day incidents of which crystallize around the character of a self-sacrificing, high-spirited young girl, told in a cleanly piece called "The Little Gray Lady," by Mr. Channing Pollock, met with acceptance, at the Garrick Theater, and has since been sent to the country. A pretentious but carnal and morbid play, called "The Duel," was brought out, February 12, at the Hudson Theater—being Mr. L. N. Parker's translation of the French original, Henri Lavedan. The topic of it is a conflict between two brothers, long alienated—one of them an agnostic doctor, skilled in nervous diseases, the other a philanthropic priest, devoted to the service of children and the poor. The conflict relates to a married woman, unhappy in her marriage—her husband being a nervous wreck and a slave to morphine—who loves the doctor, and, at the same time, is attracted by the clergyman. In the end the lady's husband conveniently tumbles out of a window and breaks his neck; the lady falls to the skeptical doctor; and the priest conveys his lacerated bosom to a leper settlement in Asia. In the acting much stress was laid on a strong scene between the brothers, in which the doctor contends for the heroine's body, and the priest for her soul: in that scene there is a touch of open blesphemy. Altogether, nothing could well be more unhealthful or in worse taste than this "drama of argument," as it was called: yet it was much followed. Mr. Otis Skinner, long popular and admired, acted the young clergyman; Mr. Guy Standing the doctor—giving an exceptionally fine performance; and Miss Fay Davis the lady (Duchess de Chailles). Mr. Eben Plympton appeared, as an aged prelate, who had been tortured by unappreciative savages, but had survived to inculcate charity and talk common-sense—which he did, exceedingly well.

A queer play, called "The Redskin," reminiscent of several old dramas, and devoted to the recital of an Indian story, with variations of the typical French tale of matrimonial incontinence, made its appearance in the spring, and was received with amused toleration and some little newspaper chaff, which incensed its manager, Mr. W. A. Brady, and caused him to make various choleric and silly speeches vilifying the press; but that commotion soon subsided. Mr. Benjamin Chapin, an

enthusiast of President Lincoln—to the authentic portrait of whom he bears a certain resemblance, appeared, March 26, at the Liberty Theatre, in a domestic sketch, called "Lincoln," made by himself, and aptly imitated personal peculiarities of that illustrious original. Later in the season Mr. Crane came to the Hudson Theatre, in a play called "An American Lord," in which he depicted, with humorous effect, the comic perplexity of a fanatical American citizen, afflicted with positive "Anglo-phobia", who suddenly finds himself, by inheritance, an English peer of the realm, and lord of a vast estate in England. The plan is, obviously, extravagant, but the play abounds with comic incident, and Mr. Crane cleverly embodied an eccentric character that was equally lovable and amusing. Later in the season also Miss Florence Roberts appeared in the capital, presenting a formless play, called "The Strength of the Weak," designed to reiterate the old complaint that, in all cases of sexual wrong-doing, society unjustly exonerates the man and condemns the woman. Strangely enough, some persons seem to suppose that this subject is a suitable one for discussion in the theatre, and that such discussion will have a salutary effect. It has been going on for more than half-a-century, without making the slightest difference in the actual experience of the world. Many little happenings might be named; but they would mostly tend to indicate the zeal of feverish shop-keeping experiment—ever seeking something new. The most important and brilliant event of the year was the re-entrance of Richard Mansfield, who appeared, March 19, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, as Don Carlos, in Schiller's tragedy of that name, and who acted there till April 14, presenting, in splendid style, and with astonishing variety and vigor of intellect and feeling, nine successive dramas of his remarkable repertory—the most opulent now in practical use upon our stage.

In this exposition of the activities of the dramatic season of 1905-1906 in New York it will be observed that, amid a whirl of indiscriminate and fruitless endeavor, and notwithstanding unscrupulous attempts to obtrude the salacious, the degenerate, and the crank drama (meaning Shaw, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Suderman, &c.), the trend has been to an encouraging extent, toward the right achievement, —good plays well acted. Among the survivals are "The Girl of the Golden West," "Peter Pan," "The Squaw Man," and "The Lion and the Mouse." The only new performer of auspicous note who has become known here is Miss Ellis Jeffreys. The names that have been and that remain conspicuous are Richard Mansfield, E. S. Willard, David Warfield, William H. Crane, Frank Worthing, N. C. Goodwin, E. H. Sothern, Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, Blanche Bates, Viola Allen, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Carter, Maud Adams and Margaret Anglin. In the strife between the syndicate and independent managers, the latter class has gained the entire artistic advantage. The Syndicate managers have made prodigious pretensions, but they have, in fact, produced next to nothing. The initiative has been taken by the independents—Mr. Belasco, Mr. Fiske and the Shubert Brothers. Richard Mansfield, as usual, has directed his own business affairs, using the Syndicate managers as agents. So has Mr. Willard. Those Syndicate managers hold the position, actually, of booking-agents and janitors; but, as they control many theatres all over the country, they possess financial dominance. That dominance could be broken by a league of leading actors; and, of course, it ought to be broken, because it is a monopoly, and, being a monopoly, it works injustice. The hope of our stage is in "the good time coming," when the management of theatres will be exclusively with the actor. In every splendid period of the stage an actor has been at the top—Shakespeare, Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Macready, Kean, Wood, Warren, Wallack, Booth, Irving—or, if not an actor, a man with the actor's temperament and the actor's love for the dramatic art. Until that time comes again our stage will continue to be perverted and disgraced by mercenary tradesmen, who are in "the business" for pecuniary profit, and who are utterly incapable of understanding that a theatrical manager holds an intellectual position and owes an intellectual, moral and spiritual obligation to the time in which he lives.



WAITING FOR WATER: SCENE ON THE TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT.

The Necessity for Irrigation

By Geo. C. Pardee

SEVERAL years ago I heard an earnest advocate of irrigation say that, if he had the power, he would ordain that rain and snow should fall on the mountains and uncultivated lands in sufficient quantities to keep the irrigating ditches full, while not one drop of moisture should be allowed to fall upon orchard, vineyard or farm.

At that time I knew nothing of irrigation and its marvelous results, and I wondered at the apparently impious remark of the man who would interfere with the Divine laws and deprive us of the "gentle rain from heaven." But as my attention was more and more directed to what irrigation has done, and as I realized more and more what it can do; as I saw how it has turned bleak deserts into gardens and made habitable waste places; as I saw how one farmer, depending upon the fitful favors of the rain-cloud, had too little moisture for his crops, while his neighbor had too much; when I saw the irrigator go calmly on, in spite of rainless months, gathering the fruitage of his trees and vines; when I read of crop failures and resulting famines; when I saw the waters of the rivers and streams running uselessly by parched farms whose sickly crops were crying aloud for the moisture which the capricious rains had refused to give them; when I saw one man's orchard green-leaved and laden with fruit, and another's struggling to maintain its life, and realized that all the difference between the two was that one had the irrigating ditch at its command, while the other depended on the rain—when I saw and realized these things, I understood why the irrigationist would, if he could, have no rain fall upon the



IRRIGATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

cultivated acres, but would water them from the irrigating ditch.

A great portion of the lands west of the Rocky Mountains may well be called "arid and semi-arid." Upon these lands the rainfall is both small in quantity and uncertain in its coming. Yet the soil is fertile, almost beyond belief, and when these arid acres are wedded to the waters of irrigation their former forbidding bareness is changed, almost as if by magic, to the lush greenness of the land where rains are frequent and abundant. The famed oases of the Sahara, the subjects of song, story and legend, brilliant emeralds in the forbidding harshness of the shifting sands, are no more welcome to the tired eye of the dejected traveller than are the irrigation-oases of the so-called deserts of the West.

The lands of the Eastern states, because of exhaustion of fertility and increase of population, no longer can accommodate a sufficient rural population to prevent the too rapid increase in size and power of the great cities. History, modern and ancient, tells us that when the cities become the actual rulers of the country, the decadence of national strength is sure to follow. Already in England the note of alarm has been sounded. The sturdy, loyal, healthy yeomanry, which once was England's pride and made her feared of all the world, is disappearing into the hungry maw of London and the great cities. The Boer War demonstrated that England's hope in future must be, not in the weak and sickly children of her great cities, but in the strong and vigorous men of her great colonies.

In the United States the cities are increasing in population much more rapidly than is the country. The proportion of country boys who stay upon the land is ever growing smaller; while, lured by the attractions of the cities, the stream of men and women flowing thither is growing ever larger.

Time was, especially in the West, when

he who owned less than a quarter section of land was looked upon as owning hardly enough to keep body and soul together. The sons and daughters of the farmer, appalled by the hard work, the dreary monotony of the country life, the isolation of those who dwell so far apart as large farms and ranches compelled them to—the farmers' sons and daughters, hungering for companionship and the creature comforts made possible only in communities, too often desert the country and take refuge in the cities.

But, with irrigation, ten, twenty, thirty acres, well tilled and intensively cultivated, can support a family in comfort and in plenty. Such farms enable the young people to visit easily back and forth, enable them to have close associations with each other, and rob the country of the dreary solitude, which, especially to the young, is irksome and distressing. A thousand acres (not excessive for a single owner in our newest states) gives but a single family that landed holding which makes them true partners in the country's weal or woe. A thousand irrigated acres can support fifty families in almost urban contact with each other. The boys and girls can have associations with their fellows, and thus the attractions of the crowded city streets lose half their charm for those who yearn for company.

California has within her borders one hundred million acres. One great valley, the San Joaquin and Sacramento, embraces, with the tributary foothills, ten million fertile acres. Irrigated, these ten million acres, capable of producing all the fruits and crops of the semi-tropical and temperate zones, can easily support, on small farms, in villages, towns and cities, five million people. Yet this great stretch of country is but one-tenth of California's whole extent, which now has only two million people.

In Southern California the irrigating ditch has made land that thirty years ago was only valuable as precarious sheep pasture, now worth two and three thousand dollars an acre as orange orchards. The land is still the same; only the added water gives it greater value. All the miraculous growth of Southern California is directly traceable to irrigation.

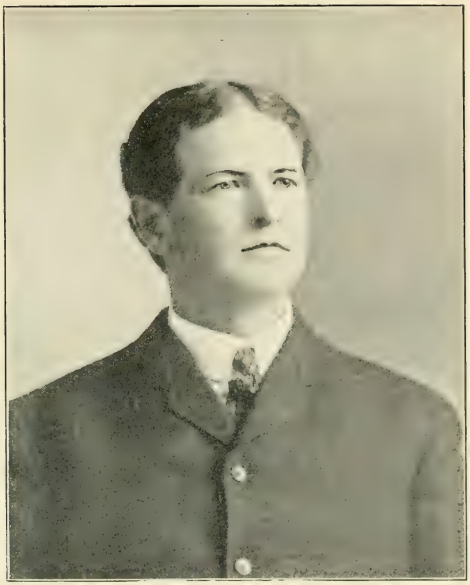
Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Texas, all together have but a few million people. Yet if their fertile acres were made tributary to the irrigation ditch, two hundred million people could there find homes with all the comforts the word "home" ought to mean.

It seems to me that irrigation is now one of the greatest and most necessary problems this country has to solve. Without it the cities must become too great. With it the country can preserve that balance of power which is, I think, so necessary for the nation's perpetuity.

A multitude of little farms, well-tilled, instead of a few wealthy, powerful cities and a depopulated country, are, I take it, of greatest importance for this country's future greatness.



SALMON FALLS ON THE SNAKE RIVER.



DOUGLAS W. ROSS.

Work of the Reclamation Service in Idaho

By D. W. Ross

Supervising Engineer, Irrigation Possibilities and Future Population

IDAHO is particularly fortunate in that her irrigable lands exist in large and compact bodies. While the Snake River is within the boundaries of the State for a distance of more than 500 miles, practically all the irrigable land of its valley is found at three principal points, i. e., the upper or eastern end, the midde portion near Shoshone Falls, and the extreme westerly end near the junction of the five tributary valleys of the Boise, Payette, Weiser, Malheur and Owyhee Rivers. These three bodies contain in round numbers 1,000,000, 500,000 and 650,000 acres respectively, about 550,000 acres of the last being in Idaho. Or, the Snake River Valley proper contains about 1,500,000 acres of irrigable land while the valleys of its lower tributaries in Idaho, the Boise, Payette and Weiser Rivers, contain about 550,000 acres, a total of 2,050,000 acres, or nearly one-third the irrigable area of the Nile Valley which for centuries has sustained a population varying from eight to twelve millions.

HOW IRRIGATION IS BEING EXTENDED

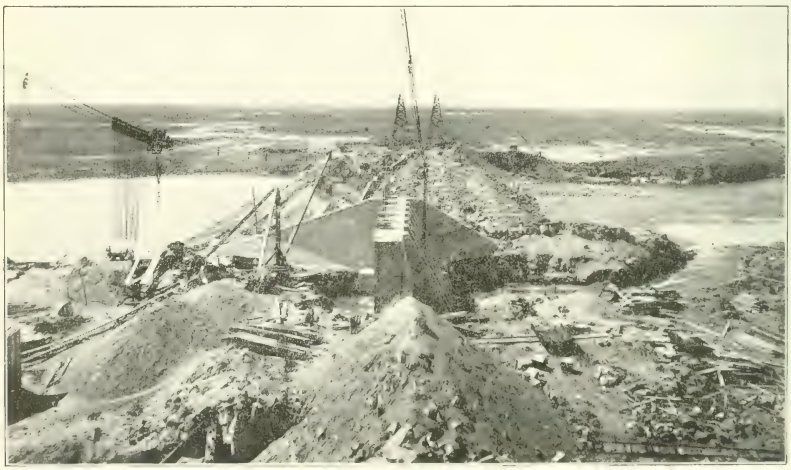
Of the reclaimable area in the Snake River and tributary valleys referred to, about 700,000 acres, or nearly one-third, is now irrigated. The reclamation of the

remaining two-thirds is being carried on through three principal agencies: (1) by associations of land owners operating under the provisions of various state laws, the work consisting chiefly of enlarging and extending existing canal systems. In most cases the land owners do all the work of construction themselves, in this way securing the benefits at actual cost. Practically all of the systems which were constructed by private enterprise have recently been acquired by the land owners; (2) by the State under the provisions of the Carey Act. The actual work of construction is not, however, done by the State, but the contract for building the canal system is let to a corporation, the works with all rights attached thereto ultimately becoming the property of the land owners. The maximum price at which these works may be sold is fixed by the State. The company holding the franchise from the State usually contract with a construction company for the building of the works, but furnishes plans and does all engineering work itself; (3) by the United States under the provisions of the Reclamation Act which provides that the water rights or works shall be turned over to the land owners at the actual cost of construction, payment to be made in not to exceed ten annual installments without interest.

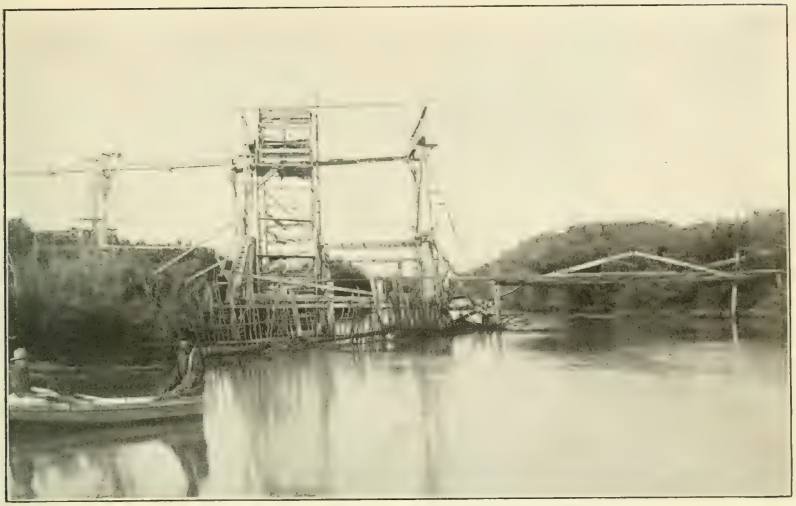
It will thus be seen that all of these plans have in view the same end, i. e., the ownership by the land owners of the canal systems from which they take their water, the chief difference being in the means for accomplishing this end and the methods of doing the work. Through the first plan described works for the reclamation of about 800,000 acres have been constructed and acquired by the irrigators of Idaho. By the second, about 400,000 acres are in progress of reclamation; while the United States through the Reclamation Service has begun the actual work of reclaiming about 500,000 acres and has under consideration plans for the full reclamation of 200,000 acres more, and the construction of a reservoir system which will provide for an additional water supply for about 600,000 acres, making a total of 1,300,000 acres in this State which may ultimately be reclaimed and benefited through this agency.

CONSTRUCTION OF IRRIGATION WORKS BY THE UNITED STATES

While the irrigation possibilities of the entire arid portion of the State have been carefully investigated by the Reclamation Service, only such projects as would



MINIDOKA DAM—SPILLWAY 2500 FEET LONG.



IRRIGATION WHEEL ON THE SNAKE RIVER.

require the expenditure of very large sums or would likely involve serious engineering difficulties or human interests of a complex nature have received serious consideration or have been recommended to the Secretary of the Interior for approval.

The projects now under construction in Idaho by the United States are the Minidoka, situated in the central portion of the Snake River Valley, and the Payette-Boise in the valleys bearing these names, situated in the southwestern part of the State.

Minidoka Project—The Minidoka project contemplates the reclamation of about 80,000 acres by a gravity system of canals which will be completed during the present season, and from 50,000 to 70,000 acres of land situated above the gravity canals which it is proposed to reclaim at some future time by means of a pumping system. Water for irrigation of these lands will be diverted from the Snake River at a point six miles south of Minidoka. The diversion works consist of a rock-fill dam with a gravel and earth back filling from 56 to 80 feet high and 600 feet long between abutments; a masonry spillway 2500 feet in length over which the surplus water will flow, and a diversion channel excavated around one end of the dam, closed by a masonry dam with five regulating gates, each gate 8x12 feet, through which the river has been discharging since its channel was closed by the rock-fill dam. Provision is made in the diversion channel for the installation of a power house, penstock openings being provided in the masonry structure. The water needed for the irrigation of the Twin Falls system will be available at this point for the development of power. When a full supply is provided for the irrigation of these lands, about 30,000 horse-power can be developed at this dam. The South Side Canal diverts at a point near the south end of the spillway, its present capacity being 100 second feet, and it will irrigate by gravity about 8000 acres. Provision has been made in its location and construction for the future enlargement of this canal to a capacity of 800 second feet. The North Side Canal diverts at a point about 100 feet north of the diversion channel. This canal has a capacity of 1200 second feet and will irrigate 72,000 acres of land situated on the north side of the Snake River. Both of these canals will be supplied with suitable headgates. The main canals and branches and distributaries have a total length of about 300 miles. The entire system referred to will be com-

pleted during the present season. It will not be possible, however, to deliver water to the land for the irrigation of crops.

Work on the dam was begun in October, 1904, and on the canal system in July and August, 1905. This work was to have been finished June 1, 1906, but all contracts have been extended on account of the delay caused by the unusually long spell of cold weather last winter.

The land to be reclaimed was vacant and open to the public at the time the project was approved by the Secretary of the Interior, but has since been entered in farm units of 40 to 80 acres. Three townsites have been reserved, lots in two of which will be sold in the latter part of August, 1906. From 3000 to 4000 people are already living on the lands to be reclaimed. It is estimated that water rights will cost about $26 per acre. The soil is of fine quality and the land is well situated for irrigation and should be easily worth when reclaimed from $75 to $100 per acre.

Payette-Boise Project—The Payette-Boise project, which has been approved in its entirety, provides for the reclamation of 372,000 acres, mostly situated in the Boise Valley. Water will be taken from the Payette and Boise Rivers and storage systems will be constructed on the headwaters of these streams. The works for the first division of this project are now under construction; they include a masonry dam in the Boise River and a main canal about 40 miles in length from the Boise River to the Deer Flat reservoir and two reservoir embankments. These works will provide for the reclamation of 120,000 to 150,000 acres on the south side of the Boise River; and are to be completed by March 1, 1908.

Other divisions of the project provide for the construction of storage reservoirs on the headwaters of the Boise River and enlarging and extending the main canal; the construction of a canal on the north side of the Boise Valley; a storage reservoir at Payette Lake; a dam in the Payette River and a canal leading from the same through a ridge into the Boise Valley. This system of canals will carry the early flood water for the irrigation of about 300,000 acres of land now in a desert condition, and the reservoirs will hold nearly enough for the late irrigation of practically all of this area. It is estimated that this system will cost about $11,000,000, which includes the credit allowance for present irrigation systems and the maintenance charges for ten years. About $7,800,000 will be required for the construction of the works described.

About three-fourths of the land under this project is in private ownership, the remainder belonging to the United States and State. It is all of good quality, and when reclaimed will have a market value of from $75 to $150 per acre.

SNAKE RIVER RESERVOIR SYSTEM

Of the 1,000,000 acres of irrigable land in the upper Snake River Valley, about 600,000 will receive water from storage reservoirs for late irrigation, while about 300,000 acres situated under the Minidoka and Twin Falls projects in the central valley will also be dependent upon this means when the river is low, or a total of about 900,000 acres. More than twenty reservoir basins on the headwaters of the Snake River have been surveyed by the Reclamation Service and the sites withdrawn from public entry. The most feasible of these have a combined capacity of more than 2,000,000 acre feet or enough for the late irrigation of about 1,000,000 acres of land. The most available site is a system of lakes on the South Fork of the Snake River near the head of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Regulating works are now being constructed at the outlet of Jackson Lake, the largest of these. The water to be stored at this place is to be used on the Minidoka lands. Quite a large supply will also be available for other lands in this valley.

In developing this elaborate system of storage, large human interests of a complex nature will be involved, also interstate questions will probably have to be solved. During years of ordinary water supply practically the entire annual runoff of Snake River will have to be utilized in the reclamation of the irrigable lands of the valley.



S. E. BUSSER.
SUPERINTENDENT OF READING ROOMS.

Golden Rule Applied in Railroading

By D. Curtis Freeman

SINCE the advent of sociological betterment work throughout the country an increasing number of agencies have become engaged in rendering practical help to the workman. The faithful laborer is worthy of his hire. He has rights which the employer respects.

The present trend is convincing in its effort to improve the relations between the employer and the employed. Many corporations are taking up this work and find that it pays.

The benefits, for instance, of work as carried on by a manufacturer to the end that homes and cities may be made more beautiful, and love inculcated for comfortable surroundings, may be esthetic, yet has its effect. The results are not immediate to the profits of the business, but one of the indirect helps is the contented workman who, amid pleasant surroundings, is loth to quit the service of the company. Stability of the working force is a factor in the productivity of the plant. The corporation that is leavening its regard for employes with a little interest in their personal welfare, a little practical application of the Golden Rule, is finding out that public sympathy is with the employer who treats employes well.

Off-hand, it is difficult to realize the degree of success that has been attained in the application of personal work on railroad system, numbered among the first systems of the country, and one of the factors in the development of the Pacific Coast, with thirteen thousand miles of track, gridironing a third of the area of the country, linking the Gulf, the Great Lakes and two Pacific ports, and controlling an army of forty thousand people. This is the Santa Fe Railway. Of all





TWO READING ROOM INTERIORS.

business corporations, a railroad company may be expected to be the last to expend a hundred thousand dollars a year for its employes—unless it pays.

This the Santa Fe does. It has the best-informed specialist in the United States in its employ—a man who has worked up to the place he occupies and whose niche in the Hall of Fame will be among the pioneers of this new era of economics. His code is this:

"By seeking their (the employes') moral, physical and financial betterment a greater measure of contentment may be achieved, and the motive for seeking their welfare and happiness lies intimate to the success of the operation of the entire system, the perfecting of the service; the reward and encouragement of faithfulness in service. By making our men comfortable, intelligent, self-reliant, by building up their aspirations we protect our property and business. The management recognizes that we are one family—the success of one is the success of all. We close a good deal of the gap between the high executive official and the man 'way out on the line; we avoid disastrous changes in the service and, incidentally, assure our men a life job and better conditions; by affording them actual opportunities of self-development, or bettering their education, we contribute to home-making, a truer, higher civic condition, and . . . we would like to have our men bound to the company by ties of regard rather than those of necessity."

In this there is a reward, for the everyday toiler, no matter how humble his work. Believe in yourself, and the cause you work for, and all the time individually aim higher—these are the doctrines of the Santa Fe propaganda. For several years past other railroad systems have watched the experiment with the greatest curiosity, while the scheme, year by year, has been enlarged. The improvement and extension of the libraries and reading rooms has gone forward unostentatiously for eight years and today it is more securely than ever a permanent institution.

Not all of the army of men in this company's service can live at favored places. Many of them must exist in wild waste places on the frontier, in the mountains, on the sand-whipped deserts, making the best of it in inhospitable division points, far removed from the comforts of civilization. Arizona and New Mexico are rich in historic interest and made pleasantly accessible to the tourist, for no other part of the Southwest is more interesting than those scenic sections where traces are slowly disappearing of the prehistoric races. Heroic was the effort to establish a transcontinental railroad through these regions, difficulties more aggravated, possibly, than on any other route, because of the climatic changes, the long and constant search for water and the unwelcoming areas of desert lying beyond the Mexican mesas. From the Raton pass and the grades of the Glorietta ranges, to the Tehachapis, the gate to the Golden State, there is no play at railroading. The kind of labor required to handle the great stream of through-bound traffic must be of the highest qualifications and, while a ride through the country is a thing every lover of American scenery should have, at the same time living in such a section is intolerably monotonous.

At the division points of the road, not alone in the water-tank stations but throughout Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, this company has provided certain incentives for the railroad boys to be good, to keep their heads clear, to save their money,

to sleep in sanitary, decent quarters at the end of a run, to indulge in sane recreation—and keep away from the bar-room and the gambling joint—building up a higher individuality and making, consequently, for greater steadfastness and efficiency.

I have visited most of these rest establishments, talked with the men, and when I described the workings of the system to certain officials in New York City, a rich manufacturer of New York exclaimed: "That's the biggest temperance argument I ever heard."

The work began with the establishment of small smoking and reading rooms, near the stations at one or two towns down in Kansas. Now the rooms have grown into dignified, cosy buildings, built by the company, on ground specially selected for the purpose, with modern conveniences throughout. About twenty cities have these structures, neatly surrounded with grass plots, potted flowers in the windows, and an inviting, homelike air over all. The rooms are scrupulously clean and the interiors are bright—contrasting strongly with the grime and the cinders of the yards. In these rooms are libraries of books on all sorts of subjects, proof not being wanting that something besides fiction is in demand. The employes are great patrons of technical works. Here, too, are billiard tables, all the periodicals, writing rooms, bath rooms and a large assembly room. In this latter room entertainments are held; after a show, composed of the best talent the lyceum bureaus send out, a dance is given.

In New Mexico the foundations are laid for the best structure yet attempted. This represents the acme of attainment had in mind by the company when it commissioned Superintendent of Reading Rooms, Mr. Samuel E. Russer, to outline a plan for libraries and rest rooms, and to add to it not only entertainment, but practical instruction for all who desired it. This building will contain a large number of sleeping rooms, bath rooms, a library with a homelike fireplace, a billiard room, a bowling alley and other amusements. Billiards and beds in this club-house will cost the men a mere pittance. For these advantages there is no tax, no toll on salaries, no obligations to the company. The reading rooms and libraries have become the center of rail-



A QUIET GAME IN THE BARSTOW READING ROOM.

road men's gatherings, and the character of the occasional entertainments have risen in dignity and value in the larger towns of the great southwestern empire states. Now the public eagerly accepts the broadcast invitation to attend the lectures, music recitals, monologues, famous lectures, discourses upon the latest advancement of science and the world's work, interspersed with specialties of an elevating character.

Ninety per cent of the employes regularly use the books of the libraries.

Encyclopedias, dictionaries, manuals and the best known text books on a wide variety of subjects are called for. All standard works are represented and the latest standard fiction is on the shelves within a few weeks after the publishers' announcements. When a new book of a practical kind is asked for it is forthwith supplied. The off-hours of the boys are spent either with their families or in the reading rooms where, at all hours, may be found a sociable game of cards, or billiards in progress. As fast as possible more rigorous recreations are being added to the headquarters—gymnastic exercises in a room set apart for that purpose, bowling, etc., where the men can not only enjoy themselves but indulge in physical practice that will relieve unused muscles.

Oakland has a reading room that cannot accommodate all the people who want admission when there is a stereopticon lecture on. Seligman, Arizona, has a perfectly appointed club-house always occupied by reason of the fact that it is a lay-over point for a great many of the men away from home on their runs. At Albuquerque and Emporia the reading rooms are considered indispensable to the social life of a considerable portion of the working population.

If a man shows capability along a special line he is encouraged to develop that bent. Any course of study he desires will be provided by the company. What is equally important, early opportunity is afforded the man to demonstrate his knowledge to his fellows.

One of the most absorbingly interesting lectures that has ever been my pleasure to hear best illustrates what the Santa Fe accomplishes among its people. The engineer of the Stockton local is Dick Collett, who was "raised" on the Santa Fe road, and while from his cab he can relate many interesting things about his experiences with a big engine, it never entered his head that he could tell this entainingly to others, illustrating the points with stereopticon pictures. Collett was an intelligent, earnest reader of useful works when Superintendent Busser hit upon him for the development of all his special knowledge regarding the locomotive. Collett was encouraged to read up on all the histories and works on locomotives. He digested all the text books could offer upon the subject and then prepared a lecture on the "History and Progress of the Locomotive and the World's Relation to It." This lecture was rehearsed for six months. Collett had never essayed to put his thoughts into written or vocal speech. It was a novel experience to him but Superintendent Busser is a man of remarkable inspirational powers, and under his tutoring the speech was trimmed down to fit a program that was further enlivened with solos from Williams, a trumpeter of the London Philharmonic Society. The engineer was so full of his topic that he faced without stage fright the boys at the reading-room halls. You may be sure everybody turned out to hear and see the lecturer with a hundred or more pictures which brought clearly forth the origin and development of the locomotive, and were interspersed with many interesting experiences—pathetic, humorous and thrilling. Crowded houses met him everywhere. After the lecture tour, Collett went back to the throttle and declared that he had had the best vacation he ever had in his life.

That demonstration of the usefulness of the means and agencies generously given by the company for self-development of its employes marked a strong impression upon the men. Let a railroad man's wife or daughter but disclose a bit of ability to entertain and their debut is easy and sure. Superintendent Busser believes he may yet bring forth a prima donna from the ranks of the railroaders.

Other specialties have been developed. A clever Newton telegraph operator, growing restless under the strain of his monotonous position, got up an explanatory lecture on wireless telegraphy. Roundhouse quartettes, that would put the blush on some vaunted vaudeville entertainers, and



COMFORTABLE ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR AT SELIGMAN, ARIZONA.

dramatic companies, are slated for the series of entertainments on the line.

Publicity is given to each of these affairs by energetic billing in advance. College presidents and professors, scientific men, musicians, readers and specialists of the literary field make these days gala occasions in the division towns. Not long ago, an old employe of the company occupied a place on the program and told strange facts about Arizona where he had lived for twenty years. There was rich material in his talk for historical societies, or periodicals. He touched on early history, Indian tribes, ancient ruins, scenery, cloudbursts, the peculiar winds and other things learned by long observation.

On one occasion a Boston concert company, of considerable reputation, was engaged to make several appearances in Arizona. The prima asked Mr. Busser:

"Shall I have to wear my best costumes at these stops? Won't just an ordinary party dress do?"

"Madam," replied Busser, "if you wish to make this tour a success I advise you to give the boys and their families as good as you give the Frisco city people—not a whit less."

When the tour was finished the lady had a very high respect for the quality of manhood among the railroaders and other inhabitants of the frontier. She did her best and the entertainments were enthusiastic successes. She found out that the people knew a good thing from an indifferent one; they showed their appreciation vigorously.

After the entertainment the room was cleared and a dance followed. There is not necessarily any Sunday School air about the conduct of the recreation rooms because human beings are the possessors to enjoy them. A typical dancing party in which I mingled showed as good-looking, graceful and as happy and well-behaved crowd of people as could be found. A professor of the Chicago University was there. At the conclusion of his talk he was asked several questions by members of the audience. His subject was astronomy. The professor intimated to me he was surprised because his audience followed him so closely.

The professor danced with the wife of an engineer of a freight. The superintendent danced with the eating house manager's wife. The boys gallantly sought favors at the hands of the pretty Harvey waitresses. The trainmaster had brought his girl all the way from Needles a hundred miles away. A special car run over the division brought the orchestra nearly two hundred miles from Gallup—a mere trifle of a distance—and uncles, aunts, wives and sisters and other people that served the road or were dependent upon the railroad for their existence were guests. The master mechanic loaned five headlights to help make the place blaze inside and out. In the midst of the festivities, the general manager's special, bound west, rolled into the station and paused to take water and brush off a few stains of a three-thousand-mile flight across to the coast. The general manager looked in—came in—and remained. He sent word to delay the departure of the special, and he was induced to try a few dances. The boss was one of the crowd, and the social event was talked of clear across Arizona for weeks afterward.

There is nothing automatic, or humdrum about the operation of the reading room service. The idea is the president's, Mr. E. P. Ripley, who may be called a practical philanthropist; and the development of details, from the arrangement of quarters to buying books and looking after the janitor service, is in the hands of Mr. Busser. For a system that is scattered over a dozen thousand miles of road there is scarcely perceptible any red tapeism about Mr. Busser. No doubt he could "direct" his operations from a private office in San Francisco, or Chicago, and have an organization of lieutenants and others to execute orders. However, Busser's methods are his own and his tremendous enthusiasm and energy are always in evidence. His office is carried with him in his grip, and he works all the time while he travels from one point to another. He conducts a voluminous correspondence and keeps touch with the operations, from the construction of new buildings to the installation of a new set of books on the shelves. The best thing worth telling about an interesting work is the fact that there is a man in the scheme who has found his work and loves it. There is no theorizing about Busser and no proxy bossing—he is simply one of the boys, and a mighty important link

between system headquarters and the men two thousand miles on the lines.

His personal acquaintanceship with the men extends into their domestic affairs, their love affairs and their future hopes. He tried sending a woman specialist out on the line to visit the railroaders' homes and help inexperienced wives with problems of what and how to cook newer and better things, how to sew simple pretty things, how to make humble homes more attractive, how to improve sanitary conditions and many other things. This venture was a great success. Other officials jocularly refer to Busser as the "morality agent" of the company and he pleads guilty to this but offers to show why and how, by educational training, manliness supersedes meanness. Mr. Busser's card motto tells his gospel of work:

"Give a man a bath, a book and an entertainment that appeals to his mind and hopes, by music and knowledge, and you have enlarged, extended and adorned his life; and as he becomes more faithful to himself he is more valuable to the company."

In the sum of little things that make up life, the engineer's temper and stomach may have much to do with our safety. Has he got the business of running the train on his mind? Has he parted from his wife with a kiss, or a quarrel? Has he had eight hours of conscience-free slumber? Or, has his previous month's wages gone over the faro board last night? Is he happy or is he in the dumps when he takes charge of two hundred lives to run a train over a road crowded with traffic, with a dozen orders about meeting trains and specials and freights and other things to look out for, and keep up a schedule of sixty-five miles per hour?

Busser said: "All things are out of joint to the man who has lost his money or has been bothered with temptations that depress him. His wife may have nagged him to the breaking point. He rises to go to his duties sullen and heavy. He snatches his orders and maybe scarcely looks at them. His mental states is: 'D—n the whole business, the road, a man who has to work; d—n the master mechanic—who cares for the dispatches; d—n orders, anyway—let her slide—what's the difference about anything?' And he jerks the throttle open and lets her go. On the other hand, consider the man who comes to his engine or puts on the conductor's cap full of the sound satisfaction of life and health? His hours of recreation have not been those of the low resort, drinks, cards and games. He has had a comfortable night's rest and he has not lost his money. Last night he was well entertained at the reading-rooms, then he had a free bath and a fresh, soft bed. His is cheery and confident and radiates magnetism from steady nerves and clear brain. His eyes are bright. What does he care how heavy traffic is? One thousand and three is good for the sixty-five and there isn't a man who can beat him getting her through. 'Feeling tip-top,' he glows, to his conductor. 'Orders all o. k. A special at siding ten, eh? All right. We'll make a record run this morning, boys. She's full of grit and git and 'll take along ten coaches with a kink in her back'."



A BOISE PEAR ORCHARD.

A Bad Half Hour

By Chas. B. Clark, Jr.

Wonder why I feel so restless;
Moon is shinin' still and bright,
Cattle all is restin' easy,
But I just can't sleep tonight:
Ain't no cactus in my blankets,
Don't know why they feel so hard
'Less it's Warblin' Jim a-singin'
"Annie Laurie," out on guard.

"Annie Laurie"—wish he'd quit it,
Couldn't sleep now if I tried,
Makes the night seem big and lonesome
And my throat feels sore inside.
How my Annie used to sing it,
And it sounded good and gay,
Nights I took her home from dances
Back there in old Ioway.

But her folks said I was "shif'less,"
"Wild," "unsettled"—they was right,
For I came out punchin' cattle
An' I'm at it still tonight—
And she married young Doc Wilson,
Oh, my Lord, but that was hard!—
Wish that fool would quit his singin'
"Annie Laurie" out on guard.

Yes, "her brow was like the snowdrift"
And her eyes like quiet streams,
"And her face," I still can see it
Much too frequent in my dreams;
And her hand was soft and trembly
That night underneath the tree
When I couldn't help but tell her
She was "all the world to me."

Oh, I just can't stand it, thinkin'
Of the things that happened then,
For them good old days has passed me,
And they'll never come again—
My turn? Sure, I'll come a-runnin'—
Warm me up some coffee, pard—
But I'll stop that Jim from singin'
"Annie Laurie" out on guard.



A SCENE IN RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

An Episode in a Motor Car

By Eleanor M. Hiestand-Moore

PROBABLY no other woman would have contemplated such a thing; but Betty McLean was born in Montana, twenty-three years ago, when Butte and Helena had barely made their way on the map. To go careering around the country in a motor-car with no one but Jimmy Howard and his devoted old mother, did not strike her as being the least bit odd, or, if it did, she didn't care.

"I don't see why Jimmy should have gotten the typhoid fever," she observed resentfully, for here she was at Seattle, quite alone, for Jimmy's mother was nursing him and the trip to Oregon had become purely visionary.

But a woman who at twenty-three was managing the Mankato copper mine, was not easily diverted from a fixed purpose.

"I cannot do Jimmy any good by staying here," she had declared very practically. "There is nothing to do but get another chauffeur. Jimmy will be well when I come back and I'll take him down to California."

She might have been contented to stay in Washington, but her Uncle Dick had been foolish enough to write her that young Anstruther was coming up there, and Betty knew the whole Copper Syndicate were bent upon having her marry him—which she never meant to do, not even if such an alliance would boom the stock tremendously. The Anstruther claim adjoined the Mankato and had never been developed, for Anstruther had other interests which absorbed him even when copper was quoted at 18.

"I simply won't meet him!" she declared rebelliously—and forthwith decided that she would leave Seattle the day following.

She had advertised for a chauffeur, but the men who applied were a sorry looking lot and Betty had sense enough not to start off alone with a man she knew nothing about. Finally, at the eleventh hour, Buster appeared.

Betty eyed him critically. He was uncommonly good-looking—so much so, in fact, that she felt she ought to be especially cautious.

"The proprietor of the hotel has recommended you," she observed slowly. "Are you an experienced person?"

"I have a New York license," he said quietly, as though that ought to settle the question.

"They do not know everything down in New York," said Betty curtly. "What is your name?"

"Buster," the man replied.

"You ought to change it," was Betty's laconic remark.

A covert smile twinkled at the corners of the man's firm lips, but it did not go any farther.

"You could apply to the Legislature," Betty continued suggestively.

"The House of Assembly does not legislate for nothing," Buster remonstrated quietly.

"I don't know—" Betty went on, with her eyes fixed upon him intently, "perhaps I might lend you the money, for such a purpose. I do not know how I can trust my car to a man by the name of Buster. Is there any more to it?"

"Smith," he replied gravely.

"Buster Smith—good Heavens! What wages do you want?"

He named his price, adding very tersely:

"Five dollars discount for the name, if you wish."

Betty threw back her head and laughed. "You'll do," she said. "You look as though motoring were a prosperous business. Who's your tailor?"

The fellow's face flushed a little hotly, but he bit his lip and answered quite politely:

"I am wearing the clothes of my last employer."

"I want to start tomorrow early," she announced. "Here is the route. It is

rather rough traveling, I'm afraid, but the car is in excellent shape and I think we can make it all right."

"You are going all alone—with me?" he asked, gazing at the paper she had given him with evident surprise.

Betty rose rather haughtily.

"Do you want some one to protect you?" she asked sarcastically.

"Pardon me!" he said politely. "I was thinking of you. The road runs through the mountains and it's rather a wild country."

"The car is well-provisioned and there are plenty of blankets—guns, too, if we need them. It is not like New York, I admit," she added a trifle sarcastically; "but I like it much better."

He bowed without a word save to ask her when he should bring the car around to the hotel.

"At five in the morning," Betty said, promptly. "There will be one grip, two dogs and some umbrellas."

Then Buster withdrew in a fashion so dignified that Betty fell to musing about it.

"I am afraid he is an educated man," she said to herself. "He acted like a gentleman, but you can't tell anything about the men from New York. I think he has more sense than Jimmy."

In the morning they started. It was cloudy, for the autumn rains were setting in. But the car had a top and Betty liked spinning along, with the damp cool air dashing against her face. After the first hour's travel, she settled herself back in a delicious state of comfort, for she observed that Buster knew his business very well and there was nothing to worry about.

"If there is a rise in copper," Betty reflected, sitting with her toes tilted against the front seat, "I'll take him to Europe with me. For heaven's sake, Micky, keep still! See how good Tony has been! Yes, I know; you are hungry. At ten o'clock, we'll stop and have breakfast."

The sun came out in the capricious fashion which is peculiar to the Northwest. The glory of the morning filled Betty's soul with delight and when they came to a certain little stream, gushing over the rocks in a milk-white cataract, she announced that they would stop right there. Buster swung out of his seat with the agility of a wild-cat and ungloved his hand to help Betty alight.

"The hamper on the right hand side," she said, ignoring his hand and clearing the wheel with a grace which did not escape his notice. "Come, Micky! Here, Tony! Stretch your legs a bit. There now—scamper!"

Buster had lifted the hamper to the ground and opened it promptly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed involuntarily, for Betty had mastered the art of touring and her larder was appointed in a rare fashion. There was a little sheet-iron stove, one of those folding affairs used by campers, a goodly lot of aluminum pans all fitting neatly into each other, a kettle and a French coffee pot.

"Let me do that!" she exclaimed. "I always do my own cooking. I never saw the man yet whom I'd trust to fry my bacon."

"I am glad it's bacon," said Buster, with much relief. "I was afraid it might be pickles and chocolate cake."

Betty laughed. She had concluded he was a very nice fellow, and she might safely bridge the distance between them by a little friendly intercourse after the Western fashion.

"It is bacon and eggs," she announced. "There is nothing else fit to eat in the mountains for breakfast. It is going to be toast, too, and the best coffee you ever drank. They put up a monument to my coffee in Montana—that's a fact! The Mankato miners did it. I used to send the coffee around when they gave a dance. There, Micky! Get down! I am going to give you some right away! I always feed the dogs first," she explained. "Oh, no! We won't eat off the ground. There is a little folding table under the seat. It's a tailor's cutting table and you can sit down to it very comfortably."

Buster fixed the stove and fired up.

"Where did you learn to do that?" she demanded. "Not in New York, I am certain!"

"I used to live in Idaho," he replied.

"Oh—did you? That explains it! Now I know you are all right, Buster. It is the next best place to Montana. My father had a friend in Idaho. Did you

er happen to hear of Harvey Anstruer?"

Buster stooped down for the watercket.

"I—have heard of him," he said, after moment's hesitation.

"He owned the end of the Mankato le," Betty went on volubly, as she laid e sliced bacon in the frying-pan. "His n owns it now and the Montana miners e all down on him!"

"Why?" said Buster bluntly.

"Oh, he wouldn't sell and he wouldn't rk it, and all of the neighboring claims nt begging because nobody would buy m unless the whole tract could be conlled. It was a sort of a dog-in-the-nger trick, you see! No, Tony! I will give you another mouthful!"

The glory of the morning grew upon . Betty, in corduroy, with stout little ts and a soft cap, was well worth look- at.

"What an uncommonly pretty girl!" ster reflected as he put on the teatle. "By George! She's a dandy!"

Betty had not boasted unduly about her ee. As they sat down to breakfast, ster declared it was better than Delnico's.

I am charmed with your good sense," observed, buttering a bit of toast conedly. "I see you have put on the t-water without being told. There are very many men who do that, even in ntana."

There were towels and soap. Buster hed and Betty wiped the dishes, packthem away very deftly and, an hour r, they were ready to start.

Let the dogs run behind a while," she said, as she climbed in the car. "Don't go very fast. Tony has the asthma."

Then it happened—the thing that probably foreshadowed all that came afterwards. Tony, dashing in hot haste after the car, rushed underneath and the next moment his poor little body was thrown into the air, falling limp and apparently lifeless on the roadside.

Betty screamed and burst into tears.

"We have killed him!" she cried. "Oh, we have killed Tony!"

Buster stopped the car and was out in a moment. The dog lay there insensible, his eyes rolled up, and it seemed that his end had come very quickly. But Buster knew a lot about dogs.

"He is not dead, Miss McLean," he said, lifting the little fellow very tenderly. "I don't think we ran over him. He just ran against the wheel and it knocked the breath out of him. Have you any brandy?"

Betty, the autocrat, was not equal to this emergency. Buster had it all his own way. He poured some brandy and water down Tony's throat and presently, with a few feeble gasps, the little fellow revived. Buster lifted him into the car.

"No—don't hold him on your lap," he said peremptorily. "He is better lying on the seat. I do not think he is seriously injured, Miss McLean." Then he looked at her very kindly. "Don't cry!" he begged. "I—I can't bear it!"

That was what won Betty's friendship eternally.

"Do you think it will jar him too much if we go on?" she asked tremulously. "We could camp here very well, and I wouldn't for worlds do anything to hurt him! Poor little Tony!"

The dog had revived enough to lick her caressing hand very feebly.

"I think he will be all right," Buster declared, watching the little animal very carefully.

"He wants to come into my lap," said Betty. "Can I take him?"

Her absolute dependence sent a thrill of satisfaction through Buster's veins. He was only a chauffeur, but he said to himself:

"If she continues to act like that, I shall certainly kiss her!"

As the car started, Tony cuddled up to his mistress, with Buster's consent, and Betty began to have hopes for her pet.

"I don't think he is going to die, Micky," she whispered to the other dog who was looking up at her, wondering what had happened and whimpering his sympathy. "There! I'll stop crying if you do. Buster, you are really a very nice man. I don't know what I should have done without you!"

Buster was only a chauffeur, as I have said, but his heart beat so strongly that he said to himself under his breath:

"I am making a d—d fool of myself!"

"We shall stop at Witchin and see a

doctor. There must be a doctor there," Betty declared. "It is a little bit of a place, but surely there is a doctor there!"

It was noon when they reached Witchin, but the doctor had gone on horseback across the country to see a patient who was very ill.

"We'll wait for him," Betty declared, and they waited till nightfall. By this time, Tony had revived almost beyond the need of medical assistance. He was declared to be perfectly sound, save for some very painful bruises and two broken ribs, which were strapped with adhesive plaster.

"What are you going to do, Miss McLean?" Buster inquired a little anxiously. "It is too dark to start tonight."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Betty declared perversely. "It's a good road from here to Tampico, and it's only sixteen miles."

"I would rather not start," objected Buster. "We can find some place to sleep here."

"In this little hole! Not if I know myself! There's a little hotel in Tampico and we can be comfortable there. We shall go on—by all means."

Buster felt his wrath rising a little. He knew the road was not good at all and the sky had clouded so that the night bade fair to be very dark.

"You ought not to insist," he said sternly.

Betty looked at him in haughty reproof.

"You will do as I bid you," she said shortly, and Buster shut his teeth hard.

"I am your servant," he said in a low tone. "I sincerely hope we shall not have an accident."

There was dead silence in the car after that. Betty affected dozing, for they had dined and supped in Witchin, and she felt very comfortable. The roll of thunder startled her a little and Buster brought the car to a stop. It was terribly dark.

"There is a storm coming," he said, as he jumped out to fix the curtains. "Where are the blankets?"

"Under your seat. Put up the glass!" Betty suggested.

"How do you expect me to see ahead with rain beating on the glass?" he demanded. "Put that Navajo on your lap."

A flash of lightning and a peal of thunder followed.

"I hate thunder storms," Betty said nervously.

Buster worked at the curtains in the dark with great difficulty and Betty heard him swearing under his breath. Even a saint might have fallen under such provocation. The car finally started again and labored on through the gathering gloom.

"It is terribly rough—isn't it?" Betty remarked. "I am afraid poor Tony isn't very comfortable."

Buster said something not over polite about the dog. He was unable to see ahead of him, for the rain that now came dashing against his face blinded him completely. They had only made about four miles. He slowed the speed more and more, for the car jolted roughly against the ruts in the road, and it was impossible to steer it properly.

"Miss McLean," he said suddenly. "I'm going back. It is folly to attempt this any further."

He did not wait for her reply, turning as he spoke, but the wheels stuck, there was a loud report and Betty cried out in dismay:

"What's the matter?"

Buster released the wheel and sprang out of the car.

"Matter?" he echoed, as he examined the motor with a bull's eye. "Only a trifling incident in the career of an automobile. We've broken down."

"Can't you fix it?" Betty asked anxiously.

"In daylight—no doubt, but we shall have to wait till daylight comes."

"Not here?"

"I should be happy to take you some where else," Buster said ironically, "but I do not see how I can do so. You might as well make yourself comfortable, Miss McLean. We shall have to stay here till morning."

His remark was emphasized by a flash of lightning and a terrific peal of thunder that sent Betty cowering into her corner. Tony howled plaintively and Micky fell to barking.

"Come in out of the rain," Betty said nervously. "You are drenched already."

Buster got into the car and pulled up the glass. He closed the front curtains

also, for the rain was dashing all the way back to where Betty sat. Flash after flash and peal after peal followed each other.

"Do you think motor cars are apt to be struck?" she asked faintly.

"As apt as anything," he said brutally, but he had been pretty sorely pushed and he added presently:

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yes, thanks! But—would you mind if I took hold of you? I am terribly afraid of a thunderstorm."

"Then why, in heaven's name—" Buster began, but he ended by climbing over into the back seat beside her.

"Tony," he said more affably, "lie still. There, Micky! Lie down on the floor," and he took Betty's hand, which was trembling considerably.

"I am sorry I insisted on coming," she said in a low tone. "I ought to have known you knew best."

And then Buster melted like a man.

"Oh, it won't be so very bad," he said more cheerfully, and then, with her little hand clinging closely to his own, he began to think it wouldn't be bad at all!

"You are only a woman after all!" he declared triumphantly.

Betty had nothing to say.

"Tell me a story," she pleaded childishly. "I don't want to listen to the thunder. Tell me about the time you were in Idaho. What were you doing there?"

"The usual thing—mining."

"Oh, I knew you were not brought up in New York. The New York men are not like you."

Then Buster began to tell her stories of a wild life—the life she knew and loved herself—the life of real people who know the heart of Nature. She plied him with questions and soon she came to know him not as a chauffeur but as a man, brave and strong, who had fought his way by himself through the thick and throng of things.

"Tell me," she said, as the hours glided by, "how did you come to give it all up—for this?"

He laughed softly.

"What is it that makes men give up most things?" he asked in a low tone.

"Women, sometimes," she ventured.

"It was a woman who made me a chauffeur," he declared.

"What a pity!"

"Oh, no!" Then he added with a sudden burst of feeling. "I would do more than that for a woman."

"But you will go back?" she questioned earnestly.

"Yes; I shall go back this winter."

Then she couldn't take him with her to Europe! Betty felt a strange sinking at her heart.

"I shall be sorry to lose you," she said simply, and Buster forgot he was only a chauffeur, for he squeezed her hand gently.

"I shall be sorry to leave your service," he said tenderly, and Betty felt less despondent.

The storm was passing over. Buster managed to get at the hamper and spread a luncheon for her. Tony lifted his head and nibbled feebly at a bit of cheese.

"I shall never forget this night," said Betty, beginning to laugh a little.

"Nor I!" said Buster fervently.

The hours that had dragged began to glide away and daylight dawned presently. Then Buster got out of the car and made some coffee. It was very good coffee, too.

"I could almost trust you with the bacon," Betty observed appreciatively.

When the things were all packed up again, the sun had risen and Betty was as bright as the dawn. Buster looked the car over and tinkered a little with the motor box. Then he drew on his gloves complacently.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "shall we go on?"

"Can we?" Betty exclaimed. "I thought something awful had happened."

Buster looked her square in the eyes, and then he got back into the car, but not into his usual seat. He sat down again beside her.

"I can't keep this thing up any longer," he said bluntly. "I—I have kept you here all night on purpose."

"You don't mean—"

"I mean that there wasn't anything much the matter. We could have gone on very well, but I knew it was terribly risky and I simply couldn't let you have your own way. Besides, I thought you ought

to be punished a little. I hope," he added, humbly, "that you won't be very angry!"

Betty looked across the country and began to wonder why she wasn't angry at all.

"It was very mean of you!" she said rather weakly.

Buster took her hand again.

"That isn't the meanest thing I've done," he declared boldly. "I have deceived you from first to last. I am not a chauffeur at all, Miss McLean—that is, I am not a professional, though I do happen to carry a license."

"Then why in the world—"

"I told you the reason. It was a woman."

"I don't believe your name is Buster Smith at all!" she cried, drawing away her hand.

"It isn't!" he declared impudently, leaning over so that he looked right into her eyes. "My name is Harvey Anstruther!"

Betty cried out at that, but he seized her hands and held them firmly.

"You tried to run away from me!" he declared. "I made up my mind you shouldn't. I had heard so much about you—so much that I liked—and I had always wanted to know the daughter of my father's chum."

Betty struggled hard.

"I am terribly angry!" she declared—and Anstruther laughed.

"Oh, no!" he said confidently. "You are going to forgive me. I see it in your eyes. We are going to be friends," he added, and then, leaning still closer, he said, "We are going to be more than friends!"

Betty's eyes fell before him.

"What is the use of trifling?" he said with growing passion. "I knew the moment I saw you how it was all going to end. Now that I have been in your service, I never want to leave it. Betty, I love you!" he said, and after his own bold fashion, he put his arm around her. "I want you to marry me, darling! Will you?"

Tony lifted his head in surprise, for Betty was letting this strange man kiss her, and when the motor car finally started, she was sitting on the front seat beside him!

Feinnes II

By John Fleming Wilson

FERNALD looked up at the darkened windows of Witherspoon Hall and sighed. "Good old Princeton," he remarked. "Doesn't seem six years since we left, does it?" The tone was serene. It seemed to bring the memories of the life we had lived after our last song on the steps of Old North into perspective, to arrange one's experiences in an orderly way with the steady glow of college affections at the clear, bright end of the vista.

"We both roomed in Witherspoon," I responded, as if this were, after all, the great satisfaction. He sighed again comfortably, relaxing the keenness of his glances. "We were a jolly crowd," he said heartily, "and I wonder how all the fellows are getting on. There's Mackenzie and you and I; and then there was Feinnes. By the way, I haven't seen Feinnes II at a reunion these three years. What's the lad doing?"

We pondered the question, though there was really no doubt in our minds. Fernald voiced our conclusion, warmly, remembering Feinnes quite familiarly. "He was steady as a clock. Of course, he's still with his father in Pittsburg. Leather and findings, wasn't it?"

"He never was brilliant, not a bit," I added.

"But solid." Fernald filled his pipe. Holding the bowl in his hand, he paused to define more clearly his notion of our classmate's character. "I always thought his mind moved with a sort of friction. He was slow—slow like an old man. I never exactly liked his way of viewing life. There was no lightness, no vivacity. But he was tremendously steady. 'Leather and findings' suited him to the ground. He'll make money—honestly. . . . He'll love one girl. . . . What they call the salt of the earth. But, do you know, I doubt if he was always sure what college meant to some of us others. We joked about things. He never lost sight of the fact that he was Feinnes II, the son of Feinnes, '53."

I admitted that he had never been possessed of a sense of humor so keen as that of others. Fernald lit his pipe and waving the flaming match in the night smiled at me over its glow. "After all," he said, "Feinnes was what you and I call 'dumb'." The match went suddenly out and Fernald's face went back into the darkness, as if he had appeared for the moment, only to utter this kindly judgment. In silence we shook hands and then he swung away down the dim white walk, under the arch of Blair and I lost him—as I had lost others before, emerging from college into the world through that gateway.

As I stood waiting for an impulse, a light came into a window high up in Witherspoon. Some lonely chap, not yet gone with the rest of the students for the summer, was there. That's Feinnes' old room, I thought. How often I had come in upon him there of an evening to find him warm over a book, struggling with a subject quite alien to his bent. It had been comedy for me to watch his quiet agonies to comprehend, his pride when he had, by brute force, reduced the matter to terms of leather and findings, so to speak.

As I finally passed along on my way the light remained, with the effect of a revival of Feinnes II in my thoughts, even to the extent that I wondered whether he, too, steady and "dumb," had been, like the others of us, entangled and inextricably bound by the snares of life; or whether, by his slow strength, he had kept in the safe thoroughfare of "leather and findings."

Six months later I picked up an agate, on the slender beach running like a gentle step from the margin of the Japan sea to the village of Shirakami. From the familiar stone I looked out on the blue and sparkling water brimming to the lip of the sky. A sampan sail leaned lightly on the breeze a mile from shore, as if caught in airy flight by a sudden

liquefaction of the firmament. The dry sound of bamboos in the wind was behind me. Only the agate was homely, and I held it against the light, amazed to have discovered there what seemed to have been warmed by my own hand in another country. I was made less exultant by the sound of feet crunching the gravel near me. I did not care to lose the substance of my dream by looking upon the thin legs of a Japanese hideous in European dress. The footsteps passed between me and the gentle surf. They ceased to sound, and I looked up. "Hello!" said a man roughly dressed in sailor's slops. The thick beard redeemed his presence in a land where the whisker is thin and wiry. "I saw your name on your boxes," he continued gravely. "You ought not to leave them on the wharf. It's not business-like. Don't you remember me? I'm Feinnes II."

The agate was not so genial to my palm before this fresher apparition from home. I would have answered quickly and affectionately, but that the air was peculiarly deceptive as regards distances. For an instant I considered whether my voice could reach him. "You're Princeton ninety-odd?" he suddenly inquired.

We shook hands formally, then heartily. "I never fancied I should see you here," I apologized. "I thought, of course, you were in the States—back in Pittsburg."

"I left there three years ago. Didn't you hear? Father wanted me to come to Asia and work up trade—in leather and findings, you know." His explanation was monotonously careful.

"No, I didn't hear," I responded, cordially. "I didn't suspect it. We were talking about you at the last class reunion."

"The fellows remember me?" he asked with a frown, as if trying to bring himself into my atmosphere.

"I should say so. They never forget. How are you?"

He was gratified and looked interestedly at the agate in my open hand. "It was all a long time ago, wasn't it?" he murmured. I agreed with him hastily. This might be our common ground of feeling, therefore to be coveted. With a sense that we were queerly strangers I tried to bring some other thing into the circle. "Still in the leather business?" I demanded, scanning his shoddy clothes.

"No, I turned over my samples and orders to Peyton two years ago. Peyton was thoroughly reliable. I believe he would do well." This cold statement he tempered by a glance that recalled his other assertion about the length of the years.

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

He tossed a pebble with his foot. His brown hands swept down the breast of his jacket with an unfamiliar gesture. "Nothing much," he answered, peering with his gray eyes at the sapphire sea. "Following shipping, mostly. The fellows remember me?" He stopped a second. "Remember me to the fellows when you see them." And he turned his back on me, starting away towards the little town. He had gone but a few steps when he twisted round, with a visible effort, and came back. "Where did you find that agate?" he asked; "looks like those we used to gather on Lake Huron. Father always summered there." I dropped the stone into his outstretched hand and he departed, this time for good, the breeze wrapping the baggy legs of his trousers about his limbs; to me, a grotesque sign that a shadow had fallen across the ways of Feinnes II, the well-clad, somewhat finical collegian of six years before.

That night as I sat smoking on a crazy bit of wharf, wrapped in my overcoat because of the chill, he found me again. "I was thinking over old times," he said, seating himself a little apart, but so close that I saw the flicker of his deep-set eyes in the moon's rays.

"We're a long distance from Princeton," I responded.

"So I was thinking," he assented. "The years are very big."

"They seem to have been so with you," I applied it. "To tell the truth, Feinnes, I can't reconcile this with what I fancied of you—what we knew of you. You were the steadiest man in the class; all the fellows thought so. We expected great things of you. And here you are—" I paused, precisely at the end of my thoughts.

"That's it," he agreed. "Now I'm—" He did not refuse to fill up the meaning, but seemed to be at a loss. He was waiting, perhaps, I swiftly surmised, as he had been waiting these years. I ventured to

go back over the trail, to set him again in the path with hopes that he might, in a fresh start, reach the open with me. "I thought you were taken into the firm by your father," I said.

"Yes, a week after we graduated. Father thought I'd better take a holiday; but, you know, it seemed hardly the thing. So I went on the road, selling. I did pretty well and father said I was ready to take a higher place. An opening came for building up business in the Orient, and I came. Better, you see, to have a member of the firm resident. We had an office in Hong Kong."

"But you left it, you say?"

He slipped off one shoe, apparently to be rid of some bit of pebble that hurt his foot. Holding the shoe in his hand he looked over at me. "Yes, I quit." He ceased, only to resume by an effort at continuity: "But the business didn't suffer."

It is dangerous to force a confidence. But it struck me as horrible that Feinnes II should sit ill-dressed, on a tottering wharf among the nets of the Yezzo islanders, and there be in the gaze of one who had known him in old times, and still did not comprehend. There was nothing to excuse it. I, as one of his former circle, felt injured, felt an almost personal insecurity in life. I leaned over and put my finger-tip on the hand that held the shoe. "Why?" I demanded, to be ashamed instantly of my loud voice.

He returned my question with pathetic equanimity. "Why? I've often wondered why. And yet, I *do* know in a way . . . if somebody would find the words for me." His gray eyes rested on mine; they shone pitifully through the moonshot dusk. He even shook the shoe over my hand, as if to convey to me the substance of the torture of his secret.

I sounded for the sore place. "Liquor?" I asked coldly.

"I didn't drink," he said, with simple emphasis on the verb's tense.

"Gambling? Lose money at Sit Que's or Sing Fat's in Hong Kong?"

He looked at me hopefully, apparently expecting that by this process we should attain the definition of his fate. He shook his head.

I hesitated some time and then plumped it at his feet. "A woman?"

The hopeful aspect he had assumed faded. I had exhausted my skill, and was yet beside the truth. "No," he said quickly. "Not that."

We sat long in perplexed silence. I observed the bulk of him under the moon; his round head, neck cleanly moulded, obtuse shoulders, trunk lean, high-bred, flexed nervously. It was the Feinnes of college—a little warped. He held one shoe up, his unshod foot curled under him as he sat. "If not a woman," I said, desperately clutching for a sure hold for both of us, "what was it? How did it happen? Are you the same?"

He listened intently, poised to pounce on the clue. When my words died interrogatively on the air, he deliberately turned, gazed on the sea. The tinkle of a wave rippled to us. A fish plashed beyond. It came over me swiftly, as I watched him, that these slight phenomena of the sea possibly typified the outward show of this dumb soul. What strange wave had come out of his depths to break over the shores of his breeding? What hidden life had been momentarily unsubmerged that he had never forgot, never could forget?

He withdrew his sombre gaze and whispered, skimming his memory for phrases. . . . "I was going from Shanghai across to Nagasaki on business, on an English barque. We were two weeks making the passage, short as it is. It was very pleasant. There was—" he waved the shoe in his hand, stumbling in mental darkness. "There was," he went on in a dry whisper, "a woman."

"But you said—" I began, crudely.

"It wasn't her fault," he corrected me. "You see, we were two weeks together. We were in the Inland Sea—you can look into the houses on the little isles, you know, as you pass—she told me—" He stopped completely, conveying the impression of an abyss at his feet, one that must be visible to me also.

"She told you what?" I asked desperately.

His eyes sought mine, steadily, without any covering of his desire to be assisted. "It was not a nice story," he said, almost matter-of-fact.

I stared at him, comprehending that the abyss was there. "Yes?" I assented.

He drew back, shoe in hand, as if he

must speak from the shadow. "And it didn't make it any better that—that—I loved her."

I found myself laughing at the simplicity of the affair. He responded, laughing with me, till I suddenly understood that such cackling mirth was unseemly in Feinnes, steady, thorough-going Feinnes. I put out my hand to stop his indecent tittering. It was horrible. His lips closed slowly and he took in my immediate question. "What did I do?" he leaned forward to tap my knees with his shoe. "I couldn't think of anything," he said, returning to a dry whisper. "There was nothing sure, that I was sure of. The price of oak-tanned leather had gone up one and one-quarter cent. Before God that was all I was—quite sure of."

I felt my soul wither within me. I was standing with him on the precipice, and his foot was on the same stone that held me from falling—certainty of what we see and hear. I tried to thrust him away, to save us both from a tumble into the pit. "Of course, now you're going home," I protested, as if the matter had been finished but that moment.

He was puzzled. "Now?" he repeated. "No."

"Why not?" I insisted. "You're rid of her and you owe something to your family. You can forget."

He rejected my meaning querulously. "That wouldn't help," he said.

"Will she come back? Can't you get rid of the thought of her; out from her influence?" I cried.

"I've never seen her since that night," he answered.

I was put back into the mystery. This was beyond my experience. I could not even return Feinnes' glances, so unsure I was of our partaking of the same life. "What's the matter?" I said miserably. "Why did you throw up your prospects? Why are you in Shirakami?"

"Would you understand if I said I wanted to kill you?"

"You couldn't," I said promptly. "It's not in you. You're Feinnes and you're not that sort."

"I know it," he returned desperately. "I can't do it." He stooped and put on his shoe, as if it were a resumption of a torture that he must endure to the end. The act seemed to close our intercourse, to be a definite taking up of his burden before he passed on. Then, with a steadiness, a decisiveness that amazed me, it was so familiar in the old classmate, he departed.

I let him go. I did not even follow him with a word of farewell. The taint of the East was upon him. He assumed in my mind a place with the vagabonds that blink at the fresh European in every port from La Perouse Straits to the South Seas, unclean, blighted. Yet as I thought of him later, it came back to me how sober he was still. I recalled the fidelity of his eyes, the decency of his mouth. I could not refuse credence to his assertion that his defection from his class had not been a woman's fault. I felt that I must trust him, trust his integrity. He was indeed "dumb," I decided; he could not let in the sunlight on his darkened heart, and he was mentally asphyxiated, as it were. But, after all, I was satisfied to let him go.

A couple of days later a priest from the Catholic University at Hakodate accosted me in the bazaar. He was an Irish friar on a proselytizing tour. His first words were of Feinnes. It was a shock to me to hear the familiar name on his full lips; again I decided that Feinnes was not so deeply lost, seeing that he kept his own name. "I thought that perhaps you would know him," said the friar. "I am interested in him, as he is a gentleman." And he shook his head at me.

"I know him," I admitted with reluctance.

A fat hand caressed the shaven crown and the friar assumed an air of perplexity. "Men go to the devil in so many ways," he averred. "This is a novel instance."

"Indeed?" I remarked, my distaste increasing at the thought of this placid priest probing with gross fingers a wound almost intimate to myself.

"It is indeed true," he went on. "The young man came to me—" he glanced up keenly to forestall incredulity—"for religious instruction. It is a strange case."

Stifling my curiosity, I returned, "As you justly observe men go to the devil in many ways. But it seems as if they could follow none in peace."

He took my meaning mildly. "He came to me of his own accord. I think

I was able to afford him consolation. He wanted a belief in the hereafter. Yet—" The pause was significant. I refrained from picking up the suggestion. The friar sighed and rubbed his jowl.

"What would you think," he demanded, half humorously, "if a man like that should inquire how to commit the unpardonable sin?"

It was horrible, as if a friendly face had suddenly shown signs of mortal decay. I did not know what to think. The thing was preposterous. I looked at the friar. He encountered my eye, to dispel unbelief, pointed to the crucifix on his bosom. "And he is not mad," was his addition.

"Then nothing can be done," I said.

"Nothing," he affirmed. Apparently we had opened our minds to no purpose. In this bazaar we had met like jurors called from their shops to sit at an inquest. We had rendered an equivocal verdict and our casual association was to be dissolved forever. I took out my cigar case and offered it to him. The friar hesitated, then grasped my intention before I realized what I was doing. He drew out a cigar with a fat thumb and forefinger. "You Americans!" he ejaculated. As the huge white and green hat of a Korean priest topped the stream of chaffering natives a mode of expression seemed to discover itself. He pointed it out silently, then brought into our survey by another gesture the bedizened figure of a Japanese officer swaggering under a gilded cap surmounted by a nodding pom-pom. "There can be truces between religions as between nations," he said, with a kindly touch of the brogue. "But, after all—" He fell to contemplating his crucifix. The hitherto unheard noises of the bazaar rose around us. A little native boy, catching the glint of the symbol in the friar's hand, stopped in his erratic career to gaze up at it. The friar thrust out his fingers over the heathen head. "God bring thee to a knowledge of himself," he blessed him, "and give thee a joyous faith." Then he touched me, pontifically.

"Who can say that the young man is seeking an evil end? Did not our Lord descend into hell to save?"

With this he left me speechless, watching his sedate form moving up the gay, narrow street between the stalls hung with merchandise. As I lost him, it seemed mightily that he had, with the oblique scruples of his calling, yet made excuse for Feinnes, no longer of this world of ours.

I thought over it fully, carefully. I took what the priest had said of Feinnes' desire, what Feinnes had hinted at and I seemed, at last, to see his purpose. He loved the woman and was going into her hell to save her. I saw clearly his difficulties; his own decency, his upbringing, his steadfast hold on traditions—the impossibility, of his own strength, of his descending. I even pictured to myself, gently, the woman—weak, clinging amid sin to the love of a good and wholesome man, yet dragging him down into the mire, filling his nostrils with the disgusting perfumes of the unspeakable pit, holding his brave hand in the clamor of hell. And, failing hope of rescuing her, he had tried to bring himself to a determination to stay with her always, to sacrifice himself that she might know that his love was strong.

It was not pleasant. It recalled to me what had been said so often: that a woman makes or mars a man; that if a man fail, by whatever vices, it is because some woman—women—he has known have failed in their task. And here was a woman unequal to herself, dragging Feinnes down into the abyss. I put it out of my mind.

Two years passed and I had relegated the thought of Feinnes to the darkness. I had settled it in my mind that he was blessedly gone from me, that he had taken with him a kindly feeling and so I had fulfilled the demands of old friendship. But he came upon me as I sat high above the beach at the Cliff House in San Francisco. I was sunning myself in the balcony at Sutro Heights, watching a barque get her offing into the Pacific.

"You passed me on the Terrace," he said, "so I thought I'd follow you." He seated himself in the warmth, waiting for me to respond, expectant as a man with his finger in a book that he shall shortly return to.

By an effort I greeted him familiarly. I called him "old man," and, when it was said, found myself at a loss.

"Eight years is a long time, isn't it?" he said.

"I saw you two years ago," was my response. "Are you going back home?"

His eyes dropped wearily. "No one can understand," he murmured. The tone was dry, as if he had, by repetition, seasoned the phrase. To my glance he was immensely aged, his face purged of its youth, his limbs hardened. The clothes on his back were good, but he wore them negligently. After all, however, it was Feinnes. The gray eyes steadied when he spoke. It struck me that he must have suffered the more keenly because of his inherent decency. He had neither gone to the bad, nor fully recovered himself. "Tell me," I said, "why didn't you go with the woman?"

He looked at me, as if his sight were dim. My wicked desire was to throw him to one side or the other, to make him cease tottering upright. I was angry that he had found no rest, that he was still, though waveringly, erect, throwing an uneasy shadow upon myself and the others of whom he had been one. "Wouldn't you be happier to go to hell with her? Better off to get what happiness you could?" I insisted.

He cast his eyes down upon the wrinkled sea. My words had wakened in him a feeling for himself, it appeared to me; had recalled old reckonings long thrown aside. When he spoke it was in a whisper. "That was impossible," he said. "I was too late. Maybe I wouldn't have done so, after all."

For an instant I was shaken from my hold on commonplaces. The material Feinnes had been burned into a wisp and this blackened tissue was a sport, in our common shape, to invisible winds. His gyrations were incalculable; his bourne past knowledge. Then I grasped at fact again, tried to catch this derelict from the inscrutable currents of Fate. "Then why didn't you forget it all, stick to leather and findings, be a man?"

"All I could think of," he explained slowly, "was about the price of oak-tanned leather. Even that varied, but I knew the limits. It was quite impossible to think of what she told me. I had no mind to make up on it." Feinnes put out his hand toward me and withdrew it hastily, as if he, after all, had strength enough.

"It wasn't a nice story, you see. The next evening after we landed from the barque, I sat on the little ledge below Tajiro's tea-garden. I was trying to think. I saw a fat armed man rowing in a quarter-boat away from a ship some ways out. He saw me and turned his boat clumsily, splashing his oars. He was excited. When the boat's stem bumped the ledge he threw a line over my shoulder. The wet strands flicked my cheek. 'God! look wot I found!' he said.

"'What?' I asked him.

"He pointed a fat hand, trembling, over the stern of the small boat. 'Pull in on that line,' he said hoarsely."

Here Feinnes entwined the fingers of one hand with the fingers of the other and thrust them between his knees, staring the while down on the crowd of tourists at the Cliff. "I pulled in," he went on. "Something swirled at the other end, then rubbed the ledge where I was kneeling. . . . The water about her was very blue and it—it held her—kindly."

I saw it all instantly: the gross creature shivering in his boat, the blue wave lapping the rocky ledge, Feinnes staring down at a woman's body. I was again in the shadow of his ruin. I was chilled through. I must gain sunlight. "Suicide?" I cried, "Did you kill her?"

He did not hear me. He turned his eyes to the open sea. "It was so strange," he muttered, "to be there when I was a member of a leather firm in Pittsburg. She hid her face from me, but a hand was out from under her dress. It was so white, so clean."

"Well," I said, giving up to him.

"My father—the people in Pittsburg, would not have understood. They would have said she was not—clean. You know father was a Princeton man—Feinnes, '53. He was very proud of my being Feinnes II. But I, *I* could understand."

It was past reasoning upon. The factors were so enormous that I could not handle them. I sat like a student that had been flunked for life and listened to the barking of the seals on the rocks below. "So you quit the firm?" I said finally, hitting at random.

"I felt I must. She had cleared it up for me. Then you know, the name?"

"What of the name?" I shouted. "Don't talk riddles."

He tasted his tongue awhile. "I did

not want to give it up. I could not. It means a lot to the family—to my father."

"But what better way than to go back? To start again?" My wrath was heating.

He pointed his thumb over his shoulder as we faced the Pacific. "For thousands of miles back there they believe in heaven and hell," he explained. "We both came from there—she and I—and you. It wouldn't be honorable to give it up for personal reasons. Don't you see? I'm Feinnes. I mustn't give up the name. I must keep it and yet I must keep it honorably. Would it be honorable to desert her? And yet it wouldn't be honorable to stay in the firm, you see, when father wouldn't understand my position. She made it all clear. She killed herself."

I fell into a deep amazement. I had almost a sense that I myself was here convicted of abandoning the faith of my fathers. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

Before he answered, his attitude again carried it in upon me that this conversation was only an episode in his inner life, momentous as it was outwardly, this conversation with me who represented visibly society—the people to whom, after all, he must give account. But he rested impatient, as if his finger were still in the place in the book to which he must return immediately. "Lots of men talk about spirits and souls and queer immortalities," he resumed. "I never believe those things. I never could understand them. In college, you know, the fellows spoke a deal of philosophy. But that's not the thing that counts. I looked down into the blue water below Tajiro's tea-garden. There was only she and I, and the past and the future. She had made it perfectly plain. I couldn't get away from the facts." He suddenly straightened out his figure above me, his arms rigid in his sleeves. "Perfectly plain," he repeated.

If his eyes saw something unseen by mine, I wished to view it. I realized that I was nearer comprehension than ever before. The image of Feinnes kneeling over blue water, looking upon a white hand, was almost a solution. "How is it plain?" I demanded.

"You remember what we used to say in Princeton? Never to tell a lie—"

"Except for a woman's sake," I finished.

His eyes softened, turned on me for the moment. "I knew I hadn't forgot," he breathed. "You see, that made it all plain. I loved her. I couldn't deny it—lie about it, could I? And I couldn't go home and say the untruth—it wouldn't have been for her sake, but for my own. And she—" his chest swelled under his jacket—"she loved me. She went to hell for my sake, that I might do a clean thing. A man can't go back on a woman. She had done it all for me."

Vivid triumph lay in his last words. It was the seal on the matter. For an instant I saw a depth before me, immeasureable, hideous. "Yes," I assented; "of course."

"That's it," he went on presently, seated again. "Nothing else would do. I understood perfectly. I must do the right thing for both of us in this world, play the game through. So I did it, lived on, because it would be cowardly to die as I wanted to—would have been weak; and when I join her, she'll need all my strength. It's very, very hard," he said, quietly, to my unbelief. "But it won't last much longer and then—"

He was hushed. I glanced covertly at him. His eyes shone. It was awful to see a tear course down his bronzed cheek, to see the mouth shake under the beard. "Cheer up," I said emptily.

He made no response till, in pure nervous irritation, I got up to my feet. He rose, too, like an old man, and went away. As he passed down the windings of the balcony I tried to call out a word of farewell, for the sake of old Feinnes. I do not think I uttered a sound, but he turned and came back a step. "I wish my father could understand," he said. With this he departed for good from the open world into mystery, into the darkness of his passion.

As he went I realized the depth of his breeding, the childlike faith he had in the religion of our fathers, which decrees that the wages of sin is death, which denies to the fallen any hope in this life, which binds us to duty, to belief, to ourselves. To him, the woman was forever in hell, gone thither stormily, with tears, because she loved him, and love was, for

her, always sin. And I seemed to see that he was renouncing his own salvation, because, after all, even in the presence of God, a man—can not be traitor to his love, can not abandon the woman, must be a gentleman!

A year later I was sent down to an equatorial islet to survey a wreck. It was a clear case of bad seamanship on the part of a drunken captain. The barque was a total loss, and a day finished my business. I had a week to wait for the return of the steamer that had landed me there, and as the crew of the barque were living in some hollows on the lee side of the islet, which was desolate, I went over that night to stay with them. Propped up in the sand, a little apart from their camp, lay the second mate, injured in the wreck, they told me, while striving to repair the damage. It was Feinnes, and he was dying. He greeted me cheerfully as he took my hand and held it. "You know I said it couldn't last long," he said.

I fixed myself for the night beside him. Then I lit my pipe and asked him if there was anything he wished me to do. "Nothing," he replied, "but to let me feel your hand. You see one side of me is paralyzed, and I can't hold my own."

I put my hand over, and he clasped it gently. The Southern Cross blazed down from the zenith: the sea spread darkly beyond the triple line of the surf. There was no wind, no movement in the air. Possibly an hour had passed when Feinnes spoke. "Nine years is a long time," he murmured.

"I wonder how old Witherspoon looks," I said, for lack of better. The memories of college days seemed to sweep pleasantly over the dying man. He recalled an old scene, repeated an old jest. But his hand grew chilly in mine. His voice ceased and I saw his eyes, upturned to the stars, shining with tears. The shadow was creeping over us again. I wondered if eternity held for him the realization of purpose, or only disillusion. He twisted painfully on his couch in the sand.

"The Southern Cross," he whispered. "I wonder if it would not have been less cruel than the Northern faith?"

There was nothing for me to say. I tried to clasp his chill hand more warmly. "It seems too bad," he resumed, after a little, "that she was—was—lost. She was so tender. That night on the barque, she cried. I think she cried before she—she made it all plain."

The deep mouthed surf sent its bellow over the islet and Feinnes stirred. "I'm afraid it's been hard on her—where she is. You know she's a woman. . . . A man can stand hell so much better. But we must take the right road, and we mustn't be too much—afraid."

I tried to quiet him, but I was powerless. "To think," he broke out, "of her standing all that punishment for me. And I couldn't go to her. I couldn't be a coward that way. . . . Father would understand that."

I grasped his arm and steadied him. I caught his eyes in the dusk. The old soberness was in them. "Old man," I urged, "you're dying. Can't you pray—or something?"

"No, I've been fighting alone—on the other side. It would have been easier if I could have sinned the unpardonable sin. A man's training won't let him do some things. My chance is coming now."

He closed his eyes. His bearded lips quivered. "It's hard to resist salvation," he whispered. "It's offered to you on every corner of the world. That's why I kept to the sea. I might have given in. I used to want to kill the missionaries. They would have saved me, and I'd have lost her, left her alone when she needs me. . . . Come . . . Come unto me, ye who are weary and—" He struggled up in my arms. His voice rose clear and quick and strong: *"Not coming, Lord!"*

He fell back, and I laid him on the sand and went away.



THE ENMITY WAS TRADITIONAL.

Wesley in War

By D. C. DeCamp

THE enmity existing between the Micks and the Boys of the Hill was traditional. It had its source in nothing more determinate than the natural antipathy of poor clothes for fine clothes or, to state it more generally, of one kind for a different kind. The Micks knew no law; went to school (an unknown, distant school) only under compulsion, and waded in dirty ponds with their shoes on, simply because they were Micks. The Boys of the Hill had fathers and mothers, and responded to influences.

Battles between the Micks and the Boys of the Hill occurred at intervals without apparent reason, unarranged and yet with a certain inevitableness that would have delighted a student of the causes of human action. The word went around mysteriously at school; sling-shots were renovated; stones were thrown at distant objects experimentally; the big boys stood in groups at recess and did not play. When school was over the Boys of the Hill, instead of straggling home in twos and threes, crowded up the street in a body, herding instinctively with the consciousness of imminent conflict. In the van would be several boys in long pants, their hands in their pockets, brows bent. Inferiors, who talked, would catch step with them:

"Say, Rod, are we going to meet anywhere? Are we going to Nigger Hill? Say, you want to look out for Pug Donnelly; he killed a fellow onct"—

But the leaders would ignore this chatter. They would stalk on, occasionally throwing a low, pregnant word one to another, sometimes whistling to show their indifference to the oppressive atmos-



THE CROWD FROM SCHOOL.

phere of war. Gradually the crowd would melt away down the various side-streets and there would remain nothing to indicate that events were afoot and that the afternoon would be different from other tranquil afternoons on the Hill, where the quiet was seldom disturbed except by the carrol of some Irish girl hanging out clothes, or the raucous call of the "old iron" man. But down in cellars and back-yards, boys would be testing slingshots, counting out real bullets and hunting up old boots and villainous-looking hats.

One of the boys kissed his mother with his hand on a blue soldier cap under his coat. As she put back his thick, damp hair, he was "Roderick, so like his father." A little later, with the blue soldier cap stuck on at an angle, he would be: "Rod, who don't care nothin' for the Micks," sending stone after stone into the ranks of the enemy, his heart singing hurt and death.

Wesley was fired by the spirit of the day, vaguely, but tremendously. He hurried along with those of his years at the heels of the crowd from school, very quiet, his eyes large behind his spectacles.

"Rod can throw a rock from Nigger Hill into Bucktown."

"Bet he can't."

"Gee, those Micks would kill you if they caught you."

"Go on; they're afraid. We can lick 'em."

Wesley listened to the talk of his companions, and his young but vigorous imagination framed strange and awful pictures. Fighting the Micks was a serious thing, but it was perfectly natural. It was a part of life; not a part in which his father and mother shared, but something that big boys did. He stood in a sort of awe of the phenomenon as he did of that of Cleveland and Hendricks; something which exercised his father and was apparently a great evil. When Wesley thought of "fighting the Micks" he pictured a square of Micks and a square of the Boys of the Hill, drawn up opposite each other and hurling rocks at each other. That was the way the Rebels and the Boys in Blue looked on the cover of his soldier book. He didn't understand how any came through a battle alive.

Wesley was too young to fight the Micks. He understood that, without being told. But he turned down his street reluctantly. A small boy suggested that they play horses. Wesley declined abruptly, amazed that anyone could set about commonplace afternoon amusements when the Boys of the Hill were about to fight the Micks. Upon reaching home he threw his books on the basement stairs and cried "I'm home!" which might or might not be heard by his mother or the cook. Then he stole out and around the end of the block. For a time he played that he was a sentinel, and patrolled an imaginary post, armed with a long, dry weed-stalk. At regular intervals he cried out "Who goes there?" and brought the stick up to his shoulder like a gun.

Right over beyond those houses in the next street and on the other side of the gully back of them was Nigger Hill, where hostilities might already have commenced. It was this thought which possessed Wesley's brain more and more, and finally the thought started him off in

that direction, with his stick over his shoulder; across the back lots to the next street, through the yard of a vacant house and into the gully, beyond which lay Nigger Hill. The gully was a spot that he rarely visited and there he felt that home was a long way off, but he gripped the weed-stalk more firmly and slid down the muddy steep, pretending that he was a spy. Suddenly he observed a small figure playing in a puddle of water at the bottom of the gully. It had bare feet, ragged pants much too large, and a checked gingham shirt that had become disconnected with the trousers in the back. It was a small Mick—smaller even than Wesley. He checked his advance.

"You are my pris'ner," he cried.

The small Mick looked up. "Oh, g'wan," he said.

"Our fellows can lick your fellows," cried Wesley. He spoke as one camp-follower to another.

"Aw, our fellers will fix you rich bugs, all right. They all got pistols."

"They have?"

"Sure."

Wesley's eyes got very big and he gaped at the small Mick, who had resumed his occupation in the puddle. The idea of pistols was terrifying to Wesley. He knew that fighting the Micks was a real and serious thing, but it wasn't sure-enough for pistols. Only robbers and drunken men had pistols. He started back up the gully, turning instinctively from the direction in which such horrors were possible. But before he had reached the summit he became vividly conscious of the perils to which Rod and the Boys of the Hill were ignorantly subjecting themselves. No one at school had spoken of pistols. He was certain that the Micks had not been suspected of such villainy. He started along the edge of the gully at first with uncertain feet, then hurriedly. When he had gotten beyond sight of the small Mick, he plunged down the hill, splashed through the muddy rivulet at the bottom and climbed the further side He was going to warn Rod.

From the top of the gully Wesley could look over on Nigger Hill, a bald clayey promontory, below which the ground sloped away toward Bucktown, the abode of the Micks. On the hilltop Wesley made out the forms of the Hill boys, a cluster of them near the edge, others stringing out from a small wood further back. Occasionally one of them, with a great contortion, would hurl a stone toward the thin stream of figures which was issuing over lesser hills from Bucktown.

The sight of the field of battle gave Wesley a peculiar thrill in the region of the stomach. He looked from the Micks to the hill, and from the hill to the Micks, fascinated. Then the thought that each of those Micks possessed a pistol and was going to kill Rod and the Hill boys—might do it at any moment—was borne in on him sharply.

A shout came from the hill, followed by a faint cheer from the approaching Micks, some of whom were now running. This determined Wesley. With a little



"OH, G'WAN."

noise which was half a gulp and half a cheer, he dashed down the long slope which lay between him and the side of Nigger Hill. His path took him out of sight of the Micks, but he could see the Hill boys above him, some of them running to and fro, some firing their sling shots and some rolling down bowlders which made a terrible crashing and sent Wesley's legs going the faster. A slender path wound along the side of the hill, and it was up this path that Wesley toiled, his hands pressing on his knees, his breath coming in short gasps. He could see the Micks now; they were swinging around to the side of the hill in the direction of the route he had taken from the gully. One of them was brandishing a hatchet. Occasionally a Hill boy rushed to the edge and hurled a stone toward the ranks below; there were yells close at hand and far away shouts; lines of stones flew upwards and disappeared over the hill. Wesley climbed on in a kind of dream, wondering when the square formations of his imagination would form; wondering when the Micks would begin to shoot; thinking that the back sides of his legs were very sore; feeling it impossible that he, Wesley, could really be in the great battle. . . . . .

He reached the top. There was a group of big boys just ahead of him, sheltered by a large rock. One of them was Rod in his soldier hat. They were dividing supplies of bullets.

"Hey," panted Wesley, "you want to look out! The Micks ha' got—"

A stone, partly spent, came up over the edge of the hill and struck Wesley on the side of the head, and he went down in a little heap.

When Wesley opened his eyes he thought he was in his bed at home, until he saw a green lattice in front of him, and then he knew that something had happened. Suddenly his mother enveloped him and he felt her warm tears on his cheeks. He noticed that her hair was done up in little papers. It was funny to see her out of doors that way. His eyes wandered beyond to Roderick's face, white and troubled. He saw Roderick's mother and Dr. Rogers, who was Monty Thompson's doctor, but not his.

A man's voice was saying: "Well, this will be the last of this fighting business. I thought you boys knew better. A dozen of you might have been killed. Suppose that stone had killed little Wesley."

"We thought he was dead," said a boy's voice.

"Promise me, Roderick, that you will never do anything of this sort again. You can't know how it hurts me to think of you fighting."

Wesley observed Roderick, the soldier cap pushed back on his head, turn from his mother's arm with a frown. His eyes rested again upon the soldier cap, and suddenly he started up.

"I wanted to tell Roderick! I wanted to tell Roderick," he began, but his mother bent over him again, and then everything seemed to Wesley to recede to a great distance and darkness rushed in at the sides.

Wesley went back to school at the end of a week, peaked and thin-looking. He dreaded going back, for he realized that somehow he had been the cause of trouble to the big boys. He wanted to explain why he had gone to Nigger Hill and right himself in their eyes, but he did not know how to go about it. So at recess he wandered about uneasily. At first he had been surrounded by small boys eager to feel his bump and question him. But shortly he had been abandoned because they were playing a new kind of game that had become popular in his absence.

When the bell rang he started for the entrance, and suddenly Roderick and another big boy hung over him.

"Say, King, you little fool, what did you come over to Nigger Hill for, anyway?" asked Roderick, glowering down at him. Wesley's heart began to thump. "You hadn't any business over there. You made us lose the fight and now we can't fight any more, all because of you."

"I didn't mean to do it," choked Wesley. "I only went over to tell you the Micks all had pistols. I didn't think—think you knew about that."

"Who told you they had pistols?"

"A little Mick."

"A Mick? Aw, rats! They always say that."

A moment later the monitor called sharply: "Come, King, get into your line."

In the Court of Unwritten Law

By Elizabeth Vore



THE incessant, hacking cough smote upon Ralph Wynn's ears like the knell of doom. He laid down his brush and for an instant bowed his head in his hands.

The finishing of the picture meant bread and butter for them, and medicine for Bessie; yet he felt that for the time work was no longer possible.

No sound broke the silence of the room save the hard, pitiful coughing. The man sitting with bowed head did not move; a tear trickled slowly through his fingers.

Failure was written all over him. Its impress was everywhere visible in the shabby, commonplace room, stamped with uncompromising poverty—poverty robbed of all romance—unlovely and comfortless.

Wynn arose and went over to the figure in the great chair by the window. From the day she had become his wife they had been all in all to each other.

Through all the failure, hardships and privation she had never lost faith nor pride in him. Before her long illness her courage never flagged, her bright, happy spirit had cheered and encouraged him when his own courage failed. She had laughed in the face of poverty and defied it. She had worked and contrived, and mended and patched, making a joke of it all, bravely denying her beauty-loving nature of everything that was its rightful heritage—for love of him.

But since her illness of months she had become like a child, easily grieved, and wanting many things which it was the torture of Wynn's life that he could not get for her.

Yesterday, when a prospective customer came to look at a picture—a lady exquisitely gowned in dainty summer costume—her eyes had followed her wistfully; and when she finally left, Wynn had found her crying.

"If I could have a pretty gown like that once, Ralph—only once, before I die," she sobbed with her head on his shoulder. "I am silly—and—wicked, when you work so hard, but I want dainty things and soft colors. I know you can't understand—a man can't know how much these things mean to a woman."

But Ralph Wynn did know. The artist comprehended fully, where the man might not have understood, and he set his teeth as he tried to comfort her, while conscious of the hardest pang his heart yet had known.

He stood now, looking down silently at the white face on the pillow; his own was set with pain. Her eyes were closed; there were great dark circles around them, and the sweet mouth had a drawn look that hurt him cruelly.

Never for a moment had he been willing to face the worst, but now, as he stood looking down at her, the conviction that she was slipping away from him took hold of him forcibly and would not be downed. In his man's heart he cursed all things; fate, destiny, the careless, uncaring world, heartless humanity—almost his Maker. Back in his innermost soul still remained some shadow of faith in an all-wise Ruler, some remnant of the beliefs his mother had taught him in childhood.

It was due to this partly—and partly to certain elemental principles which had been his birthright that in all the poverty and adversity and failure of his life, his feet had kept in the highway of honor—and starvation.

The sleeper awakened from the brief sleep which had been the result of exhaustion. Wynn bent and kissed her.

"You are better, little girl?" he asked, with a slight break in his voice.

The tears came slowly into her big, wistful eyes.

"I shall never be better here, Ralph; I am too tired—tired of everything." She looked up at him beseechingly, and began to sob, her small, wasted hands clasped spasmodically.

He sat down beside her and pushed her

soft, bright hair back from her forehead, soothing her as he would have soothed a child. He would sell the picture tomorrow, he told her, and she should have something nice—some wine and fruit, at least. Was not that something to look forward to?

"I dreamed you sold it for a hundred dollars, Ralph—a hundred—dollars! and you bought me the loveliest things—like we have talked about buying when our ship comes in—you know what they are."

"Of course," he said bravely, with his hands clenched until the nails pierced the flesh—"the dainty shoes, for the dainty little feet, the silk stockings—"

"And the blue gown, Ralph, with the soft lace and fluffy ruffles—" She raised herself upon her elbow, her lips parting in an eager smile—but a spasm of coughing seized her and she fell back choking.

"I dreamed it, Ralph," she cried with a piteous sob, "and dreams never come true."

"This one will, my darling," said Wynn hoarsely. "I can promise you that this dream is going to come true. Now try and sleep again, sweetheart."

The next day Wynn finished the picture and took it to the dealer.

"Call again tomorroow," said the dealer. "I cannot examine the picture today; we are unusually busy."

Wynn left with a heavy heart. He had just a dollar—every cent he possessed, but there was no help for it. The next day when he called the dealer said abruptly:

"I am very sorry about your last picture, Mr. Wynn, but really it is not what we expected—not up to your usual standard. Sorry, but we can't handle it."

Wynn's face had grown white.

"At least permit me to leave it," he said, huskily, "it might find a customer who would give something for it."

"Oh certainly, you are welcome to leave it," said the dealer, brusquely.

"What the devil's got into this man lately that he can't do good work? Looks as if he had been drinking," he muttered as Wynn left the store, walking unsteadily.

. . . . . .

The hour was midnight; the streets were deserted. At the rear of Martin & Martin's great department store something was going on. A man stood at the rear entrance. A "click, click"—the sound of steel! Quietly, with screwdriver and chisel, the man was removing the lock. A moment later it was in his hand.

He pushed the door open and entered the store, closing the door softly after him. Guided by the light of a dark lantern, he went from department to department. Here and there he stopped at a counter and took from it some garment which he placed in a sack.

Finally he turned back. On his way toward the door he stopped at the cashier's office—but drew back hastily.

"My God!" he groaned, "not that—I can't do it!"

He passed on slowly, but halted, turned about and hastily retraced his steps. There was no faltering now. His face as the light of the dark lantern for an instant illumined it, held the agony of a lifetime. With the help of the tools he carried, it was the work of a few minutes to break open the drawer From its full coffers he took two gold pieces—and left the rest.

The sun was high when Ralph Wynn stole quietly from his bed, with an anxious glance at his sleeping wife, and began preparing the breakfast. When the sick woman awakened the room was filled with the odor of broiling steak and coffee. She turned her eyes toward Wynn who was arranging her breakfast on a tray.

"Ralph!" she cried, eagerly, "did you get the money for your picture?"

"Doesn't it look like it, little girl?" said Wynn, bringing the tray to her bed. "Here's a breakfast for a princess."

She sat up suddenly, a rush of color stained her white, pinched little face, her eyes were shining like stars. She pointed a shaking finger toward the foot of the bed.

"Ralph!" she gasped in unbelieving joy. There was an answering smile on Wynn's face. His eyes held a strange light.

Across a chair was thrown a dainty blue tea gown, exquisite with its soft fall of lace and ruffles, a smart, frilled petticoat was beside it, several pairs of silken hose, and pretty slippers, lace and rib-

bons, and all the dainty lingerie dear to a woman's heart.

"Oh—Ralph—dear, Ralph!" Her hands were trembling, the tears rolled down her face—all her starved, beauty-loving, woman's heart was in her shining eyes.

"It's worth the price," Wynn muttered under his breath. The day before her physician had told him she could not live.

Looking at her now, with the soft color trembling in her cheeks and the light of happiness in her eyes, hope grew strong in him. Doctors were not infallible—surely she was much better; he had not seen her so well for many weeks.

He told her so, as he sat down on the side of the bed and made her eat the breakfast he had brought her.

"You have not looked so well in months, little girl," he said. "You are going to get well now. Eat every mouthful of this and then we will rig you out like a princess."

When she had finished her breakfast he lifted her into a chair, and gathering the treasure-trove of finery in his arms, piled it up in her lap. Kneeling down by her, he took her slender, bare foot in his hand—how wasted and thin it was! Suddenly he bent down and kissed it to hide his tears. A moment later he lifted his head, smiling up at her, and catching one of the silk stockings, gaily began drawing it over her foot. He held up a little shoe on his two fingers and laughed tenderly.

"It is about big enough for a doll," he said, unsteadily.

Afterward he helped her don the pretty, clinging gown, and tied a bow of blue ribbon deftly for her hair—the skillful artist fingers that arranged it did not tremble—this man was no coward.

All day she was much better. Never since the early days of their married life had Wynn seen her so happy. A new strength seemed to have come to her. She sang little snatches of song, and talked happily of the bright days in store for them, when Ralph should sell more pictures—he was going to be great, and all their trouble was over.

Wynn did not attempt to work. He devoted himself to her, talking to her gaily of his plan to take her to the country at once, where she was certain to get well and strong.

The next day she was still better, and Wynn's heart beat high with hope. But when evening came she drooped, a strange weakness seized her, and she could not get her breath.

Wynn was rent with agony. He sent for the physician, who came and administered a restorative.

"It is all I can do," he said. "Send for me if she should grow worse."

Wynn thought she grew better. He lifted the fragile, blue-robed figure in his arms and walked with her back and forth across the room.

"Ralph," she said gently, "I have been very selfish since I have been ill. I have not been brave." It was the real woman, the strong, true spirit, come back at this moment—it should have warned Wynn of the truth, but it did not; he thought her easier and believed she would be stronger in the morning.

"She had been all that was unselfish and brave," he told her. "She had been his life and inspiration—all in all to him."

"Dear," she said, "I am so glad I married a gentleman. It is the greatest comfort of my life to know that in all the struggle, the poverty and discouragement my husband has been a man of principle—that no stain of dishonor has ever touched him."

Wynn's jaw was set like a vise, his face was ghastly.

"You are breathing hard, dearest; am I too heavy?" she questioned.

He told her he could carry her and not feel it if she were twice her weight. Bending his head, he touched her bright hair with his lips.

"Dear," she said timidly, after a moment of silence. "I have been afraid sometimes that you—missed—children, that you felt life incomplete because they were denied us."

"Never," he told her; "he had never wanted anyone but her, neither on earth nor in heaven."

She breathed a long sigh of deep content, and presently slept with her head pillowed on his shoulder.

Wynn kept up his tireless walking back

and forth, fearful of awakening her, but at last she slept so long he became frightened, and laid her upon the couch, placing his hand upon her heart.

It was beating, and with a sigh of relief he knelt beside her and bowed his head in his hands.

"Lord God Almighty!" he groaned, "I don't ask for mercy—I don't want it. I am willing to take my punishment—but not this! Spare her to me—spare her!"

For an hour while she slept he knelt there, battling with his agony. The door bell rang, but he did not hear it. The landlady was talking with two men in the hall.

"This is the room," she said.

The door was slightly ajar, and a man wearing a uniform pushed it open and entered. He was followed by his companion, a man in citizen's dress.

Startled by their entrance, Wynn arose hastily and confronted them. His face went white.

"I am an officer," said the man in uniform, quietly. "A robbery has been committed at the firm of Martin & Martin's. The clue has led us here. I am compelled to arrest—"

Wynn had stood as if turned to stone. He glanced with the agony of desperation at his sleeping wife. Something in her still face sent a flood of wild terror to his heart.

A bitter cry broke from his lips. Even in that first moment he knew that she was dead, and knew naught beside. In an instant he had her in his arms, uttering passionate, heart-broken words of tenderness and love, raining tears and kisses upon her unconscious face in an abandon of wild despair.

"She is dead!" he cried, staggering to his feet. "My wife—my darling—she is dead!" He drew in his breath with a deep, shuddering sob. "My little Bessie—dead!"

"It is very distressing," said the officer in embarrassment, "and I am sorry, sir, to be compelled—"

The man in citizen's garb stepped forward and said quietly:

"There is some mistake here. I know this man, slightly. I distinctly remember him coming into our store a few days ago to purchase that blue dress and some other things for his wife." He handed Wynn his card. "If I can be of any service to you, this is my address. I regret that we have intruded in this unhappy manner upon your grief." With these words he turned and left Wynn staring dumbly after him. With a muttered apology, the officer followed him.

As Martin, of Martin & Martin's, turned his steps homeward he muttered to himself:

"Poor devil! It was hard lines for him. I could not make it rougher."

And in the room he had just left a man knelt with his head on a woman's pulseless breast.

The Filipino Drama

By Aldice Gould Eames

IF the English-speaking resident of Manila suffers from a drama famine, his little brown brother does not. The unfettered child of nature has his emotional needs as abundantly catered to by the native playwrights as his bodily necessities are by bounteous nature. Life is one unceasing round of theatrical surfeit for the Filipino, interfered with only by the unreasonable exactions of cruel taskmasters. To the uninitiated foreigner, even to him who understands a good bit of the Tagalog tongue, the Filipino drama is usually something interminable and insufferably boresome; but to the furtive eyed little Malay it is the ever new, yet oft-told tale of virtue, heroism, patriotism and true love, triumphant after multitudinous vicissitudes, and tyranny, oppression, treason, avarice and lust overthrown with spectacular accessories. If American theatrical managers could stage plays which would be such successes—as measured by attendance and enthusiasm —as the ordinary clap-trap that crowds the native bamboo playhouses nightly, life would be one golden harvest-home and Manila the El Dorado of the playwright.

It is well in Manila to keep enough servants so that they can attend the theatre in relays, thus ensuring having at least a portion of the domestic staff in attendance at home. It is as futile to attempt to keep the common, or house *muchacho* and the ordinary, or barnyard *cochero* from running off to the show in the nearest theatre as it would be to seek to repress the ebullient patriotism of the American small boy on the eve of July 4, or to quench the ardor of the college freshman in the event of his class crew winning the boat race at Poughkeepsie or New London. It is not always a solvable financial problem with the working native, how he is to secure funds to allay the cupidity of his *lavandera,* or washerwoman, but when it comes to the question of the wherewith to buy the necessary *billetes* to enter the enchanted temple of the histrionic muse the future has an entirely optimistic, aye, benignant aspect. If a loan of one or two pesos, strictly returnable on pay day—*O, si, Senor, seguro*— cannot be negotiated with a benevolent master, that master is more than likely to leave certain shirt-studs or sleeve links lying about, and what rich *Americano* would ever miss such trinkets? Besides, in all probability, his Chinese laundryman took them, or thieves entered while Tomas was at market. Who would suspect dull-witted, sober-sided Tomas of larceny?

"Independencia" is the keynote of these dramas, these bombastic phenomena that are so irresistible to the native Filipino, from cock-fighting, betel-chewing grandsire down to cigarette-smoking, penny-pitching urchin. Sedition is the simplest form of speech that infant lips can try— in the Philippines. If the population of the planet consisted of three Filipinos, two of them would plot an insurrection against the government, and their revolution would come to naught because of the leaders conspiring against each other. Thus the native mind is a rich culture bed for the propogation of sedition germs, which are scattered broadcast from the stage of the Tagalog theatre. There is no simon pure *ignis fatuus* but *Independencia,* and the author-manager-hero of the native play is its prophet

The drama is the form of literary effort that appeals to the least civilized mind most forcibly, because it can be seen, heard and understood with the minimum of mental exertion. The bulk of the natives of the islands were converted to Christianity by means of miracle plays, written and enacted by the early priests. Right now an ordinary troupe of barnstorming Filipinos could arouse the natives of a locality to a pitch of patriotic frenzy where they would arise and drive the haughty American invader out of the islands—if the police would let them. Some of these seditious dramas are not

seditious or political at all—to read. They are merely allegorical presentations of some moral lesson, spun out to everlasting length, and with a small army of characters who stroll on and off the stage and deliver the most amazing harangues, as frequently as not with the assistance of the prompter, go through their "business" in the stiffest and most stereotyped fashion, raise their voices to an unnatural pitch, and frequently all jabber at once. If examined carefully, however, it will be seen that there is a double meaning to everything, which in many cases is most artfully hidden. The heavy villain of the play represents the American government, and it is in that character that the elated audience views him. His allies, the lesser villains, are the United States army and certain renegade Filipinos, who typify the scouts and constabulary, who, as upholders of the established order of things, are, in the minds of their countrymen, traitors to and oppressors of their people. The beautiful, chaste and persecuted heroine, of course, is the Philippine people, who in the end is united with her valiant and often vanquished lover, her faithful champion, who is, naturally, the revolutionary or insurgent army. It may seem very small business for the government to ferret out such things and suppress them, but it is an honest fact that if these plays were allowed to go unchecked, two-thirds of the native population of the provinces about Manila would be in a state of unrest which would incapacitate them for any useful work, every fifth servant, driver, street car conductor or motorman would have a general's commission, and nearly all the native clerks in government employ would be revolutionary cabinet ministers, and in a short time the organization, which would go under some such name as "The Supreme Tagalog Republic," while it never would be able to make any headway towards independence, would be in a condition to support innumerable bands of outlaws in the mountains, who would levy taxes on the villagers, collect the taxes and compel all native town officials to swear fealty to the revolutionary government just as solemnly as they have to do to the present Philippine (or American) government. It can thus be seen what a powerful emotional force the political agitators are able to set in motion if the authorities become lax. It is the hidden sinister allegorical invective against the established order of things that appeals to the mercurial native audience and frequently brings it to its feet, shouting, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs, when there is nothing in the libretto to suggest even a ripple.

It was noised about throughout Ermita, Malate and neighboring districts of Manila, one Saturday evening, some years ago, that under the title *Kailanman Aco'y Buhay* (When I Am Still Alive) the notorious insurrecto play *Hindi Aco Patay* (I Am Not Dead) would be reproduced surreptitiously at La Teatro Nacional in Singalong. Our three houseboys and four stableboys "put in" for leave of absence that night as soon as their masters were home from their offices, and just as an experiment we granted all their requests and took in the show ourselves. The big, barnlike theatre was crowded with Filipinos of all degrees, all ages, men and women, in all their finery, and the cigarette, soda water and sweatmeat dealers did a thriving business. The police and constabulary and the secret services of both those bodies were there, all in plain dress, and many Americans attended the play in prospect of a raid and perhaps a fight. The hero, a young insurgent officer, is killed by soldiers hired by the evil genius of the play, in order that the evil genius may get the hero's sweetheart. The soldiers, by the way, wore uniforms like those of the old Spanish Guardia Civil; there was not a Katipunan, or insurgent, flag on the stage, or anything that would indicate the existence of an American government. The maid attempts to stab herself by her lover's bier to avoid being forced into a loveless marriage, when he jumps up and seizes her arm, shouting, "What? While I am still alive?" Then they arrange a plot by which she consents to the marriage, but during the ceremony, which the evil genius stupidly allows to have performed beside the bier, the hero jumps up and kills him, and the evil genius' troops are scattered by the hero's comrades. It seemed to us extremely melo-dramatic, but nothing worse. A Filipino detective, who had been an officer's servant in the old

days and had chased insurgents and ladrones with some of us over the Cavite mountains, was sitting in the box with us and remarked:

"That is awfully seditious. I don't see why they don't raid the house."

"What is there seditious about it?" we asked. "It seems to be nothing but the story of the old days, resistance to Spanish authority, and not very highly colored at that."

"Those Spanish uniforms," he said, "are merely a blind. That battle scene represents the final defeat and expulsion of the American forces. Every Filipino in the house recognizes it as such."

"How do you know it?" we asked.

"Because I am a Filipino, and I see it as Filipinos see it. Yet I am a friend of the government. The government pays me good money, and I have no desire to see it overthrown. How much more must all these Filipinos see it as a slap at the government who are not in government employ and who are known, at least many of them, to have no friendship for the American regime?"

Not all these plays are so carefully veiled. The infamous *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas* (Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow) came to grief at La Teatro Libertad by allowing its spirit of antipathy to all things American run away with it. In this play, "Yesterday" represents the Spanish regime, which is terminated by the fall of Manila, the hauling down of the Spanish colors and the hoisting of the American flag. "Today" typifies the islands under American sway. In both "Yesterday" and "Today" the Filipinos are represented as suffering great indignities at the hands of their conquerors. At the end of the second act the American flag is hauled down, after a siege and battle in which the Americans are defeated by the Filipino army, and the republic is proclaimed. The replacing of of the Stars and Stripes by the well-known insurgent emblem, with accompanying indignities, galled the Americans in Manila, so that "Freedom" that afternoon commented editorially on the play, and warned the government that, if it did not suppress such outrages, there was danger that some of the Americans would, and by no gentle means. That night about a score of Americans attended La Teatro Libertad. They were mostly hard-working young fellows, in the humbler walks. During the first entr'act a number of Spaniards gathered at the door and discussed excitedly the outrage to their national banner. Some of them were for making a demonstration, but the Americans advised them to be calm, saying, "Wait until they touch the American flag and you will see doings."

At the end of the next act the time came for Old Glory to be hauled down. Down it came and, in order to make the victory of the Filipino people more realistic, the *hombre* who hauled on the halyards set his vandal brown foot on the sacred bunting. Simultaneously, twenty vengeful Americans, their faces set with grim purpose, arose as one man, started for the stage and leaped up over the footlights. The heavy tragedians scattered and fluttered like a flock of hens, as the storm broke upon them in wrath. The leading light who had set foot on the flag was impelled by a sturdier foot, head first into the audience, which now began to betake itself to the street as if fleeing from the day of doom. The properties of the play were reduced to convenient size for souvenirs. The stage was an elevated one and a long flight of stairs gave exit at the rear. A figure of the grim god Bathala, which had uttered oracles at convenient intervals during the play, was hurled down this flight, and at the bottom it broke open and out popped one of the actors, who had furnished the voice for the oracle.

This episode rather discouraged the presentation of *Kahapon, Ngayom at Bukas* in Manila, but occasionally a drama of rare audacity is put on the stage in some provincial town and the authorities have to take measures to interfere and stop it.

The Uninvited Masker

By Fred Lockley



IT was the night of B Company's masquerade ball. The armory was in gala attire.

From an open window in the rear of the armory a broad band of light fell across the alley, making the darkness on each side seem deeper in contrast.

For an instant a man's crouching figure was visible in the light. He glanced over his shoulder, caught sight of the distorted shadow which caricatured his movements on the high board fence and started nervously. Crouching lower, he quickened his pace and was swallowed up by the darkness. Pausing, in the deepest shadows, he warily glanced about him. The sound of footsteps of some homeward-bound pedestrian caused him to shrink closer to the weather-worn boards and made him realize how desperate a hunted animal feels. If he could but rid himself of his uniform with the conspicuous stripes there might be a chance of escape.

From the open window above floated the sweet strains of a soft and dreamy waltz. A succession of rythmically moving couples glided past the open window. For an instant they were silhouetted against the evergreen and flag-draped background, then glided out of his range of vision. Two masked figures appeared at the window. He heard the murmur of their voices and laughter as they engaged in a playful scuffle. One of the figures succeeded in unmasking his companion and, taking the mask, threw it far out into the darkness. He watched its erratic, downward flight and, going to where it had fallen, he picked it up and examined it. As he turned it over idly in his fingers a thought flashed into his mind. Its very audacity made him gasp. Yet, though it seemed the height of recklessness, was it not after all the safest plan? Where would the prison guards be most apt to search for him? Certainly the masked ball would be the least likely place. He put on the mask, pulled his prison cap well down and boldly walked out, his heart beating like a trip-hammer. Resisting the impulse to shrink into the shadow at the sharp glance of a passerby, he walked to the front of the armory, ascended the broad stone steps and entered the brilliantly lighted drill room. Assuming as careless and leisurely an air as possible, he walked the length of the hall and took a seat on a bench back of a brightly polished cannon. The well-waxed floor reflected on its polished surface the gleaming lights, the evergreens and banners and the long rows of Springfields in their racks. He thought of the time when he could have taken part in the gaiety, but now he was no longer Charles E. Thorpe; he was a mere number. He felt ill at ease and out of place as he watched the gay scene. But when his gaze rested on Old Glory, whose graceful silken folds were draped above the captured Spanish cannon, he forgot for a moment that he was a convict. That was his flag. On many a weary march in Luzon the sight of that flag had quickened his pulse and cheered him. In many a sharp and bloody skirmish he had done his share to win honor for that flag.

Clowns and fairies, Indians in all their bravery, Colonial dames and courtly squires were laughing and chatting as they passed and repassed.

A nun passing, paused at sight of him, looked at him intently, and said as she took the vacant place beside him, "I have found you at last. And I have been looking everywhere for you, too. How did you manage to get the uniform? I had no idea you would be able to get it."

"I am afraid you have mistaken me for someone else," Thorpe said in a low voice.

At sound of his voice the nun arose. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I mistook you for a friend who was trying to procure from the superintendent of the penitentiary a convict's uniform for tonight's

masquerade. Though his sister told me he had been unsuccessful, I thought when I saw your uniform that it was he."

Thorpe rose and with a bow said, "Your mistake was not unnatural. Unfortunately, I am not masquerading. I am an escaped convict. Pardon me. I did not mean to startle you. If you can withdraw quietly, so as not to attract attention to me, I will be very grateful. I will not ask you not to betray me. Do what you think best; neither do I blame you for shrinking from me. My only excuse for intruding here is that I hope to throw the prison guards who are searching for me off the track."

The nun made a movement as though to go; then pausing, said, "Someone may have noticed that I seemed startled, and if I leave abruptly it may attract attention to you; so I will wait a moment or two before leaving. As for my betraying your presence, do you suppose I would give a hare, that took refuge with me, to the hounds that were pursuing it? Do you suppose I would betray your trust in me?"

"I know you wouldn't," answered Thorpe warmly, "and with all my heart I thank you for your thoughtfulness and kindness."

The nun stood there, tapping her toe nervously upon the floor. When the silence was becoming embarrassing, she asked, "Will they be apt to look for you here? It seems to me that if I were in your place, and you in mine, I would ask you to help me."

"They may trace me here. I don't know. Of course, I am very anxious to escape, but I do not intend to ask of you what you would very probably and properly refuse; then, too, I do not wish to trespass further upon your kindness by involving you in my escape," said Thorpe.

"I do not profess to be a mind reader," said the nun, "but I can tell by your accent that you are a Southerner and by your voice that you are a cultured and educated man, and by your actions that you are a gentleman. Kindly tell me by what name I may address you for the next few hours. I may have to introduce or address you in the presence of others. You may call me Sister Dolorosa."

"My name is Charles Edward Thorpe. I am serving a five-year sentence for assault with intent to kill—but why do you say for the next few hours?" asked Thorpe in a low, tense voice.

Sister Dolorosa leaned forward eagerly and said, "Are you the Thorpe who shot Judge Hall?"

"Yes, and I would do it again," responded Thorpe.

Sister Dolorosa stepped quickly forward and sat down beside him.

"I would have done just as you did. I remember reading about it in the newspapers at the time of your trial. The name is that of an old friend of our family. You are going to escape, Mr. Thorpe, and I am going to do all in my power to help you to do so. Tell me what your plans are, but tell me first how you escaped."

"Workmen were making repairs on the west wing of the penitentiary not far from where my cell is located," said Thorpe. "I gained the roof by means of the air shaft. Some trusties were helping the workmen with the heavier work. I succeeded in going down the ladder without exciting suspicion. Going to one of the wheelbarrows which belongs to the prison stables, I started down the gravel path with it toward the stable, which is outside of the main enclosure. When I had wheeled it to the side gate in the iron fence, the guard on duty in the tower on the wall applied the air pressure and the gate slid open. I walked to the stable with the wheelbarrow. Two trusties were just driving away in a farm wagon. I hailed them and said that the prison farmer had told me to go with them. Convicts learn to take orders without question, and though they seemed surprised that a third man should be sent with them, they made no comment. As we drove through the orchard I dropped out of the wagon and crept away.

"I hid under a culvert. I knew I would not be missed until the prisoners were assembled at supper time. Under cover of darkness I gained the mill race and, putting my clothes on a plank, I floated down stream half a mile or more until I gained the shelter of a bridge. There I dressed, and by taking advantage of alleys and unlighted back yards, I made my way this far toward the freight depot, thinking I might get out of town on a passing freight train. Knowing that I would be

immediately recaptured if my prison uniform should be seen, I came in here, hoping to be able to secrete myself and secure a militia uniform when every one had gone. That would give me a fighting chance."

"Why did you float down the mill race?" asked Sister Dolorosa.

"So that the bloodhounds wouldn't catch my scent," Thorpe answered.

"Bloodhounds!" exclaimed Sister Dolorosa, incredulously.

"Yes, that is the greatest danger to an escaped prisoner," responded Thorpe.

"And if you are tracked by the bloodhounds and captured?" she asked.

"The usual punishment, I presume," responded Thorpe with a shrug.

"Which is?" she asked.

"To be strung up, flogged and put in the dark cell on bread and water," answered Thorpe.

"Flogged? How horrible! Well, not if I can help it," said Sister Dolorosa vehemently. "I am a pretty good general, my friends say. Will you leave yourself unreservedly in my hands for the next few hours?"

"Yes," answered Thorpe, "and though I should not escape, the thought of your sympathy and kindness will more than compensate for any punishment they can inflict."

A trimly clad sergeant was passing. "Sergeant Girod," the nun said. The sergeant stopped and touched his cap in salute. "Kindly ask Lieutenant Lyons to step this way. I wish to speak to him."

"With pleasure," the sergeant responded as he hastened away. In a moment Lieutenant Lyons, looking very much pleased, stood before them.

"You sent for me?" he enquired.

"Yes, lieutenant. I have availed myself of a woman's prerogative and changed my mind. You may have the last number on my programme." Sister Dolorosa handed him her programme for his signature. A gratified smile lit up the lieutenant's handsome face, and he bowed so low that his sword scabbard clanked upon the polished floor.

"I know you are consumed with curiosity to know why I changed my mind, so I will tell you. But first let me ask: are you willing to earn that waltz?"

"Indeed I am. I am yours to command," gallantly responded the lieutenant.

"Thank you. I thought I could depend upon you. Lieutenant Lyons, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Thorpe." The lieutenant gravely acknowledged the introduction.

"Mr. Thorpe and myself had a wager that he could not procure a convict's suit for the masquerade ball. As you can see, he has won the wager. Naturally, he thinks he is entitled to a dance, but, to be candid, his costume is a little too conspicuous. Is it asking too much of you to loan him a military uniform? That will make him a less conspicuous partner."

"I can easily arrange that difficulty," said Lieutenant Lyons. Stepping in front of the cannon, he motioned to a private. "Give Sergeant Girod my compliments, and tell him to report to me at once." The private hurried away in search of Girod.

"Sergeant," said the lieutenant, when Girod reported to him, "is there any member of the company on furlough at present whose uniform would fit this gentleman?"

"Private Sutton is about his height, though a bit heavier, I should judge," said Girod as he eyed Thorpe critically.

"Will you bring Sutton's uniform to the officers' dressing room at once?" said the lieutenant.

"His locker is locked and he has the key, lieutenant," said Girod.

"Do you remember what Corporal Reasoner was fined for at the last company meeting?" the lieutenant enquired.

"For disobedience of orders. He had forgotten his key, so he opened his locker with his bayonet."

"Your memory is excellent, sergeant. You know where to find a bayonet. Have the uniform there as soon as possible."

Girod's eyes twinkled. "The uniform will be there in five minutes."

"You are more than kind, lieutenant, and Mr. Thorpe and I both thank you. And now, if you will show me where your telephone is, you will have earned my thanks as well as the waltz."

Sister Dolorosa motioned to Thorpe and they went with the lieutenant to the officers' reception room. Sister Dolorosa consulted the telephone directory and then asked central for a number. Thorpe and the lieutenant stepped to another part of

the room to examine a photograph of a group of officers. "Is this the penitentiary?" Thorpe heard Sister Dolorosa ask. His heart stopped for an instant and then began beating like a trip-hammer. "This is the freight depot," she said. "We have just captured a convict having the number 4327 stamped upon his uniform. We have locked him in a box car until you can send guards for him. Yes, dark hair and dark eyes. No, I didn't notice the scar on his thumb. What's that? You'll recall the guards who are searching for him. Don't mention it. That's all right; it's one's duty to society to apprehend escaped convicts." Thorpe's face had grown white, but he felt the blood surging back again. The lieutenant was too well-bred to make any comment, but Thorpe noticed him start as he noted the scar on his thumb and saw his eyes traveling over his uniform until he had found the number 4327. Sister Dolorosa hung up the receiver and said, with a smile, "That should give us several hours' leeway."

"If a convict really has escaped, and doesn't happen to be locked in a box car, I would advise him to waste as little time as possible," said the lieutenant dryly.

"It might be just as well to proceed with the change of uniform," admitted Sister Dolorosa. "Not that your remarks have any bearing on the present case, however," she added.

When Thorpe joined Sister Dolorosa a few moments later she could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. The coarse and ill-fitting grey striped suit had been replaced by a neat blue uniform. He had thrown aside his mask, and as she noticed his large, dark and piercing eyes, his finely cut features, his close-clipped hair which curled slightly in spite of its having been cut so short, his prison pallor, she thought it a very striking face. "Never tell me again," she said, "that clothes don't make the man." And her eyes lit up with pleasure at his changed appearance. Not only was there a change of outward appearance, but with a change of clothes there was a change of manner. There was a confident ring in his voice. He was in the good old blue once more and he felt himself a man again.

"Don't forget to claim your waltz, lieutenant."

"No fear of that," answered the lieutenant, as he lifted his cap and withdrew.

"There is one thing that is bothering me," said Sister Dolorosa. "Suppose the bloodhounds should track you to the armory, what will you do with your convict garb? You can't smuggle it away with you; it is too bulky. If they come here, how can I throw them off the track?" She thought a moment and then said, "I have it. It's a rather daring plan, but if they do come it will avert all suspicion."

"At any rate I will have a good start and be rid of my prison uniform and I don't think they will catch me," said Thorpe hopefully.

"Just leave it to me. We are going to come out with flying colors," Sister Dolorosa said gaily. "Take this; you will need it," as she extended her purse toward him.

Thorpe flushed and hesitated. "Do as I say. I am in command," she said imperiously. Thorpe took the purse. "Call a cab and go to the Valley Nursery Company's grounds. From there you had better walk. Take the road that turns to the east, and when you have crossed the bridge stop at the first house on the left-hand side of the road. Give them this note. I have told them that you are a friend of mine, and they will entertain you without question. You will hear from me soon. Now, go and *do* hurry," she said anxiously.

"I can't express my gratitude, so I shall not try," said Thorpe. "May God bless you for what you have done for me." With a handclasp he was gone.

Half an hour later Lieutenant Lyons was searching in vain for Sister Dolorosa. He scanned the dancing couples eagerly while a look of perplexity came over his face. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The convict was dancing with a gauzily-clad fairy. What mystery was this? Why had Thorpe resumed his striped suit? He puzzled over the question and then gave it up to solve the more vexing one of what had become of Sister Dolorosa.

Suddenly a long-drawn, deep-mouthed bay echoed through the hall. A bloodhound dashed through the door. Straight across the floor he took his way to where the convict and the fairy stood motionless. The sound was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that it seemed as though a cold

breath of air had swept over the hall and frozen every figure into immobility. The music stopped with jarring discord. But for the baying bloodhound and the prison guard hurrying across the floor with drawn revolver it might have been an exhibition of statuary. A nervous woman's scream brought the motionless figures to life, and they hurried to where the bloodhound had stopped. It was sniffing eagerly at the convict-garbed figure, but plainly it was dissatisfied. It raised its delicate muzzle to try to catch the scent. Then with nose close to the floor, it ran to the cannon and to the door of the officers' dressing room. The guard covered the mute figure in grey with his revolver. Laying a heavy hand on the convict's shoulder, he said, "The game's up, Thorpe. You made a good run, but you'll have to come back. Come on now, and no theatricals."

"Sir," came in icy tones from beneath the mask, "be so kind as to remove your hand from my shoulder." The guard started back as though he had been shot. The convict-garbed figure tossed the prison cap to the floor, threw aside the mask, and with flashing eyes looked at the guard.

"What is the explanation of your unseemly and insulting behavior, sir? Perhaps you prefer to explain to my friend, Lieutenant Lyons."

The guard stood there, opening and shutting his mouth in ineffectual effort at speech. Lieutenant Lyons was almost as much astonished. Quickly recovering from his amazement, he hurried to Sister Dolorosa's side and said, "If you do not give this lady an ample apology at once, I will have a sergeant and a squad of men escort you from the hall. Do you know, sir, that this lady is the Governor's daughter?" The guard looked from one to the other in speechless amazement.

"Speak, man; are you petrified?" said the lieutenant sharply.

The guard stammered, "I didn't know who it was; that is, you are not the person I thought you were."

"You didn't know who I was," pouted Sister Dolorosa. "Do you offer that as an excuse for threatening me with your revolver and for making my shoulder black and blue? Are you in the habit of hurling bloodhounds at persons of whose identity you are in doubt? Is it a custom of yours to threaten a person with your revolver because you haven't had an introduction?"

"Queen, my bloodhound, picked up the scent of an escaped convict and tracked him here," said the guard desperately, "and Queen has never yet made a mistake."

"Do you mean to say that you prefer to take the evidence of your dog's nose to the evidence of your own eyes? Do I look like an escaped convict? If you are still in doubt, I assure you that I am not. Moreover, We will not further detain you. If your convict is still at large, action will be more effective than explanation. Some of the other searchers may have been more fortunate in selecting escaped convicts. For that matter he may be already caught. You could find out by telephoning."

Still muttering explanations and apologies, the guard followed Lieutenant Lyons to the telephone.

"Well, what did you find out?" asked the nun when he returned.

"He was caught at the depot, the warden says. They have sent a couple of guards after him. I hope you will accept my sincerest apologies for my mortifying mistake, but that is the first time that I ever knew Queen to make a mistake. Would you mind letting me see the number on that uniform? Why, it is cut out!" he cried excitedly, "and it is freshly cut; the edges are not even frayed."

"You seem to have a happy faculty for making startling discoveries," said Sister Dolorosa. "I assure you that I, myself, cut out that number when I procured the uniform. You will pardon me for saying it, but if you are a fair representative of the rest of the prison employes, I am not very much surprised that your prisoners escape."

An angry red mantled the guard's face under this parting shot. With a stiff bow he took his departure, followed by his bloodhound.

"And now, lieutenant, if you will wait until I become a nun again we will have that waltz," she said laughingly.

"If it wasn't so slangy, I would tell you that you are a master hand at bluffing," said Lieutenant Lyons admiringly.

A few days later Thorpe was ushered into the Governor's private office at the

state capital. The Governor motioned him into a chair and made a sign of dismissal to the doorkeeper.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Thorpe, at the instance of my daughter. She wishes me to exercise my prerogative and pardon you. I will tell you frankly, however, that it would be very bad politics to pardon an escaped prisoner. In order, though, to satisfy my daughter, I have summoned you to hear from your own lips what reason you have for expecting me to use executive clemency in your case."

Thorpe's face flushed crimson and then went white. "I had no reasons for expecting you to pardon me. In fact, I did not know why you summoned me here."

"You do not deny your guilt, then?"

"Most certainly not." He paused and added, "Moreover I would do it again."

"Be careful, sir, what you say," cautioned the Governor, "for upon your statements depends your pardon. Did I understand you to say you would do it again?"

Thorpe's eyes slowly rose to the level of the Governor's face. He looked him squarely in the eye and answered, "Yes, sir, I would."

"Well, I must confess that this is rather out of the ordinary," said the Governor. "Here is a prisoner who refuses to sue for pardon and does not deny his guilt. Would you mind refreshing my memory as to the circumstances of your crime and conviction?"

Thorpe looked up quickly at the word crime. "In my state, Virginia, they would not term what I did a crime. I was studying for the bar. My sister was afraid that she would be a burden upon me. Against my better judgment she learned stenography and typewriting. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman's place is in the home, not in the office. She was employed by Judge A. B. Hall. My sister was budding into womanhood. If you ever have seen her you will know I speak only the truth when I say she was a beautiful girl. And, Governor, she was as pure and good as she was beautiful. Judge Hall made a proposal to her that no man may make to a virtuous Southern girl and hope to go unpunished. It nearly broke my sister's heart and I was furious. I went to his office and horsewhipped him. When he drew his revolver I wrested it from him and shot him. Unfortunately, he lived. In my state they would honor a man for defending his sister's virtue and fair name instead of imprisoning him."

"And you are not sorry you did it?" questioned the Governor.

"No; I would hate myself if I had not done so," said Thorpe.

"You may not be aware," said the Governor, "that I, myself, am from Virginia. If you were sorry for what you have done I would let you go back and serve out your full term. I honor your sentiments. Yet you can understand that it would not do for me to pardon you while you remain an escaped prisoner. Go back. Give yourself up. Thanksgiving day is not far distant. When that day arrives you will have something to be thankful for. I have been looking up your antecedents during the past few days. You must be a son of Henry Fairfax Thorpe. You are? I thought as much. Harry Thorpe, your father, was a brother officer of mine from Virginia. Once when I was wounded in a running fight with the Yankees I would have been captured if Harry Thorpe had not put me on his horse and taken his chances afoot. If you have no previous engagement my daughter and myself would be pleased to have you eat your Thanksgiving dinner with us. You will doubtless be interested in the silver cup she will show you. It is the prize which was awarded her at the recent military ball for the best sustained character. It seems that the judges who awarded the prizes supposed that she took the part of a convict during the entire evening. Under the circumstances I think you could rightfully claim a half-interest in that prize."

A Chameleon Trait

By May Myrtle French

He was born with it within him,
And before he shed his bibs
He had gained a reputation
As a teller of big fibs.

And it grew as he grew with it,
Through the stage of holes and darns;
Then his chums all called him "Buster"
'Cause he spun astounding yarns.

When his limbs grew down, and downy
Was the shadow 'neath his nose;
Then again they changed his nickname,
"Liar" was the name they chose.

He became a famous author,
And respect was his forsooth—
When they found him making money
Out of deviated truth.

So again they changed the naming
Of this trait so plain to see;
And they much admire him for his
Novelistic tendency.



KLAMATH RIVER PROJECT.
Ankeny Canal just below its heading.



THE BELLE FOURCHE VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA.

The view shows a small (20-acre) farm which is being profitably farmed. Land is valued at $200.00 per acre, and is similar in quality to that



WHEAT IN SHOCKS ON BRADY RANCH, NEAR DELTA, COLORADO.

This district is embraced in the Uncompahgre Project.



THE "ROOSEVELT" DAM IN ARIZONA.



SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA.

Temporary brush dam being constructed from north to south bank on concrete wing wall of intake of power canal.



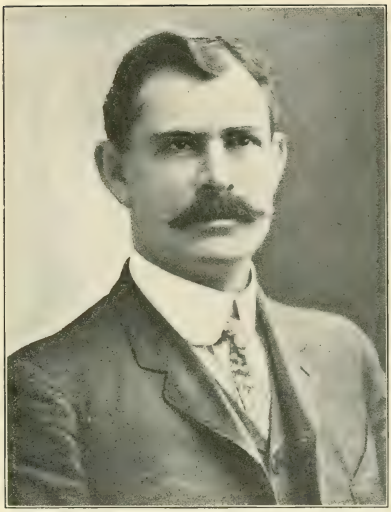
A RANCH NEAR TABLE MOUNTAIN, UMCOMPAHGRE PROJECT.



CANAL, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT, NEVADA, SHOWING CEMENT LINING.



GAGING MONTROSE DITCH, 10 MILES NORTH OF MONTROSE, COLORADO.



MORRIS H. BIEN.

Land and Legal Matters of the Reclamation Service

By Morris H. Bien
Supervising Engineer in Charge of Land and Legal Matters



PUBLIC attention is usually directed to the results of a great work and but little note is taken of the means by which it is accomplished, regardless of the fact that the methods of handling its innumerable phases are really the most important factors in the accomplishment of results.

Among the branches of the Reclamation Service upon which the smoothness of operation and the accomplishment of results largely depend, there are none more important than those of accounting, bookkeeping, land and legal matters.

While everyone will realize upon consideration, that a large part of the work of the Reclamation Service must depend upon law and departmental regulations, yet it has been something of a surprise that such a large proportion of the work of the Reclamation Service, aside from the mere routine, demands the investigation and interpretation of land laws, Federal statutes, state statutes, and the regulations concerning Departmental practice.

The Reclamation Act as passed by Congress is very broad in its terms, leaving to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior the management and determination of interests of great extent and value. There were no precedents to guide the decision of innumerable matters that were forced upon the attention of the officers of the Reclamation Service in the very beginning. The successful development of a system of procedure and of a general policy is the product of an enormous amount of difficult and conscientious work by the engineers of the Reclamation Service.

While the responsible officers of the Reclamation Service worked out and directed these matters, a great debt is due

to many private citizens all over the arid region for helpful suggestions and hearty co-operation.

When it is remembered that during the time the fundamental precedents were being worked out, investigations, surveys and construction were proceeding actively, creating within a period of four years systems of irrigation works ready to deliver water in at least five projects, and in a dozen other systems well advanced toward completion, we realize that here is a striking instance of what human effort, intelligently directed and earnestly applied, can accomplish.

Without going into detail, the Land and Legal Branch may be described as having charge of the important legal problems of the Service, the form and procedure concerning contracts for construction, the dealings with the settlers and water users, the purchase of lands, the minor contracts for the purchase of materials and supplies, and innumerable other matters.

Among the methods of procedure developed, none has required more care than the organization of the water users' association, involving as it does so much of the human element. The adjustment of complicated water rights and other private interests of settlers and property owners, so as to comply with the requirements of the law, has been a difficult and a tedious task; yet it has been successfully accomplished in 18 different communities under widely varying conditions.

The success of this work was much aided by the efforts of the people of the Salt River Valley, Arizona, who formulated the first corporation of this kind, upon plans which are remarkable for the consideration given to the interests of the Government, as well as to those of the settlers and property owners.

One of the principal difficulties to be contended with in organizing and carrying on the work of the Reclamation Service has been the great diversity in the irrigation laws of the various states which in some cases are wholly inadequate for the proper development of irrigation.

This condition was recognized by President Roosevelt in his message of December, 1901, to the Congress which passed the Reclamation Act. The following paragraph quoted from this message laid down the fundamental principles which modern practice proves to be necessary for the formulation of a State Irrigation Code:

"In the arid States the only right to water which should be recognized is that of use. In irrigation, this right should attach to the land reclaimed and be inseparable therefrom.

"Granting perpetual water rights to others than users, without compensation to the public, is open to all the objections which apply to giving away perpetual franchises to the public utilities of cities.

"A few of the Western States have already recognized this and have incorporated in their constitutions the doctrine of perpetual State ownership of water."

In response to urgent requests from commissions appointed by legislative act, and from other public bodies, the Reclamation Service has freely given the benefit of its investigations and experience, and has prepared a general draft of a State irrigation code for discussion and criticism. This form has been adopted without substantial change in North and South Dakota and Oklahoma, while parts of the code have been adopted in several other States.

The code is based upon the modern forms of irrigation legislation which have been worked out and adopted in the States of Wyoming, Idaho, Nebraska and Utah.

A movement for improved legislation is active in several other States, and a modern form of irrigation legislation as outlined by the President and formulated in the Reclamation Act, will probably be adopted by most of the States which are still following the older forms.

If President Roosevelt had accomplished nothing else in this line he would be deserving of great credit for the impetus which he has given to this movement for improved irrigation legislation by the States. It is gratifying to know that the States of Montana and Oregon are now preparing plans to be considered at their next legislative sessions for the improvement of their irrigation laws.

Up to July 1, 1906, large construction contracts have been entered into which involve a total expenditure of about $12,000,000. New contracts for other work are constantly being executed.

Many tracts of land have been purchased for reservoirs and rights of way at a cost of about $200,000, and further contracts for such purchases are pending.

Several canal systems which are to form parts of the Government irrigation system have been purchased. These transactions will involve an expenditure of about $1,000,000, much of which has already been paid.

Besides these canal systems the United States has obtained the control of several important systems without any expenditure of Government funds, by means of agreements to deliver the water to which the canal systems were entitled, through the enlarged systems to be constructed by the United States.

The policy adopted by the Reclamation Service in dealing with private interests has been to avoid interference with them as far as possible and also to carry out all transactions with private parties in a spirit of fair dealing.

The success of the Reclamation Service in making purchases at reasonable prices. has been due to this policy.

Although the Reclamation Act authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to proceed by condemnation for the purchase of property necessary for the work, every effort has been made to avoid proceeding to this extremity.

All important purchases are negotiated by representatives of the Reclamation Service in connection with the Water Users' Association or other local representative body of citizens, and the prices are usually recommended by these bodies for acceptance by the Government.

In this way the local property owners on the project, who will ultimately be required to pay for these properties, have an important part in determining the prices. This accomplishes two essential purposes: First, reasonable prices are obtained, and, second, the parties who are to pay the cost have a voice in determining the prices. This policy has been extraordinarily successful, and numerous purchases have been made at prices satisfactory to the Government, the seller and the parties who are to pay the cost. Hundreds of such purchases have been made at prices which, in many cases, are less than railroad and other corporations are required to pay; and it has thus far been necessary to resort to condemnation proceedings in only one case.

Under the provisions of the Federal Statutes all purchases of materials and supplies must be made after due competition, except in cases of public exigency requiring immediate delivery. In all cases in which continuing payments are made, even such small monthly amounts as telephone service, office rent, hire of teams and animals and the like, formal contracts must be executed. Thousands of these contracts pass through the office of the Reclamation Service every year and the requirements concerning their execution are so much more strict than the prevailing customs in business, that a large amount of correspondence is required to have them put into acceptable form.

The accounting under the Reclamation Act has presented conditions which are unusual in Governmental work. Instead of a mere record of expenditures showing the character of the expense the books must show the purpose of every expenditure, the total cost of each irrigation project and of its principal features, for the act practically makes of the reclamation fund a working capital to be used in irrigation construction and later to be charged against the lands reclaimed and collected from the owners.

It is therefore essentially a commercial enterprise in every phase of its bookkeeping, except as to the one element of profit, which is not included, as the law provides for charging only the actual cost of construction.

During the four years of operations under the act the number of vouchers recorded is approximately 51,000, amounting to something over $14,000,000. Many of these vouchers have been chargeable to more than one project and the total number of original entries is about 20 per cent more than the number of vouchers. These charges have been analyzed into classes according to the nature and the purpose of the expenditure, as a part of the necessary work of cost-keeping, so that the entire number of postings is in excess of 250,000. Accuracy is secured by comparison of the books in the general office at Washington with the records of the Treasury Department and with those kept on the several projects in the field.



F. H. NEWELL, CHIEF ENGINEER U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE.

Water Users' Association

By F. H. Newell
Chief Engineer, United States Reclamation Service



HE question is frequently asked, What is a water users' association, and what is the necessity of its organization in connection with the operations of the Reclamation Act? The answer is simple; it is merely necessary to refer to the Reclamation Act and consider for a moment what are the effects of the various requirements.

This act sets aside the proceeds from the disposal of public lands as a fund. This money, derived from the disposal of lands in thirteen states and three territories, goes into the treasury and forms part of the revenues of the government. It does not belong to any state or territory, but is just as much a part of the Federal funds as are the receipts from customs or from direct or indirect taxation.

In spending this Federal appropriation, however, there are certain restrictons put upon it as to the way in which it should be distributed; and it is declared the duty of the Secretary of the Interior, as far as the same may be practicable, to expend the major portion of the funds within the limits of the state or territory where the lands that have been sold were located. The money is spent in the survey, examination, construction and operation of irrigation works, and these works are to be paid for by the owners of the lands benefited. When the payments required by the act are made for the major portion of the lands irrigated, then the management and operation of the irrigation works pass to the owners of the lands irrigated by these works, and they are to be maintained at the expense of these land owners under such form of organization and under such rules and regulations as may be acceptable to the Secretary of the Interior. It is further provided, however, that the title to the reservoirs and the works necessary for their protection and the management and operation of these shall remain in the government until otherwise provided by Congress.

The organization which is ultimately to maintain the works will have a very difficult undertaking before it—far more so than the ordinary school district or small municipality, to which it may be compared. The maintenance of great hydraulic works is by no means an easy matter, especially where they must be guarded day and night, the water distributed to hundreds or thousands of owners, the dues or costs of operation collected, and everything kept on a safe and sound financial basis.

The quicker such an organization is formed and the longer time it has to gain experience, before assuming the larger duties, the better for all concerned, and the Secretary of the Interior has, therefore, decided that these organizations should be formed as soon as possible, so that he may deal with the hundreds or thousands of people as a unit and not be harrassed to settle neighborhood quarrels and to pass upon the innumerable petty questions which arise in every irrigated community. He therefore insists that the organizations shall be formed at as early a date as possible and elect responsible officers who can attend to all of these smaller matters and bring to him only the larger questions which can be presented in full at Washington.

In other words, the Secretary of the Interior says in effect to a community:

"If you will organize along certain lines, and covering the essentials of the Reclamation Act, will enter into a binding agreement, I will advance the money, build the works and turn them over, you paying for them in ten annual installments, without profit or interest. You must guarantee the return of the money and must attend to your own local affairs, following certain general principles. I will build the works in an economical and permanent manner, and will see that

everything is done carefully and legally, so that you will not be burdened with bad debts, imperfect titles, or questionable water supply. On the other hand, you must subdivide your land, bring in as many people as can make homes, and conduct your affairs so that the interests of the whole country will be advanced by having prosperous homes and utilizing areas which would otherwise be waste and desolate."

This means in effect that petty speculation, the holding of farm areas out of the market for years to obtain fancy prices, must cease. Instead of holding back the country, the people must get together and "boost" it by each trying to develop his piece of land to the largest and best extent, and not simply sit down and wait for the other man to spend his money and labor for the general good. There are, of course, a few people in every community who object most strenuously to doing anything for the common good unless they are forced to do it. They want to buy and hold a good piece of farming land and live in town, waiting until after the course of five or ten years their neighbors have built the roads, subdued the ground, planted crops and orchards, and made the surrounding land very valuable. They do not wish to agree to put their shoulder to the wheel and do their share in breaking up the soil and in adding to the prosperity of the country. These are the people who sometimes complain of the exactions that they must live upon their land and cultivate it if they are to receive the benefits of water from the government.

Empire Building

By C. J. Blanchard
Statistician, United States Reclamation Service



N instructive subject for the consideration of the citizen whose interest and pride in the United States extend beyond his own immediate surroundings, is the marvelous development of the great West.

The blood, bone, and sinew, and, in no small measure, the brains of the East were represented in the hardy, strong-limbed pioneers who sought fortunes and homes beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Missouri, and beyond the Rockies. They possessed the high qualities of industry, perseverance, and indomitable courage to such a degree that no barriers have been high enough, no obstacles great enough, no hardships severe enough, to stay their progress or turn them back. Yet with all their strength of instinct and common sense they fell into some costly mistakes. In pushing westward the sections which could have been developed most easily were nearly always overlooked.

Only one sort of farming had been familiar to the emigrant—that which required a battle with primeval forests, hardpan, and perhaps ridges and kettles of stones before a crop could reward his labors.

SAW NOTHING IN THE CORN BELT

He looked heedlessly upon the rich prairies of the Middle West. They tempted him not. He rested not until he reached the timbered hills, and there he felt content to build his new home. The early Acadian in Louisiana pastured his stock on the rich alluvial prairies now one vast field of rice, and hewed his home in the midst of the forests of pine. The pioneer evinced the same ignorance of conditions and values in his more recent search for a home in the still farther West, for he hastened the pace of his tired horses in crossing the sage brush belt, and disregarded a most striking opportunity.

Thus the most certain sources of agricultural wealth in the West remained undeveloped until later arrivals, forced by the narrowing limits of unoccupied lands to settle upon what were considered un-

desirable tracts, began a system which proved a surprise to the world.

While irrigation has been practiced in the United States for many centuries and by races long extinct, the possibilities of the arid and semi-arid regions, an area equal to two-fifths of the United States, have only recently been known.

The tendency of nearly all writers who attempt to describe the irrigated West is to paint in roseate colors the idylic life of the irrigator; the ease with which his crops are brought to harvesting; the delightful home surroundings; the neighbors, all small farmers like himself, living in communities, and the picture is generally so beautiful that it is really too bad to hold up to view some of the cold realities which every irrigator must face.

The miracle of irrigation is wonderful enough without exaggerating the story and without omitting any cold facts. The struggles of the early pioneer to establish his home in the desert were manifestly greater than those of the pioneer who first settled in the Middle West. In many sections there was no timber and he was forced to build his house of sod or adobe. His first irrigation works were of the simplest construction, consisting usually of a brush dam in a little stream, turning the water into a ditch but little larger than a plow furrow. His principal income for many years was from live stock which roamed at large on the public domain. With the coming of new settlers conditions improved, canals were enlarged, larger areas were irrigated and the comfortable farm house replaced the structure of sod or adobe. Fancy breeds of stock were introduced and farming became more of an exact science.

The most valuable asset of our great Western Empire is the water flowing in the streams or underground. Upon the conservation and utilization of this mineral depends the future development and prosperity of an area equal to two-fifths of the whole United States.

The economic interests of the whole arid region are dependent upon the quantity of snow which falls upon the lofty mountain summits. A report of heavy snowfall in the Rocky Mountains brings rejoicing to the citizens of the inter-mountain valleys, for it is an assurance of a bountiful water supply with its abundant harvests. When Wyoming's lofty peaks are glistening white five states rejoice thereat, for a hundred thousand farms are assured bountiful crops.

In many parts of our vast interior basin stretching from the 100th meridian westward almost to the Pacific Coast, Nature has placed in juxtaposition all the natural elements *except rainfall* required for a fruitful, prosperous country. Its climate is healthful and salubrious; its valleys and plains possess a soil of inexhaustible fertility and from the forest-clad mountains with summits in regions of perpetual snow, countless streams rush downward to both oceans or flow into desert sinks and evaporate. How to overcome the absence of moisture from the clouds and bring the region to its proper state of development, is today a question of paramount importance. Its solution will provide safety against the impending dangers of centralization in the East.

The future of our desert empire is in a measure predicated by the marvelous achievements of the pioneers. With a courage born of conviction and fostered by the hope which dwells perennial in the breast of the Argonaut of the sage-brush country, they have within the past few years wrested from a region long regarded as absolutely worthless, a crop producing, home-supporting area of inexhaustible fertility, greater in extent than the commonwealths of Massachusetts and Connecticut and capable of supporting an equal population. More than $100,000,000 have been expended in irrigation works, and 60,000 miles of canals now carry the life-giving waters to 10,000,000 acres which each year produce crops valued at more than $150,000,000.

The East is no longer provincial in regard to the West. The relations between the cities of the sea-board states of both oceans are growing closer and more friendly every year. The press is largely responsible for this change, as in season and out it has advocated the internal expansion which is proposed by the work of reclaiming the public domain, the heritage of all of the people and the future home of millions of our best citizens.

Exclusive of Alaska and our island possessions, Uncle Sam owns approximately 500,000,000 acres in the arid regions, open to settlement under the various land

laws. In extent this area equals the combined areas of England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, France, Italy, European Turkey, Denmark, and the Netherlands.

For many years the supervision of this great estate has presented one of the most vexing National problems, to the proper solution of which Congress has never given the consideration it deserved. It has been donated from time to time in blocks larger than states without regard to its value or its economic importance to future generations of our citizens. Too late has come a realization that the public domain, the splendid heritage of the American people, is a high and sacred trust which has been long neglected, indifferently safe-guarded, and often shamefully administered. For a quarter of a century the property of the people has been preyed upon by thieves and swindlers who have filched from it areas larger than Eastern states and who still retain their plunder. From the days of Webster down to the present time it has been the fashion to decry and sneer at our arid territory. Great statesmen have denounced as chimerical every attempt to make its development a National movement. On June 17, 1902, Congress apparently awakened to the fact that some action must be taken or the rapacity of the land grabber would result in separating the Government from what little remained of its public lands. As evidence at last of an intelligent appreciation of the vastness of our arid empire and its far reaching importance to the future greatness of our Nation, Congress enacted a law known as the Reclamation Act.

It is predicated that the time is not far distant when the Irrigation Act will be generally acknowledged as the most important and beneficial act passed by any Congress within the last forty years. This law launched a Nation upon one of the mightiest tasks it has yet undertaken—the conquest of the desert. It is a work of internal expansion greater than was ever attempted by any other nation.

Under the present plan of administration which is distinctly Rooseveltian, the Government approaches its great work absolutely free from political suasion and control, with motive only to conquer a new agricultural empire and to secure the largest possible accretion to the National wealth of the future. Congressional endorsement would not have been given to this law but for the forceful, tactful, and persistent efforts of our Chief Executive, the first occupant of the White House whose knowledge of the West was not gained from books. For him the desert holds no secrets, and with his strong, virile personality behind the irrigation movement, the prejudices against this measure gave way.

Conservative scientists estimate that the public domain contains not less than 30,000,000 acres of lands for which an adequate supply of water can be obtained by storing floods and constructing the necessary regulating canals and ditches. The potentiality of this irrigable area will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that the density of population of irrigated areas in the same zones varies from .5 to 1.5 persons to the acre. Using the lowest unit it will be seen that the reclamation of our irrigable public domain will provide homes for fully 15,000,000 people.

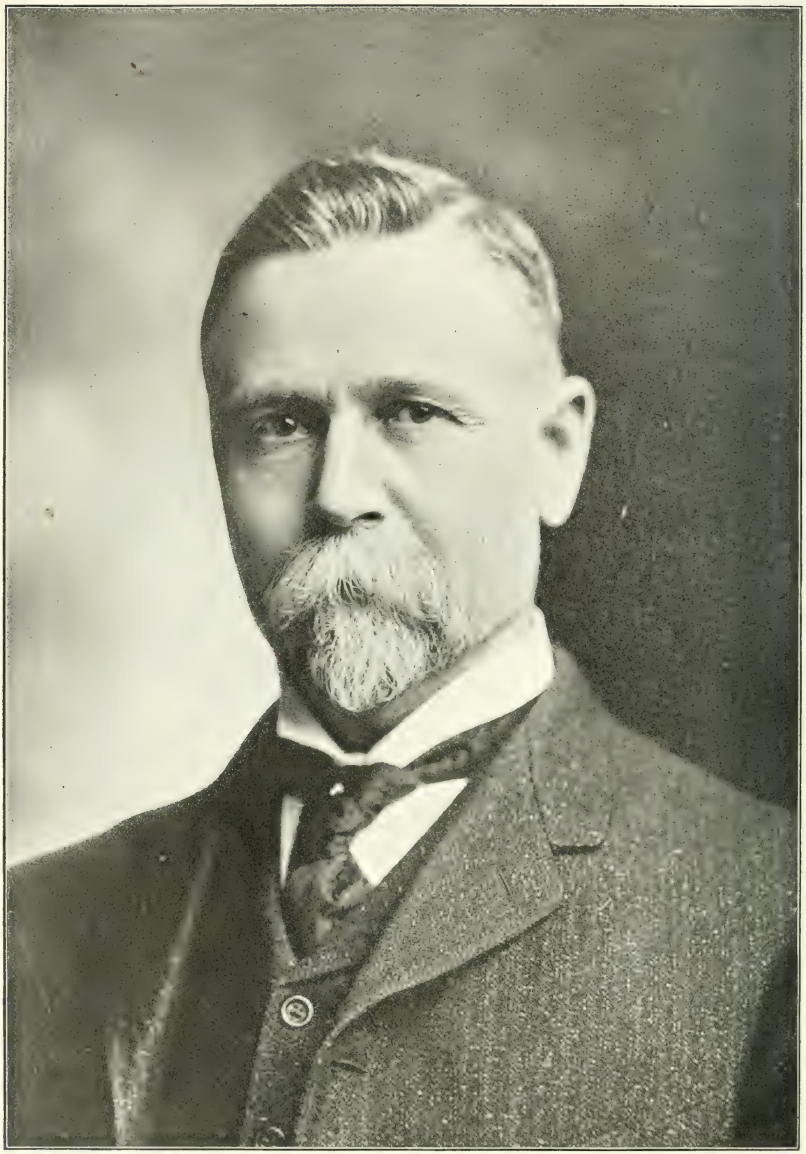
A summation of the work of the Reclamation Service for the past four years in which it has been organized shows that it has built 182 miles of main canals, some of them having the size of rivers, 90 miles of distributing canals and 350 miles of ditches. It has constructed and has in operation 340 miles of telephone, 184 miles of roads in canyons, involving deep cuts. It has excavated 16,500,000 cubic yards of material and 6½ miles of tunnels. The estimated cost of these projects is $35,930,000, and the total acreage to be reclaimed is 1,164,000. Many of the projects already authorized for construction embrace two or more units, and in some cases a single unit of these projects has been undertaken and the sum allotted has been on the basis of that unit. On several of the projects the allotment is not sufficient to complete the work, and in other cases the unit approved is only a fraction of the entire development contemplated.

The engineers estimate that it will require the sum of $55,250,000 in addition to the amount already allotted to complete the projects upon which actual construction has now commenced. The total acreage embraced by the finished works will be 2,998,000.



THOUSAND SPRINGS, IDAHO.

One of the wonders of this attractive region. The river gushes out of rock and is the subject of considerable speculation as to its source.



C. E. GRUNSKY, CONSULTING ENGINEER, RECLAMATION SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



E. T. PERKINS.

Organization of the Reclamation Service

By E. T. Perkins, U. S. R. S.

THE Reclamation Service was created by law of June 17, 1902 (32 Stat., 388), authorizing the survey and construction of irrigation works for reclaiming the arid lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, from the proceeds arising from the sale and disposal of public lands; the operations of this law were extended to portions of Texas, by Act of Congress, February 25, 1905 (33 Stat., 814).

The Reclamation Service is under the jurisdiction of Honorable E. A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, who approves all matters and signs all contracts. These matters are brought to the attention of Mr. Hitchcock by Charles D. Walcott, Director of the Geographical Survey and of the Reclamation Service. Mr. Walcott initiates action in all cases, and reports to the Secretary on all matters relating to the Reclamation Service. Mr. Walcott, while a scientist of great repute, and one of the most able executives that has ever served the Government, is not a civil engineer, and must trust to others for such details as bear directly upon the civil engineering problems. His principal reliance for such information is C. E. Grunsky, Consulting Engineer in the Reclamation Service. Mr. Grunsky is most eminently fitted for this position. Being a man of thorough education, and extensive engineering practice, his chief function, during the last few years, has been that of Consulting Engineer for va-

rious cities, states, and finally the Panama Canal.

These three being the responsible body governing the Reclamation Service, the investigations, planning and execution are carried on by the Supervising Engineers, as fine a body of men and engineers as has ever been gathered together for any purpose whatever by any country.

The Chief Engineer is Frederick Haynes Newell.

D. C. Henny is the supervising engineer for Oregon and Washington, and will succeed Mr. Lippincott in charge of California.

Arthur P. Davis, Assistant Chief Engineer; J. H. Quinton, Supervising Engineer for Colorado and Utah; H. N. Savage, Supervising Engineer for Montana, North Dakota and Northern Yyoming; D. C. Henny, Supervising Engineer for Oregon, Washington and Northern California.

The interests of California have been wisely and safely guarded by J. B. Lippincott, who has also had charge of the Yuma and Klamath projects.

As this article is written, Mr. Lippincott resigns from the Reclamation Service to devote his attention to municipal engineering in Southern California, particularly the Owens River project.

B. M. Hall, Supervising Engineer for New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma; Morris Bien, Supervising Engineer in charge of land and legal matters; Chas. E. Wells, Supervising Engineer for Nebraska, Southern Wyoming and South Dakota; L. C. Hill, Supervising Engineer for Arizona and Southern California; L. H. Taylor, Supervising Engineer for Nevada; D. W. Ross, Supervising Engineer for Idaho.



Work of the Reclamation Service in Washington and Oregon

By D. C. Henny
Supervising Engineer United States Reclamation Service



D. C. HENNY.

A GLANCE at the maps of the States of Washington and Oregon shows that of their total area of 165,000 square miles, two-thirds lie east of the Cascade Mountains. This vast stretch of territory, 490 miles long and 220 miles wide, is deficient in rainfall, most of it being arid and all requiring irrigation for full production. It may be estimated that at the present time nearly one per cent of this area is under either partial or complete irrigation, which is about one-fifth the proportion of the entire arid West which is capable of ultimate reclamation owing to the limitation of water supply. Such limitation exists to a degree in the interior basin of Central Oregon, but in the Klamath basin, and especially in the Columbia River watershed, Washington and Oregon possess a supply unsurpassed anywhere in arid regions.

The various branches and tributaries of the Columbia River enter these states with an aggregate run-off of 155,000 square miles from mostly mountainous watershed. These waters all enter at the eastern and northern borders, traverse the entire arid sections of the states, being swelled meanwhile by the drainage from the Blue Mountains and the interior plains, and finally break through the Cascade Mountains at The Dalles in a volume which varies from 50,000 cubic feet per second during the late summer to 1,000,000 cubic feet per second during the flood season. Two days minimum flow from the Columbia River produces more water than the total annual surface run-off of all streams in the famous section of Southern California in which lie Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Santa Barbara.

With such quantities of water available and the thirsty soil immediately adjoining, there exist at first sight immense possibilities for irrigation. Nor is the land when water is placed upon it of questionable value. Great bodies of it far inland lie no higher than 1,200 feet above the ocean and have the benefit during the growing season not only of almost perpetual sunshine, but owing to their far northern latitude, of long summer days.

Transportation facilities are generally good, three transcontinental lines traversing this region from east to west. The

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NOTE: Through the recent resignation of Mr. Lippincott, Mr. Henny will have added to his supervision all of California north of the Tehachapi.

Columbia River itself also forms a main artery upon which stern-wheel steamers ply as far north as Brewster.

The extent to which irrigation in the Columbia basin in these states may be practiced is, therefore, not limited, as is the case elsewhere, by a lack of water supply. It is, however, narrowed by the position of the river system relative to the irrigable lands.

The Columbia River in attaining a balance from the ocean backward has cut its bed far below the adjoining lands, rendering ordinary diversion by means of gravity canals generally infeasible. This unfavorable physical condition is still further emphasized by very flat river grades due to the magnitude of the stream itself.

It can hardly be doubted that in the future a large part of the flow of the Columbia River will be lifted to adjoining lands by pumps operated by water power, which can be obtained at various points along the river either at rapids or from side streams. This means of irrigation, however, is relatively expensive, and it is for this reason that present irrigation has been confined to the use of tributaries of the Columbia River, such as have a steep gradient and low lands adjoining upon which to flow the water.

Favorable conditions of this kind obtain to the best advantage in the Yakima Valley, where irrigation on a large scale has thus far reached its highest development in the Northwest. On a smaller scale similar conditions are found on the Wenatchee, Umatilla and Deschutes Rivers.

The advantage of utilizing the water from the Columbia River itself or from some of its main tributaries, not yet levied on by private enterprise, appeared highly attractive because of avoiding all interference with established systems and overlapping water rights. Extensive surveys were commenced for the utilization of water from the Spokane River upon lands in the Big Bend, covering portions of Douglas, Franklin and Adams Counties, but it was soon found that the acre cost of gravity diversion from this source, if undertaken on the scale permitted by the limitation of the reclamation fund, was excessive.

The Palouse River, practically free from water right complications, was next taken under consideration with a view to the irrigation of a portion of the lands above described situated in the vicinity of Pasco. Stream measurements showed that the low summer flow in this river rendered the construction of storage reservoirs necessary, and investigation showed that no reservoirs could be located free from serious objectionable features; that the cost per acre was comparatively high and that the total cost of the smallest feasible project depending upon this source would still greatly exceed the portion of the reclamation fund that could be alloted for many years to the State of Washington.

The Reclamation Service was thus driven to the consideration of projects depending for their water supply upon other steep gradient tributaries of the Columbia River, and it was due to the high development of irrigation which had been reached that it found these tributaries already used to their full summer capacity by private enterprise, and that even above the existing ditches practically all the government land had been taken up and was in private ownership, both of which conditions introduced complexities and difficulties in the working out of irrigation projects which required laborious and patent adjustment and necessarily made progress slow.

The preliminary result of this work is shown by the approval by the Secretary of the Interior of the following projects, with authorized allotments and acreage for each as indicated below:

		Acres.
Okanogan Project	$ 500,000	8,650
Yakima Project—		
Tieton Unit	1,250,000	20,000
Sunnyside Unit	1,100,000	25,000
Yakima Indian Reservation (tentative)	100,000	5,000
Umatilla Project	1,000,000	20,000
	$3,950,000	78,650

Before proceeding with a more detailed description of these projects, it may be well to mention the general features which are common to all and which may be inferred from the foregoing explanation of general physical conditions.

All these projects are dependent upon streams, the summer flow of which has been fully appropriated and used by

private irrigators, and require the construction of storage reservoirs to hold back the spring floods.

And all projects require the consent of practically all the owners of the private lands to be irrigated, insuring their compliance with the requirements of the Reclamation Act, which consent has to date been obtained satisfactorily in all cases except under the Sunnyside and the Yakima Indian Reservation projects.

Okanogan Project.—The Great Northern railroad crosses the Columbia River at Wenatchee. A day's journey up the river by steamer takes the traveler to Brewster, situated just down stream from the mouth of the Okanogan River. Another day's journey by steamer up the Okanogan River or by stage, when water is too low for navigation, brings him to the small town of Alma, where the Salmon River discharges into the Okanogan River.

Immediately to the north of Alma lies a fine body of land 12,000 acres in extent, which although within forty-five miles of the British Columbia boundary, has an elevation of less than 1,300 feet above the ocean. Nearly two thousand acres of this land have been irrigated for many years from the Salmon River, the summer flow of which had been completely appropriated and a small storage reservoir containing two thousand acre feet situated sixteen miles from the Salmon River in the vicinity of Conconully, the county seat of Okanogan County, had been built by raising the waters of Salmon Lake.

This reservoir has been donated by its owners to the Government, and the numerous claimants to waters from the Salmon River have by agreement defined their claims. Thus the field was made clear for government action.

An additional large reservoir to contain sixteen thousand acre feet will be built by throwing a dam across the Salmon River a few miles below Conconully, whence the water will be liberated to flow down stream and to be diverted from Salmon River at a point three miles above Alma, from there to be spread over some 8,700 acres of land at present dry. Construction work on the canals has been authorized by the Secretary of the Interior and will be commenced this fall and the 82 foot earth dam forming the reservoir will be constructed next year between two flood seasons.

The quality of the irrigable lands is indicated by the highly successful irrigation which has been carried on in the past, producing deciduous fruits, garden truck, corn, grain and alfalfa. The entire area will be subdivided into forty-acre tracts, each of which is deemed amply sufficient for the support of a family.

Transportation facilities, as above indicated, are not satisfactory, Okanogan River navigation to the Columbia being possible only during a short period each year. It is not unlikely that the impetus given by government irrigation will result in the construction by the Great Northern Railroad Company of a connecting branch from Wenatchee north, surveys for which are understood to be in progress.

Yakima Project.—The Yakima Valley is too well known to require a description here. Private enterprise has developed irrigation along the Yakima River so that at present 120,000 acres are irrigated in the disconnected valleys around Ellensburg, North Yakima and Sunnyside. The water is diverted by some sixty canal companies and individuals from the Yakima River and its branches. During recent years the gradual expansion of many of these canal systems caused the aggregate quantity of water diverted to approach more and more closely to the summer flow, upon which all were dependent, and finally during 1904, and especially during 1905, a shortage was felt, and a clash between conflicting interests seemed inevitable. Water litigation was commenced and the entire valley seemed upon the verge of plunging into interminable legal disputes.

At this point the Reclamation Service stepped in, obtained an option on the Sunnyside Canal, the largest canal in the valley, and thereby made possible a mutual agreement of all water users defining their respective water rights.

By virtue of a liberal state law permitting the withdrawal of waters by the Reclamation Service control was secured of flood flow and of storage basins throughout the valley, and a firm foundation was thus laid for government work.

The Yakima Project in its entirety includes about 350,000 acres which when

watered will be as valuable as any land to be found in the state. This project, therefore, both on account of the area to be reclaimed and the cost of reclamation is easily the largest project thus far commenced by the Reclamation Service. It will be built in units as money becomes available and private property holders indicate their consent. Thus far two units have been approved by the Secretary of the Interior, the Tieton and the Sunnyside Projects. All units will have the common element of storage created by damming up three lakes at the headwaters of the Yakima River (Keechelus, Kachess and Clealum) and one lake at the headwaters of the Naches River (Bumping Lake), the main branch of the Yakima River, and discharging into it near the town of North Yakima. Large as will be the combined storage of these reservoirs when completed (800,000 acre feet), it is far less than can be supplied from the flood flow of the streams. Economical conditions prescribe the maximum height to which dams can be built and limit in consequence the additional irrigation which can be safely undertaken.

Tieton Unit.—The Tieton Project is the first unit which will be constructed, all necessary preliminaries having been satisfactorily completed. By the time this paper is in press advertising will probably have commenced for bids for the main canal, which will be twelve miles in length and will be built along the steep slopes of the picturesque Tieton canyon, the Tieton River being a branch of the before mentioned Naches River. The canal will be cement lined and contain about three miles of tunnel. At its lower end it will connect with a system of distribution ditches which will be constructed during the 1907 season.

The irrigable lands lie in an elongated body directly west of the City of North Yakima bordering upon lands now under irrigation, which lands are famous for their productiveness and high value.

All land will likely be subdivided into forty-acre pieces, except that the present owners may be permitted to retain eighty acres. Under favorable conditions irrigation will be commenced in the 1908 season.

Sunnyside Unit.—The Sunnyside Project lies principally on the east bank of the Yakima River, the northern extremity being within six miles of and down stream from North Yakima from where the irrigable lands extend for a distance of forty miles down stream.

Some 40,000 acres of this land are at present under irrigation from the Sunnyside Canal, which has been purchased by the Government. Zillah and Sunnyside are progressive towns within the area now irrigated, whose prosperity is a reflex of that of the irrigators in the vicinity.

The construction work will consist in the reconstruction and enlargement of the present structures, of the broadening and extension of the canal and of the construction of inverted siphons to carry a portion of the water across the Yakima River to cover lands in the vicinity of Mabton and Prosser. The lands will be subdivided into tracts similar to those mentioned under the Tieton Project.

The undertaking of the work described is dependent upon the consent of the land owners not yet fully obtained. As soon as it becomes possible to proceed the $1,100,000 now made available by the Secretary of the Interior, less $250,000 paid for the Sunnyside Canal, will be expended, after which an additional allotment of about $800,000 will be required to complete the project, which will then provide for the irrigation of 40,000 acres of land now dry.

Wapato Unit.—On the opposite side of the Yakima River from the Sunnyside Project lies a body of irrigable land over 100,000 acres in extent, upon which water can be readily diverted because of its low elevation above the river. This land is part of the Yakima Indian Reservation, and through it passes the Northern Pacific transcontinental railroad, Wapato being one of the three stations within the reservation.

All this land is now alloted in eighty-acre pieces to the Yakima Indians, one piece for each man, woman and child. The Indian Office has expended over $100,000 for canals, and a portion of the land is now irrigated, most of which, however, receives water during the flood season only. Generally speaking, the Indian is the landlord and leases his land to whites for short terms of years.

It is due to the efforts of Congressman

W. L. Jones that the possibility now exists of opening up this vast tract, situated in the very heart of the Yakima Valley, to white settlers. During the last term of Congress, legislation was enacted permitting the Indians to dispose of three-fourths of their respective holdings. The terms of this law are equally favorable to the Indians and to the whites, for which reason it is expected that no serious trouble will be experienced in obtaining the required consent of the Indians, in which case the approval of the Secretary of the Interior will be asked for the complete reclamation of this tract of land. Tentatively $100,000 has been made thus far available.

Kittitas and Benton Units.—The Kittitas Project, embracing 60,000 acres near Ellensburg at the upper end of the valley, and the Benton Project, covering 165,000 acres at the extreme lower end of the valley bordering upon the Columbia River and including the thriving town of Kennewick, are two more units of the Yakima Project, for which, however, so far no money from the reclamation fund has been set aside.

Umatilla Project.—A fine growth of sage brush, an untold number of rabbits and an occasional coyote is all that may now be seen on the rolling stretch of country bounded by the Columbia River on the north and the Umatilla River on the west, containing some 25,000 acres of land. There is a small oasis in this desolate desert, however, near the town of Hermiston on the eastern branch of the O. R. & N. Co.'s railroad, six miles south of Umatilla, where through flood irrigation some agriculture has been attempted.

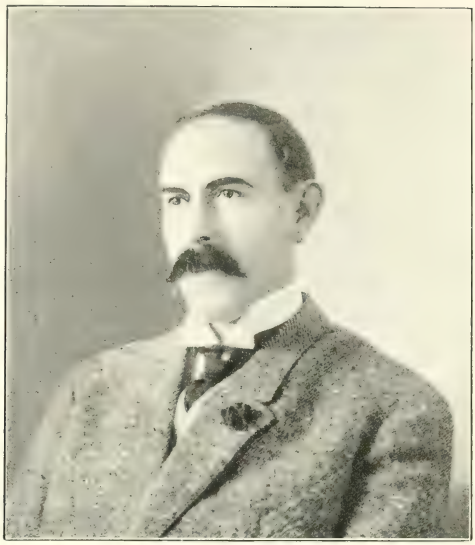
The land looks forbidding at present, but to the imaginative eye it contains all the germs of prosperity, comfort and even wealth. A great depth of fertile volcanic soil, a long and warm summer season, and excellent transportation facilities unite to create conditions which when the water is brought to the land will work a transformation common enough to the western irrigator but miraculous to the citizen from the East.

The Reclamation Service will provide the water by building a ninety feet high earth dam in a dry canyon on the edge of the irrigable lands, whereby a valley will be closed capable of containing 50,000 acre feet of water. This reservoir will be filled with flood waters from the Umatilla River through a feed canal twenty-five miles long. From the reservoir the water will be conveyed to the lands through a system of distribution canals and laterals, complicated because of the rolling character of the land.

Bids have been received for the construction of the feed canal and dam and every effort will be made by the Reclamation Service to rush construction so as to provide water during the 1908 irrigation season, at least for the major portion of the land.

The question may be asked, what may be reasonably expected as the result of this reclamation work. It is quite certain that some weaknesses will appear in this finished construction; that, since water is impartial, canal banks will break occasionally under government control as they do when owned by private corporations; criticism will surely raise its head, and incompetence may perhaps occasionally be charged. Careful construction in the beginning and subsequent patient and persistent effort will, however, correct such deficiencies as may be found.

It is difficult to realize to the full extent what the ultimate irrigation of 400,000 additional acres of land in Washington and Oregon included in the above projects when finally completed will mean to these states. It is certain, however, that it will add some ten thousand additional families to the population of these states, consisting of people of a high degree of civilization because of the favorable surroundings of suburban life. It will mean the steadily growing trade of adjoining cities, additional business for the railroads, increased wealth for the state, and, above all, an addition to that class of sturdy, self-supporting and independent husbandmen which forms the backbone of our national body and upon which the prosperity and fate of the nation will in its last resort depend.



J. B. LIPPINCOTT.

Operations of the Reclamation Service in California

By J. B. Lippincott, U. S. R. S.

MAJ. J. W. POWELL, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, obtained the first appropriation for national irrigation in 1888. In accordance with the provisions of the act, all public lands in the arid West were withdrawn pending investigations by engineers, and this elimination of opportunity to obtain without cost the public domain resulted in the creation of an adverse sentiment *in the West* which resulted in a repeal in 1892. However, investigation had demonstrated that the idea of national irrigation had intrinsic merit, and that the limiting physical condition was the available water-supply.

The National Irrigation Congress created public interest anew, and Mr. F. H. Newell, hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, and one of the assistants of the first organization, maintained a few of the stream-gauging stations by dogged persistence and with a little financial support from the general fund of the Survey. These official reports furnished the ammunition which won the battle for the creation of a permanent hydrographic

*Editor's Note: Mr. J. B. Lippincott organized the Hydrographic Branch of the Geological Survey in California in 1895, and has had general supervision of it to date. Immediately after the passage of the Reclamation Act in 1902, Mr. Lippincott was also selected as the representative of the Reclamation Service for California, including the Yuma and Klamath projects. He has organized and directed this work until July 1st, 1906, when he resigned to accept a position with the City of Los Angeles for the construction of the Owens Valley Aqueduct.

branch of the Geological Survey in 1894. From this organization has grown the Reclamation Service.

No one has ever dreamed of the reclamation of the whole of arid America. Indeed, the irrigation of five per cent. of the area west of the one hundredth meridian would exceed the expectation of the most enthusiastic. As a matter of fact only 1.65 per cent of California is now watered and but .65 of one per cent west of the ninety-seventh meridian. In this region the water supply, as a rule, not only limits the area to be reclaimed, but in many other ways determines the extent to which the country may be developed.

The first allotment for California, made in 1895 by the hydrographic branch of the Geological Survey for gaging streams, was $5,000.00. Since then the work has grown until now on 50 typical streams daily observations for discharge are made. At each of the last two sessions of the California legislature appropriations have been made to aid this work on a co-operative basis of equal expenditure by state and nation. The first two bills had been vetoed, but the California Water and Forest Association by personal subscription took the place of the state in aiding the work. All of the staff are Federal employes selected under Civil Service rules. These state bills provide for irrigation and forestry investigations, forestry being closely related to all questions involving water supply. The forest is the natural stream regulator. A denuded drainage basin is akin to an engine without a governor.

The present state appropriation provides, for each of two fiscal years: Hydrography, $20,000; topography, $30,000; examination of water purity, $1,000; which three studies are made by the Geological Survey. Further appropriations give for forestry $10,000, irrigation investigations by the Agricultural Department $15,000. The results of all such investigations are published officially by the Federal Government and distributed without charge.

These hydrographic investigations throughout the West paved the way for national irrigation. In 1902 the Reclamation Act was passed. It provides small irrigated farms for legitimate settlers and seeks to eliminate speculation. The fund is furnished from the proceeds of the sale of public lands and is loaned without interest for this purpose. It was primarily intended to reclaim only arid public lands. The bill was modified, however, to include private lands as well, and this was most fortunate, for seldom can a project be found where the two are not more or less intermingled.

Allotments have been made of the entire sum thus obtained, and work has been begun in sixteen of the Western states. This work as it progresses to practical completion will furnish object lessons worth more than mere declamation. Practical results are the greatest of teachers. Such demonstrations not only convince the people that the work has extraordinary merit; they also, for that very reason, support the hope of further liberal consideration at the hands of Congress. There has now been contributed to the reclamation fund from the sale of public lands in California up to June 30, 1905, $2,323,000, and the estimated expenditures in California on the Yuma and Klamath project will equal this amount.

The Reclamation Act was passed June 17, 1902. Special investigations having already been made and reported upon for Cache Creek and King's River, a board of engineers, consisting of H. H. Savage, Morris Bien and J. B. Lippincott, all Supervising Engineers of the Reclamation Service, was appointed to review the situation in California and make further recommendations concerning the adoption of a system for the state. This board found that from a physical standpoint the most desirable project in the state was on Cache Creek, the flood-waters of which could be regulated through Clear Lake, in Lake County. The agricultural lands along Cache Creek, in Yolo County, are among the finest in the state. It was found impossible, however, to deal with the parties who controlled the water rights on this stream on a basis that could be recommended by the board. Governor George C. Pardee, who has always kept in close touch with the irrigation work in California, was informed of the situation and made personal efforts to effect an adjustment, but without success.

Kings River was considered next in merit. Negotiations were begun with the parties who held water rights on that



THE YUMA PROJECT.

stream, and several meetings were held in Fresno between representatives of the numerous canal interests. Some of these irrigators were enthusiastic in their desires that this work should be undertaken. Mr. L. A. Nares was the leader of this party. Many of the others and those controlling some of the oldest rights on the lower portion of the stream held that their rights were entirely satisfactory, that they did not care to make concessions, and that winter and early spring irrigation was all that they cared for. This naturally interfered with any general programme looking towards the utilization of the winter flood and spring storm waters by im-

pounding them in storage reservoirs and liberating them in the late summer months. If such an enterprise on Kings River could have been perfected, it would have been possible to utilize some of the storm waters on the higher foothill lands of Fresno and Tulare Counties, where high-priced citrus fruits can be grown. After an effort extending over perhaps six months' time, this project was given up with regret.

The merit of a general project for the Sacramento Valley was fully realized at this time, but in 1902 the sentiment which prevailed in that locality did not support plans for general irrigation. The lands of this valley are in large private holdings, great areas being cultivated to wheat, and at this time there was a most pronounced sentiment against subdivision of land and intensive cultivation. It was held that the rainfall was adequate and intensive cultivation unnecessary.

Another controlling factor in the selection of California projects was the instruction issued from Washington to the effect that it was necessary first to build projects that would reclaim *public lands,* —that, while the irrigation of private lands was within the provisions of the law, the prime and initial object of the act was the irrigation of *public lands.* These legal and social complications finally resulted in the selection of the Yuma project, which is in extreme Southeastern California.

THE YUMA PROJECT.

The Colorado River drains 225,049 square miles above Yuma, all within the United States. Its drainage basin extends to five states and two territories. Below Yuma it becomes an international stream. The volume of water discharging past Yuma is in excess, even in low water, of the combined uses on the lower river, and any possible conflicts arising over water rights would be of an interstate and international character.

For a distance of 300 miles below the Grand Canyon are stretches of Indian reservations and other public lands. Private enterprise had repeatedly attempted the diversion of this stream, and because of the magnitude of the undertaking had failed. On April 21, 1904, Congress authorized the Reclamation Service to divert and use the waters of the Colorado River in the carrying out of general irrigation enterprises. This act was of prominent and permanent interest because of the interstate and navigable character of the river. The Colorado is our American Nile, though but one-tenth the size of its Egyptian prototype. It rises in high, snow-covered mountains, and discharges into an inland sea. It has a great annual rise during the period of melting snows; overflows and thus automatically irrigates its marginal valleys. Its erosions from the plateau regions of Utah and Arizona fill the river with large quantities of silt containing fertilizing properties. The climatic conditions along the lower river are such as permit of the production of semi-tropic fruits. Our agricultural explorers state that this region is suitable to the growth of many of the crops of Egypt and Arabia. The character of the water and the fertility of the soil, coupled with the climatic conditions, produce a continuous growing season, and make the natural resources of this region unique.

When the Yuma project is successfully carried out, it will probably lead to the building of other systems along this river. The valley and the delta of the Colorado River should be the great "back country" for Southern California. There are irrigable lands, not now under irrigation, above the Grand Canyon, not less than 470,000 acres, distributed in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming and Arizona. Below the Grand Canyon there are, in Arizona 394,000 acres, and in California 417,000 acres. In Mexico it is estimated that there are 688,000 acres of irrigable lands, making a total of 1,969,000 acres irrigable, but not yet irrigated. In an ordinary dry year the Colorado River will serve without regulation approximately 400,000 acres. On an ordinary dry year, therefore, with complete regulation, that is, with 1,500,000 acre feet of water stored, this river will serve 1,000,000 acres. Any reserve water supply held over from wet to dry years will be an additional gain.

Below the Grand Canyon of the Colorado there are no reservoir sites that can



BOATING INTO CAMP AT LAGUNA DAM.

be used, because the absence of bed-rock in the stream and silt in the water prevents the erection of high dams. Above the Grand Canyon there is the Kremling reservoir site, on the Grand River, where a dam 180 feet high will store approximately 1,000,000 acre feet, and the water supply is ample. At the Brown Park reservoir site, on the Green River, it is estimated that a 200-foot dam will store 2,500,000 acre feet, or approximately 3,500,000 acre feet in all. Bed-rock conditions at the Brown Park dam site are not yet known. This storage means that we could add about 600,000 acres to the irrigated areas of our arid lands. The present irrigated area of Southern California is 250,000. The great importance, therefore, of preserving these reservoir sites is fairly startling. It would be fair to assume that the prospective loss in values due to the surrender of these reservoir sites, would amount to fully $100.00 per acre, irrespective of the annual earning power of the improved lands.

Public lands are found in both of these reservoir sites. Public lands in great area are situated along the Lower River. The surrender of either one of these reservoir sites implies the condemnation to perpetual aridity of lands, the latent productive power of which cannot be exceeded anywhere in the United States.

The Yuma Project was recommended by a board of seven engineers on April 8, 1904, and adopted by the Secretary of the Interior, May 10, 1904, an allotment of $300,000 for the construction of the project being then made.

There are approximately 83,000 acres of irrigable lands under the project in Arizona, and 14,000 acres in California. Ninety-eight per cent of this area is subject to the provisions of the Reclamation Act, the owners of the private lands having signed agreements to purchase water. A Water Users' Association has been formed, which has contracted with the Secretary of the Interior to accept and use the water. A contract has been let to J. G. White & Company, of New York, one of the largest construction firms of the United States, for the building of the Laguna Dam. This dam is to be 4,750 feet long, 250 feet in width, up and down stream, with a maximum height of 19

feet. It is an overflow weir dam, and its great length is desirable in order to pass the floods of the Colorado River in a broad sheet of shallow depth. This type of structure was found by the British engineers on their occupation of India, has been improved and developed by them, and of late transferred to the Nile. Dams of this class under similar conditions have stood in India literally for over a thousand years. Broadly speaking, it is made of a rock fill, with a pavement of Belgian blocks from two to three feet in length covering the inclined portion of the structure. The apron or lower tow of the dam is level and four feet below the low water level of the river. This dam is now approximately three-tenths finished. It will require at least one year more to complete it.

In addition to the dam, about 20 miles of protected levees have been constructed to prevent the overflow of the agricultural lands to the valleys. Plans have been prepared for the other important features of the work.

THE KLAMATH PROJECT

After the adoption of the Yuma Project and the initiation of this work, active explorations were begun in Northern California. It was found that a great natural opportunity for the reclamation of lands in Southern Oregon and Northern California existed in the Klamath Basin. This is a plateau lake region 4,200 feet in elevation. The Upper Klamath Lake is a natural reservoir 64,000 acres in area. Drainage from the eastern slope of the Cascade Range sustains it. Its waters discharge over a rim rock at its southern end, thus forming the Klamath River, which in turn discharges through continuous mountain gorges into the Pacific Ocean. Immediately below the Upper Klamath Lake the river has a fall of 56 feet in a mile, and the great plain and marsh area of the Lower Klamath is spread out below. This "head" is sufficient to drive the waters diverted from the upper lake over the sub-adjacent arid lands. The maximum discharge from the Upper Klamath Lake is approximately 10,000 second feet, and the minimum flow 1,000. Its regulation by storage is simple and inexpensive.

The Klamath River, after passing through the lower Klamath marshes, has a precipitous fall which permits of the drainage of these swamp areas by means of a large cut or tunnel.

The total area of public lands under the project is estimated at 106,000 acres; the area of private lands at 130,000 acres; a total of 236,000 acres, which area may be increased by pumping. Of the area thus reclaimable, approximately two-thirds is in Oregon and one-third in California. The aggregate equals the total irrigated area of Southern California. The principal canals and private water rights have been purchased by the Reclamation Service, thus giving a clear field for the contemplated operation of the general project. Irrigation in a small way has here been practiced for twenty years, demonstrating the fertility of the soil and the adaptability of the climate to forage crops, hardy fruits and vegetables. They are the class of crops not ordinarily grown in California. A great area of grazing land extends easterly from this region to the Snake River, and it is presumed that the predominating industry of the future will be the fattening of live-stock on these watered fields.

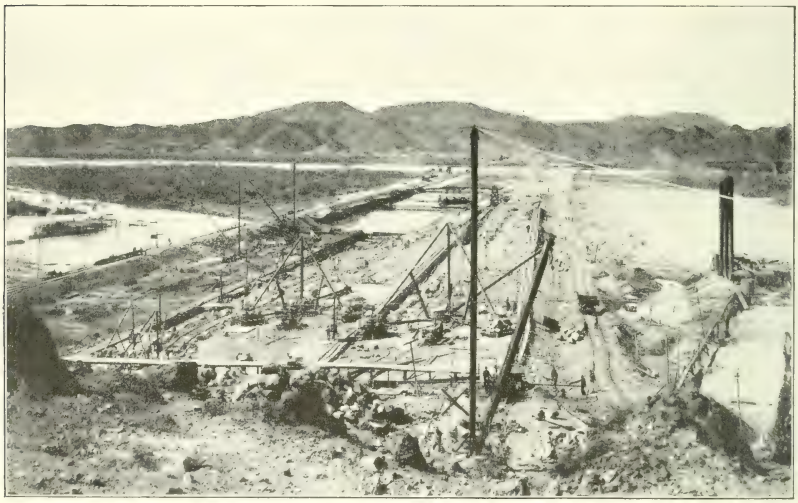
A board of four engineers reviewed the plans and estimates of the engineers in charge. The cost of construction is estimated at about $20.00 per acre, the total cost to be approximately $4,500,000. An allotment of funds has been made by the Secretary of the Interior for construction, and $2,000,000 made immediately available. A Water Users' Association has been formed, which has made satisfactory contracts with the Secretary of the Interior. Practically all lands, both public and private, are now subject to the provisions of the Reclamation Act.

The lands of the Klamath Basin are extensive and excellent. The water supply is adequate in volume and quality, and the cost per acre for irrigation and drainage is unusually low. The works planned are for permanent construction, thus insuring a minimum maintenance charge. Main drainage ditches will be constructed to which the land owners may build tributaries. The necessary author-

ity has been obtained from both California, Oregon and the Federal Government to drain the lakes and swamps and to utilize the natural opportunities of this region, especial acts having been passed in each instance. Contracts have been let for the diversion tunnel and the construction of the first nine miles of main canals, together with the headworks. A Government construction force has been organized for the building of the distribution system by day labor. Plans and specifications have been prepared, so that other construction work may rapidly follow that now under way. Before the opening of the next irrigation season it is expected that 15,000 acres will be under irrigation, and within a year this area should be increased to over 20,000 acres.

These facts and the prospect opening in the Klamath country have not been without legitimate effect upon the people of the Sacramento Valley. Moreover, for the past six years a persistent investigation of this valley has been under way. The area that can be here reclaimed is as great as the aggregate of all reclamation projects now undertaken by the Government. The entire reclamation fund could be used to advantage in this valley alone in the practical reclamation of approximately 2,000,800,000 acres of agricultural land, the average annual river discharge therefrom being 23,000,000 acre feet, enough water, if properly controlled, to cover the entire area to a depth of 8 feet.

Since the passage of the Reclamation Act, a decided change in the sentiment of the people towards irrigation, and particularly national irrigation, has developed in this valley. Broadly speaking, it may be said that dry farming to wheat has been found unprofitable; land values and rural population has decreased, and property owners are now anxious to sub-



CONSTRUCTION WORK, YUMA PROJECT.

divide. In 1900, Mr. A. E. Chandler prepared a report (Water Supply Paper No. 45, U. S. G. S.) on Water Storage on Cache Creek, California. In 1903, Mr. Bert Cole made a similar investigation of the possibilities on Stony Creek, writing Water Supply Paper No. 86. These investigations have been extended, until now all reservoir sites of merit in the drainage basin of the Sacramento River have been surveyed and preliminary estimates prepared thereupon. The work of co-operation which was undertaken with the State three years ago has been concentrated in the Sacramento Valley. The forestry study has been conducted under

the direction of Gifford Pinchot, of the U. S. Bureau of Forestry. It has resulted in the creation of forest reserves on either side of the valley, containing 1,900,000 acres in the basin. The Topographic branch of the Geological Survey is making a detailed contour map of the valley on a scale of 2,000 feet to the inch and with 5-foot intervals. Upon this map can be planned a general system of irrigation development. The hydrographic branch of the Service has not only surveyed the reservoir sites, but has also established gaging stations at the point of exit from the mountain canyons of all the principal tributaries of this river; so that now the runoff from approximately 85 per cent of the drainage area is being daily observed.

The Bureau of Irrigation Investigations of the Department of Agriculture is studying the "duty of water" required for the growth of various crops. All of these combined observations will furnish the fundamental data upon which a great system may be outlined. Mr. S. G. Bennett, engineer for the Sacramento Valley Project, in collaboration with the Supervising Engineer, has not only collected all the data that has been obtained in connection with these investigations, but has made a complete study of previous reports, and all information thus obtained has been compiled and digested in one report to the Department. It is necessary, first of all, to save and to cultivate the forests and to enlarge their acreage. These are the natural stream regulators and storage reservoirs. Their destruction cannot be replaced by the construction of artificial storage reservoirs. They are of value not only for irrigation, navigation and future lumber supply, but also of immense importance in connection with the prevention of overflow. All public lands in reservoir sites or necessary for power development have been withdrawn from entry pending the final decision of the Department relative to reclamation projects.

The general theory followed in the investigation of the Sacramento Basin has been to construct the great storage reservoirs, the aggregate capacity of which is 5,821,000 acre feet and the estimated average annual tributary discharge 3,160,000 acre feet; to utilize these for the regulation and impounding of the winter and spring flood waters, thus mitigating but not entirely preventing the overflow of the lower valley. Diversion canals may then be constructed at the upper end of the valley to carry sufficient water directly from the river for irrigation during the spring and early summer months, and to sustain this water supply in the middle and late summer months. This utilization of the storage reservoirs will permit of a minimum injury to navigation. Probably it will be found most feasible to start the irrigation work in the Sacramento Valley by the construction of some small project on one of the tributary streams, utilizing storage reservoirs thereon. It must be admitted that the unit cost per acre of such work, however, would be necessarily high; but the system can be constructed in such a manner as to be in harmony with and ultimately a portion of a greater system diverting water from the Sacramento River, so that when funds become available for the building of the greater system, the smaller one previously constructed can be utilized as an essential part of it. With this in view possibly a financial adjustment could be made which would avoid a permanent heavy charge against the lands first irrigated.

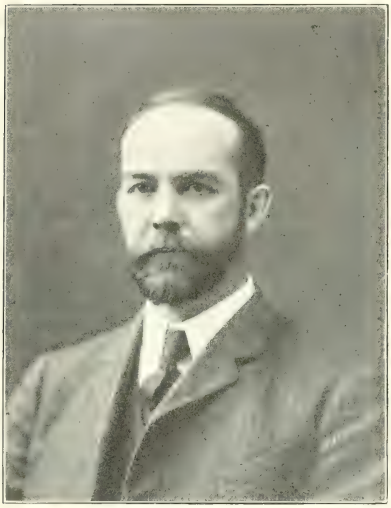
The natural possibilities of the Sacramento Valley are enormous. All crops grown in the State can be produced in this region to perfection. The water supply is abundant. The fertility of the soil and the gentle slope of the valley make it particularly adaptable for irrigation.

Why should the United States permit Italy to lead—and at such a distance in advance—in a matter of such importance. In the valley of the Italian Po the precipitation is 30 to 40 inches, one-half of which occurs in the summer months; yet here is the classic home of irrigation and the art is carried to the highest state of perfection. In striking contrast with Italy, we neglect our Po, the Sacramento, though its needs and its possibilities are so great. The rainfall is not more than half that of the Po Valley. *All* this rainfall comes in the winter and non-growing season. Yet, in the face of this no real *system* has been devised for this valley, the greatest undeveloped opportunity in America.

Nebraska-Wyoming North Platte Project

By Charles E. Wells

Supervising Engineer for Nebraska, Southern Wyoming and South Dakota



CHARLES E. WELLS.



THE North Platte Project is located in southeastern Wyoming and western Nebraska and extends about 250 miles along the North Platte River below its junction with the Sweetwater. The water for this project will be stored at the Pathfinder reservoir, which will flood about 23,000 acres, and will impound about one million acre feet of water.

This amount of storage is made possible by the construction of the Pathfinder dam, about three miles below the junction of the North Platte and Sweetwater Rivers, in a granite canyon. The dam is to be 210 feet high, about 100 feet thick at the base, 16 feet at the top, and will be of arch form, having a radius of 150 feet. It is expected that this work will be completed in 1908.

By means of gates in the diversion tunnel will be regulated the amount of water necessary for irrigation purposes on the North Platte Project. The water will be let directly into the North Platte River bed below the dam and will flow down the present channel to various points where it will be diverted for use on the lands to be irrigated.

Although there are several canals proposed on the North Platte Project, all of which are to receive water from the Pathfinder reservoir, only one of these, the Interstate Canal, is yet under construction. This canal when completed will be about 150 miles in length and will irrigate approximately 150,000 acres of land, exclusive of bottom lands already under irrigation by minor canals. The average elevation of this land is between 3,800 and 4,200 feet above sea-level.

It is well located for irrigation purposes, and the principal products, alfalfa, corn, sugar-beets, oats, potatoes, etc., will find ready markets in Omaha, Denver and central Wyoming.

The farm unit under this project will be 80 acres. The soil is of excellent quality, free from injurious substances.

The construction of this canal has been undertaken under three sections of approximately fifty miles each. The first section of fifty miles has already been completed and is now in successful operation. The second section is under construction at the present time, and surveys for the third section are in progress.

All the structures, dams, flumes, culverts, etc., are of permanent character, being constructed of re-inforced concrete, so that the cost of maintenance and operation will be reduced to a minimum.

This project is served by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway between

Bridgeport, Nebraska, and Guernsey, Wyoming, and by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway between Orin Junction, Wyoming, and Casper, Wyoming.

SOUTH DAKOTA—BELLE FOURCHE PROJECT.

The Belle Fourche Project is located in the western part of South Dakota. This work is well under construction, contracts being let for the diversion dam on the Belle Fourche River, about one mile and a half northeast of Belle Fourche; the inlet canal about seven miles in length, connecting the headworks with the Belle Fourche reservoir; and the Belle Fourche dam and distribution canal of about seventeen miles in length, below the reservoir.

The diversion dam and headworks are of concrete, and it is expected that this work, and also the inlet canal, will be completed this season.

The Belle Fourche dam is to be about one and one-fourth miles in length and 100 feet high. It will be constructed of earth and will hold back the waters of the Belle Fourche reservoir, flooding about 10,000 acres and impounding about 250,000 acre feet of water, which will be used for the irrigation of lands below. This dam will be completed in 1908. The value of the work described is approximately $1,500.000.

The Belle Fourche Project covers about 60,000 acres; the land is at an elevation of between 2,800 and 3,000 feet above sea-level. The average annual rain-fall is about 14 inches.

A Government townsite has been laid out near the center of the project, and it is expected that both the Chicago & Northwestern Railway and the Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul Railway will extend their tracks to this point.



Colorado and Utah Projects

By J. H. Quinton
Supervising Engineer for Colorado and Utah Uncompahgre Project.



J. H. QUINTON.

THIS project has for its object the irrigation of 147,000 acres of land in the Uncompahgre Valley of Colorado. This is to be accomplished by turning the waters of the Gunnison River into the valley by means of a tunnel six miles long.

The Uncompahgre Valley lies on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is approximately 30 miles long by 7 miles wide, and contains some of the most valuable land in Colorado for raising apples and peaches.

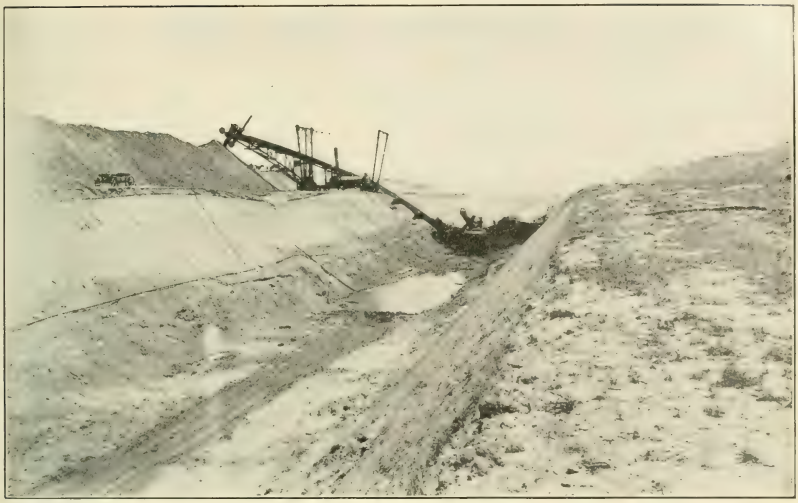
The land under this project is really a series of small valleys and mesas, all draining into the Uncompahgre River, which runs into the Gunnison River at Delta, at the lower end of the valley.

The general trend of this valley is from southeast to northwest, and the Uncompahgre River, which rises in the high peaks of the Rocky Mountains around Ouray, run lengthwise of the valley. The Gunnison River below Delta runs in a northwesterly direction to the Grand River, which is one of the main tributaries of the Colorado River, flowing into the Gulf of California. About twelve miles above Delta the Gunnison River makes a sharp turn to the south, where it issues from a very deep and precipitous canyon called the "Box Canyon of the Gunnison." Between this canyon and the Uncompahgre Valley lies a high range of mountains, attaining in places an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea, or nearly three thousand feet higher than the upper end of the Uncompahgre Valley. The Gunnison tunnel pierces this range of mountains at the most favorable place, and is designed to carry 1,300 second feet of water to the Uncompahgre Valley to supplement the very inadequate supply now furnished by the Uncompahgre River.

The Marshall Pass branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad runs nearly the full length of the valley, entering it by way of Cimarron Pass and Cedar Creek, just where the tunnel empties into the main canal of the irrigating system.

The town of Montrose, at an elevation of 5,800 feet is the largest town in the valley, and is the junction for the branch lines of the railroad to Telluride and Ouray, where some of the richest gold and silver mines of the world are now in operation. Besides Montrose the towns of Olathe and Delta are found lower down the valley, the latter being at the junction of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison Rivers. Delta is an important shipping point for fruit, both fresh and canned, as well as live stock and farm products of all kinds.

About 60,000 acres of the land under this project is suitable for raising Colorado (Spanish for *red*) apples, and certainly for looks, taste, and keeping qualities better apples are not easily found. Nearly all of this land is now in private



BELLE FOURCHE PROJECT.

ownership, but a great deal of it is awaiting the advent of the water before being planted in apple and peach orchards. Last year in many places $500.00 per acre net was realized from good apple orchards in and around this valley, and there is no doubt that a most extensive business in apple and peach raising will be done when an adequate supply of water is assured on the completion of the Gunnison tunnel.

The fruit land is found on the mesas adjoining the bottom land along the Uncompahgre River. The latter is more suited for raising grain and root crops, sugar beets being a very productive crop. With an assured supply of water three to four crops of alfalfa can be relied upon every year. The mesas are generally gravelly loam, and the bottom land adobe clay, which although rather difficult to work, is extremely fertile.

The work of excavating the Gunnison tunnel was commenced in the fall of 1905, but the contractors who undertook the work made a bad failure of it, and about the end of May, of same year, turned over their plant and equipment to the Reclamation Service and abandoned the work. No time was lost, however, as the engineers of the Service picked up the work where the contractors left off, and have continued it night and day without intermission ever since.

In the September following, new bids for completing the tunnel were asked for, but these were all so high that the engineers recommended their rejection and the continuation of the work by the government.

Since the work was started there has been a serious rise in the price of both labor and material, so that the cost of the tunnel may possibly go as high or higher than the last bids on it. This, however, cannot be told until the tunnel is finished.

To carry the immense amount of water necessary for the successful irrigation of the land under this project, some very large and expensive canals are being built in the valley, and the works in connection with these canals are of the most substantial character.

Although the Gunnison River has an immense drainage area, and a very large run-off every year, most of the water comes in the months of June and July when the snows are melting in the high mountains. For this reason it is necessary to store some of the flood waters of this river for use in the months of August, September and October, when the river gets very low in dry years. A large reservoir site on the Taylor River, one

of the main tributaries of the Gunnison, was discovered a few years ago, and withdrawn from entry, so that when the land in the valley is nearly all under cultivation, this reservoir will be used for the storage of flood waters to supplement the natural flow of the Gunnison River at its low stages.

The Gunnison tunnel will have an average section of water way of 100 square feet, and the water will have a velocity of 13 feet per second, when the tunnel is full. The tunnel will be lined throughout with concrete.

So far, the material passed through on the river end of the tunnel has been mica schist and pegmatite, with occasional veins of quartz and hard, close grained, granitic rocks. Large quantities of water have been found at this end of the tunnel, at times aggregating 500,000 gallons per day, but many of the water-veins have drained out, so that at the present writing the water to be pumped from this end of the tunnel does not exceed 200,000 gallons per day.

The valley end of the tunnel runs for a distance of 4,000 feet through a comparatively recent deposit of gravel, sand, and boulders, with occasional seams of soft clay and frequent veins of water. This ground is extremely dangerous to handle and some caves have occurred, but it is all now securely timbered, and the water is slowly draining out, so that, when the permanent lining of concrete is put in, it can be made as safe and secure as the remainder of the tunnel.

A shaft 260 feet deep was sunk at a distance of one mile from the valley end of the tunnel and from the bottom of this shaft two headings were advanced until one of them met the heading from the valley portal last month, and the other, which is in Benton shale, has advanced over a mile towards the river heading. At the present writing about one-half of the tunnel has been excavated and about three miles still remain to be done. It is expected that the tunnel will be finished in the year 1908, but no promises can be made on this subject as the uncertainties in tunneling are many and various, and the engineer's troubles are not over until the tunnel is finished, and sometimes not then.

STRAWBERRY PROJECT, UTAH

The Strawberry Valley Project is designed to supplement the water supply in the Provo Valley of Utah, which now has an inadequate supply from Spanish Fork, and some small streams which drain into Utah Lake.

This valley is situated in what is known as the Great Basin, being a depression in the mountainous country without any outlet to the sea. The Great Basin includes the Great Salt Lake, and Carson and Humboldt Sinks.

The Provo Valley is higher than the Salt Lake Valley and contains Utah Lake, which is fresh water. The Utah Lake drains through the Jordan River to the Great Salt Lake. Provo is probably as old as Salt Lake City, and this valley is one of the first settled by the Mormon community, and is now thickly populated with the descendants of the people who crossed the mountains with Brigham Young in an early day.

The land has been subdivided as the population increased, and now there is not enough water to go around. To supplement the water supply and give the farmers sufficient for their crops every season, it is proposed to carry about 50,000 acre feet of flood waters from the headwaters of the Colorado River, on a tributary called the Strawberry River, through the rim of the Great Basin by a tunnel 3½ miles long. This water is turned into a tributary of Spanish Fork about 30 miles above the heads of the present irrigating canals, and will furnish an additional supply for irrigation for the Provo Valley in the latter part of each season.

The tunnel will have a capacity of 500 second feet of water, will be lined throughout with concrete, and will be fed from a reservoir in Strawberry Valley, formed by placing a dam 50 feet high across the Strawberry River. Work on the tunnel has not yet commenced, but bids are now advertised for August 30, of this year, and it is hoped to have this work well advanced when Winter sets in.

Foreign Immigration and the Arid States

By Charles Wood Eberlein



CHARLES WOOD EBERLEIN.

THE first session of the fifty - ninth Congress has just closed and already the sense of relief at its long delayed adjournment is not unmixed with a feeling of uncertainty as to the real value of its most important enactments.

In the hurly-burly of packing house investigation, pure food, rate bill and other legislation, all of equal interest in the public mind, a most important measure was killed.

The Senate bill to amend an "Act to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States," which might properly have been entitled "An Act to elevate the character of citizenship in the United States," was of as great importance as any of the more widely advertised bills introduced during the session.

Congress has deliberately ignored a state of fact that becomes more alarming with each succeeding monthly bulletin of the Bureau of Immigration.

Foreign immigration into the United States is over sixty per cent greater than two years ago, and the immigration of undesirable nationalities, more than eighty per cent greater than in 1904, and still a measure having for its object a reasonable control of immigration—a sifting out of the most objectionable, finds no adequate support in Congress.

In the month of May, 1906, the number of immigrants received at Ellis Island was over 120,000. Three-fourths of this number has settled in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. By far the greater part went to augment the foreign colonies of New York City, Chicago and cities of New England.

Simultaneously with this dangerous movement of foreigners to the great cities is another movement of population in the interior of the country, namely, the emigration of American farmers of the Middle West to Northwestern Canada.

The unusual spectacle is presented of great cities crowded to the danger limit with unthrifty, undesirable aliens who cannot be assimilated and, at the same time, thousands of intelligent native-born Americans deserting the farms of the Middle West for the bleak wheat growing territories of Canada.

It is interesting to observe that notwithstanding the apathetic attitude of Congress toward these portentous movements, the great cities and the Western States are seeking a way of escape from their respective dilemmas.

The cities cannot close their gates against the flood. They must open an outlet if they can.

The Western States have begun to in-

quire into the causes which lead men to exchange citizenship in the United States for citizenship in an undeveloped foreign region where the growing season is short, the winters long and severe and the range of products limited, especially when good land may be had, from Texas to Oregon, in a climate where a man may work in his shirt sleeves the year round.

That emigration to Western Canada still continues is not flattering to our national vanity. That large numbers of citizens of the United States would voluntarily expatriate themselves has hitherto been inconceivable. It is, however, a fact and the reasons are not to be found in better land, better markets, better climate or better social conditions, but in better land laws and a far better administration of land laws and regulations for the protection of homeseekers. Add to this an intelligent and persistent propaganda to secure settlers, organized, paid for and directed by the Canadian provinces to build themselves up, not with the riff raff of Southern Europe, but with the best obtainable immigrants from the British Isles and from the Mississippi Valley, and the secret is out.

Another interesting sign of the times appears in a recently issued prospectus which sets forth the altruistic intentions of an organization having headquarters in Chicago. The object of this benevolent association is said to be the colonization of the hopeless, dependent and idle of Chicago on the government lands in process of reclamation in Nevada, Arizona, Idaho and elsewhere.

The relief of Chicago in such cases would mean a serious burden to a sparsely settled state like Nevada with its population of 45,000. What would become of Nevada if but one-half of a single month's immigration of the present standard should find its way there?

The arid states are on the eve of great transformation. Their broad stretches of irrigated lands soon to be available for settlement are an invitation to sentimentalists and to philanthropists with ulterior designs to colonize there the sweepings of city population. They are also an invitation to foreign steamship corporations to use them for a dumping ground for undesirable immigrants when the cities can absorb no more.

Either the states which are to be fienefited by the National Irrigation Act will fill up rapidly with an intelligent and energetic population, or they will become sinks for the overflow of degenerate foreign elements of the prevailing type.

The general government is rapidly transforming great desert areas in Nevada, Idaho and Arizona into a land capable of intensive cultivation and also capable of supporting a dense population. Railroads are already on the ground and markets are waiting.

The future population of these vacant reclaimed areas will surely control the destinies of the states in which they lie, and therein lies the danger.

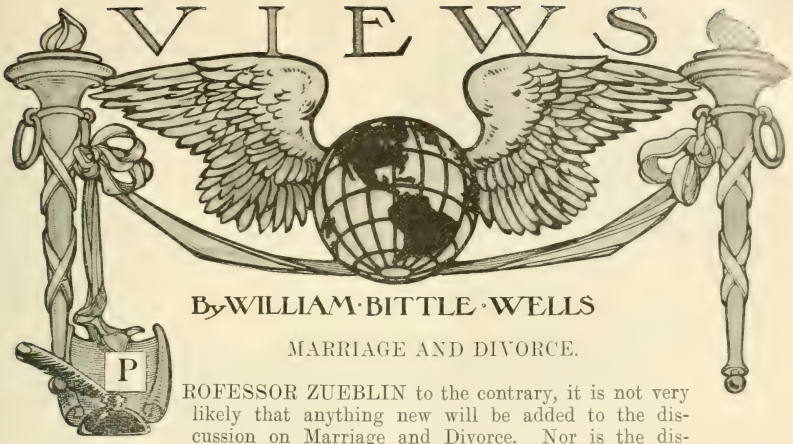
The work of reclamation is finished. The United States has done all it can or should do.

Never before has opportunity come to the arid states of the West and the measures of opportunity and of responsibility are equal.

The men needed for the west must be attracted. Only by thorough organization and an energetic campaign of education, carried on in the Middle States and even in Canada, can there be any hope of successful results.

It is certain that the irrigated lands will be settled quickly and the character of the settlers depends directly upon the intelligent enterprise of the citizens of the Western States.

The suggestion was made at the last National Irrigation Congress of a convention to be composed of Governors and prominent citizens of Western States, representatives of large cities, eminent sociologists and political economists, to discuss the reform of immigration laws; the reform of the land laws; the extension of irrigation in the national domain; the congestion of aliens in large cities; the distribution of overflow and idle population and cognate subjects. The thoughtful consideration of these pressing and related questions by such a body at this time would be of the highest educational value to the whole country.



By WILLIAM·BITTLE·WELLS

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN to the contrary, it is not very likely that anything new will be added to the discussion on Marriage and Divorce. Nor is the discussion likely to change or affect the trend of progress, so far as marriage is concerned. While any attempt to prove that "Whatever is, is right," is to be deprecated, at the same time it must be admitted that there is a certain truth underlying this sentiment. It is easy, for example, to assert that society is based upon false premises. We can, if we will, attempt to put the experience of the world and its struggles with social problems at naught. We can set up and try to work out our own ideals. We can attack religion, politics, society and truth itself. After all, though, what does it profit? There are impregnable truths. No assault, however well aimed, or however skillfully devised, can affect them. There is the impregnable truth of the Holy Scriptures. There is the impregnable truth that the welfare of all society is dependent upon the sanctity of the home. If men disregard this truth, they might as well bat their heads against a stone wall and cry out against the injustice of the harm which they inflict upon themselves. If men make marriages in hell instead of in heaven, they have no one but themselves to blame. Marriage is meant to be sacred. It is an institution of God and not of man. Man-made, it has its terrors, its hell—and rightly so. Instead of being made easier, marriage should be made more difficult. This, in reality, is the problem that faces the world rather than that concerning divorce, and this is the problem with which the world must grapple. Professor Zueblin's remedy for existing ills, by disregarding all law—human and divine—is simply pathetic.

THE THIRD TERM.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has seen fit to consider that he is now serving his second term, and has announced in unmistakable language that he will not be a candidate for re-election. There is a chance for quibbling in reference to the number of terms that he will have served, but the President is not of the quibbling caliber. If it becomes apparent, however, that Bryan will be nominated and elected unless Roosevelt consents to run, great pressure will be brought to bear upon the President to put aside his decision in the matter. At this writing it is becoming more and more evident that the Democratic party will unite upon Bryan. He will, in addition, have the support of many Republicans who believe in the principles annunciated by Roosevelt, and who favor a man of the Bryan-Roosevelt type at the head of the Nation. The general sentiment of newspapers, as well as of the leading politicians in the country, seems to be that no one but Roosevelt can defeat Bryan. The President could not, however, accept the nomination without stultifying himself.



SENATOR ELMER J. BURKETT.



Diversification of Crops

An Interview with Senator Elmer J. Burkett,
of Nebraska



HEN the guides in the National Capitol take tourists into the public galleries of the United States Senate, it is their custom to point down to the rear row of seats on the Republican side and say:

"That slightly bald man, with the dark hair and broad open countenance, is Senator Elmer J. Burkett, of Nebraska. He is called the 'baby' of the Senate as he is its youngest member, having passed the minimum age required by the Constitution but four years ago."

Far be it from me to call a dignified and sedate Senator of the United States a 'baby' even in the most guarded way, but that is the way the capitol guides have of drawing attention to one Senator's youth. They might go further and comment on the striking similarity in general appearance between Senator Burkett and his fellow townsman, William Jennings Bryan. That would be even more unkind, as the two, though scrupulously polite in their personal relations, are long time political foes.

But Burkett is seasoned in the ways of legislation and of the wily politician. When Burkett aspired to pass from his place as a member of the House of Representatives to the other end of the Capitol and become a Senator, he had a merry fight on his hands. Mr. Bryan, twice a candidate for the Presidency, hailed from the same state and from the same city. Bryan had long sought the political overthrow of Burkett. Back at the time when a candidate for the Presidency and presumably as a part of his national canvass, he entered Burkett's district when he was a candidate for Representative and made no less than twenty-two speeches against him. Then after Bryan's other ambitions had met with disappointment, he turned to the possibility of wearing a Senatorial toga. Then he and Burkett had the mighty contest which attracted national attention. But a week before the day for the election of members of the Legislature, Bryan met Mr. Burkett in the railway station at Omaha and, in an earnest way, assured Burkett that he was beaten. There were strong interests against Burkett, but he won in his state convention and later in the legislature.

Senator Burkett has a comfortable home in the northwest section of the national capital and it was there I went to talk on an agricultural topic. We had seated ourselves in his comfortable, modestly furnished library. I got no further than to suggest that I wanted some of his farmer lore, when he blurted out:

"Not from me will you get such an interview. I am a Senator and the holder of a public office. At home I am a lawyer and I don't propose to pose as a farmer, or be posed as one, and make myself ridiculous before my home people. It might do for people in other states, but when it comes to our own folks, I would not feel like facing any one of them again for fear of ridicule."

Then I tried the arts of persuasion. I pointed out that what I wanted he could give me, not as a farmer, but as a legislator who had taken an interest in the great western country and its development, through his term of public service in the House of Representatives, as well as in the Senate. I saw no inconsistency in his posing as a farmer if he chose to do so, because I knew of his ownership of three splendid and large Nebraska farms. His intimates know that he dons overalls and a straw hat in the busy season when Congress is not in session and works on his farms to keep down his avoirdupois. But he would have none of it. He insisted that the people of his state had quite enough "farmer posing" and if he were to be put forward in such a light there would be no interview.

Having solemnly asserted that he was to be reflected in the light of a legislator solely, he turned to my suggestion:

"Tell me of the diversification of crops in the West; what it has done for the great country lying out in the direction of the Rocky Mountains and what it promises to do?"

When he answered he showed rare acquaintance with the subject for one so strenuously denying agricultural leanings or occupation.

"First of all," he began, "let us understand what we mean by diversification. Naturally the first thought that comes to the mind of anyone is the introduction of new kinds of grains or grasses with which to rejuvenate the soil and make farming more profitable. That is all right, but true diversification in farming contemplates something more. It includes the greatest of all accomplishments of the past few years, and that is the adapting of the old, well-known grains and products to the new country.

"Here is what I mean. I remember a neighbor who came to Nebraska from Pennsylvania and saw our early efforts to raise corn. He told us to just wait until he sent back to Pennsylvania and got some of his old seed corn and he would show us the kind of corn to raise. He got the corn and the results were too pitiful to recount."

"What, to your mind, is the most notable thing crop diversification has done for the western country?" I asked.

"The introduction of alfalfa alone has pushed possible or profitable living back a hundred miles into the semi-arid regions of the West," was in part his reply to my query.

Bearing in mind the complications to which I once introduced the present Secretary of Agriculture by quoting him in a reference to the "semi-arid regions of Kansas," I thought to entrap Senator Burkett, for I innocently inquired:

"Senator, what would you call the semi-arid regions of the West?"

He detected the trap and smiled good-naturedly in replying with evasion:

"You may say that the semi-arid region is not distinctly marked, but that it begins somewhere in the general vicinity of the 100th parallel."

This turned him from the main topic for a moment. Pulling a foot-rest toward him, so he could sit at his ease, he pushed his bulging dress shirt back behind the edges of his vest, and continued:

"In that great country included in the States of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas, there are three phases of the work of diversification which the Department of Agriculture is carrying on with marked success. First, they find a crop capable of being adapted to the particular region and then adapt it. Second, they strive to develop native crops through breeding and selection. The third problem is to discover the best means of conserving the moisture in the soil. This is secured in part through rotation.

"Alfalfa takes perhaps first place in the efforts for crop diversification because of its long roots, which go ten or twelve, and sometimes as deep as twenty-five feet. But even alfalfa has been the subject of many experiments to increase its drought-resisting qualities and to adapt it to the alkali properties in the soil.

"The importation of macaroni wheat, and its cultivation by our farmers of the western country, constitutes no unimportant factor in securing crop diversification. Six years ago the Department of Agriculture, at an expense of $10,000, imported the macaroni wheat seed that last year brought a crop valued at $15,000,000. The Swedish select oat was brought into this country by the Government and last year in Wisconsin alone they raised 15,000,000 bushels of the product. Going

further west, and even crossing the Rocky Mountains, the cultivation of the sugar beet has been most important in the crop diversification movement. There have been so many conflicting claims as to the merits and possibilities of sugar beet cultivation that one borders on the controversial in venturing anything in relation to the subject. I will content myself with saying that sugar beet culture has passed the purely experimental stage and now needs only Yankee ingenuity to make it profitable in competition with cheaper foreign labor. There are two things we are working on now. One of these is to raise the right kind of seedlings and the other to decrease the cost of labor.

"We are succeeding in both directions. We are now increasing the proportion of sugar in the beets and getting a seedling that will soon make it unnecessary to go to Germany and pay a half-million dollars a year to get our seed. In the effort to reduce the cost of labor we are striving for a plant that will have but one plantlet instead of the numerous plantlets, which now require hand-pruning to get one hardy plant for cultivation. It used to be that the single plantlet was found in less than one-tenth of one per cent. of our seed, but through tireless effort we now have seed that produces 35 per cent. of the single plantlets."

Senator Burkett has acquired something of a reputation for stubbornness or, as would describe it more charitably, firmness. It grows out of his strong convictions on all subjects on which he expresses an opinion. He reaches his conclusions only after exhaustive investigation and hence is most fixed in them. In his experience in the House of Representatives this was often demonstrated. Once his little daughter was so ill that he had to sit beside her crib throughout the night. Beneath the night lamp he placed books and pamphlets bearing on the organization of the Census Bureau. The next day, after his all-night "cramming," he came onto the floor of the House so ready with facts and figures and details, and so opposed to the form of the bill championed by Representative Albert J. Hopkins, now a colleague of Burkett in the Senate, that single-handed he defeated the measure and sent it back to Mr. Hopkins' committee to be reconsidered and recast.

That was a time when he was young in years and younger in legislative experience. He was one of Mr. Joseph G. Cannon's "colts" in the House. Mr. Cannon was then chairman of the great committee on appropriations and not Speaker. He assigned his "colts"—young and vigorous, hard-working men of his committee—to watch the appropriations of other committees. It was the duty of these "colts" to study the details of all the great supply bills that came from such committees as that on military affairs, on Indian affairs or postoffices and post roads. If they found a proposition which had been rejected by the committee on appropriations it was the duty of the "colts" to fight it on the floor of the House. Thus the young men were often pitted against the old, gray-haired floor fighters in many a stirring contest. Burkett found that his surest weapon was a mastery of detail. He has never fallen out of the habit of so posting himself, on a subject he proposes to discuss, as to be at a loss for fact or figure with which to meet his antagonist.

This characteristic was known to me, so I turned him from detail with the question:

"What is the general theory of crop diversification?"

"The whole theory is summed up in the expression: Crop diversification prevents soil deterioration. Broad as the statement may seem, it can be asserted that ground can be so handled that it will be as rich and possess as much power of production at the end of twenty years, if the crops on it are properly diversified, as when cultivation first began. The selection of the right sort of crops, planted in the proper scientific sequence, contains the secret of it all. The emigration from the states of the North and Northwest into Manitoba is not due to really permanently impoverished land there, but to the lack of diversification of crops. The farmers of our borderland found that through successive years of wheat production they had robbed the soil of certain of its qualities. Rather than restore these qualities to the land, they sell their land and take up the cultivation of the virgin soil of the further North. Intelligent diversification by those who succeed to this land will make the great wheat states of the Northwest permanently prosperous and even greater in future than they have been in the past."

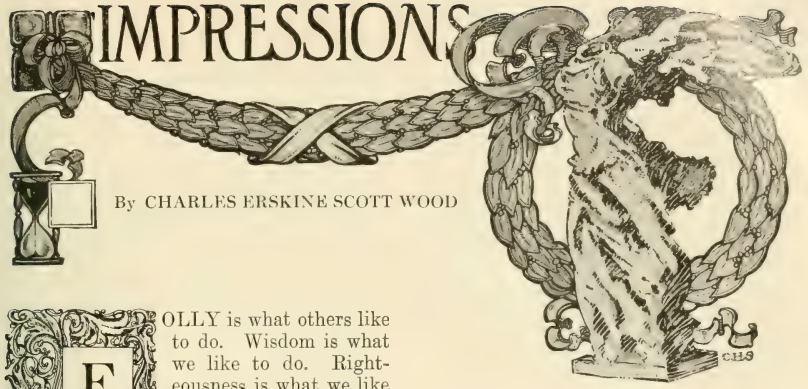




TWO ORCHARD VISTAS.

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD



FOLLY is what others like to do. Wisdom is what we like to do. Righteousness is what we like to make others do. Happiness is to do what we like and to make others do as we do.

Ignorance. I have taken a brief for ignorance, and I admit the fitness. Is ignorance bliss? Is it folly to be wise?

The chief end of man is happiness. Happiness is Nature's gift to this life. It is the dower of which most are cheated by others and many cheat themselves. One finds happiness on the mountain top; another in the valley; and yet another in poking about in a garbage heap. But to each, happiness is to live his own life in his own way, and it is a natural right with which no one has any business to interfere so long as his own rights or the rights of others are not forcibly assailed. Happiness is to live in harmony with the great universal laws, each one filling his own desires, be they good or bad. It is better for the human race that a man surfeit in sin to the ripest fruits thereof, than that he be made righteous in chains, robbed of that free exercise of his will power which in the eternal plan is the only power by which men have risen or can rise, as it is the only means by which they can fall.

Undoubtedly there is wrong as well as right. Undoubtedly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Undoubtedly there is degeneration as well as a splendid evolution, and undoubtedly in all this the particular welfare of any particular individual, forced upon him against his ability and natural inclination, is of small consequence as compared with the great good to the whole race, which permits the law of the survival of the fittest to have its natural and perfect play. And who is there that shall say at all times and forever what is sin? If we take away from sin all that which is the mere opinion of man, how much is there left? How much of what we condemn in others can we be sure is really sin in the eye of a superior creator who created the sin as well as the sinner? There is none of us so perfect a judge for another as is he himself. A humble conception of the above truth is great knowledge.

But what is ignorance? It is an absence of knowledge. But of what knowledge? I believe it to be verily true that all knowledge of truth is good, for such knowledge is in harmony with the eternities, but a knowledge of untruth is a worse ignorance than a lack of knowledge of the truth. If a man believes the sun is a ball of red hot iron passing over the earth from east to west, he is even more ignorant than the man who does not know anything about the sun, and if a man thinks the earth is a vast level plane, he is more ignorant than the man who does not know that the earth is an oblate spheroid. And the man who believes the earth is round, but knows nothing of its size, is thought to be more ignorant than the man who believes it to be an oblate spheroid with a greater axis of about eight thousand miles. Or, if one believes that lightning is the thunderbolt of Jove, he is ignorant. But, so, also, is he who does not know that lightning is electricity. But if a man does not believe that lightning, or electricity, is a form of ethereal mat-

ter in molecular wave motion, we don't know whether he is ignorant or not. So there are infinite degrees of knowledge and ignorance, and all knowledge, or ignorance, is relative. If a South Sea Islander would attempt to use a chip of ice as a setting for his nose-ring, he would be as ignorant as the preacher who tried to make and throw a boomerang (not merely verbal). But if the preacher were in the country where to make and throw a boomerang or a spear was a necessity of life, his ignorance of these life-giving arts would be a greater ignorance than not to know that ice was frozen water. And the gods. Ah, the gods! What shall we say of them? Is there anything pertaining to them which may be classed as knowledge or ignorance? When shall we be able to say we know the truth about the gods? They who believed in Baal and they who believed in Ammon each thought the other ignorant and worthy of destruction, and we now know they were both ignorant, and ignorant, also, they who believed in Zeus and Aphrodite. But what shall we say of those who believe in Jehovah and Moses on Mount Sinai, and what shall we say of those who believe in Buddah as the immaculate incarnate deity, and what shall they say of those who believe in Jesus, the immaculately conceived Son of God?

He who believes that a broken bone will retake its former place by force of will power, is ignorant, for he is contradicted by the visible facts of Nature, and he who believes that there is no healing force in mental influences is also ignorant. But what shall we who persecute them say of the followers of Mary Baker Eddy? Are they ignorant, or we, and what of him who believes that all is matter, even the soul, and that it is no more wonderful, primarily, than wireless telegraphy? Is he ignorant or not? He who believes that milk is soured by malicious fairies and that the insane are the dwelling place of evil spirits, and he who would burn an old woman as a witch is today ignorant, yet formerly it was not so, and what shall we say today of him who believes in ghosts and the communion of the living with the spirits of the dead? In truth, every man is the author of his own God, and as cattle which herd together drink at the same pool, so men who herd together have the same gods, and to these people all other gods are impostors.

From which I conclude that ignorance is relative to time and place and is declared by the current of common belief. What a person firmly believes is to him true, even though it be a delusion, but very truth itself, so far as we may perceive it, is that which, without any exception, forever harmonizes with itself and every other manifestation of the universe perceived by our senses.

Nor does knowledge indicate mentality —great, original brain power; nor lack of knowledge, lack of brain power. One man may gather a handful of polished pebbles by the seashore, yet not be so strong as the young savage who brings pearls from beneath the waves. A man may know nothing of French, or German, or any other language but his own, and he may read, write and speak that in picturesque but most unfashionable style, and yet be a genius, grasping and digesting all things; succeeding in all things; and another may know many languages and have much acquired knowledge and be incapable of earning a hundred dollars a month. Shakespeare and Walt Whitman were both scorned for their small Latin and less Greek. I doubt if Homer knew any language but his own; and Henry James, who knows English to the painful point of tedious accuracy, does not exceed Homer in his knowledge of human nature. A man may be able to weigh and measure the stars and yet too foolish to be trusted alone in a great city, or he may have milked millions from the lamb-like public and not know which breed of cows gives the buttermilk, or whether eggs are the fruit of the egg-plant. He may know the points of the compass and why there is leap year, and still believe in the protective tariff and that representative government is really representative of the masses.

Certainly, all knowledge of truth is good to have, but it is better not to know so much, if so much we know is not true. And what is Truth? It is that demonstrated by perceptible facts and which never varies. Knowledge can be classed as of two sorts, common or ordinary and extraordinary. Or, again, of two sorts: The positively useful and that not so useful, and so we may perhaps say that he,

who has not the common useful knowledge of his day and community, is ignorant. When it is life and death that fields must be plowed and that horses must be shod, he who can plow fields and shoe horses is the wise man.

It seems to me clear that the chief end of man is indeed happiness. It is what we all strive for by natural instinct, and it seems the natural adjunct to life itself. For though it may be true that no one is at all times happy and that some are seldom happy, yet it is also true that to none is happiness wholly denied and to be always happy is the ideal life.

Does knowledge bring happiness to the individual? Is a man happier in ignorance? He is certainly happier in not knowing that he is to die tomorrow, or in believing that cancer of the stomach, which is killing him, is merely indigestion. Is any particular man happier in knowing the germ theory of disease and burning formaldehyde candles than he is in believing that disease and pain come from the angry gods, to appease whom he burns the flesh of goats? Undoubtedly cleanliness, carbolic acid and formaldehyde, are better remedies than praying to the gods, and the knowledge which prevents infection and applies germicides, increases the health, and therefore the happiness of the human race, and as the whole is the sum of all its parts, the greater happiness of the whole must include the greater happiness of each individual, but this is a large view, and when individuals have learned that they are absolutely absorbed in the race and that the good of others is the good of each, the world will indeed be happier. But looked at in the close and personal view to which our individual selfishness limits us at present, it may be questioned whether the individual who leans with implicit faith upon a god or a fetich which he thinks he can move with his prayer, or bribe with his offering, is not in his own short-sighted ignorance and in his own short-sighted way, happier than he who knows he is facing an inexorable and heartless law of the universe. Is a mother happier, or not, in the belief that she will meet her dying child in a land of eternal joy? Is she happier or not in her belief that her insane boy is possessed of devils, which incantations will drive away? Knowledge increases the desire and the greater the desire, the greater the chance for happiness in having them fulfilled, and a greater happiness, but also the greater the chance for unhappiness, for the more the desires, the harder to satisfy. Knowledge widens the horizon, and the further we see, the more beautiful is the prospect and the greater our delight, but, also, more rocks and deserts and obstructions appear and the greater our discouragement. All life, the jelly-fish's and man's, is a perpetually fluctuating balance of compensation. So far as any man himself is concerned, he had better be as ignorant as a mediaeval peasant and have plenty to eat, drink and be merry with, than to know all a Von Humboldt or a Voltaire knew and die of starvation. There are men and women in Russia today and pale-faced mechanics in this country who have read much and know much, but half fed and drinking bitter draughts, they find their knowledge only a magnifier of their misery, but out of the starvation and torture of some comes the good of all. Life is ever scornful of the individual. She drops a million men through agony into the grave as recklessly as she crushes a million ants under the wheels of the grain wagons. Knowledge, true knowledge, knowledge of truth, is the ladder by which the race climbs, and the race, not the individual, is Nature's care. When man learns this, and imitates her, men will be happier, but so slow are they in learning, that they still persistently regard the individual and neglect the race. They still look at what is immediately under their noses and refuse to look towards the horizen. More than that, they still persist in making their laws to fit the exception, not the mass. For the pathos of a few poor weaklings, the pious reformers to whom pathos is greater than justice and the weaklings are more than the race, would with the tyranny of laws, made to fit the weaklings, enchain the free will powers of the whole human race. That a few drunkards, gamblers, or other degenerates may be saved from their own weakness, all men must be put between walls. This is not a kindness, except as to the short-sighted it appears so. It is a violation of a fundamental and eternally just law. Nature does not so. She says, "Pish! What are these few unfortunates to me? There

have always been such; there will always be such, but what are whole nations to me, if they be unfit to continue? Let the individual, or the nation, go down and out, if unfit, and let the fittest survive," and that the fittest may survive and that we may know the fit from the unfit, all must be trained in the free struggle of a free arena. So it is with ignorance. Nature says, "I care nothing at all for the individual. He may be, and often is, personally happier in his ignorance, but it is for the race that I care and every seed of truth blossoms to the good of the race. It may be well for the ignorant man to rest his faith in bribes to an idol, or prayers to a god; it may soothe his individual mind for the moment; but it is better for the race that he know if he generates in filth the germs of disease, physical or moral, the disease will arise, inexorable and cruel, and it is better that he know that not all his prayers will save the consequences.

The race is happier in the knowledge of purity and formaldehyde.

Violinist

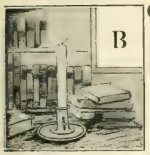
By Curtis Hidden Page

The wonder of your music wraps you round
With melody of rich inwoven sound,
Like quaint old Eastern silks of changing sheen
Or waving moire, in which you walk, a Queen.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON

"CONISTON."



BOOKS are like people. There must be many that are weak, ordinary and ineffectual, that the few really great ones may stand out and be appreciated. We read clever books and brilliant books, and are amused for an idle day—but we never think of them again. It is because their authors have talent instead of genius. They are incapable of creating great characters, or, in fact, any characters at all. Their stories are pleasant and entertaining, but we never think of them after we have laid the books away.

"Coniston" is not one of these. Mr. Churchill is a genius, and therefore a creator. The character of Jethro Bass stands out like a rugged mountain rising from a common place vale. It is the working-out of this character that proves for all time the genius of the author. One who reads the book slowly and intelligently until the five hundred and tenth page has been reached, will find that Jethro Bass has entered his heart to stay—has become one of the people he knows and thinks of every day.

It is a further test of genius when an author can wring the sudden tears of sympathy from the hardened novel-reader of today; and can force him, when he has begun the book for duty, to go on reading it for love.

"Coniston" has been called a book with much love and some politics in it. It might with more truth be described as a book of vivid, compelling human interest from the beginning to the end. It is a splendid achievement.

"FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL."



THE illustrations in "For the Soul of Rafael" are unintentionally funny. In the story, Dona Angela is represented as a fascinating coquette, a sorceress. In the illustration she would really frighten the boldest robins out of a cherry tree; and her fatuous smile alone would surely frighten any living man.

The heroine, Dona Raquel, is a nun-bride, delicate, sensitive, high-minded, bound by a vow to the dead to save Rafael's soul. In every picture she is coarse, dull and commonplace.

For the picture of Keith Bryton—alas and alas! He has the swaggering air of a barkeeper, and his figure suggests too much beer.

The story itself is interesting. It is a well-told tale of love and hate and jealousy, of bandits and murder and mistaken vows, and other things, in the old Spanish-Californian days. Aside from the recurrent shock of the pictures, it holds the interest to the end—which is, by the way, that rarest of things in a novel, a surprise.

THE CALL OF ALASKA.



"ALASKA must be the home of *disembodied witches,*" wrote a friend to me not long ago. "An old gray-headed carpenter, illiterate and poor, told me the other day that he had spent a year in Alaska and that no other country on earth would ever do for him again. He straightened his poor old back from his work and looking at me with a *glow* in his sunken eyes, said: 'Madam, that is the grandest country in this world, and the people who stay away simply don't know what they miss. As for me, I'll spend the few years I've got left up there, if I have to *stoke* my way to get there and *keep* stoking my way to stay there.'

"Now, tell me: wherein lies the charm of that far country which you, yourself, call 'the lavendar land of enchantment'?"

But this question cannot be answered in words. The answer lies deep in the hearts of those who have been to Alaska and who hold fast forevermore memories that will make any man or woman rich.

It calls—as the sea calls to the sea-lover; and there are no words to describe the call. It drifts down the blue sea-miles to those that understand; and even when one cannot arise and follow, the very call is sweeter than any other joy.

"THE GARDEN, YOU AND I."



"BARBARA'S" new book, "The Garden, You and I," is almost as charming as a book can be. There are so few writers who can impart valuable information in a form that may be called *literature!*

"Barbara" not only makes it literature; she also makes poetry out of her prose; as this:

"The sea-birds are blended tints of rock, sand, sky, and water, save the dash of coral in bill and foot of a few, just as the coral of the wild-rose hip blends with the tawny marsh-grasses."

All the days of my life I have loved lilies-of-the-valley with an abiding love, but have never been able to grow them successfully. If they bloomed at all, it was in a yellow, sickly fashion, and they always seemed to be remonstrating with me for trying to keep them alive.

Everyone who saw them said: "They get too much sun; put them in the shade."

So they kept going, year by year, into deeper shade—until, at last, I could find no deeper shade without trying the cellar. And now comes "Barbara":

"The lily-of-the-valley asks deep, very rich soil, in the open sun; if a wall or hedge protects it from the north, so much the better. I do not know why people preach dense shade for this flower; possibly because they prefer leaves to flowers, or else that they are the sheep-like followers of tradition instead of practical gardeners of personal experience. One thing grows to perfection in the garden of this commuter's wife, and that is lilies-of-the-valley, and shade knows it not between eight in the morning and five at night, and we pick and pick for two weeks."

"IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRAG."



"IN the Shadow of the Crag" is a book of verse by Mabel Porter Pitts. The title-poem is very long, and is not so successful as some of the shorter ones. A high sentiment breaths through most of these.

The one quoted is not the best in the book—and certainly not the most ambitious; but it holds an old truth that it is well to remember:

"My vase is broken," she trembling said;
The tears fell fast and she drooped her head.
"With tender touch I will mend it true,
And make believe it's as good as new."

"My vase is broken," he calmly said;
"But I'll buy another one instead;
One just as pretty and just as good,
And put it there where the old one stood."



Empire Building in Mexico

The Awakening of the State of Sinaloa—Its Agricultural and Commercial Development

By R. P. Probasco



IT is a strange irony in the history of the development of new countries that many of those naturally most fertile and possessing the most resources should be the last to feel the quickening touch of modern settlement and development. How strange it is that the clay-washed hills of the James River, and the stony reluctant soils of New England should have been the scene of the first settlement of the United States, yet it was a lapse of over 180 years after the landing at Plymouth Rock and the settlement at Jamestown before the great fertile prairies and forested lands of the Mississippi Valley began to be occupied and developed. It required nearly two hundred years for the English settlements to break through the barrier of the Allegheneys and spread over the broad savannas of the Mississippi Valley.

It is hardly twenty-five years since the great grain producing States of North and South Dakota were an unknown expanse of native sod with its waving acres of prairie grass bending to the summer breeze, but the settlement of the United States, even of the most fertile and desirable states, did not proceed at a uniform rate. There were periods of great emigration to new acres, and then periods of stagnation, but the sum total was a rapid and magnificent settlement and development of the great prairie empire, but with all the halts and checking in the settlement of our new lands their occupation and development have steadily advanced at an increasing ratio. Where 25 years ago it took 20 or 30 years to populate a new state of the Union, that process now takes place within a few months, as substantially evidenced by the rush that takes place to any new Indian or military reservation of value when it is thrown open for settlement.

Of course railway building has had a great deal to do with the rapid settlement of new countries, in fact it often precedes settlement, and opens the avenue which unlocks the unoccupied countries to the needs and uses of man.

Few people realize the profound changes in conditions of settlement, development and investment which have been brought about by the extinction of the rich public lands which for years have been opened for free settlement to home-seekers in the United States. The time when the head of a family, poor in money, but with a valuable capital of energy and industry, could raise enough money to pay railway fare for himself and family from some old Eastern state to the free homestead lands of the West, and there lay the foun-



IRRIGATION CANAL AND HOME.

dation in a few short years of an ample competence, has passed forever from the United States. The tide henceforth must turn back upon itself, and the result of this changed condition of affairs is plainly seen in the rapid advance in the price of farm lands throughout the Western and Pacific Coast States of the Union. Who imagined ten years ago that the prairies of Western Canada, apparently as remote as the moon, would be the objective point for thousands of settlers of the United States, hungry for cheap lands and homes easily obtained. Yet we have seen this great movement under way in its fullest force. The hunger of the Americans for cheap land, for rich land, for productive land cannot be appeased. The genius of the people of the United States, their ambition, their energy can only find an outlet by occupying desirable, low-priced farming lands wherever in North America they may be found. The boundary lines of the United States no longer confine the tide of the energies of its people. They are now seeking homes and investment in these cheap lands where they can find them, whether north or south of the international boundary.

But a few years ago Mexico was a practically unknown country to the people of the United States, who knew of it only through the brief descriptions in their school day history, and looked upon it as being a far distant land, instead of the neighboring republic which shakes hands with the United States for over 1700 miles, from the waves of the Pacific Coast, where California and Lower California join, to the Rio Grande at El Paso, and thence down that historic stream to the Gulf of Mexico. American business men, American financiers have already spied out the land, and millions of American capital, and thousands of Americans are now pouring over the boundary to the mines, to the forests and the farming lands of the Mexican Republic.

It is within the bounds of reason to say that at the present moment over 10,000 miles of railroad in Mexico have been built and financed by American capital. But heretofore the railways of Mexico have been built upon the great central plateau, leaving the splendid lands of the west coast practically untouched by the rail-



TYPICAL HOME OF NORTHERN FARMER, SINALOA, MEXICO.

road builder. These west coast lands comprise a great bulk of sea coast plains of alluvium and deep loams of a similar character to those of the valleys of California, Oregon and the Mississippi Valley. The State of Sinaloa alone possesses of these fertile coast plain lands a tract over 380 miles in length, and of an average width of 30 to 40 miles.

This extensive agricultural plain is now the objective point for four competitive lines of railway, either actually under construction, or under survey, through the length and breadth of the State of Sinaloa.

This unique and interesting Mexican state, now brought by rapid railway construction into the full glare of modern progressiveness, is emerging from its obscurity and becoming the center of operations for mining men, farmers and the timber operator.

Joining this remarkable coast plain immediately to the eastward is the foothill region, in whose valleys there exist rich possibilities for the cultvation of the crops and fruits of semi-tropical regions; while still further to the eastward the Sierras rear their mighty heads in jagged outline, and carry in their recesses uncounted treasures of silver, gold and other precious metals; while forests of oak and pine mantle the higher summits.

One of the most interesting things



SINALOA RIVER AND CORNFIELD, GUASAVE.

from a climatic standpoint in the State of Sinaloa, and one which will have an important bearing in its future development, is its surprising capacity for production of crops of both tropical, semi-tropical and temperate climates. It is, indeed, a land possessing the happy medium of being far enough south to have a frostless winter, and yet during the year when the lands of the north are locked in frost to partake of a coolness from October to April something like the northern May; thus bringing about winter conditions which will, and does produce all of the ordinary crops of the North, like corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes and the ordinary northern garden vegetables. Then during all of the months of the year are grown such tropical and semi-tropical crops as bananas, sugar cane, cocoanuts, mangos,



Cabbage, banana plants and tree muskmelon growing in same field, Culiacan, capital of Sinaloa.



Cabbage, sorghum, sugar cane and mango fruit tree, Pericos, Sinaloa, Mexico.

papayas, and other tropical and semi-tropical crops.

One of the strangest anomalies to the new comer to the State of Sinaloa is that of seeing cabbage, turnip and potato patches growing in the shade of banana groves and palm trees.

The farmer in November or December plants his corn crop to ripen the coming April or May; thirty days thereafter he plants the second crop to ripen the next October or November, thus producing the anomaly of two corn crops a year off of the same land.

Sugar cane in Sinaloa, of which a large acreage is under cultivation, makes a continuous growth under the stimulus of a warm sun and ample moisture, and in nine months from the time it starts it is ready for cutting and for the mill.

But a crop peculiar to Mexico, and considered by those competent to judge to be the most profitable crop raised in North America, is one entirely unknown to the northern farmer. This is the henequin or "sisal" fibre plant, commonly called the maguey plant, which ordinarily grows throughout all parts of Sinaloa. This remarkable plant, by reason of certain qualities it has, well deserves its reputation in Mexico as a money making crop. Northern wheat growers in the United States and Canada annually pay to these Mexican farmers nearly thirty million dollars for the henequin or "sisal" fibre, as the fibre from this plant is one of the principal ingredients of the binder twine in such general use in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains in wheat, oats and barley harvest.

This plant seems to be iron clad in many respects; so that the soil it grows in has an intermixture of lime; it thrives impartially upon the stoniest mountain side, the fertile foothill, valley or the level coastal plain of Sinaloa. It is a universal plant growing wild throughout all sections of the state. It laughs at the summers drought, pushing its long sword like leaves up into the air steadily during the most severe drought or the heaviest rainfall. It laughs at insects, and imperturably grows along week in and mouth out, producing the long slender leaves which conceal the strands of fibre, which when extracted are silver white in color, and of extraordinary strength, and enter into the construction of rope, binder twine, saddle blankets, bridles, harness, hammocks, chairs, beds, and a hundred uses for which it is admirably adapted. Once planted it does not require further attention until the leaves are ready to harvest. Cutting of the leaves begins three years after the plant is set out, and continues uninterruptedly for five to nine years before it is necessary to renew the crop. If the owner is called away and the crop is not cut it remains unhurt until harvested. Brush and weeds may grow up among the plants and still they thrive. In one of the states of Mexico where this fibre industry has been carried on for a number of years, this industry has created over one hundred and fifty millionaires. Mexican farmers who raise this fibre indulge in such luxuries as beds with gold posts, $1,500 monogram pianos, the richest and most expensive furniture, and every other extravagance. The wife of one of these fibre farmers spent the summer at Puebla with her

children with a lady who was also sojourning there at the same time. There was no extravagance she did not indulge in as if it were a matter of course; golden rings and jewels were bought by the tray only to be given away to friends and acquaintances. Everything that was offered for sale she bought even though not needed. When remonstrated with by her friends, she said, "Why it really makes no difference, our henequin plantation makes us more money than we know how to spend." Is it not strange that American farmers have not spied out this fascinating field for agricultural production?

The magnitude of the mining interests of Western Mexico are surprisingly large, and this particularly applies to the production of silver and copper. San Francisco mining men have large interests in Eastern Sinaloa, and they are proving very profitable. The silver after being melted into bars something of the size of sticks of cord wood is carried by burros to the port of Mazatlan, where it is shipped to the United States and foreign countries. These numerous and rapidly increasing mining camps in the mountains to the eastward furnish a constantly expanding market for the agricultural products of the coast plain and the foothill valleys of Sinaloa, while the hotels at Culiacan, Mocorito, Fuerte and other cities are filled with Americans who are down from their mines to make purchases.

Railroad building, now so active in Sinaloa, will bring about profound changes in the development of that state. The Southern Pacific is pushing a trunk line through the heart of the agricultural coast plain district. The new line will be built to acquire low grades and the line will be along the coast plain just west of the foothills, thus bringing every part of the farming region of that state either actually on the line, or within one to twenty miles of transportation by rail. The road will cross the ten great rivers of the state, which will be bridged at intervals of from twenty to twenty-five miles apart. The older towns will increase rapidly in population, and many new towns and trading points will be created.

On the great tracts of alluvium,



Hauling corn for shipment, Sinaloa, Mexico.

brought down by the rivers from the mountains, the present large acreage of sugar cane will be extended; irrigation canals will divert the water from the river to the coastal plain and foothill valleys, while the culture of the henequin fibre plant, now beginning to be extensively raised, will extend over thousands of square miles, and produce millions of dollars worth of fibre each year.

Commission men of the north have often commented on the rapidity with which tropical and semi-tropical products like bananas and grape fruit have occupied northern markets. In Sinaloa many unique tropical and semi-tropical fruits will be ready to tickle the palate of the northern consumer when the railways are completed, bringing with them quick refrigerator transportation to the United States and Canadian markets. Such fruits as the tree muskmelon or papaya, almost exactly resembling the musk melon of the North in appearance and flavor, except that it grows in large clusters in the tops of trees; the mango, which grows in extraordinary profusion, and has the appearance and flavor almost like custard; the guava, a most delightful fruit, and the aguacate. All these and more exquisite and delightful tropical palate ticklers will open avenues for large profits with rail transportation. This will be afforded by the Southern Pacific railroad above referred to, and by the Kansas City, Mexican & Orient railway, now under rapid construction from Kansas City through Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas in the United States, and Chilhualma and Sinaloa in Mexico to the port of Topolobampo upon the Gulf of California. This port is one of the most wonderful upon the Mexican coast. It is readily accessible to the largest class of coasting steamers, and vessels of the deepest

draught can load alongside its docks in 90 feet of water within 100 feet of the shore.

The Orient road is already constructed with the best class of ties and heaviest steel rails through the State of Sinaloa to Topolobampo, and from Topolobampo northeastward it passes across a great level plain of wonderful fertility, in a tangent for many miles. In the mountain section of Sinaloa it will reach the wealthy and productive mining district of Choix, and result in opening up many other mines to profitable working. When this road is completed it will shorten the distance over 500 miles from the Pacific Ocean to the Missouri River; sixty hours' transit will land the fibre, the sugar, and the tropical and semi-tropical fruits of Sinaloa into the markets and teeming population of the Middle West. The mileage of this line is already largely completed and in profitable operation across the State of Sinaloa. Twenty-four months will see trains running the entire length of the line. Then the northern settlers who have already been producers of sugar cane for 15 to 20 years along the line of this road, and have become wealthy in the operation, can take the train at the door of their sugar estates and in a little more than two days land comfortably at Kansas City, or other Mississippi Valley points.

With the completion of the Southern Pacific trunk line through the state and the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railway, Sinaloa will enter upon a career of settlement and development which will quickly land it among the greatest producing sections of North America.



Field of "hennequin," or ixtli plant, Sinaloa. Northern grain farmers buy $30,000,000 worth of the binding twine fibre from this plant annually.



A SALT RIVER VALLEY IRRIGATING CANAL.

Salt River Valley, Arizona

By Charles Arthur Van der Veer

EVER walk in a field of oats where the stalks would hide a six-foot man?

Ever ride through a wheat field where the standing grain could be knotted over your horse's back?

Ever drive through sorghum whose tasseled heads would tower above your buggy top?

Ever visit a cantaloupe field and see enough of these succulent melons on two acres to fill a carload for market?

All of these things are not unusual sights in the Salt River Valley, Arizona. And in the heart of this productive section stands Phoenix, metropolis of the territory, its capital city and as well the county seat of Maricopa, one of the largest and richest sudivisions of Arizona.

Such an abundant production as is here indicated is brought about by the simple application of water to an already rich soil—for irrigation is needed to grow crops successfully in the Salt River Valley. But hand in hand go a maximum of sunshine, a minimum of wind and a small annual rainfall, all combining not only to make many blades of grass grow where none grew before, but to make them grow several times a year. The result is that the before mentioned tall grain reaches its growth without being uprooted or broken by wind and rain; the sorghum attains a degree of sweetness unknown elsewhere, and the cantaloupes reach perfection and are ready for market in the early season before the glut of competition cuts down the selling price.

Then, too, these are but the results of careful and intelligent tilling of the soil under present irrigating conditions, when

in winter the floods of Salt River run in wasteful riot to the Gulf of California and thence to the ocean, to be regretted when the summer shortage sets in and crops suffer from a temporary lack of needed water. It may be only conjectured what will be the result next year and in succeeding years when water will be available from the supply stored in the Tonto Reservoir. That great work of dam building now being carried out by the U. S. Reclamation Engineers under the official title of the Salt River Project will not only give an assured and regular water supply for irrigating the 100,000 acres now in cultivation, but will add as many more acres to the tillable lands in the valley of which Phoenix is the center.

When it is remembered that an acre in an irrigated section is equal in productiveness to four acres in a rain country, some idea may be gained of the possibilities in store for this city in the near future. Bearing this fact in mind, the investment of from $50 to $100 an acre in improved ranch property does not seem an extravagant price to pay. With a population of 15,000 to start with, there is a good basis for the slogan of the "Phoenix 50,000 in 1915" club. Besides the thousands of farmers' families to be supplied from this commercial center, there is a fringe of mineralized hills encircling the valley, among which prospectors and miners are beginning to tap the rich stores of nature to turn the deposits of gold, copper, iron and other metals into a stream of wealth to flow through Phoenix. In return the city outfits prospectors and sends food supplies and machinery to the mining camps. Here is also an outlet for some of the products of cattle-fattening ranch, melon farm or orchard, although trainloads of such products are also shipped yearly from the Salt River Valley to more distant markets.

As in all irrigated sections, intensive farming is coming to be more and more the rule in the Salt River Valley. In the interest of home building, the framers of the National Irrigation Act restricted to 160 acres, each, individual holdings under Government reclamation projects. This was aimed to prevent the securing of a monopoly of land by corporations or monied individuals. Within a few years it will be found that forty acres will be



A PRINCIPAL STREET IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

all an energetic farmer will care to handle in one tract, and an eighty-acre ranch will be a big one indeed under irrigation. Even with somewhat adverse conditions in the Salt River Valley thrifty farmers have found no trouble in making a living for their families and laying away something for the proverbial rainy day besides, and all as a result of their tilling no more than twenty acres of land.

Ten acres of sugar beets will keep a farmer busy during the short season of their growth. Unless his family is a large one he will need to hire some assistance in the time of weeding, thinning, cultivating and harvesting, yet his returns will be commensurate, for $100 an acre should be moderate returns. Or in growing cantaloupes the yield from ten acres should, with careful attention to the crop, average $200 an acre. From ten acres of oranges there were sold in the second year of bearing 525 boxes at an average net price of $3. When it is remembered that Arizona navel oranges from the Salt River Valley sell in open market in New York at from $7 to $8 a box, and that in open competition, there can be no doubt about the quality of the product or the profit to the grower.

An acre or two of watermelons will keep the grower busy marketing his crop, and that at good prices, while the strawberry grower receives from $800 to $1000 in a season from an acre and certainly half is clear profit. Then there is asparagus, peaches, apricots, grapes, plums, pears, pomelos or grape fruit, lemons, olives, pomegranates, figs, almonds, the growing of which is no longer an experiment among the specialized products of the Salt River Valley.

Even in alfalfa growing the Salt River Valley farmer has advantages over his neighbors in other sections, for, with the favorable climatic conditions he may cut six crops in a year, ranging from one to three tons to the acre each cutting, and be sure of favorable weather in which to cure his hay. Besides there is a seed crop in the summer that will pay expenses. Then there are the grain crops running from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre or when cut "in the milk" for hay averaging three to four tons to the acre.

A product of the Salt River Valley



BEES IN AN IRRIGATED DISTRICT.

which has not been mentioned is that of honey, which is extracted and shipped out by the carload. Bee men were not long in discovering that their busy honey makers sought desert blossoms, and by placing the colonies in desirable locations adjoining such desert growths, a fine quality of well flavored mesquite honey was produced. Perhaps a Phoenix candy manufacturer had this in mind when he took from the desert some of the native cactus growth and from the pulp of the plant evolved a candy which is finding vogue among the lovers of toothsome sweets.

One of the crops of which Phoenix boasts and which is yearly shipped out is that of ostrich feathers. In the Salt River Valley are located two-thirds of the ostriches in America, and the yield of feathers is from $30 to $40 yearly from each bird. On one farm over 1000 of the birds are grazed on alfalfa in flocks like so many cattle. Pairs of the birds for breeding are valued at from $500 upward.

Phoenix is a wool market and sets the price for the rest of the country. Thousands of sheep are driven into the valley to be sheared each winter and the resulting clip is sold in Phoenix and shipped to the buyers. On account of being first in the market in the wool season, the price offered forms a basis for the clips at other but later shearing centers.

Fast horses are bred in the Salt River Valley, and the training of trotters goes on with advantage in the favorable winter climate. At Phoenix are located the model grounds of the Territorial Fair Association, where a speedy mile track encircling a half-mile track offers especial inducements to drivers who are interested in developing their horses under the most favorable conditions.

Besides being the commercial center and supply point for this favored agricultural section, Phoenix is the headquarters of officials and departments not usually found in cities of similar or even larger size elsewhere. The U. S. Land Office is here located, with clients coming from all over the Territory to transact their business. Surveys of mineral and other claims have to be looked after by a large



A SECOND STEP IN PROSPERITY.



A SALT RIVER VALLEY ORCHARD.

force in the offices of the U. S. Surveyor General, which are located in the Capitol. Engineers of the U. S. Reclamation Service have their headquarters in Phoenix, from which to look after the Tonto and Laguna projects. Near Phoenix is located an Indian Industrial School, the second largest in the country, where over 700 pupils from 30 different tribes are taught to be self-supporting. What may be classed almost as an industry is the work of forming corporations under the liberal laws of Arizona. Incorporating companies exist for the sole purpose of performing all the necessary requirements under the law, and then to act as resident agents of the companies.

All the accompaniments of a thriving, up-to-the-minute city are found in Phoenix, and the comforts of life are supplied not only for the resident population of the city and surrounding country but for thousands of visitors who in winter seek in the balmy air of the Salt River Valley a surcease from cold and rainy discomforts of less favored sections. Many have established winter homes there, which they seek a little earlier each year and leave a little later in the spring, for they are loath to leave the delights of a sojourn in the Salt River Valley.





CANON OF SNAKE RIVER; TWIN FALLS IN DISTANCE.



GOVERNOR FRANK R. GOODING OF IDAHO.

Governor Gooding, of Idaho, will have an article in the October number of The Pacific Monthly on the very important Carey Act irrigation projects in his state. The editors regret that this article was received too late to be published in the September issue.

Klamath

By Frank Ira White

MARKED on the maps of railroad financiers and soon to have a place on the official time-cards is a region in Southern Oregon, East of the Cascade Mountains, concerning which the public knows very little, but that is destined to furnish homes for a multitude. Remarkable fertility of soil, splendid mountain climate, turquoise skies of Summer with breezes tempered by snow-capped peaks, and abundant water supply from immense natural reservoirs to be carried to the land by means of a vast system of reclamation works being built by the United States Government are some of the elements combining to convert the Klamath Basin from its native state into one of the most highly developed agricultural districts of the land. Homes for 50,000 people are to be provided by means of irrigation. The largest body of soft pine timber on the Pacific Coast has been practically untouched by the bandsaw to convert it into merchantable timber; water power sufficient to operate transportation of a commonwealth and turn thousands of factory wheels, may be harnessed, creating immense manufacturing industries and home markets for products of the soil.

Unheralded because of its remoteness from established lines of travel and almost unknown to travelers, the Klamath region, with its extraordinary system of lakes, rivers and marshes, is the habitat of waterfowl, rainbow trout and other species of fish that delight the lover of rod and reel, are found in abundance, and grouped within a given area are scenic attractions more varied than anywhere else. Rivers that flow in both directions, wood that sinks and stone that floats are among the natural wonders whereat visitors marvel. A river that flows nearly a hundred miles in its course from source to mouth and then is lost in a lake distant less than seven miles from its headwaters and which has no visible outlet is another peculiar feature. Crater Lake is classed by discerning globe-trotters as entitled to rank as one of the seven wonders of the world, its surface at an attitude of 7,000 feet and having a maximum water depth of 2,650 feet. These attractions, to say nothing of the big game, bear, elk and deer, are resources of great importance and must prove the magnet to draw thousands of tourists annually.

Upper Klamath Lake is the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. It is fed by streams that gush full-fledged



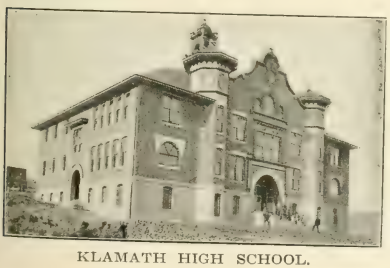
Photograph by Miss Baldwin.
KLAMATH FALLS.

river from springs as cold as iced drinks, and at various places throughout the basin hot springs of water possessed of medical properties boil up from the mysterious depths of the earth.

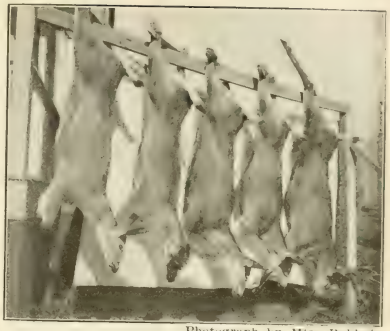
Despite the handicap of lack of transportation facilities there has been a great deal done toward development of the rich resources of this fertile land. Thousands of acres are producing bounteously of forage and grain and root crops. Great strides have been taken already in transformation from a breeding and grazing ground of livestock to the development of the feeding industry which will remain one of the permanent pursuits of the region, although the trinity of waste water, fertile land in primeval state and idle men, brought together through the beneficence of the splendid paternalism embodied under the operation of the National Irrigation Act, will constitute a unity of production, fringing more intensive cultivation and higher compensation.

Enough has been done in agricultural and horticultural lines to demonstrate beyond cavil that the most profitable avenues are open to successful accomplishment of the farmer and fruitgrower. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, alfalfa, timothy, and other grain and forage crops; vegetables, celery, sugar beets, asparagus, potatoes and other root crops and all of the hardier fruits, including apples, pears, plums, apricots and berries, thrive and yield bountifully. There is nothing experimental about these demonstrations and added to the experience of the pioneers is the result of scientific research by soil experts and authorities of the plant division of the Department of Agriculture.

Poultry raising offers inducements to the person of limited means seeking the advantages of outdoor occupation. All kinds of poultry does well in the Klamath Basin and a splendid market is found locally. Likewise bee culture is attractive and few localities are so favorable for the man desirous of establishing an apiary.



KLAMATH HIGH SCHOOL.



Photograph by Miss Baldwin.
KLAMATH COUNTY DEER.

Tule and marsh lands embraced within the reclamation area or tributary to Upper Klamath Lake are adapted to dairying and this industry should become one of the most lucrative branches of rural life. The finest horses in America can be bred and developed most successfully on the Pacific Coast and the Klamath country has been a center of horse production for many years. Thoroughbreds will in future be the substitute for the range animals that have heretofore been driven to market.

Klamath Basin is the objective point of no less than four railroads while the engineers of a fifth are already directing their course toward the great irrigation district. The first railroad connection with the transcontinental Harriman system will be by the route of the California Northeastern Railroad, building from a junction with the Southern Pacific at Weed, California, and now completed to within about thirty miles of Lower Klamath Lake. When this distance is spanned with steel rails, communication will have been established by means of rail and steamboat through to Klamath Falls, to Merrill Landing, and to other way points along Little Klamath and Klamath Rivers. Meanwhile construction is under way on the grade on various portions of the line and it is the



CRATER LAKE, SHOWING BLIZZARD ISLAND.



KLAMATH FALLS AND ITS NAVIGABLE LAKE.



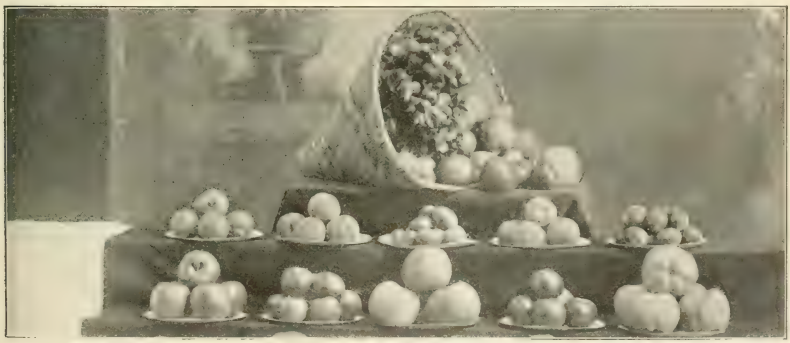
HARVEST SCENE, NEAR BONANZA.



ALFALFA AT MERRILL.

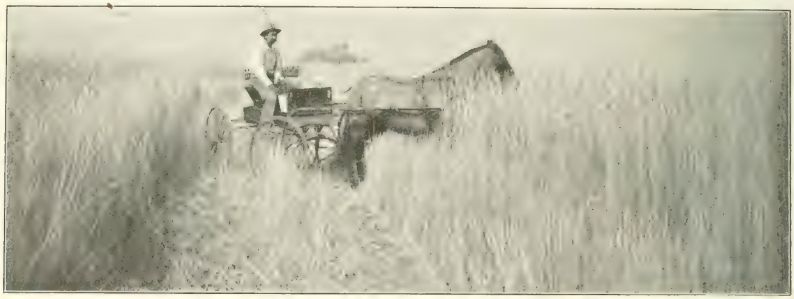
expectation of the officials of the California Northeastern that through trains will be in operation to Klamath Falls before the end of the year. From the north the Oregon Eastern is to be built from a connection with the Southern Pacific Oregon lines at Natron, up the Willamette River to the summit of the Cascades and thence south to Klamath Falls, with an arm extending across Central Oregon to the Oregon Short Line at Ontario. From a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, California, the McCloud River Railroad is building northward to Laird's Landing on Lower Klamath Lake, to establish through traffic by means of a steamboat connection to Klamath Falls and other points. Building north from Madeline, California, the Nevada-California-Oregon Railroad, controlled, it is understood, by the Gould interests, and to become an integral part of the Western Pacific system, is to traverse Lake County, *via* Lakeview, and thence find a route through the Klamath Basin to Western Oregon. Electric railways will ultimately link Klamath Falls, Merrill and Bonanza, principal trade and population centers of the country. Projects with this object are being worked out in plans of shrewd financiers.

Homes for the industrious farmers of the overcrowded states further to the eastward are to be found here under most favorable conditions. There is no public land open to entry under the canal system, but thousands of acres of land in private ownership have been placed upon the market by reason of the regulations that prevent one person perfecting a water right for more than 160 acres. Forty acres is enough for any family, under an adequate system of irrigation, and under the most intensive sort of diversified farming less acreage may be made to yield returns greater than realized from a quar-



KLAMATH COUNTY FRUITS.

ter section in the great wheat and corn belts of the Mississippi Valley, where irrigation is unknown. This land can be had at prices ranging from $15 to $30 an acre and land located in the immediate vicinity of the principal towns and trade centers at higher prices, but correspondingly low when productive power and purposes to which such land may be devoted is taken into consideration.



A KLAMATH VALLEY OAT FIELD. Photograph by Miss Baldwin.

Portland and the Aftermath

It was freely predicted by those who are conversant with exposition conditions that the after-effects of the Lewis & Clark Exposition would be somewhat disastrous. This was the case with expositions in Chicago, St. Louis and other cities, and those who made a study of expositions were probably justified in making the same prediction in reference to Portland. The facts in the case, however, have been as unusual as was the Portland Exposition itself. Indeed, we may go so far as to say that the immediate good to Portland that followed the exposition more than offsets the entire amount of money that was spent on the Exposition. Property has advanced in value, business has increased and the outlook today is exceedingly bright. One of the indications of the prosperity of Portland and its progress along commercial lines as a result of the exposition is the establishment of the Bankers and Lumbermen's Bank, with an authorized capitalization of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bank was organized by progressive and yet conservative business men, and will doubtless play an important part in the future commercial upbuilding of the city.



AT WORK ON THE GREAT LEWISTON DAM.

The World's Largest Irrigation Dams

AT Lewiston, Idaho, private capital is building a dam which, when completed, will be one of the largest earthen dams in the world. It commands especial attention from the fact that of the twelve really stupendous earthen dams of the world, but five earthen irrigation dams exceed it in size. Algeria has one that is larger, India two, and California two. The United States Reclamation Service has as yet built none as large.

It is difficult to convey by figures a conception of the immensity of the Lewiston Sweetwater Irrigation Company's dam, which will have a maximum height of 98 feet, and a length of 4045 feet, with a 20-foot crown width, an outside slope of two to one, and an inside slope of three to one.

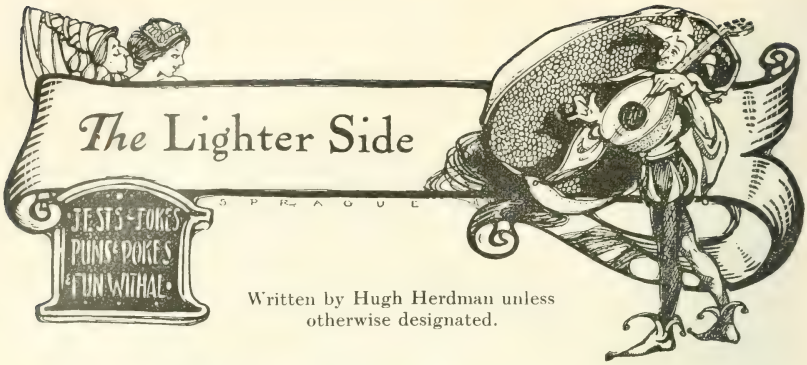
More than three-quarters of a million cubic yards of fine clay, rolled in thin layers by twelve-ton steam rollers, will be required to make up the wall that is to impound the ten thousand acre feet of water which will render fertile thousands of acres of land within the city limits and suburbs of Lewiston, Idaho.

Three years will be required to complete the work, although about one thousand acres have been put under irrigation this Spring, and are now open to settlement.

Another distinctive feature of this remarkable plant is its distribution system, devised by Irrigation Engineer Porter J. Preston and Consulting Engineer L. G. Carpenter. Thereby water will be furnished to consumers through pipes under pressure, and in such a manner that each consumer may enjoy the privilege of using as much of his quantity of water at any time as he may see fit.

Each consumer is therefore afforded the opportunity to exercise to the full extent his practical and scientific knowledge and experience regarding time and quantity in the application of water to growing crops. This means intensive farming and fruit culture on five and ten-acre holdings; close neighbors, the daily paper, electric lights, the telephone, the theatre, school and church, in fact all the social, educational and business advantages of a thickly populated section, but that is another story.

The capital required for building this great dam is being supplied chiefly by men of Portland, Oregon. W. F. Burrell is president of the company, and H. L. Powers, who originated the project and organized the company, is its manager.



Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated.

Caught.

They were from Kansas, and like most persons traveling abroad, felt free from some of the restraints which are imposed upon those who travel in their own land. Whether two young ladies should have been traveling without the protection of a chaperone is aside from the question; the fact remains that they were, and that they were exercising the freedom, especially of speech, which every native-born American feels is his right.

It so happened that while traversing Germany they were placed in a compartment in which there was only one passenger besides themselves, a middle-aged, rotund German. The day was dark and rainy, and the view from the car presented little of interest to them, so that they were forced to rely upon conversation to pass the time. Their companion seemed oblivious to their presence, and in fact within a short time after the train started, arranged himself comfortably in a corner and, closing his eyes, prepared to sleep.

The conversation of the girls, for they were scarcely more than girls, soon turned to the things they had seen and the experiences they had undergone in Berlin. From that it drifted to the customs of the Germans.

"What do you think of these Germans, anyway?" Maud inquired.

"Well, I hardly know," May replied, "but really I think they are awfully funny, don't you?"

"Yes, they are so easy-going and slow. They never do today what they can do tomorrow."

"Except drink beer. In that they never put off till tomorrow what they can drink today."

"And they sleep such an awful lot. Goodness me, how they do sleep!"

"Yes, and there's a fair example of it right here."

"Hush, dear! He might not be asleep and might hear you."

"Well, what if he does? He couldn't understand me."

"But he might understand English."

"Oh, no; they never do. He's asleep anyway. Besides if he could, he would have tried to talk to us. Is'nt he fat?"

"Awfully. That comes from drinking beer. And isn't his face red? I wonder if he paints?"

"And isn't his moustache just too cute for anything? I wonder if it turns up that way at the ends naturally?"

"His eyes are perfectly beautiful, they are so soft and blue."

"How do you know? You can't see them."

"I saw them before he retired. I wonder if he is married?"

"Of course; all the Germans are; that's their long suit. Talking about suits, did you notice the way the men's clothes fit over here?"

"Yes; they are cut very much like our wheat sacks are; straight up and down. And they fit about like a wheat sack would, too."

"Oh, it's real mean for us to talk about him that way. Did you notice the funny little hat he had on?"

Thus they rattled on about him incessantly for an hour, picking him and his clothes to pieces. At last as the train slowed down, he roused himself from his corner, gathered his bags together, and prepared to get out at the next station. As the train came to a stop, he looked over toward them, smiled good-naturedly, and said in good English, although with a decided accent.

"Young ladies, I have enjoyed your company immensely. It has seldom been my pleasure to listen to the conversation of such close observers of human nature and such broad, fair-minded and polite critics as you have shown yourselves to be. Permit me to thank you for relieving my journey of a tediousness which it otherwise would have had for me. I wish you as pleasant a journey as you have made mine. Good morning!"

When he had gone, they looked at each other blankly, gasped once or twice, and then giggled.



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

The Twins.

They used to work all kinds of games on their parents who, despite the boast that they could always tell their twin progeny apart, were continually mistaking Tim for Jim and Jim for Tim. Sometimes these mistakes redounded to the credit of the twins, and sometimes they did not.

One hot June afternoon Tim and Jim decided that there was no necessity for them to subject themselves to the discomfort of the school-room, and accordingly absented themselves from it in order to go swimming. They overlooked the fact, as boys have a habit of doing, that the teacher would notice their absence and require an explanation. The next morning Tim and Jim were called to an accounting by the old teacher, and in default of an excuse were sent home with a note to their father.

When they were unable to explain the matter to their father's complete satisfaction, he extended an invitation to them to meet him in the woodshed. They were loath to accept, but having no previous engagement to plead, and being unable to think of any other graceful way of declining, they were forced to accept. Any other host but their father would have noticed their reluctance and possibly would have excused them, but he was at times uncomfortably persistent in having his own way.

Taking Tim by the collar, he escorted him into the woodshed, shut the door, and left Jim outside. Now the entertainment showered upon Tim must have been lavish in the extreme, judging by the shouts of enthusiasm which he gave forth. Jim, hearing these manifestations of revelry and concluding that the hospitality of the host might be overtaxed if he stayed to partake of it, decided to depart without even leaving his card.

Accordingly, when Tim and his father came to the front door of the woodshed, the latter for the purpose of welcoming another guest, there was nobody in sight. A careful inspection of the surrounding landscape failed to detect the young man. Leaving Tim to entertain himself as best he could, and not even excusing himself, so great was his hurry, the father departed into the highways and byways. Left to his own devices, Tim proceeded to climb into a cherry tree near by and to console himself for the loss of such pleasant company.

A quarter of an hour passed. Then Tim from his high station saw his father approaching, and perceived, with something akin both to regret and to exultation, that the bashful Jim did not accompany him. Tim saw that his father walked with much haste, and that his face indicated bitter disappointment, but he resolved not to try to comfort him.

Suddenly, when directly under the limb where Tim sat, his father stopped and

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looked up. A peculiar look of satisfaction lighted up his countenance. In fact, he fairly beamed with cordiality.

"Ah, ha, there you are, are you? Come down here, quick."

Tim obeyed, for the command was peremptory.

"What do you mean by such conduct?"

"What conduct?"

"Yes, what conduct? I'll teach you to mind me."

"I ain't done nothin'."

"What, do you call playing hooky and then hiding from me doing nothing? Answer me."

"But I didn't hide from you, and you've licked me once, good, too, for playin' hooky."

"Licked you once? When?"

"Just now."

"Don't lie to me, sir. That was Tim."

"Well, I'm Tim."

"Oh, ho, young man. No, you don't. You don't work that old game on me again. You and that imp brother of yours worked me once on that, but it won't go this time. Come in here."

Tim made further protestations, but they were of no avail. He took his medicine, but it was fearfully bitter. When it was finished, he proceeded to hunt up Jim and offer him a choice between having the stuffin' knocked out of him and turning over his brand new top. He offered several other valuable articles, marbles, a knife, a fishin' line, but Tim demanded the top, and got it. But he never squealed on Jim; he knew he couldn't prove it.

* * *

Nicht War.

He—Do you believe that there ever was a woman who had never been kissed by a man before she became engagd?

She—Of course, I do.

He—Aw, come, now! Do you, really?

She—Most assuredly I do.

He—Well, of course, I don't pretend to knowledge on the kissableness of girls—in fact, what I know is based on hearsay, for I'm the only unkissed man in the world—but I am very much inclined to doubt the correctness of your authority. Who was she?

She—Eve.

* * *

Too Wily.

Binks—Which would you rather be in these fat times, Jinks, a beef-packer or an insurance president?

Jinks—Um! look here, Binks, there is no use in your trying that dodge on me. I've told you many times that I don't believe in capital punishment.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

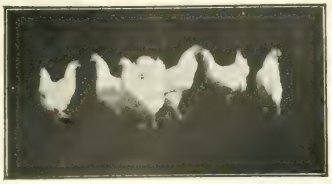
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Making a Bad Bear Good.

We were camped on the Firehole River in Yellowstone Park. The Lone Star geyser played regularly every half-hour, the river bubbled cool and inviting, and, best of all, the lucious trout sizzled in the frying pan.

Suddenly, while we were sitting there smacking our lips in anticipation, we were startled by a rattling and a barking and a lusty "whoa" behind us. Looking around, we discovered Buffalo Jones, the game warden, seated in his ever present buckboard behind two mules, and surrounded by a pack of lean, powerful, vicious-looking dogs. Conscious of our innocence, we demanded his company at supper, but insisted that he do his own unhitching and that he leash those dogs.

"Where've you been?" he was asked when he rejoined us.

"Up the canyon trail a ways tendin' to a bear," he replied in a matter of fact way.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Gone bad," he replied. "A good bear, you know is a wild one, just as a good Injun is a dead one. Just keep a bear wild, and he's all right. But just let him get so he aint' afraid of you and begins to make himself familiar, he begins to be a bad actor.

"Well, up this trail, the government has got the road gang at work. They've been gettin' along all right except for the bears, who have been makin' things pretty hot for them—one old cinnamon in particular bein' specially pestiferous. He'd walk right into where the cook was cookin' and drive everybody out of there pell-mell, and then eat up everything in sight or smell. They simply couldn't do a thing with the son-of-a-gun. So the foreman sent down word to the post that we would either have to do something with that bear or they would have to quit work, 'cause they couldn't work without grub. Then I got orders to go up there and kill him, but I knew a fine way to make a good bear out of him, without doin' that.

"When I reached their camp I looked the ground over and laid my plans. I took a big, long rope and made a noose in it, and put the noose on the ground under a tree. Then I threw the other end of the rope over a limb and put a part of a side of bacon on the ground inside the noose. When everything was ready, three or four of us went and laid down in the brush and waited.

"We hadn't been there more than a half hour before we heard the bear comin' shuffin' along through the brush. When he came out in the open, he stopped a minute and sniffed. Course, he smelled the bacon and made for it. He put one foot in the noose, and zip, we had him yanked clean off the ground with only his hind toes touchin'. We made him fast that way, and then called all hands to come and take part in the performance.

"Each one armed himself with a good

stout club, and then, formin' a circle round Mr. Bear, we waded into him. Maybe you think those fellers didn't get square with him for the little game he had been playin' on them. They certainly tanned his old hide good and plenty. He couldn't do a blamed thing but dance around on his hind toes and bawl like a big, overgrown schoolboy gettin 'a lickin'.

"But the cook was the one that had a grudge to pay back, and he paid it, too, with interest at a hundred per cent. He read his pedigree from the time of the flood down, and he knew the first names of all the ancestors, too, and everytime he would mention one of them he would lambaste Mr. Bear a deuce of a crack. It didn't make any difference where he hit him either, whether on the belly or behind the ear, just so long as he got in a good wallop.

"After a while, however, everybody, includin' the cook was tired out, and the bear was stretched up there as limp as a weepin' willow, and he was whimperin' like a baby with the colic, and the tears run down his face one after the other. If ever a bear promised to be good, he did. And when we let him down, he took to the woods so fast that he almost set it afire. He's probably runnin' yet, but you can bet your last chip that he'll be a good bear from now on."

* * *

Uncle Si and the Apiculturist.

"S'manthy," said Uncle Si one day when he came home from town, "as I was passin' that there feller Snooks' place today, I see a sign nailed up on the tree. First I could not make it out, but pretty soon I see that it was 'Sim Snooks, Apiculturist.' Now, I ain't no durn ignoramus 'cause I take the Punkville Weekly Screecher, and I reckon I keep up with the times, bout as well as most folks round these parts, and mebbe a little mite better. I've heerd tell of agriculturists, horticulturists, and one or two other kinds of culturists, but I'll jest be dod-guzzled if I ever yit heerd of a apiculturist. Now what in Sam Patch is a apiculturist, anyhow?"

"Why, Si," exclaimed Aunt S'manthy," "I'm s'prised at you not knowin' what a apiculturists is. Why, he's a man what raises apes, of course."

"Well, dod-guzzle my old thick skull, anyhow! I'm s'prised I didn't think of that myself; course that's what it means. 'Tain't no wonder now, is it, S'manthy, that his name's Snooks, and he looks like a monkey. Apiculturist!" and Uncle Si wound up with a guffaw of contempt for anyone who would raise apes.

* * *

A Hint.

Tenderfoot—Is the climate here salubrious or enervating?

Lariet Pete—I dunno, but people that talks United States and not too much of that seems to live 'bout the usual time.

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Hunting the Thunderbolt.

"Negroes have many queer superstitions," said the Southerner, "and one of the most interesting is that about lightning. To illustrate it, I'll tell you one experience I had not long ago down on my plantation in Virginia.

"I have several negro families working and living on the place, and one of the cabins, which is occupied by old Uncle Silas and his wife and their numerous progeny, is about a quarter of a mile from my house. Recently we had a severe thunder storm, and the lightning struck in several places nearby. One flash and report brought us all up standing, for it seemed that it must have struck the house. We explored for fire, but finding none, were calming ourselves again, when we heard the wildest moaning and crying I ever heard. The next moment in came Uncle Silas and all his family except Aunt Mandy.

"Oh, Marse Henry and Mis' Lizzie!' they wailed. 'Marse Henry and Mis' Lizzie! Po' ole Mammy! Po' Mandy! Oh, Lordy, what will we do, what will we do?'

"They kept this up for fully five minutes, bewailing their misfortune. Finally I managed to get out of them that their cabin had been struck by lightning and that Aunt Mandy was dead. I hurried into my coat and boots and set out for their cabin, followed by the whole family, weeping, and wailing, and wringing their hands. Pushing through the door, which in their haste they had left open, I found Aunt Mandy, instead of dead, sitting up in the middle of the floor and rubbing her head in a dazed manner. Vigorous rubbing and some cold water soon brought her round.

"You see, as soon as they had seen the flash and heard the report, and had beheld Aunt Mandy topple over, they thought, of course, she was dead, and with the negro's innate helplessness, had rushed off for white folks to help them.

"Now, here is where the superstition comes in. The negro believes that the thunder bolt is a real bolt and burries itself in the ground under the place struck. If that bolt is found, lightning will never again strike that place; if not, it is sure to return with greater disaster. Accordingly the next day, and for several days following, I didn't get a lick of work out of those negroes; they were too busy hunting for that bolt. It was just in the midst of harvest, and I needed them badly. I saw that something had to be done; so I went up to the cabin and while pretending to help them search, I drew a piece of rusty iron out of my pocket, thrust it into the ground, and then turned it up with a spade. You ought to have heard those darkies' shouts of rejoicing, and you ought to have seen the way they worked for me after that. Why, for three days I was a greater man than Abraham Lincoln."

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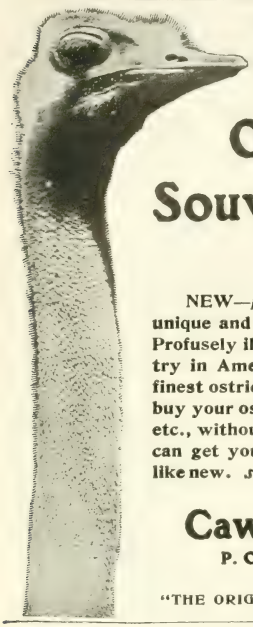
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His Tale of Woe.

"I've got it in for Simkins, all right," said the bachelor clubman, settling himself in a huge chair and puffing his cigar.

"What's the matter now?" someone asked.

"Well, he comes round here to lunch every day, you know, and he's always telling what a fine little summer home he has out here in the country. The other day he invited me to come out and dine with him, and in a moment of aberation I accepted his invitation. I was to go out Sunday evening; so I put on my low-neck vest and my other glad rags and started out.

"First I took a car and rode about twenty miles, and got off where I thought he told me to. I tramped around through the primeval forest there for a half hour or more and didn't see a house or any one I could make inquiries of. Finally I met an old rube driving along the road, and he told me that I had got off about a mile this side of where I ought to.

"I went back to the car tracks and walked that mile. It was hotter than Santiago that night, too, and by this time my fried shirt and collar looked like parboiled dishrags. But I was bound to have something to eat after doing all that work, and after locating his bungaloo, as he calls it—though I'd call it a shack—I made for it.

"Simkins was standing on the porch waiting for me. I cracked some fool joke about suburbanites and opened the gate. All at once I heard a rush and a growl, and the next thing I knew a bull dog about as big as a yearling calf nailed me by the leg of my trousers. Luckily he didn't go any deeper, and I finally shook him loose and made a sprint for the porch, yelling to Simkins to call him off. I made the landing all right, but I was minus about half of one trouser's leg, and I'm afraid I said things which it was not proper for Mrs. Simkins to hear. But I was mad.

"But that's not the worst of it. After Simkins has rustled up a pair of his old trousers, which were about six inches too big around the waist and four inches too short for me, he seemed to think it a good joke. In fact, he was tickled to death, because he had just bought the beast for a watch dog, and I was the first comer he had had a chance to try him out on. Well, the dog made good, all right, but Simkins didn't."

* * *

Deceptive Appearances.

Stipps—Why are some lies and some blonde women alike?

Stipes—I'm not an expert on the subject of women; so I can't tell you. Why are they?

Stipps—They seem whiter than they really are.

A Mean Trick.

Hanging was too good for him, for it was a mean trick he played on her. She was the nicest, sweetest old maid in the world, with her fresh, rosy face surmounted by her snow white hair, her kindly blue eyes, and her never-failing, cheery smile. She always reminded one of lavender and old rose.

Pets she had, of course, cats, canaries, and a parrot. This parrot, which she called Galahad, partly because he was snow white and partly because he was perfect in deed and word, was the cause of all the trouble. Not that he was to blame for it, but that he unwittingly threw temptation in the way of one Roderick Dale.

Rod was an irrepressible joker, and when one day he was passing Miss Nancy's house when she was away, and saw Galahad perching out in the shade in the yard, he could not resist the temptation to stop and talk to him. Galahad's replies to Rod's questions were couched in altogether too proper language to suit Rod, and he diligently set about completing the parrot's deficient vocabulary. At the end of an hour Galahad found himself in possession of as choice a collection of slang, billingsgate and abuse as there was in town, and Rod, satisfied with the fruits of his efforts, went on his way chuckling.

When Miss Nancy returned and greeted Galahad with her smile and her caresses, what was her consternation to hear him reply: "Aw, cut it out!"

"Why, Galahad!" she exclaimed, thunder struck.

"Go chase yourself," he screeched.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Cracker! Cracker! Want a cracker. Dam quick, Nance."

But Miss Nancy could only stand open-mouthed with horror.

And that's why hanging was too good for him.

* * *

Some Reason in It.

Saggs—Whew! But it's hot!

Baggs—What would you rather be just now than what you are? An iceman?

Scaggs—Nope.

Baggs—A soda fountain clerk?

Scaggs—Nope.

Baggs—A coal miner?

Scaggs—Nope.

Baggs—A deep-sea diver?

Scaggs—Nope.

Baggs—Well, those are the coolest occupation I can think of. Any one of them would do me. But what would you like to be?

Scaggs—A beef-trust magnate.

Baggs—But I don't see why—

Scaggs—Because I'd be in such hot water I wouldn't notice the temperature of the air.

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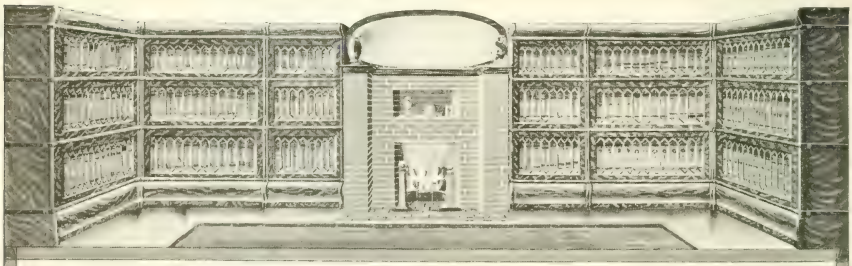
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Baiting the Hook.

Grace—This is a pretty horse you're driving tonight, George.

George—Yes, but he's mighty skittish.

Grace—Where did you get him.

George—Bought him off of Henry Wise t'other day for a hundred dollars.

Grace—Is this Henry's horse Musher? Why sure it is. I didn't recognize him.

George—Yep, that's him. Henry says he's got to be watched.

Grace—Nonsense. Mayme used to drive him when Henry took her out riding before they were married.

George—Well, I wouldn't trust him.

Grace—Well, I would. Let me drive him.

George—Now be careful.

Grace—Oh, I'm not afraid. Just look how nice and quiet he goes.

George—But you can't always tell about those quiet horses.

Grace—Why, see there, you can almost drop the lines. I believe you can drop them clear down. I'm going to try it.

George—Better not.

Grace—Mayme said she and Henry used to drive along in a walk for hours with him and never touch the lines. He knows a lot. Why, Mayme said they were driving him the first time Henry ever kissed her. She said Musher knows the difference between a kiss and a check. She said if it hadn't been for Musher she didn't believe Henry ever would have proposed to her. One night they were driving along just this way, she said, with the lines down on the dashboard, just like that when Musher stopped and went to eating grass. (All at once Henry thew his arms around her and kissed her, and before they got home he had proposed to her.) Get up, Mush! Oh, George, stop! How dare you kiss me? No, no, you musn't. You'll scare Musher. Stop, please, stop. Don't kiss me any more, please. Stop.

(Musher goes to eating grass.)

George—Stop? What for? I love you, Grace, and I want you to marry me. Will you?

Grace—George, you don't think I meant—

George—No, of course, I don't. Will you?

Grace—You know I will, George, dear.

(Musher continues to eat grass.)

* * *

Easy.

She—Just look at those stevedores! How powerful they must be to raise those sacks up on their backs and—

He—Oh, I don't know. Those are sacks of self-raising flour.



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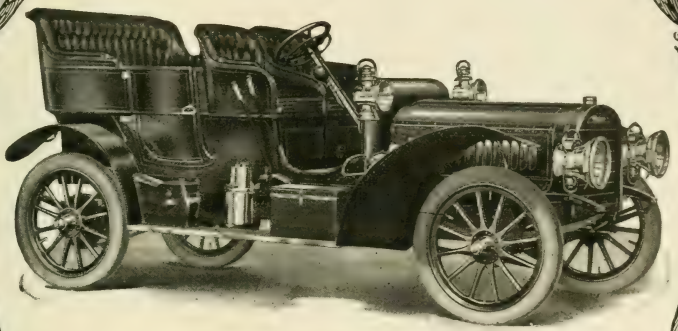
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A Joke on His Mother.

"Say, I've got a dandy joke on ma, all right, all right. You know we have been talking for a long time about buying an automobile, but ma rather opposed the idea. She didn't see what use we would have for one living out here in the country where we have horses. But pa and we boys kept at it and kept at it. Course, we could have gone right ahead and bought it without her consent, but that's not the way we do things. Finally, however, she gave her consent on condition that she was to have the free and unlimited right to laugh as loud and as long as she pleased whenever the thing balked on us or climbed a tree or did anything without our permission.

"So we got it, and if laughing makes people grow fat, ma ought to weigh about a ton by this time, because she hasn't done anything since it came but bang into fences, trees and things and cackle, and then skoot for the house to sew up the rips in the sides of her dress. But we stood it all, because that was part of the bargain, you know. The only time I ever came near going back on my word was once when I was driving it round the barn lot. I was going fine, making circles, backing and filling and bubbling round there in good style, when all at once I got my lines crossed and away I went.

"We've got a great big bull out home, and he was backed up in the corner peaceful and nice, and giving me all the room I wanted to cut my didoes in; but when I got stampeded, of course, there wasn't any other part of that lot I could make for except the corner where old Bolivar Jones, as we call the bull, was standing. Well, sir, the next second, there was the darndest mixture of Bolivar, benzine buggy and me that you ever saw. Of course, ma had to be around near, and she saw it, and maybe you think she didn't strain her apron strings some! There wasn't anybody hurt except Bolivar; he was pretty near put out of business. To this day, whenever he sees me, he sticks his nose up in the air, takes a whiff of the breeze, throws his tail up over his back and skiddoos for the tall timber. He doesn't like the smell of me.

"But that's not the joke I was going to tell you about that I have on ma, because that one was on me, all right. The other evening ma wanted to have a blow-out for all the ladies in the neighborhood. Generally she relies on us boys to help her, but this time she had to have girls; so she invited four of the girls who live about three miles from where we do to come and help her serve. She promised them that one of us boys would take them home in the buzzy-wagon. They are all peachy girls, and each one of us boys wanted to be the fellow delegated. Ma wouldn't decide it; so we matched pennies for it, and I won.

"Well, after the party was over, I drove up in the machine, and the four girls piled

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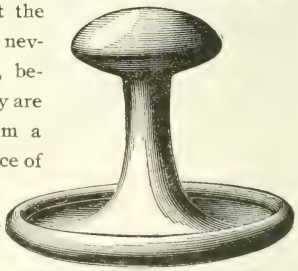
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97 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

in, and away we went. Everything went fine and dandy for about a mile and a half. Then the confounded thing ran out of juice. I knew the tank was nearly empty, but in the excitement of thinking about that bunch of pretty girls that I was to take home, I forgot to fill it. I saw right away that I was up against it good and hard. We were nearer our house than anywhere else; so there was no chance to borrow or buy any juice. I was surely up against it.

"I shucked my coat and, showing one of the girls how to steer, got out and started to push the blamed thing. Say, did you ever try that stunt? It's all right for about a hundred yards if you're going down hill; but if the road is level or up hill, then I want to tell you that picking up potatoes in the sun, with the thermometer at 120 degrees is a pastime. Well, the upshot of it was that three of he girls had to get out and help me trundle that elephant carriage home. Maybe I didn't sweat! Whew! Jiminy Moses!

"When we did get home, everybody had gone to bed, and I had to rout ma out, and she had to find places for the girls. My, oh my! but she was embarrassed! You see she had promised those girls a nice, cool moonlight automobile ride, and instead of that they had been treated to a long walk on a dusty road and a good hard job to boot. The fact of the matter is that ma is pretty sore at me. She kind of thinks I did that on purpose because she laughed so hard when I got tangled up with Bolivar. That's two bunches of hard-luck, because Bolivar thinks I tried to run him down on purpose, and he is mad, too. But the fact of the matter is that I was trying to be good on both occasions.

"However, I think the joke is on ma, though she says she can't see it."

* * *

A la Mode.

"Look here," shouted the managing editor to the slob who ran the literary end of the magazine, "what in Sam Hill do you think this affair is? Do you for a moment suppose that I care whether you get that rot of yours in this number or not! You want to reconstruct your think-pan. The main thing in a modern, up-to-date magazine like ours is not that pink, perfumed dope that you handle, but the ads. The only reason we have any of it at all is because the people wouldn't read the ads unless we had it. So pull in your feelings. Don't leave them lying around to be stepped on. Recognize modern methods and get next to yourself."

* * *

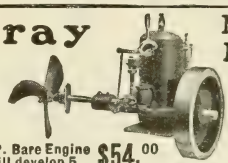
Despite the Warning.

The path of the rich man toward heaven may be beset with almost unsurmountable difficulties, but there still seem to be some who think that they can reach the gate in an automobile.



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renews the hair, makes new again, restores to freshness, gives new life. Stops falling hair. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Makes the hair soft and smooth. Sold for 60 years.
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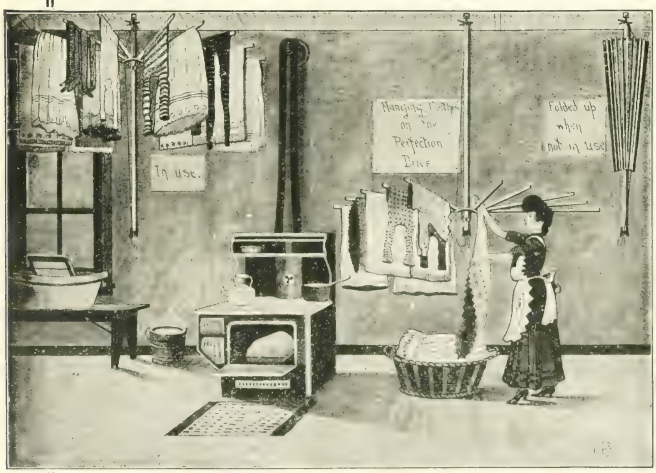
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A Body Blow.

The following story is told by a young Portland attorney as a good joke on himself. He is connected with the legal department of a certain large concern which makes it a business to investigate and guarantee titles to land and property. One day recently he was seated at his desk, when in walked a man, tall, lean and bewhiskered. The stranger was evidently from the country, as his clothes gave testimony, but his native heath must surely have been New England, for he had a decided nasal twang and was endowed with more than common caution.

"Say," he drawled through his nose, "do you fellers deal in abstracts?"

"Yes," replied the young lawyer, pulling his nose out of a law book.

"Wall' I've got a piece of land back in the State of Maine, and I want to have the title looked up a little mite. Reckon you fellers could do it?"

"Why, certainly; that's our business."

"Oh, tis, eh? Wall, I reckon I'd better go and get a lawyer to fix up the papers fer me, hadn't I? Aire there any lawyers round here?"

"Yes, several of them," replied the young Blackstone. "The fact is, I am one myself."

"Oh, you aire, aire you? Um," he mumbled as he looked the speaker over carefully and shifted his chewing tobacco, "um, wall, say, have you got any more?" he asked, apparently not satisfied with the result of his inspection.

The young man now declares that the amount of innate shrewdness which the Yankee has been credited with has been greatly overestimated.

* * *

The Commonwail.

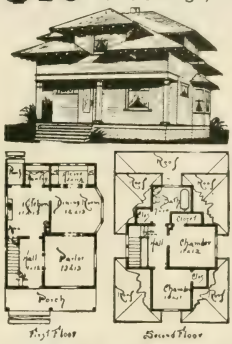
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At the beach	At the store
With a peach	'Mid the roar
Of a lass	And the rush
In a class	And the crush,
Of her own,	Here you see,
'Mid the moan	Vis-a-vis,
Of the tide	This same lass;
You both ride	But you pass
Or you lave	And speak not,
In the wave	For you're hot,
As it curls	And so's she,
And it wirls	When you see
To the tune	You're both clerks
That the moon	In the works,
E'er imparts	'Stead of heirs and
To your hearts:	millionaires.
"We're both heirs and millionaires."	

* * *

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Bearcatcher.

Horsemen have a queer way about naming their horses, as they have, in fact, about many other things. Any short phrase that catches their fancy is stored away for future use, and the chances are that some day it will appear on the entry list of some race.

Out here on the Coast there is a horse which, now that the great Sysonby has run his last race and passed up to horse heaven, is touted to be a worthy successor of Sysonby. This is the horse known as Bearcatcher. The manner in which he received his name is as interesting as his career has been.

In the employ of the man who owned the horse when he was a two-year-old was an old negro who answered to the name of Jeems. Now Jeems was only a rubber, but he was a game sport and had the race-track mania of gambling. He was more of a plunger than Pittsburg Phil ever was, for he invariably bet every cent he had on the race. Whatever he could beg, or borrow—which amounted to the same thing, for he never even thought of repaying any loan—he would put down on some one of his boss's horses.

This spring, when the horse now known as Bearcatcher was two years old, luck had been dead set against the stable where Jeems worked. They had hardly won a race, and in most of them they had not even "showed." Consequently Jeems was a heavy loser. He never complained much, however. All he said generally, when someone asked him what he thought about the race, was: "Well, suh, dat ho'se dat win de race, he cu'tenly am er beah, he su'tenly am er beah."

But one day they thought they had the two-year-old right and entered him in a race with a classy lot of youngsters. Jeems managed somehow to scrape together two dollars, and he put it all on "his" colt at long odds. The colt won, pulled up, by three lengths, and Jeems' joy knew no bounds.

"Yah, yah, yah!" he cackled. "All de res' of dem horses is beahs, but dis heah one he am er beahcatcher, he sho'ly am er beahcatcher."

And Bearcatcher he remains.

* * *

Of No Use.

Doctor—Yes, the practice of using leeches is gradually diminishing among physicians.

Patient—They couldn't be trained to work on the pocketbook, eh?

* * *

Those Affectionate Girls.

Mayme—Charlie said last night, Sadie, that I am as pretty as a picture.

Sadie—Did he? Isn't he the most charitable man you ever met?

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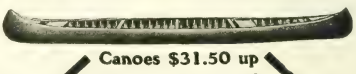
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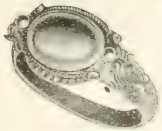
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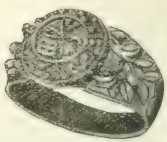
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HAS

IRRIGATION: A Government Reclamation Project under construction embracing the expenditure of $4,500,000, will bring 250,000 acres under water. The area to be watered includes gently sloping valley lands, tule and swamp lands and lake beds of remarkable fertility; 10,000 acres under irrigation from existing canals, producing bountiful crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, other grain and root crops and alfalfa, timothy and other hay of the first quality.

WATER POWER: Link River, having a fall of 63 feet to the mile, adjacent to and through the town of Klamath Falls, affords enormous power that is partially utilized in generating electric current for lighting, manufacturing and domestic purposes.

NAVIGATION: Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, is traversed for a distance of almost 50 miles by fine steamers and smaller craft; Lake Ewauna, Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake furnish an avenue of commerce and travel between Klamath Falls, Merrill, Keno and other points, for a distance of more than 40 miles.

TRANSPORTATION: The California Northeastern Railroad, building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal., will be completed to Klamath Falls as soon as the contractors can complete the work; through service now established in connection with stage and steamboat lines; the Oregon Eastern Railroad to be built from Natron, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, is under survey; the McCloud River Railroad is building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, Cal., to Laird's, Cal., where connection with points in the basin will be made by means of steamboat; the Klamath Lake Railroad, present route of travel, connects with the Southern Pacific at Thrall, and its owners plan extension to tap timber lands that will bring its terminus to the Klamath River or near that stream at the lower end of the navigable portion of the stream. Two street car companies have rails laid at Klamath Falls and suburban electric railway lines are contemplated to Bonanza and other adjacent towns.

RECREATION: Klamath Basin, with its wonderful lake system and waterways, rugged mountain groups environing and towering snow-capped peaks with Shasta and McLaughlin most prominent, is the paradise of the photographer and delight of the sportsmen. Crater Lake National Park lies entirely within Klamath County and is one of the seven wonders of the world, comparable in its beauty and solitude to no other spot of earth. Wild game abounds in the mountains, including bear, deer, elk, all of the game birds of this portion of the United States and waterfowl in such variety and abundance as found in no other locality.

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Rainbow trout and other species of game fish are more plentiful than in the waters of any other section, and the limit is the easily resultant catch of a few hours for the angler.

TIMBER: Adjacent to the Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath Basin is the largest body of standing soft pine timber in the Pacific Northwest. Sugar and yellow pine are the chief varieties, but all of the best classes of pine occur here. The manufacture of lumber will be one of the giant industries of the region, affording an unfailing supply of building material at moderate price and a strong home demand for products of the farm, garden, orchard and dairy.

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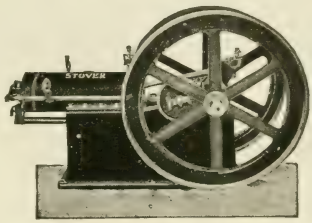
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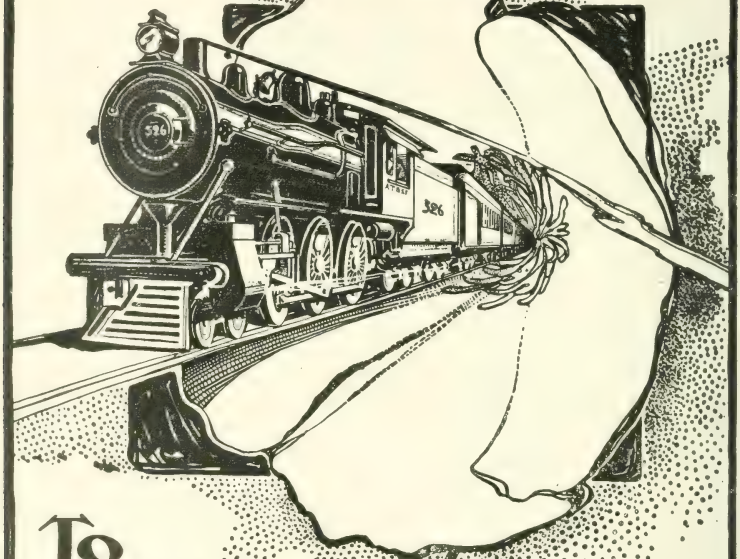
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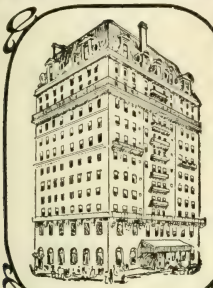
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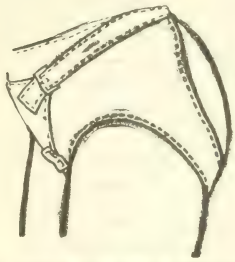
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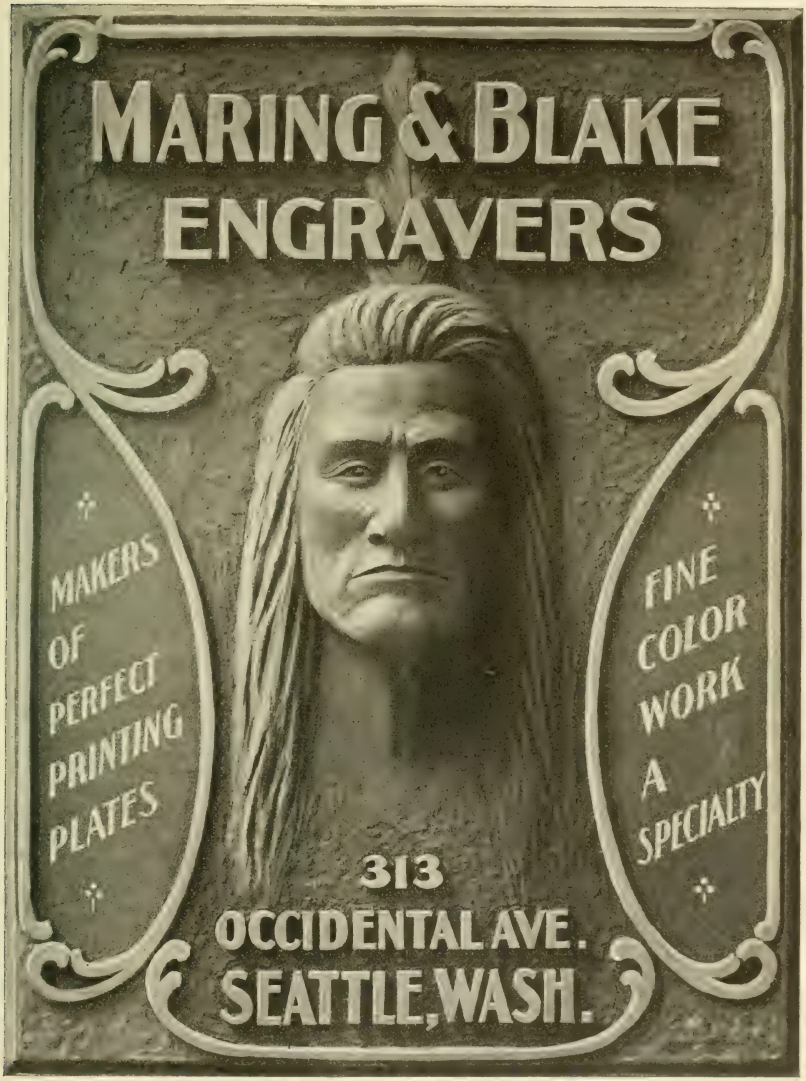
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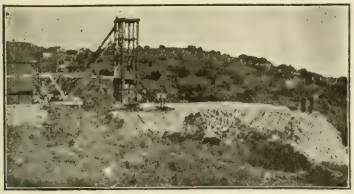
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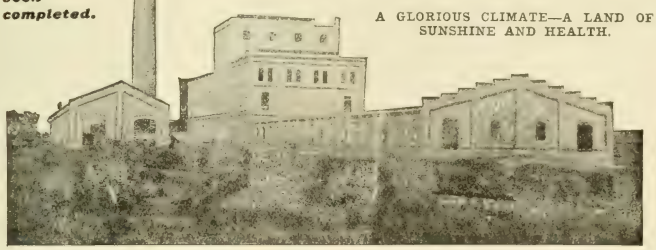
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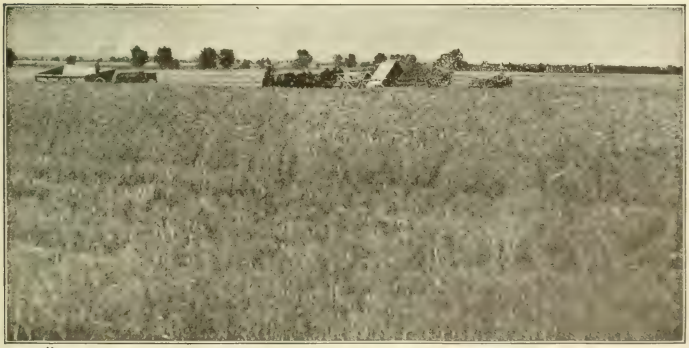
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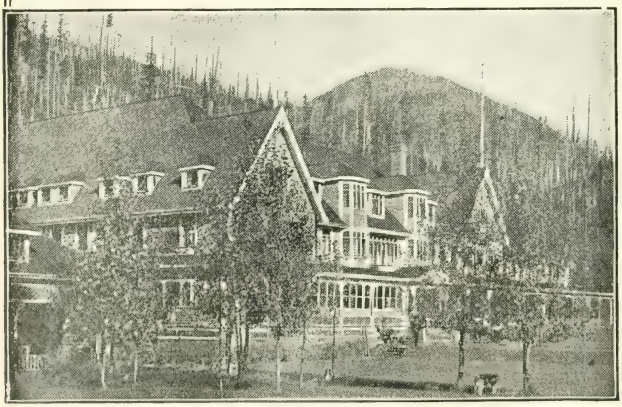
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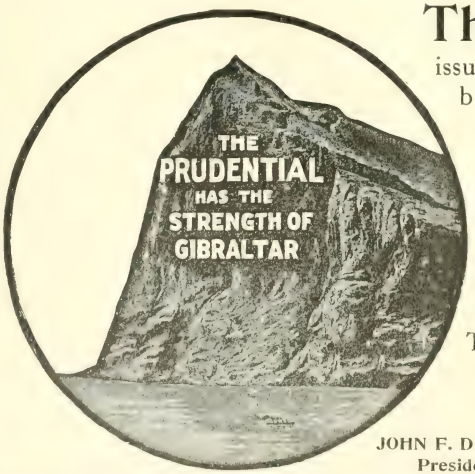
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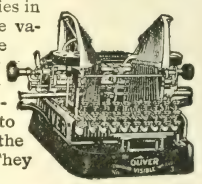
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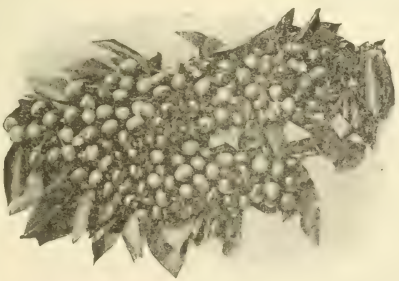
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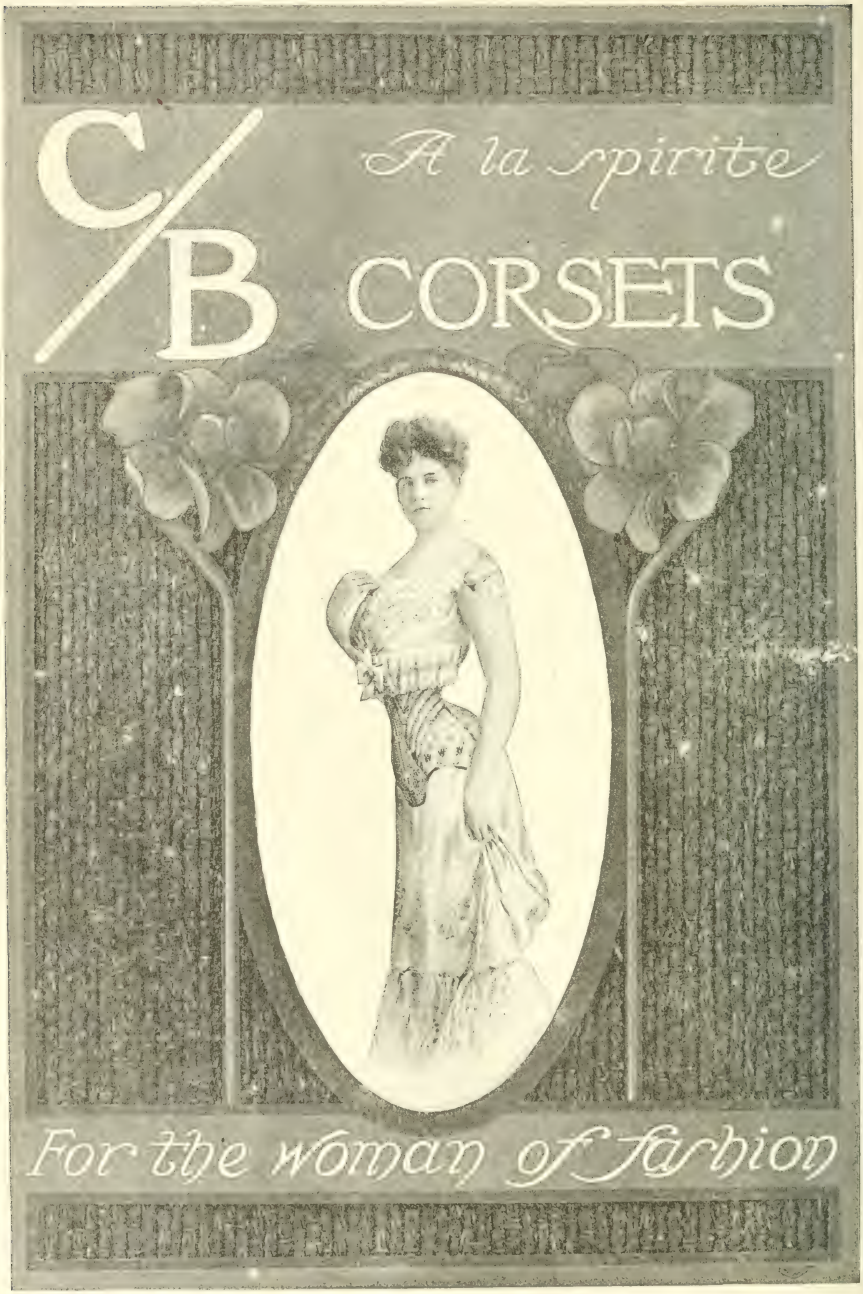
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The Pacific Monthly



Vol. XVI OCTOBER, 1906 No. 4

Queens of Fashion on the Reservations

By John L. Cowan

ALTHOUGH there are no Worths or Redferns on the Indian Reservations, and the Paris and New York fashions would make no appeal to the aborigines' ideas of style and elegance, yet the copper-colored, pigeon-toed damsels of the plains give as much care and thought to the artificial enhancement of their charms and the adornment of their persons as their limited opportunities and neglected education permit.

A simple slip, with short, flowing sleeves, cut slightly decolette, reaching to the top of high-laced moccasins, with wide beaded belt loosely clasping the waist, and a head covering consisting of a bright silk handkerchief, or a grass-woven, basket-shaped hat, might be somewhat startling in an opera box or a hotel dining room, but they are far from unpleasing on the plains. The color combinations and effects are always original and often surprising, but never inharmonious. There are Navajo blankets that reproduce the colors of an Arizona sunset with more fidelity than any painter of the schools would dare attempt. In the use of colors the Indian is the truest of all races to nature; while the Caucasian is the most refined, the Mongolian the most artificial, the Malay the most incongruous, and the Negro the most barbarous.

An old squaw is almost too ugly to be human—particularly when to the ravages of time is added an indifference to the details of personal cleanliness that renders it unsafe as well as unpleasant to venture within speaking distance of her. But before the bloom of youth has been worn off by exposure and hardship, many of the Indian maidens—particularly among the Sioux and Cheyennes—are good to look upon.

For the highest exponents of style and fashion among the Indians, one must look to the daughters or the still youthful wives of the chiefs, when dressed in gala attire. These may not possess as many gowns as the leaders of the smart set; but the few they have often rival in costliness the most elaborate creations of metropoli-

tan dressmakers. A buckskin robe, decorated with elk-tooth pendants may represent an outlay in hard cash of anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000, and is likely to be esteemed by its tawny possessor too highly for expression in terms of dollars. As accessories to this robe of state are worn a collar of elk teeth and a beaded belt, from which hangs the skin of a fox or weasel. In her hand the haughty princess probably carries a figured basket,



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NOT TOO OLD FOR FINERY.

woven of grass or beads. Thus attired, the daughter or wife of a chief would not exchange places with the proudest of Caucasian queens of fashion. In comparison with her own finery, she would consider the costly silks and laces, scintillating diamonds and lustrous pearls of the social leaders of Newport, Bar Harbor and Palm Beach cheap and tawdry.

However, her wardrobe is still incomplete without the blanket. This is the most prized portion of her attire, and is subject to as many changes in color and design as are the hats and shirtwaists of the summer girl. The young squaw may be quite content to wear the same gown on state occasions year after year, but she must be supplied with a blanket of the latest weave and dye or there will be trouble in the tepee. A fairly good blanket may be purchased for forty dollars; but no aspirant to social distinction would deign to wear one worth less than three or four times that amount.

Although the social queen of the reservation never reads the beauty hints in the Sunday papers, and is guiltless of perusing the lucubrations of the physical culture faddists, yet think not that she has a soul so dead as to hesitate at heroic measures to add to her bodily attractions. She has a little skin-covered hut in which she takes frequent sweat-baths. With tight-shut eyes she smokes herself for hours at a time in the pungent fumes of burning willow twigs, permeating her whole body with the delicate and grateful incense of smoked ham or venison—infinitely more pleasing and attractive to the nostrils of the materialistic braves than the most precious perfumes of the Orient or the most delicious odors of Araby the blest. Then she spends endless hours combing and oiling her long black hair, finally adding the distinctive touch that marks her as belonging to the ultra-exclusive clique of the copper-colored aristocracy—a thin streak of red paint along the "part" of her ebon tresses.

It is altogether out of harmony with preconceived ideas concerning the Indians to see a stoical, saturnine warrior assisting his squaw with her toilet. Neverless if one slyly lifts the flap of a tepee in the early morning, he runs a very fair chance of catching one of these quondam terrors of the plains in the act of combing his wife's hair, painting the vermilion stripe on her scalp, lacing her moccasins, and performing like menial offices with as much self-abnegation as the average wellfamed husband in civilization displays when he bows to the inevitable and buttons his wife's shirtwaist down the back.

This is a sad blow to our ideals. It destroys in a moment the reverential awe of the noble red man, laboriously incul-



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UTE BELLES IN FASHIONABLE RESERVATION GOWNS.

cated by the Fourth Reader, Fenimore Cooper and Francis Parkman. It may add to the safety of life and property on the plains, but the loss to the picturesque is irreparable. To grim old Geronimo, who still sulks in mock imprisonment at Fort Sill, and writes autographs at 25 cents per; to Red Cloud, the last, as he was the most powerful, of the war chiefs of the Sioux; to the Cheyenne Two Moons, the only surviving leader of the Custer massacre; to Dine Ts'osi, the last of the Navajo chiefs that faced Kit Carson; to American Horse and Little Wound and No Heart and Al-che-say and all that surviving remnant of the savage hosts that fought against Crook and Miles and Custer and Terry, and dodged Buffalo Bill before he learned the arts of the press agent, these piping times of peace and curtailed rations and ignoble dawdling at the moccasined feet of the squaw must seem intolerably degrading.

Although the Indian has been thoroughly and forever tamed, the Indian problem, like the poor, we have with us always.

It is often represented as a great tri-

umph for civilization, and as an indication that the final solution of the whole vexatious Indian question is at hand, that the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory have been persuaded to relinquish the old tribal relationship and customs, accept lands in severalty, give up the blanket and tepee, pay taxes and become "fellow citizens."

This sounds encouraging, and has inspired many well-meaning but imperfectly informed writers to predict that within another decade or two the Arapahoes, Bannocks, Sioux, Cheyennes, Shoshones, Utes, Apaches, Navajos and other tribes will follow the salutary example of the Creeks, Cherokees, Chocktaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles. It will be "news" to these unduly optimistic writers and theorists that the so-called five civilized tribes are not Indians at all. Some of the bluest blood of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi flows in their veins. The blood of the aboriginal red men has been diluted until in many individuals all but the barest trace has been eliminated. Of the entire ninety thousand members of the five civilized tribes, probably less than five thousand are pure-blood Indians, and these are aged men and women. These tribes were all of Eastern origin, and have been in contact with civilization ever since the days of John Smith and Governor Oglethorpe. If history repeats itself, it will take fully two hundred years more to "civilize" the one hundred and seventy-five thousand Western aborigines by the slow process of diluting their blood with that of whites and negroes. The mixture is not to be commended. The red-white-black man is remarkable neither for intelligence, sobriety, progressiveness nor anything else that is commendable.

Although the present Indian policy of the American Government has eliminated many of the evils that make our past record in this respect disgraceful and humiliating, yet the results so far are not encouraging. The graduates of the Indian schools frequently hasten to discard the dress and habits of civilization for the garb and the shiftless ways of their forefathers. However high the polish imparted to the thin veneer of civilization and culture given to the brave and squaw, they remain but braves and squaws at heart. When they return to the reservation, instead of lifting their associates to their new level, they quickly sink back into the mire of semi-savagery. One would think that the women, at least, would perceive the advantage to their sex promised by civilization. In reality the women cling to the old ways with even more tenacity than do the men.

In the tepees, the squaw is no more than a chattel, valued only in proportion to the number of ponies her owner had to give for her in the first place. She cooks his vituals, tans his moccasins, weaves his blankets, tills his crops, feeds and saddles his ponie and combs his hair. If a new tepee or hogan is needed, she builds it. If the old one is to be moved, she takes it down, packs it upon the backs of the ponies, leads them to the new location and puts it up again ready for his occupancy. She accompanies the brave upon his hunting expeditions. If he shoots an antelope, she skins it and cooks the meat, or dries it for future use. The utmost he does in return is to help her with her toilet—not because he loves her, but in the hope that some other brave will covet his comely squaw. Yet she likes it, and asks for nothing better. In her contentment lies the utter hopelessness of her condition. When one sees the red woman, with her blanket wrapped around her shoulders, her baggy-cheeked papoose bound upon a board like an overgrown cocoon, and slung over her shoulder, following meekly with bowed head at a respectful distance behind a greasy warrior whose trade is forever gone, the chances are more than equal that she is an "educated" squaw. Yet she asks no sympathy, and would scorn pity. She has known both civilization and savagery. You who presume to pity or to despise her have known but the one.



THE CATHEDRAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine



CATHEDRALS are built for future generations. Thirty-six years more will elapse before the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will be completed. Over 14 years' work has already been done.

Crowning the heights of beautiful Morningside Park, between 110th and 113th Streets in New York City, for the past few years a wonderful granite arch, rising 150 feet in the air above the building grade and 270 feet above tidewater, gaunt but graceful, incomplete but imposing, companioned by eight columns, has forced the attention and admiration of passersby as well as visitors whose work or pleasure brought them within view of its majestic proportions.

Upon foggy or misty days, when the haze hangs low over the Hudson upon which the great keystone looks down, tourists have asked: "To what ruin does that arch belong?" Upon such a day, from the base of Morningside Heights, from the base of Morningside Heights, or from the fence to the enclosure, the arch, of the enclosure to a stranger, the arch, hidden as it is by intervening tree tops, may well bear some resemblance to the remains of a feudal hold, perhaps merely because of its weather-beaten and gloomy grandeur; but to the initiated it is New York's, one might almost say America's—

physically part of New York's widely discussed new cathedral and, spiritually, the chief altar-to-be of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York.

The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, as it has been dedicated, has been in process of erection according to the plans of its architects, Messrs. Heins and Lafarge, since its corner-stone was laid by the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., on December 27, 1892.

Eliminating the items of marble and stone quarrying, cutting and polishing, and the preparation of other raw material, the construction has progressed but slowly since then, not entirely because of a lack of money, as some uncharitable persons have intimated, but because it was necessary that the foundations of the great stone arch should be allowed to settle; and of all practical men there are probably none more practical than Messrs. Heins and Lafarge, the architects; Bishop Potter, president of the board of trustees; Dr. Huntington, chairman of the building committee, and their colleagues.

It will cost $20,000,000 to complete this edifice. There will be $1,000,000 worth of wood and marble interior carving alone. The funds are being furnished by rich and poor alike, each according to his means, from all parts of the country—all parts of the world. But, notwithstanding the liberal aid of such large givers as Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Mary King, ex-Governor Morton, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. August Belmont, much of the vast sum needed is still lacking, and even in the model room of the cathedral (where a modest collection box is placed) many visitors, however limited their circumstances, seem to realize and respond to the spirit in which the gigantic work was started, that of "If it is to belong to all, it must be the work of all," and "If it is to have a welcome for all, it must represent the sacrifices of all."

At the gate of the high fence surrounding the works there is a sign bearing the legend "No Admittance." It is uncompromising. There is no saving clause of "Except on Business." But, once Dr. Huntington, Canon Jones, or some other person in high authority, has approved of you and has turned you over to Inspector Davidson, you enter a fairy-land. It is a modern fairy-land, it is true, of machines, clean dirt and industry, from the first building you enter, which happens to contain the marble and stone cutting and polishing rooms, in charge of Superintendent Gyles, to the smallest of the sheds, with its foreboding black legend of "Dynamite—Danger!"

The tourist about to start out in search of adventures and scenery buys him a map. No such thing is needed at the Cathedral. There is a model room, with a white plaster model on a scale of a foot to the inch. In floor space this room is as large as a small New York flat—not a three-room one, either. There one begins to appreciate a little of what the architectural beauty and something of what the physical immensity of the Cathedral will be in years to come.

It is instructive to learn that with the exception of the cathedral spire at Strasburg, Germany, which is 468 feet high, that of Cologne, Germany, which is 510 feet high, and that of Ulm, Germany, which is 530 feet high, the tower of St. John's will be the highest of any cathedral. It will be 425 feet in height. The spire of New York's other great cathedral, St. Patrick's, is 337 feet high.

Again, with only five exceptions, St. John's will be the longest building of this kind in the world. The exceptions are the cathedrals of Westminster, 530 feet; Canterbury, 535 feet; Winchester, 556 feet; Ely, 565 feet—all of England, of course; and St. Peter's, Rome, 685 feet. St. John's will be 520 feet in length.

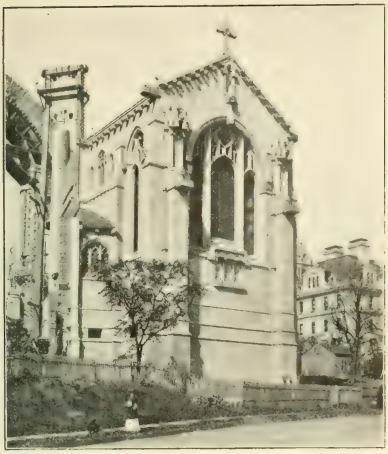
The length of the transept of St. John's will be 288 feet; the height of the two western towers 245 feet; the length of the nave, 184 feet; the length of the choir, 120 feet; the height of the choir, 118 feet; and the height of the dome, 252 feet. The area of the Cathedral will be 99,500 square feet.

Americans like big things. Bearing in mind the dimensions given, one readily realizes the truth of a recent remark by white-haired Mr. Barnett, verger of the Cathedral crypt. He called the attention of a visitor to the doves nesting and mating among the cornices and rafters.

"They have not waited," he said.

His visitor smilingly remarked that the birds could not very well wait 36 years for the completion of the building.

"No," he said, thoughtfully. "They



THE BELMONT CHAPEL — ONLY COMPLETED PORTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

will not be here then. And," he added, "in all human probability neither you nor I nor anyone else at present on these grounds."

Yet, notwithstanding the fact that this great church is being built for future generations, people of today are worshipping in part of it now—the crypt. Services have been held there since the second Sunday of January, 1899. Americans do not like to wait.

In the crypt are held four services every Sunday, one at eight, one at ten, and one at eleven in the forenoon and another at four in the afternoon. There is daily prayer there every afternoon except Sunday at five o'clock.

The crypt, proper, not including passage approaches, is sixty feet square, and comfortably seats 500 people, although 800 have been present at times. The altar, its surrounding columns and its setting, are of Tiffany glass work, as is the baptismal font, and under the glow of hundreds of electric lights one seems to see—to use an old and ever-fascinating phrase—"every color of the rainbow."

A chill strikes one, coming from the warm sunlight, upon entering the approach to the crypt proper. Some of the walls, buttresses and foundations seem to be twenty feet thick; one has gone into the earth, and one feels it; but, in the altar-room, where there is warmth, and where there will be warmth for a few years, at least, and where there is light, and artistic beauty, and a pleasant trace in the air of the burned spices known among some denominations as "incense," one can not feel or see gloom. The crypt, too, was built for future generations—perhaps for you who read this—for there, in years to come, will lie some of America's illustrious dead.

The crypt altar and its setting, and the baptismal font were given by Mrs. Cecilia Wallace, formerly of Chicago. There have been for the last few years about $250,000 worth of tapestries hanging in this room, donated by friends, and these art treasures were gathered from all countries—Armenia, Persia, Spain, Turkey—where ever they could be found. They have lately been sent to the safety deposit vaults of a New York company. The crypt also contains a Hutchin's organ, operated by electricity, as befits a cathedral organ of this generation. Who shall say what motive power will be used a hundred years from now, when this organ is old and it becomes necessary to make it "modern"?

One of the chapels—the one given by Mr. August Belmont—and which is to be called St. Saviour's, has been completed with the exception of the flooring, which is ready to be laid. Its base is of green jaspar and serpentine. There was no iron used in the building of this chapel, with perhaps the exception of a small bolt or two, and it is planned, so far as the specifications now show, to use nothing but masonry in the entire edifice, a form of construction know as *Guascavino*. The interior of the chapel is of Frontenac limestone and marble, with the exception of the ceiling, a dome, which is of Venetian mosaic. This one of the seven chapels cost $250,000 and its size, 55 feet long by 30 feet wide, is greater than that of some small churches.

The next chapel to be finished will be the one donated by Mrs. Mary King, in memory of her daughter. It will be dedicated to St. Colomba. The roof is not yet on. The interior will be finished in Numidian marble. This chapel will cost about $125,000.

There are to be seven chapels in all, ranged in a semi-circle behind the altar. Although all the names for them have not

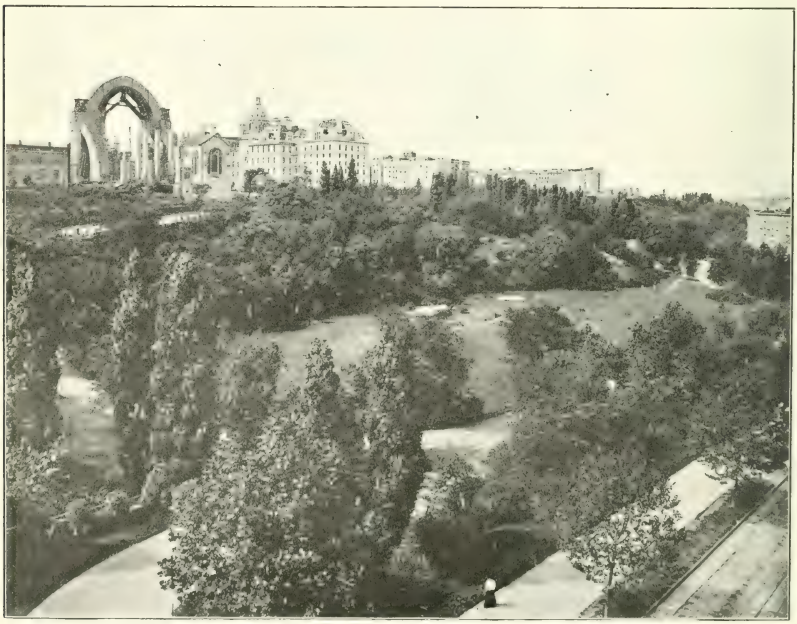
been definitely decided upon, the present list is as follows:

Names.	Rite.
Scots	British
Holland	German
Swedes	Scandinavian
St. Saviour's (Mr. Belmont)	Oriental
St. Ambrose's	Italian
St. Colomba (Mrs. King)	Gallician
Spanish	Moz-arabic

It seems that all countries are to have a representation in St. John's, just as almost all the States in this country are to have a share in the building of the Cathedral. The jaspar used comes from the Dakotas, the serpentine from Pennsylvania, the white Frontenac from Minnesota, and the outside granite from the Mohican quarries at Peekskill, New York. The eight granite columns, each 52 feet in height, surrounding the arch the bottom sections of which weigh ninety tons and the upper sections forty tons each, came from Deer Island, Maine. Most of the other States are contributing money.

At first, monoliths were intended to be used instead of columns. The makers of the monoliths had a lathe built for the purpose of turning them. This lathe cost $10,000, and the bill for it was sent to the building committee. It was not audited, for the reason that the monoliths broke before they could be set in proper place.

The enclosure which will contain the Cathedral and its subsidiary buildings covers an area of three very large city blocks. The land has a value of $3,000,000. Within this enclosure there will be a synod house, the bishop's house, a choir school (there is already one of the latter in the old asylum building at 110th Street which will be torn down), and other small outbuildings, to say nothing of the already completed Deaconesses' Home on the south side of 110th Street, and the already completed St. Luke's Hospital, on the north side of 113th Street, each of which occupies very nearly a city block, making, in all, an establishment of very nearly five city blocks in the heart of New York's most exclusive residential section.



MORNINGSIDE PARK, SHOWING SITUATION OF NEW CATHEDRAL.

THIRTEEN SNAPSHOTS *at* LIFE *in the* UNTRAMMELED BUNCH GRASS COUNTRY

By
Geo. C. Blakely
Photographer

From close examination of these remarkable pictures, it is surmised that a number of rollicking cowboys may have lent themselves and their histrionic talents to the service of the enterprising photographer. However, it cannot be denied that the history of many a "cow-town" has afforded scenes not a whit less melo-dramatic than these.—Editors.



COWBOYS SHOOTING UP THE TOWN.



MAKING THE TENDERFOOT DANCE.



HOLDING UP THE SALOON.



HOLDING UP THE BANK.



BANK ROBBERS REPULSED.



LEADING THE HERD.



WILD HORSES GOING TO WATER.



ON THE HORSE ROUNDUP.



OLD PARDS MEET.



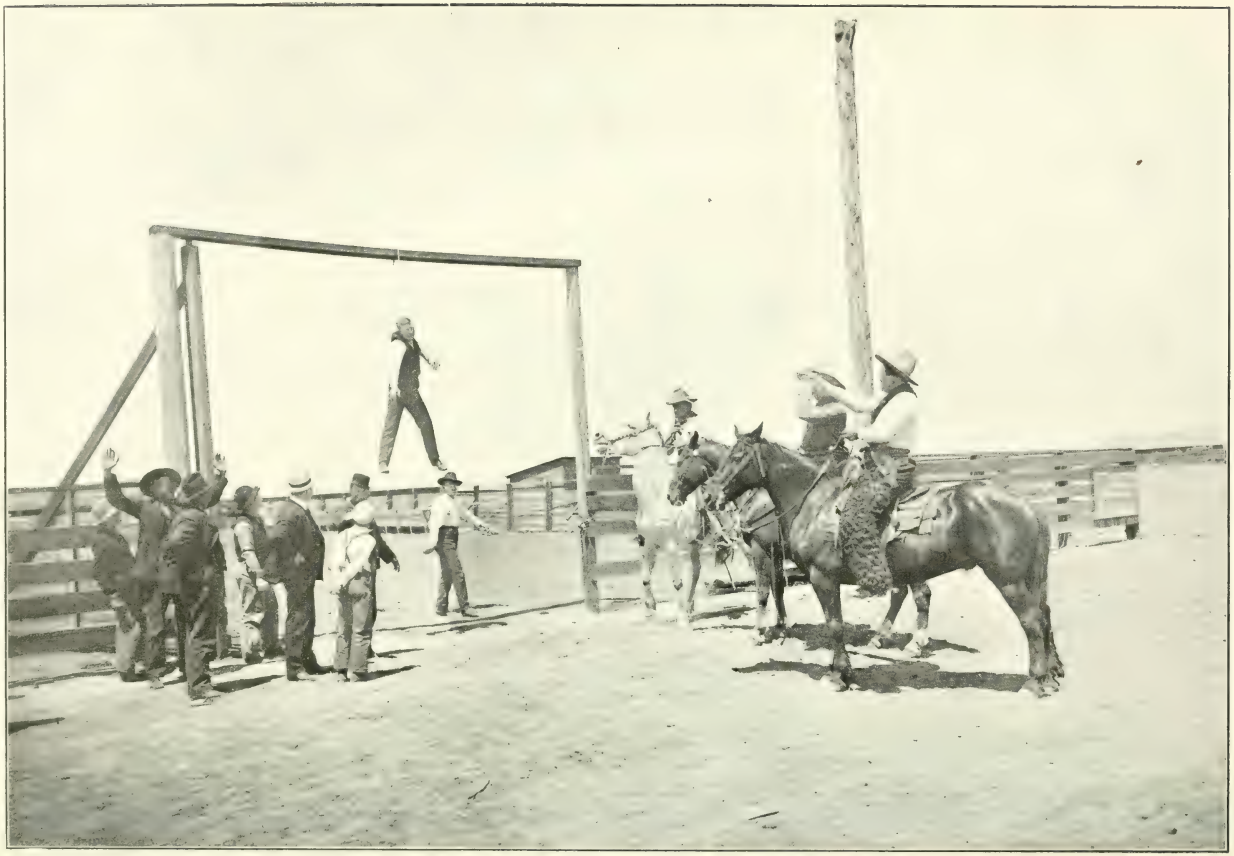
CONCLUDING TO QUIT THE OPEN RANGE.



BRANDING "SLICKEARS."



ROPING THE HORSETHIEF.



EXECUTION AFTER THE VERDICT.

My Old Guitar

By L. Hennion

Ensconced on yonder rosewood shelf,
It has a corner to itself;
And as it lies in state apart,
So rests its mem'ry in my heart.
No instrument with airy grace
Can ever now usurp its place.
No other hand but mine e'er brings
To life the secrets of its strings.

No other notes, anear, afar,
Are sweet as thine, my old guitar.

Once slender fingers touched those strings
And made them sing of heavenly things;
Above them once a fair face bent,
The while I watched with joy, content.
The firelight, resting o'er her hair,
A lustrous halo forming there.
What plans we planned, what dreams we dreamed,
As o'er the strings her fingers gleamed.

No other notes, anear, afar,
Are sweet as thine, my old guitar.

But Heaven saw she was most fair;
Too frail for earth-life's grief and care;
So, one day, from my shelt'ring love,
One bore her to the King's above.
What plans we planned, what dreams we dreamed,
As o'er the strings her fingers gleamed.
The firelight, resting o'er her hair,
A lustrous halo forming there.

No other notes, anear, afar,
Are sweet as thine, my old guitar.



ARTHUR H. DUTTON.

Twentieth Century Soldiers of Fortune

By Arthur H. Dutton
(Secundo Commandante, Crucero Nacional "Bogota.")



WHILE sitting one morning in my club in San Francisco in the late Summer of 1902, a telephone message summoned me to the office of a friend, "on a matter of great importance." Upon my arrival at the office, my friend told me that the Colombian Government had asked his aid in securing an executive and navigating officer for a vessel which was to be fitted out in San Francisco as a cruiser, to wrest the command of the sea from the insurgents who were making things decidedly unpleasant for the government forces, particularly on the Pacific Coast of the provinces of Panama and Antioquia. As I was a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, and a former lieutenant in the United States Navy, with a trifle of war service to my credit, my friend immediately offered the place to me.

The offer was an attractive one. Things had been rather dull with me since the Spanish-American war, and the expedition to Central America presented a picturesque opportunity for varying the monotony of existence. After a few inquiries relative to the nature of the service, the matters of rank and pay, and other details, I accepted the place. It brought adventure in plenty.

The conditions then existing in Colombia gave promise of much active service. For three years the Liberal party in that republic had been in vigorous revolt against the Conservative government. The severest fighting was in the province of Panama, the Liberals striving might and main to capture that province, with its rich cities of Colon and Panama. They had the latter city practically in a state of siege at the time of which I write, and would surely have captured it had not the United States Government, under its treaty rights, forbidden a bombardment from the sea.

During the early part of 1902, the Liberals, with a small squadron composed of the cruiser *Padilla,* the gunboat *Boyaca* and two or three smaller craft, had swept the Pacific Coast of Conservative war vessels, securing the vitally important command of the sea. This enabled them to transport troops and supplies whither they wished, at the same time preventing the Conservatives from doing the same. One by one the Conservative garrisons outside of Panama city were defeated or captured until things indeed looked gloomy for the established government.

In its extremity, the government called upon outside aid. It appealed to American soldiers of fortune to save it, and save it these adventurous Americans did.

The steamship *Jessie Banning* was purchased by the Colombian Government to be used as a man-of-war, to contest the supremacy of the sea with the *Padilla* and her consorts. The *Jessie Banning* had had an eventful history. She was originally named the *Kutch,* having been built in England as a yacht for the Rajah of Kutch, who lost her at the gaming tables, the winner being a rich merchant who subsequently sold her for use in the merchant service. She was sunk in northern waters from running upon a rock, remained several months under water, and was then raised, repaired and placed under the American flag, under the name *Jessie Banning.*

Early in September, 1902, the *Jessie Banning* arrived at San Francisco to receive her crew, battery and stores. She was a trim, staunch craft, well suited to the purpose for which the Colombians had purchased her. She was reputed to be a 17-knot steamer, but our later experience with her showed that under forced draught and the most favorable conditions, 14 knots was about her limit. She rarely made over 12.

The officers were chosen by the Colombian Minister in Washington. The command was given to H. H. Marmaduke, who had resigned from the United States Naval Academy in 1861, in order to cast his lot with the South. He was of the celebrated Marmaduke family of Missouri, one of whom, a general in the Confederate Army, was slain in a duel; another was Governor of Missouri. Captain Marmaduke was a midshipman on the *Merrimac* during her fight with the *Monitor,* which created the idea in the Colombian mind that he was just the person for the place they gave him, although he had not been to sea for 37 years. Still Captain Marmaduke, in addition to being a charming gentleman of the old school, possessed all the reckless bravery of his family, in spite of his lack of experience with modern ships and guns.

To me fell the next office, that of executive and navigating officer. Next in rank was Lieutenant J. J. Meany, a young American officer of the merchant service, who had received his nautical education at the hands of American naval officers on the schoolship *St. Mary's,* at New York. Meany was the only officer on the ship besides myself who was a practical navigator, with any experience in handling a ship. It was only when he was on watch on deck that I could sleep with any feeling of security.

The other officers were former apprentices and petty officers in the United States Navy. They were without exception loyal, willing, courageous young fellows, eager to do the best they could. They were admirable gunners; they could take a machine gun to pieces and put it together again in a jiffy. What they did not know about modern ammunition and ordnance was not worth knowing. Their only shortcomings were their ignorance of navigation and their lack of experience in the handling of men. Not one of them had ever before stood a deck watch.

Upon me fell the task of assembling a crew. Anyone who wants a crew of good, reckless, hard-fighting soldiers of fortune need only come to San Francisco to get them. The task I expected to be a difficult one was easy. The best of material for a crew for such an expedition as ours was on hand in abundance. The supply exceeded the demand. I resolved to accept none but Americans, giving the preference to honorably discharged men from the United States Navy. The result was that I got an all-American crew, the majority of them being seasoned man-of-war's-men. It was as fine a crew as one could wish. Always willing, always obedient, proud of their ship, laughing at danger and simply spoiling for a fight, it was an assemblage of daredevils fit for the days of d'Artagnan.

There was Dunne, the boatswain, an old man-of-war's-man, who had fought in the Philippines, had been a soldier in the Dutch Army in Borneo, where he had been captured by the natives but escaped; there was Thobae, the master-at-arms, the best shot on the Asiatic squadron until he got his discharge; young Cress, a 17-year-old former apprentice from Iowa, who turned out to be the best shot in the whole crew—and there were plenty of marksmen in that crew, too; poor Kane, the gunner's mate, a veteran of Sampsons fleet in Cuba, who was killed before my eyes in a brush in Parita Bay; O'Toole, boatswain's mate, whose Irish blood was ever at fever heat for a shot at the enemy; Shane, who fought in the Utah battery in the Philippines; Johnson, who gave up a master mariner's berth to come with us; J. C. Clarke, who was with the lamented Bagley on the *Winslow* at Cardenas in 1898; H. O. Clark, who refused to go on the sick list after being wounded; Worthington, a young college boy who loved adventure above all else—and dozens of others with histories and wild, careless natures. The pay clerk and the chief yeoman were Civil war veterans.

Receiving an overhauling at San Francisco, taking on stores and a part—only a part—of our battery, used up three weeks, and it was not until October 8th that we sailed for the South, in search of the enemy.

In fitting out we had illustrated the peculiar reasoning powers of the Latin-American mind. When we sailed from San Francisco the only guns we carried were four 6-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-firers, mounted aft, so that, if we encountered an enemy, we would have to fight him "stern-foremost," as the captain expressed it. The rest of the battery we were to receive in Panama, pre-

sumably after we had encountered the *Padilla* and her consorts. To remedy the bad effect of leaving port thus inadequately armed, I caused a spare spar to be mounted on the forecastle, covered with canvas, and also two smaller pieces of timber, similarly posed in threatening manner, on each bow.

With these ominous "quakers" forward, our real guns aft, the "blood-and-gold" flag of Colombia at the stern, the Colombian cruiser *Bogota,* as she had been rechristened, sallied forth in her grey war color through the Golden Gate, with as choice a band of adventurers for a crew as ever sailed a ship on the Spanish Main.

It was indeed a picturesque enterprise. Articles of war we had not. Yet the discipline of the United States Navy, its routine, its drills, its ceremonies, its precautions and its customs, were adopted from the start, and no one ever questioned them. The bulk of the crew were used to them. The men needed little training beyond target practice, and of this they had much on the way down to Panama—and an abundance, with living targets, after we got there.

Trouble with the machinery delayed the passage somewhat. It was eighteen days before we got there. Sometimes I was fearful lest there were a traitor on board, who was tampering with our engines, and might at any moment scuttle the ship or blow here up. But careful investigation by myself and a few trusted officers and men relieved me of the suspicion, and the fidelity with which all worked and fought in time of need showed that my fears were groundless.

After passing the Guatamalan coast, lights were never carried, double lookouts were stationed, the guns were kept cleared away, with ammunition boxes beside them, and the guns' crews slept at their guns, divisional officers, when not on watch or at meals, being ever near their stations for battle.

Our coal ran low when two days from Panama, and we were compelled to make fuel out of hatches, light spars, boxes, barrels and other woodwork that could be spared. In a driving rain we entered the Bay of Panama, on one of the blackest nights I ever saw, expecting to run into the enemy at every moment. But the enemy did not appear. We arrived safely the next morning, October 26, bright and early.

A furor of welcome greeted us from the officials on shore. We were their salvation. The dread of the *Padilla* and the other Liberal vessels had unnerved the hapless Conservative officers. The long looked-for *Bogota* had arrived and nothing was too good for us. We were given all the stores we wanted, plenty of ice, tobacco, and other luxuries, including champagne for the officers. Alas, no sooner had we ended the war than we found out what others have found out before us—that the soldier of fortune gets no thanks after his work is ended. He is prized in time of need, ignored and cheated when the time of need has passed. As will be related later, nothing but our good guns and our good knowledge of how to use them secured for us our hard earned pay.

In a few days the *Bogota* was coaled, victualled and completely armed. When we got through, she was a venomous little cruiser indeed. She carried on her forecastle a 15-pounder Krupp rapid-fire gun and two 6-pounder Driggs-Schroeder semi-automatic guns. On the quarter-deck were the four 6-pounders we brought from San Francisco; two more 6-pounders were mounted forward on the lower deck, there were two excellent Vickers-Maxim machine guns on the superstructure amidships, and a 12-pounder Krupp mountain howitzer was carried on its field carriage, so as to facilitate moving it to any part of the deck desired.

While the grim preparations for bloodshed were going on, we did not lack amusement. Plenty of it was furnished by the comical Colombian officials. We had hardly arrived when whole boat-loads of officials, civil and military, of high and low degree, began to swarm on board. These gentry had about as much acquaintance with ship-life and etiquette and military ceremony generally, as a lamp-post. They wanted to know why we did not salute the port when we came in. It was explained to them that a man-of-war never salutes the ports of her own country, but to appease the spectacle-loving Latin-Americans, the captain ordered 21 guns fired, much to the elation of the heterogeneous mob.

It may be said that there are more

"generals" in Colombia than there are "colonels" in Kentucky. I reached the opinion that any man who gathers four or five hundred ragged soldiers under his standard becomes, *ipso facto,* a "general" in that country. I never met so many "generals" at one time in my life.

The day of sailing came and we left the harbor of Panama confident that we could accomplish the mission for which we were engaged. But the enemy proved to be faint-hearted. They had been told of American markmanship. The *Padilla,* the *Boyaca* and the other vessels that had been hovering around Panama for months and making the Conservatives pass sleepless nights had betaken themselves away. It took long and diligent searching to find them. After the *Bogota's* arrival, they never approached nearer than ninety miles from Panama.

We cruised around the Perlas Islands, Taboga and Taboguilla, Otoque Islands, Chame Point and other favorite resorts of the foe without finding them. On November 9 we entered broad Parita Bay, at the head of which lay the Liberal stronghold of Agua Dulce, recently captured from the Conservatives. A schooner flying the French flag was brought to with a shot across her bows, but she could give us no information about the enemy. Within an hour we saw the first hostile signs, in the shape of batteries along the shores of Parita Bay. These were poorly armed, some having no artillery at all, so we contented ourselves with a little target practice upon them. Their response was so slight and their markmanship so miserable that the men laughed in derision.

That night we anchored off the mouth of the river leading to Agua Dulce, firing a couple of trial shots at the shore. No answer was made. Early on the morning of November 11th we continued our cruise around the bay, peering in everywhere with glasses, in hope of finding our quarry, and several times dispatching a little armed launch called the *Chucuito,* which accompanied us, into little bays where the water was too shoal for the *Bogota* to enter.

Toward evening we sighted a sail, which gave us a lively chase for a while, running into a cove, where her crew abandoned her and took refuge in the thick woods, where they were joined by some riflemen. A cutting out expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Mitcheli, of the *Bogota,* was sent in after the vessel. After a warm exchange of volleys with the riflemen in the woods, who were put to flight, Mitchell and his men captured and floated the prize, which proved to be the Liberal sloop *Helvetia,* bearing dispatches, from which it was learned that the insurgents were in dire straits for want of salt. The non-combatants, it was stated, were dying for salt, what little that could be had by evaporating salt-water being saved for the troops. It was further announced by the dispatches that a large schooner, called the *Santa Maria,* was en route with a large supply of salt from Nicaragua.

The *Helvetia* was sent into Panama with her prize crew on board, and we added the *Santa Maria* to the list of vessels we very much wanted to find.

We found her early on the morning of November 11. Before the *Bogota's* guns got within range of her, the *Santa Maria* ran into a little stream called the Rio Berrio, and grounded at its mouth. As soon as near enough, the *Bogota* opened fire. To our surprise, not only the schooner, but riflemen from several trenches responded in lively fashion to the shelling. The water was so shoal that the *Bogota* could get no nearer than 1,200 yards from the schooner, so, after silencing the fire from the trenches, an armed boat's crew under Lieutenant H. L. Gooding was sent in to reconnoiter, under cover of the *Bogota's* guns. The boat returned, under a desultory fire which wounded one of her crew severely, with the report that the tide was much too low to tow the schooner out.

It was then decided to await the high tide and make the attempt. During the two hours or so of waiting, however, heavy reinforcements were seen hurrying to the entrenchments. These were fired upon with good effect, a single shrapnel from the *Bogota's* bow gun, fired by Boatswain Dunne, placing a bunch of 11 men hors-de-combat. Yet the reinforcements continued and a cutting out expedition was decided upon. A call for volunteers was met with a unanimous cry of "I, sir!" from fore and aft. Every man in the ship volunteered for the hazardous duty of proceeding under a heavy fire, in broad

daylight, in slow-pulling boats, for half a mile, then to board the schooner and either float her or burn her and her valuable cargo of the vitally important salt. It was more dangerous than Decatur's exploit at Tripoli, or Cushing's in Albemarle Sound, for both of these were after dark and in the nature of surprises. The enemy was awaiting the *Bogota's* men; bullets were even then reaching the *Bogota*. But those reckless Yankee soldiers of fortune were eager for the fray, and there was much grumbling among the unselected ones when the little party under Lieutenant George Parker left the ship's side and pulled in two boats, one with a machine gun in the bow, directly for the enemy. The *Bogota* covered the daring advance with a terrible shelling of the trenches and the adjoining woods. The enemy's fire slackened noticeably under the cannonade. Sharp-shooters could be seen every now and then falling from trees, and wounded were observed being born from the chapparal to a safer retreat. Just as the boats reached the schooner, the enemy rallied and poured in a deadly fire at close range. The machine gun and the rifles of the boats' crews responded, the fire of the *Bogota* redoubled, and the enemy was badly demoralized, but there had been loss in the boats, too. Richard Kane, gunner's mate, who had served with me as a quartermaster, under the name of Hanrahan, on board the U. S. S. *Dolphin*, in Cuba during the Spanish war, was instantly killed. Lieutenant Parker and one other were severely wounded. Yet, as coolly as if at drill in San Francisco Bay, the men from the boats boarded the *Santa Maria*, and, finding she could not possibly be floated, set fire to her. They then pulled back under a fire which, however, had become almost silenced under the fierce bombardment from the *Bogota's* rapid-fire and machine guns.

It was not until a week later that the enemy's vessels were finally located in the narrow San Pedro River, nine miles from its mouth, at a little place called Pedregal. This spot, 300 miles from Panama, and close to the Costa Rican border, was visited after every other conceivable place had been searched in vain. The guns of the batteries at the river's mouth had been silenced by the *Bogota* in short order, but there was nothing to indicate the presence of the hostile ships within until a sloop was captured several miles off-shore. In this sloop was a Liberal officer, with letters on his person showing that the *Padilla* and the other Liberal vessels were at Pedregal. The sloop was bringing to them a supply of palm oil for their machinery and guns.

This was indeed cheering news. We had the long sought foe at last. The crew was jubilant. We stood back to the mouth of the river, but the stream itself was so narrow and tortuous that we dared not enter it, especially as it was lined with troops, with artillery, which could have swept our unprotected decks at close range after we had grounded, as we surely should have done, without a trustworthy pilot. We therefore hammered the batteries at the river's mouth and then settled down to a blockade which was maintained relentlessly until the morning of the fifth day, when a British man-of-war, the *Phaeton*, arrived from Panama—we thought at first she was an enemy and went for her at full speed, with men at quarters and guns loaded—and informed us officially that the war was ended. It appeared that our doings around Parita Bay and elsewhere had inspired the enemy with so much respect for our armament and marksmanship that they lost heart, asked for a parley, met the Conservative leaders on board the U. S. battleship *Wisconsin*, and there in the presence of Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., signed the peace agreement, by which they surrendered all their ships, guns and other munitions of war.

It was a crushing blow to the trouble-seeking, pugnacious men of the *Bogota*. They had conquered the enemy, ended the war, and entirely fulfilled their mission without a ship-to-ship encounter. They had won back the command of the sea without sinking a ship. They had done this with the loss of but one killed and three wounded, in a fight in which alone the enemy, by his own admission, lost 46 in killed and wounded. It was a cruel disappointment.

Back we went to Panama, and thereafter our experiences were as a nightmare. For days we did nothing but transport the surrendered Liberal soldiers and filthy refugees of both sexes back and

forth. The clean, orderly *Bogota,* with her happy crew, became a mass of dirt and disorder. Disease broke out, some of our own people became infected, and Lieutenant Mitchell died of yellow fever upon our return to Panama. We were ill supplied with food and water. I can at times hear even now the agonized cries of suffering refugees for "agua! agua!" The Colombian "generals" and others crowded the ship and, now that war and danger were over, annoyed us Americans so greatly that I hourly expected a clash between them and our people. To provide for such a contingency, I had the officers and crew—except the captain, who never knew about it—secretly organized into a sort of "riot formation." When the bugle blew a certain call, each officer and man knew his station, what arms to get, what guns to man, and what to do. At the first note of that "riot call," as we called it, the offending Colombians—the very men for whom we had recently been fighting with our lives—would have been slaughtered with system, neatness and dispatch. They would never have known exactly what happened. By patience and diplomacy, however, a clash was averted. As a matter of fact, however, I may say here that, after the war, when we met personally some of the Liberal officers and men, we found that we were really fighting for the wrong side. The Liberals were all their name implies. So were the anachronistic, semi-barbarous Conservatives.

As the time for our discharge approached, there were ominous symptoms of a desire on the part of the Colombians to "welch" on the money question. The first symptom was observed when Captain Marmaduke informed me that it was the intention of the authorities to divide up our American crew among the several vessels—*Bogota, Padilla, Boyaca, Darien, Clapet* and *Chucuito*—as nuclei for the rest of the outfit, which should be composed of Colombians. I saw through this trick at once. They wanted to separate us, so that we should be helpless against the overpowering numbers of the natives. I refused to agree. After consulting with the other officers, I prevailed upon the captain to impress upon the authorities the fact that the Americans preferred to stick together on the well armed and equipped *Bogota.* "United we stand, divided we fall," was our motto. We remained united.

Then came pay-day. I moved the *Bogota* to within 800 yards of the executive mansion, the treasury and other public buildings—excellent close range for our guns—and anchored her there. She could have settled anything necessary then and there, with greatest ease. But the Colombians made no trouble, beyond trying to pay us off in their depreciated silver currency instead of in gold, as our contracts demanded, but this difficulty was speedily removed as soon as we exhibited determination.

We welcomed our discharges from so thankless a service. We had high hopes at the outset. Indeed, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves until the war was over, after which our troubles began.

Colombians do not like to admit it, but it is a fact, that a party of American soldiers of fortune, on an American ship, equipped and partly armed in San Francisco, speedily and easily ended a war which for three long years had devastated the country and threatened its actual existence.



Bacon

By Charles B. Clark, Junior

You're salty and greasy and smoky as sin,
But of all grub we love you the best;
You've stuck to us closer than nighest of kin
And helped us win out in the West.
You froze with us up on the Laramie trail,
You sweat with us down at Tucson;
When Injuns was painted and white men was pale
Then you nerved us to grip our last chance by the tail
And to load up our Colts and hang on.

You've sizzled by mountain and mesa and plain,
Over campfires of sagebrush and oak;
The breezes that blow from the Platte to the main
Have carried your savory smoke.
You're friendly with miner or puncher or priest,
You're as good in December as May,
You always came in when the fresh meat had ceased,
And the rough course of empire to westward was greased
By the bacon we fried on the way.

We swear that you're not fit for white men to eat,
And your virtues we often forget;
We call you by names that I daresn't repeat,
But love you, and swear by you yet.
Here's to you, old bacon, fat, lean streak, and rind,
All the Westerners join in the toast,
From mesquite and yucca to sagebrush and pine,
From Helena down to the Mexican line,
And from Omaha out to the coast.


L. M. Pease



"And White was Never Whiter than Him"

By Lute Pease

"POISON" was the word a-sneaking round the camp. There'd been a lot of whispered talk, and on the 7th of September, the day we'd buried Jim Gray, we all got together on the river bank by Peep O'Day's road house and held a Miner's Meeting.

"Just a bunch o' plain Americans," Peep said, "gathered together in the interests of justice and self-gover'ment 'way up in this here corner of Alaska." We had no lawyers or law books, and we didn't need 'em.

Everybody felt it, considerable, when poor Jim cashed in so sudden. He sure was a first class miner and man. "Straight Goods and Square as a Die"—that was the ep'taph his own pardner, Still Bill McDougall, put on the spruce tree where we planted him.

Bill, he was that same kind. They sure were O. K. men—all right on the trail and all right in camp. Any of you gentlemen that ever followed the Front knows what that means.

Them pardners differed in two ways: Jim had looks, Bill had a big nose and bristling red whiskers; Jim could always talk and josh some; Bill, he was just Still Bill.

But Mrs. Bill stuck in a man's eye like a—er—mote, making it wink and water. Pretty? Thunder! When we first saw her and she shot those big black eyes at us, everybody in camp, except Limpy Wilson, throwed out his chest and tried to look tall.

"I've seen that woman in Frisco," said Limpy, and that's all he had to say.

She wore some blue bloomer things, and a red sweater, and high laced-up boots that didn't look big enough to hold more'n a good drink of whiskey apiece. She had heaps of black hair and a red knit cap on it, and she stepped round over the gravel stones like they had springs under 'em.

"Reg'lar High-Stepper," said Peep O'Day, and High-Stepper's what we called her afterward 'mongst ourselves.

Up in Alaska you get to know a heap



"Bill's face, as he was lighting his pipe."

about men an' dogs, but not much about women. Near's I can make out, there's mostly two kinds of women on the Front—one you have to guess at, and the other you don't.

Just like gold. A chap will take a pan o' dirt, an' pan it down, an' he'll find one or two little yellow specks, an' he'll say: "Now, that looks like gold—I guess it *is* gold." But it ain't; no, siree! Gold is gold; it ain't brass-filings, nor mica; though they look some the same; but when you've got a genuine color, you *know* it, without no guessin'.

Frosty Bar's about deserted now and most of the bunch are scattered wide; some are dead and some have gone back to the States, but I guess none of the living have forgotten that night of the Meeting.

I remember how clear it was. The breeze that drifted over the tundra and up the river had the smell of moss and dead grass and the bite o' winter's baby teeth was in it.

Bad Canyon, just around the bend below the camp, sounded loud that evening. Those rapids had done for more'n one good man, but they made a kind of music we liked—sort of lullabied us all to sleep o' nights. Lord help the man, though, that ever got into them! Then they roared at him like a thousand raging beasts and swallowed him down, boat and all.

By the time Peep called the Meeting to order, a few of the boys had brought logs and got a good fire blazing. The crowd spread round in front of it, some standing and others squatting down.

Fine-haired folks out in the States, where there's barbers and store clothes, might 've sized us up for a pretty hard gang, but I'm telling you, gentlemen, the weeds and thistles o' mankind ain't scattered thick so far off the main trails as Frosty Bar. We had some pretty tony boys, too; has beens, though, mostly—one ex-governor of a state; one busted Chicago banker, and one man that failed as a sky-pilot. They were O. K. enough, but they didn't quite stack up among us with Old Timers like Bill and Jim, or Limpy Wilson of Wilson's Forks, and a few other top-notchers—men that could more'n hold up their end in any kind of "grief;" men that sabbied a boat, an ax, or a shovel like a lady sabbies a fan. Limpy could travel a week on a couple o' sea biscuit, and once he packed a scurvied pardner forty miles on his back, snow shoein' all the way, and so saved the life of one of the worst cranks that ever was.

Every soul in camp was there except two—Bill McDougall and his wife. Mrs. Mac had stayed close in their cabin all day, and Bill was sitting in the road-house in the dark, smoking his everlasting corn-cob. He'd been there ever since the funeral.

Some one says:

"Bill hain't seen his wife since last night, when we fetched in Jim's body, has he?"

"No," speaks up Limpy Wilson, "an' I reckon he don't want to see her particular. He wasn't home from his claim when we brought Jim in. He come up later with Bob Jenkins, and—say! when the High-Stepper catches sight of him, she stopped her screaming and queer carrying on and all."

"Just like she'd been hit by a bullet," puts in another chap. "Bill looked her straight in the eyes for a full minute. Then all to once she whirls round into the cabin and slams the door, and I heard her bolt it. What could you make o' that, now?"

"Bill stood there as if he was plumb puzzled," says Limpy, "finally he walks over here to Peep's place, takes a chair

behind the stove and lights up his pipe. Peep says he set there all night smokin', smokin', and never sayin' a word."

That was true; and all next day Bill never spoke but once. He'd helped at the funeral; he cut a lot of spruce limbs for Jim to rest on in the box we made; he handled a shovel at the grave; and when 'twas all over he stood by the mound a few minutes sucking at his empty pipe. Then he took off his hat and we all done the same. We thought he might be going to pray, but he just coughed once and says: "Me and him's et up more'n one sack o' flour together —more'n one sack"—and then he fixed up that ep'taph and walked back to the road house.

Just as Peep opened the Meeting I happened to look in through the window back of the crowd and caught sight of Bill's face as he was lighting his pipe. That match showed up his big nose and his red whiskers, and the queerest, saddest look I ever saw.

I turned back to the crowd then for for they was electing the judge.

"'Low me to nominate Mr. O'Day," says the banker chap.

"And I'll nominate Limpy Wilson," says the governor.

Peep got it, as usual. He climbed up on an empty canned-beef box and begun to make a kind of Decoration Day speech, when Limpy Wilson broke in, blunt: "Look here, Peep—I mean Judge—yer—Honor," says he, "I move you that we decide first what we propose to do. Is this here to be a trial of Still Bill or Mrs. Mac for poisonin' Jim Gray? An' if so, what'll we do if we find either of 'em or both of 'em guilty?

"We can't hang no woman at Frosty Bar, an' I don't see's we ought'o put 'em in a boat with a side o' bacon and a sack o' flour and send 'em down to the Yukon, like we done them cache thieves last year—and—er—what we goin' to do?"

Peep seemed to get a little rattled at this. "Well," says he, stepping down off the box, "I dunno; I s'pose this ain't a trial exactly. It's a sort of investigation, as it were. You might make a suggestion about it yourself, Wilson."

"Sure," says Limpy, with a kind of sniff; "why don't you appoint a committee to fetch Mrs. Mac, and another one to tell Bill to come out? They're the principals in this thing."



"'Sure,' says Limpy, with a kind of sniff."

"That's just what I was goin' to do," comes back Peep. "Of course it's proper they should be on hand to hear the testimony and make their own statements."

Then he appointed the governor and the banker chap to go for the High-Stepper, and somebody else to notify Bill.

Limpy Wilson opened up again: "Before them folks gets here," says he, "I want to say this much: If Still had anything agen Jim, he'd a fought it out fair with him."

"Right you are," hollers Bob Jenkins, who knew what he was talking about; "Old Sour Doughs like Bill don't poison; shootin's a heap easier—and you're certainer of hittin' what you aim at."

"What do you mean, Bob?" asks somebody.

"You'll see by and by," says Bob.

"Here!" hollers the judge, "all that's out of order."

"But," comes in Limpy, not minding Peep more'n a rabbit, "the High-Step-

per never'd a hurt Jim." He lowered his voice and went on, saying it was a queer deal and he wanted to put us next to a few things about that woman. "I know," says he, "she's made more or less of a fool of 'most every man in camp —includin' Peep here. Well, she made a fool of Bill in Juneau and he married her there before I had a chance to give him what I knowed 'bout her record in 'Frisco; and, of course, I've been a clam ever since; but now—"

"Yer out of order!" hollers Peep.

"Well," mutters Bob Jenkins, "she never made no fool of Bill's pardner—you can gamble on that."

"Shut up! here's Bill," says somebody.



"She swayed a second."

The crowd separated a little and let the firelight onto him. He was smoking his pipe—a long, rangy, rugged looking man, upwards of forty, dressed just as he'd come from the claim the night before—old sombrero, mucky jumper and overalls and hip-boots.

"Mr. MacDougall," says Peep, "this here meetin's about Jim. We want to understand some things, and—well, we'd take it as a favor if you'd tell us what you can, and then ask your wife—she'll be here in a minute—ask her to make a statement, too."

Bill shook his head.

We could hear the crackle of the fire and the night wind siftin' through the spruce tops and that everlasting roarin' from the canyon.

Bill shook his head again. Then he said, "Gentlemen, nobody mustn't trouble Mrs. MacDougall about this. Do business with me—individual."

Peep seemed stumped for a minute, and then all of a sudden we heard the High-Stepper.

"What is it?" she was cryin', "what's the matter here?" and she slipped into the light all a-quivering.

It was same's a theater-piece to see them two standing there in the fireshine —Bill holding up his pipe, his right elbow in the palm of his other hand and him looking at her, cool and steady, like she was a stranger that didn't interest him particular. But she sure 'peared wild enough, breathing as if she'd been running, her black hair all hanging tangled, her face white, though most I can remember 'bout it is a kind of queer beauty and a pair of eyes that seemed about four sizes too big.

"What's this all about?" says she. "Answer me! Why don't you, somebody?"

"Mrs. MacDougall," says Peep O'Day, "we are just holdin' a sort of meetin' and—"

Bill stopped him with a wave of his pipe. "Me, individual," says he. He had a wonderful deep voice.

Peep pulled himself together and says: "Very well, Bill; now will you tell us when you last seen your pardner alive?"

"Yesterday mornin', 'bout six o'clock."

"Where?"

"'Bout half way 'tween here and our claim on Frozen Toe Gulch."

"You was goin' to work as usual—and Jim was goin' huntin' caribou?"

"Yes, we needed some meat."

"You an' Jim's been pardners a long time?"

Bill didn't seem able to reply, and Peep went on:

"Ever have any words with him?"

"No."

"Ever have any feelin' agen him?"

"God. No!"

Just then Bob Jenkins stepped over to Peep and whispered in his ear. Peep nodded his head and begun again:

"When you an' Jim left your cabin yesterday mornin' did you have separate grub packs?"

"Yes."

"When you left each other, didn't you swap packs?"

"That's right."

"Why did you swap?"

"Well, Jim changed his mind 'bout bein' gone three or four days, as he'd figured on, and not wantin' to be bothered with so much weight, he said he'd take the little bunch o' flapjacks I had for noon lunch, and I could take his pack on to the claim."

"Now, Bill, who cooked them flapjacks?"

"Why, I reckon my wife did. What of it?"

"That's all, now, Bill," says Peep, stepping up on the box again. We could see he was excited. He called on Bob Jenkins then to tell all he knew.

Bob, he got out in the light and begun to talk, looking all the time at the High-Stepper. "Me and Swede Thorson," says he, "was out together after caribou yesterday, and we run acrost Jim Gray, up on the Divide, about noon. We all stopped to eat a snack. Jim seemed to be feelin' fine an' jolly, crackin' jokes an' so on. He opened his lunch parcel, took out some flapjacks and begun to eat. After three or four bites, he stopped and said it tasted queer. Then he took sick, and in ten minutes more, he was dead."

Bob stopped and we looked at the woman same as he was doing.

She stood with her hands tight over her heart. But she didn't fall—she braced up in a minute and stared back at Bob. He went on:

"Jim hadn't time to say much. He



"You can't hang no woman at Frosty Bar."

was sufferin' something frightful. He set up between a couple of spasms and says: 'Oh, my God! what a wicked critter that woman is! I never had no use for her.' Then he waited a minute and says: 'Poor old Bill! Poor old Bill! Boys, if this kills me, don't you tell him what done it. He loves her—and I never done him dirt—I never done old Bill dirt.' Then he couldn't say no more; and them was his last and exact words, gentlemen, so help me God."

Bob stepped back into the shadow and nobody spoke for about three minutes. You could hear the crackle of the fire, and the night breeze sifting through the spruce tops, but the roar from Box

Canyon was loud and plain, and it sounded to me almost like it was repeating and repeating something over and over; a word full of r's, like "Murder-r-r!"

Limpy Wilson made the next break, asking Bob if he hadn't brought along some of the remains of Jim's lunch. "Yes," says Bob, and he took something wrapped in a piece of burlap out of his pocket.

"Well, now," says Limpy, "let me say right here, we don't know for sure that them flapjacks was doped; maybe Jim died of something else. I propose for to settle that point by feedin' that cake to old Zip. He's no good any more, and I've been puttin' off shootin' that dog for six months." Limpy begun to whistle and holler "Zip!" Bill was looking steady at his wife. All to once we heard the rumble of his voice:

"I'll pan this down, individual," says he. "Me an' Jim Gray's been pardners for five winters, before I was married and since. Me an' him's et up more'n one sack o' flour together, and white was never whiter than him."

He sucks a couple of times at his pipe, without getting any smoke. His wife, she just stood there breathing hard and looking at him the strangest way.

"Bob, give me that flapjack," says Bill.

Bob hesitated a minute.

"Go ahead," says Limpy Wilson.

He took the parcel from Bob and handed it over to Bill, who put his pipe careful into his pocket, and begins to unwrap the package. He took out a crumpled wheat-batter-cake, and we saw his wife grip her hands together over her breast again.

"This," says Bill, "is a flapjack, cooked by my wife—Mrs. William MacDougall—and she ain't in no poisonin' business; and anything cooked by her's a heap too good to feed to any mangy, malamute dog. I hain't et to-day and she hasn't neither, I reckon, so we'll just take a bit o' lunch."

Nobody seemed to think of stopping him. He broke the cake in two in the middle and then he walked over close in front of his wife. He made two mouthfuls of one piece and swallowed it down. His wife looked like she was turned to ice. He held out the other piece to her, looking her straight in the face, and said:

"Eat it!"

She swayed a second, then all to once she lets out a crazy laugh and grabs the piece from his hand and bolts it like a hungry sled-dog.

"I was hungry, too, Bill," she laughed, "oh, so hungry! and I thought you was going to be a piggy."

"Does that satisfy you, gentlemen," rumbles Bill, looking round at all of us. "Mrs. MacDougall and I are going away now—good evening, gentlemen."

He took the woman by the arm and walked with her straight through the crowd and on down to the shore where the boats were pulled up. His was a light skiff. He shoved it out into the water, helped his wife in, pushed off, jumped in himself and took up the oars and sent the craft flying down the current towards the canyon.

It all happened so quick, and it was such a new kind of business to us, that nobody woke up 'till the couple had almost got out of hearing. Finally some of us run down along the bank, hollering to 'em to come back.

They hadn't any grub, they were leaving everything; cabin, outfit for the winter and a pretty fair claim. What did it mean? We yelled, but they never paid no attention. We listened, but all we heard was the canyon a roaring like a thousand beasts in the night.

The moon was getting up over the divide, and down at the bend it shot a streak like quicksilver on the water. We saw the black boat slip into and out of that streak, and we saw the two black figures—saw them just as they merged in one. It looked like the man stopped rowing and fell forward, catching the woman in his arms.

A Deal in Rubber

By Herman Whitaker



DON JULIAN'S native placidity was seriously disturbed. Very brown, very fat, ease and contentment were natural associations of his comfortable girth, yet though sitting under his own palm in his own patio, he might—deducting his sombrero, bolero jacket and silver laced breeches—have passed for a bronze study of discontent.

On one of its sides the patio opened out on a motley of palm-roofed huts and vivid adobes that fenced in the plaza and market. This last was a-bustle with life.

Tewana girls came and went, calabashes gracefully poised a-head. Mule trains of aguardiente, strings of burros with charcoal, and slow wooden-wheeled ox-carts mixed in a tangled confusion. In the dust almost under Don Julian's nose, naked children, bits of human gold, played with the pigs. Cargadores and Indian women labored by, stooped under crates of pottery or beneath heavy loads of firewood.

The peace of that busy scene, however, found no reflection in Don Julian's sombre eyes; for he, Jefe-Politico, judge of this and fifty other Chiapas towns, was feeling the pinch of hard times. It was too confoundedly peaceful. Except for a lone beggar, incarcerated through a huge mistake, the fleas of the carcel would have gone hungry this month. Law was at a discount, litigants fighting shy of a justice that dined and wined so long as the case endured. Crime? Men now turned the other cheek to the smiter. Even drunkenness had attained caution. After a glorious jamboree in the jungle, the Jefe's clientale would emerge in a dishearteningly sober condition, or, if it fell to scrapping, plied the machete so improvidently that nothing was left for an inquest.

"If the Gringo pigs would but observe their national insanity!" the Jefe fretfully exclaimed as Carmelita, his daughter, crossed the patio. "There would be—how makes it, the Senor Gibson?"

"Some—things—doing?" Carmelita interpreted closely as she could the Senor Gibson's slang.

The Jefe nodded. But Fourth of July came only once a year and between whiles the Gringo rubber planters walked delicately. They had not forgotten the fate of Senor Gibson, a gaunt Missourian, who had brought in at the pistol's point a thief who was getting away with the Jefe's horse. Invidious reflections had passed on the Jefe's action in that matter. But the law can take no cognizance of gratitude, and as the thief had no money there was nothing for it but to let him go and mulct Senor Gibson in pesos two hundred and fifty for menacing life with a deadly weapon.

But such plums were rare nowadays. Regretfully the Jefe harked back to the golden days when, in the pride of innocence, the planters had regularly shot up the town on Sundays. The times, to be sure, had been wasteful of his rurales! But life cannot be counted as lost when given for another! One could wine or dine on a dead policeman for six months; or, if the culprit stood above normal in funds, even afford a *pasear* to take in the metropolitan dissipations of Ciudad, Meixco.

Oh! these days one drank warm Toluca beer, and as the Jefe upended his glass, his eye, slipping along its side, fell on two strange Gringos who were coming across the plaza. An ill-assorted pair, one was very tall, the other excessively short, and whereas both wore the regulation white ducks and Panama hat, the taller sported in addition a black tie and shining spectacles. Seeing these, the Jefe groaned.

"Hurry, Carmelita and close the gate! For this will be the Methodist, the missionary from the Yucatan border with more tales of thieving from his mission. Thou hast not forgotten how we kept him in carcel three months with naught but his prayers for our profit—and he a great eater? Truly one missionary raises more

dust than a regiment of planters. Will the fever never get him? No, it passes him by and takes the Senor Robinson, who was good for a wild drunk every two months. But this hombre is taller than the Methodist? Then it must be that they require the rubber land. A mercy they have not fallen in with the Senor Gibson! Run, child; and open for them!"

"Senores Dons Jacob Smith and Hiram Schoonmaker." Carmelita announced.

As the Jefe rose to greet the strangers, his bland impassivity would have done honor to the sow that snored in the dust by his gate. Anxious conjecture was completely masked, and he turned an indifferent ear while the strangers inquired for rubber lands; listened as one who suffers through courtesy.

His answer was equally negligble. His was the inexpressible pain that he could not oblige the Senores! He had land but —alas! it was high and rolling whereas the world knew that rubber thrives only on level sand. He had, however, a friend —sufficient that half an hour later Carmelita was combing the town for the friend, while, lying at ease on canvas catres, the Senores exchanged notes in the Jefe's best room.

It was hot in there. While mud walls, a yard thick, shut out the tropical sunlight, they yet absorbed and gave off heat like the bricks of a baker's oven. But if they simmered like eels in a stew, consolation stood between them in the form of a tray of Toluca beer. As he reached his hand a second time to the damsel, he of the clerical appearance, turned inquisitive spectacles upon his companion.

"What, Jake, do you think of this Jefe person?"

"Hospitable old cuss!" the small man gurgled between two swallows of beer.

"Yes, but from a business view point?"

"A sheep! Mutton! If his friend is equally brilliant it will be a cinch."

"Exactly my own opinion. So dead easy that it looks like stealing." Here Hiram shook his head in the manner of one who feels that Providence has stacked up something unworthy of his abilities. "I shall have to drown my sorrow in drink. We stand to beat your mining proposition."

"Oh, I don't know," Jake mused. "That was a pretty lay out. If it hadn't been for that spotter—" His thoughtful pause and the fact that Carmelita is yet combing the skirts of the town, affords time for historical explanations.

Six months back, the two had started out to clean up the grafters on certain Mexican railroads. Clad in the lovely checks and monocle of a British tourist, Jake had pressed short fares on willing conductors while Hiram, the longest, mournfulest colporteur that ever escaped from a Boston publishing house, did "excess baggage" with five cases of Bibles. Breaking in on the good old times when a man was considered fairly honest if he did not try to steal the roadbed, the two gathered in the grafters from El Paso to Rio Balsas, and cross country from Guadalajara to Vera Cruz. They did so well that Jake felt justified in promoting a mining scheme which, for simplicity and net results lays over the wildest dream of the craziest prospector.

Simplicity? Add twenty-seven conductors on Jake's list to Hiram's tally of baggage smashers, throw in a sack of ore, selected from the dumps of a Mexican Golconda, and you have the material from which Jake evolved a mining company with works situated sixteen days' mule-journey from any railroad. Six days would have done; for it was not reported that conductor or smasher banked on a dividend; but one sincere soul may be expected in any bunch, and Jake threw in the extra ten days lest the maverick be tempted to picnic out at the mine.

That contingency provided for, President Jake and Secretary Hiram had only to follow up the pay car and levy assessments on stock. They collected the salaries, leaving shareholders the graft for meals and maintenance, until, in the fourth month of the company's existence, the railroad gods became suspicious of the sudden obsession of honesty in its employes and put on a third spotter. His report liquidated the company, but not before four figures were required to describe its bank account. Bowing to the inevitable, President and Secretary only regretted that they had not collected the graft instead of the salaries; remorse that was quickened by the action of the one sincere soul, who hired a peon to plant a

knife midway of the company's diaphragm; which fact, coupled with the peon's insane desire to earn his money, had obliged the company to evacuate the City of Mexico just after it had reorganized on a rubber basis with offices in Chicago and plantations in Chiapas.

At least, so its stationery read. In reality Hiram was "offices," Jake "plantations," and the company had intended to dabble in options in rubber lands it did not possess. Debarred, however, by the aforesaid peon's zeal, it now proposed to exploit the "industrial organization" side of the business, which, if a less dignified and more arduous profession made up in solid advantages.

As the beer oiled up his tongue, Hiram was moved to enumerate a few, his oratorical form being a left-over from the days when, as a genuine colporteur, he was wont to "lead meeting" in rural districts.

Leaning on elbow to bring the Directorate under the beam of his spectacles, he thus addressed him: "Gentlemen, deducting flies, mosquitoes and cockroaches from this proposition, it looks not so bad, and I wish, further, to direct your attention to the fact that history now spreads her page for our signatures. Investigation proves that at the end of ten years an investment of one hundred dollars in rubber will yield a net profit of twelve hundred and fourteen dollars, five cents; a modest calculation that may be found in the prospectuses of thirty different companies, and which—as where everybody lies, lying becomes truth—renders the investment peculiarly fitted for widows and orphans. Now in the great country to the north of us are some millions of grangers and school marms whose only hope of a competency lies in some such snap. We shall carry it to them and thus, at one stroke, earn their gratitude, the admiration of our contemporaries, the reverence of posterity, and incidentally fill our own pockets." Here pausing, the President blinked upon the Directorate. "Gentlemen, do you realize that immortal fame waits upon you?"

"Oh, come off!" the Directorate growled.

Unabashed, Hiram continued. "Reducing my remarks to phenomena more in accord with your intelligence, I perceive, through the window, that the handmaiden approaches with the twin of our host."

In fat placidity, the "friend" was, indeed, the Jefe's double, and the surpassing innocence of his countenance caused Jake to remark that "it was a shame to take the money"; an observation which he privately repeated at several stages in the negotiations which ended in the buying Plantation La Buna Esperanza, the "Plantation of Good Hope." In the bargaining which lasted several days, the Jefe proved exceedingly useful. He it was who cut "the friend's" price a thousand pesos; he added a year to the "working option."

"For is not the acquisition of these Senores of more value to Chiapas than thy paltry pesos?" Don Julian virtuously protested to "the friend." "Call it fifteen hundred pesos."

Blushing for his simplicity, the Company closed the bargain; by which they acquired rights to clear, plant, and cultivate five hundred hectares of Chiapas jungle for a three-year term; whereafter purchase might be completed at ten pesos the hectare.

"Long before which," Jake remarked, in parenthesis, as he and Hiram reperused their deed, "Long before which we shall have unloaded on the Grangers and be absorbing Standard preferred on Wall Street."

"And you can put me down as remarking that this Jefe person is a noble and Christian soul," Hiram commented. "Let's go over and see what it is we owe him."

By which it will be seen that the pair had exchanged the Jefe's back room for the accommodations of the Hotel Resplendida, a palm-roofed hut, whose particular breed of fleas was, as Jake put it, "so modest that they put out the candle before crawling into bed." A change of lodging that was brought about by the Jefe's prompt acceptance of Hiram's perfunctionary offer to move after the deed was recorded.

As usual, they found the Jefe under his palm. Bill? The very idea was nauseating! It was *nada!* He had done nothing! Hands and shoulders alike affirmed it. But growing accustomed to the idea,

he eventually produced a document one modest yard in length:

"Horse hire,
"Peonage,
"Fees for legal service,
"Searching and recording titles,
"Inspection of properties,
"Expert opinion on same,
"Commission as purchasing agent,
"Beer consumed by "friend,"
"Ditto by Don Jake,
"Ditto, Don Hiram,
"Beer again,
"More beer,
"Still more,
"In sum—one thousand pesos!"

After spelling through this remarkable document, Hiram turned admiring spectacles upon its author. "As an accountant, you beat my father and he was a Chicago shyster lawyer. This is what you ask? Now what will you take?"

The Jefe would take one thousand pesos! However, if his dear amigos cared to bring suit, he would see to it that, as Jefe-Politico, they should have his best abilities on the case! An offer that caused Jake to make complimentary reference to the Jefe's clear insight into the nature of a dead cinch.

Their fullest meed of approbation, however, was delivered what time the Senor Gibson, a gaunt Missourian, met them in town.

"I hear that you've bought Don Julian's sand lots?" the Missourian grinned. "An' that he taxed you a thousand pesos for certifying his own titles? Don Manuel, you bought from? He was only the agent. But why didn't you buy the Jefe's plantation? You kain't raise rubber on Esperanza. Besides being all sand, it's flat, an' what rubber needs is clay loam an' rolling land."

"Plantation?" Jake echoed.

"Yes, has the finest stand of two-year-old rubber in Chiapas—if it was cleaned. Or if you'd come to me—"

"—if we had come to you?" Hiram helped out his pause.

The Missourian's grin widened. "I'd have sold you the sand the Jefe sold me."

Strong lights always tend to dissipate rosy glamors, but if the company was hard touched in pride and pocket, there were compensations; it was now in position to appreciate the beauties and subtilities of the Jefe's character.

"Anyway we'll take it out of the Grangers," Hiram philosophically remarked. "When you get a good thing in the way of experience be Christian and pass it on." And this being the eve before his departure on an organizing tour of the Middle States, he added a word of counsel. "I leave the Jefe to you, Jake. Cultivate that earnest soul, for he's that great he'll prove dangerous to himself if he gets a fair chance."

And Jake did cultivate the Jefe. For, subtracting the pleasures of his society, his patio was the coolest in town; a hint that it was hot even there must, however, be not construed as reflecting upon a climate that, deducting yellow fever, malaria, snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and sixteen other insect pests with Spanish names, yet remains the finest in the world. Jake naturally preferred a hundred and twenty in the shade of the Jefe's palm to a thousand in the sun and the joys of setting out nursery rubber in a steamy jungle clearing.

It was, indeed, the discomforts of tropical agriculture that caused him to conceive the brilliant amendment to the company's first crude plan; details of which are best set forth by a quotation from his letter to Hiram:

"I have re-organized with the Jefe as Vice-President. He is to have one-tenth of the capital stock, and we use his plantation for show purposes. Of course we shall make our clean-up on your visiting committee's report, and explanations will be up to the Jefe when the company tries to file on his land. I enclose photos of the Jefe, one of the country's nobility, standing under his best rubber tree, for campaign purposes. This, I think, evens up for the Esperanza steal."

What the Jefe thought—his placidity refused the tale; sufficient that he lent himself so assiduously to cultivation that in a month Jake became the "amigo de la casa," potential possessor of his all, repository of his troubles. Sitting of nights, under the palm, Jake sympathized on the decadence of Gringo spirit and the shrinking of law practice; or turned a tolerant ear when a surplus of beer caused the Jefe to parade his family skeleton in the moonlight. To the crime of persistent

spinsterhood, it seemed that Carmelita added a spendthrift habit in masses, which she caused to be said for the Jefe's soul.

He would grow tearful as he summed their cost in beer. "Barrels of it, Don Jacob! Enough to drown the priest! Would that he were in it, if t'were not too good a death! Daughters are expensive. But you, Don Jacob, will need the leetle wife on the plantation. So you will be my son, is it not?"

It was not! Besides a shape that oscillated uncertainty between her hips and shoulders, Carmelita boasted a decided squint. Jake plead a fictitious wife and so passed the proposition without rupture of friendly relations. By the time that Hiram came posting down ahead of his granger committee, Jake owned the Jefe and felt quite equal to the occasion when, a few days later, Hiram spoiled the peon.

Afterward Jake would sometimes reproach Hiram for his lack of discrimination in choosing a man to kick. But much can be advanced in excuse. A favorable committee report would bind the sale of their working option on Esperanza for ten thousand gold, and here, when the committee was due in a week, the peons whom Jake had hired to clean up the Jefe's rubber, must needs lay off for a fiesta. Of course—had he chosen a contract laborer, one of the servile crew from the upper plateau? But why speculate? His boot fell on a volunteer Indian, a full-blooded Zacetaca, who, being ignorant of Anglo-Saxon procedure in cases of hurry, proceeded to dig for motives with a machete one yard long and razor-edged. Hiram was coming around the plantation house on the third lap before he could get action on the enthusiast with his gun.

"In case of triflings with truth by this misguided person's compatriots," Hiram said as he and Jake planted the "person" out in the jungle, "You will please to remember that I plugged him in self-defence."

"Don't fuss," Jake assured him with all the pride of ownership, "the Jefe is mine."

He thought so, even when, three days later, the Jefe came out to the plantation and ordered a disinterment.

"A form, Senores," he assured them. "It ees only that the man may not legally die till I have pasado upon him. The small pox, you say? Carambara!" While reaching for his nose with one hand—these were tropical dog-days—he secreted Hiram's wad with the other. "He must have it ver' bad and he ees undoubtedly dead."

"You see!" Jake triumphantly exclaimed as the Jefe ambled away on his pacer, the very beast rescued by the Senor Gibson.

"You're a wonder!" Hiram admitted. "And I should like to go on record, while I'm at it, as having said that as a law-giver this Jefe person leads the procession from Moses to our own beloved Lincoln. I take a heap of satisfaction out of knowing that peon is definitely dead."

Their minds at rest on this point, the two set about to hurry preparations. They stocked the plantation house with provisions, cigars, wines and other wet goods, with an especially large order of whiskey, for these were Mississippi Valley grangers with hereditary malaria in their bones.

"'Every cloud has a silver lining,'" Hiram commented on the last order. "Though I never really realized it till I saw how faithfully them fellows followed doctor's orders."

At the week's end the Jefe's rubber was all clean; the plantation spick and span, as like the barren Esperanza as a modern beauty is to a Navajo squaw. There only remained to draw a cordon of Zacetacas around in the jungle for the discouragement of the Senor Gibson or other envious white man, and that done, Hiram brought the committee up-river by canoe from the railroad and settled down to do the honors.

"It's just a case of going north to draw our money," he confided to Jake at the end of the second day. "But what's become of the Jefe? I thought he would have been here long ago to oversee the killing."

"Mebbe hasn't heard. You know, you came by the town in the dark." Here Jake elbowed his partner's ribs. "Better send him word. It wouldn't be fair to our friends here to leave them without someone to do the explaining after—"

"Very unfair!" Hiram chuckled.

However, the Jefe did not answer their invitation—in person. Instead, a lieu-

tenant and six rurales drew up before the plantation house bright and early the following morning; so bright and early that the committee was still abed, Jake and Hiram listened alone to the lieutenant's apologies. His depths of sorrow were really beyond plumbing, but complaints had been sworn to by witnesses to the peon's death! Self defence? The lieutenant did not doubt it! These volunteer Zacetacas were malicious as stupid! A statement to the Jefe would doubtless be sufficient.

"Better go quietly," Jake counseled. "The old chap just wants to make sure of his rake-off. We can be back before the fellows are up."

An hour's ride carried them into court which had convened under the palm in the patio. Suave, polite, the Jefe outclassed the lieutenant in length and breadth of apology, but he looked pained when Hiram repeated his plea of self-defence under assault of a lethal weapon. He was sorry, his sight attested to it, but —under the Mexican statute the machete was classified as an agricultural implement used in the cutting of cane and corn, and therefore was not a lethal weapon! He was obliged to commit Don Hiram to carcel, incommunicado! While pronouncing which doom his eye turned with such eloquent speculation upon Jake as to cause a shiver to run down his spine.

"This is a case for the consul," he whispered to Hiram. "I'm going now to get a telegram off to Jordan at Coatzacoalcos."

His expression as he moved doorward approximated that of a boy who has a sack of apples on the safe side of an orchard wall, and so Hiram seemed to interpret it. He even looked relieved when the Jefe gently called, "And you, also, Don Jacob! It ees the ridiculous, yes, and I am the much grieved. But the evidence ees that you are accessory to the fact."

"But be of comfort," he assured them when safely bestowed in carcel. "For I also am of the Company and shall entertain Senores, the Grangers, in your place. Think of it! had they fallen to the Senor Gibson?"

The carcel, a one-roomed adobe, differentiated from the Jefe's mansion only by the superior ferocity of its fleas, caused Hiram to hark back to that first day, a memory rendered the more painful by the absence of beer.

Reclining on one arm upon the plank catre, he looked across at Jake. "Your 'mutton' has turned out the liveliest kind of goat. What's his game?"

"Search me." Jake's answer emerged from sepulchural gloom.

They learned when, next morning, Carmelita handed chocolate, tortillas, flowers, and regrets for the Jefe's personal absence, between the window bars, the Jefe would have "mucho gusto" greatly loved to receive their congratulations himself, but as business prevented, Carmelita was charged to say that his amigos' felicitations on the sale of his plantation to the Senores, the Grangers, would cause in his cup of joy to overflow.

Not understanding English, Carmeilta missed the strongest felicitations, and by the time Hiram's happiness permitted him to express himself in the liquid Spanish tongue, he had risen to its courteous traditions. He made prostrations in the shadow of the Jefe's greatness.

"And I mean it," he said after Carmelita had removed her oscillations along with the empty dishes. "He's the tallest man of my acquaintance."

Jake, however, was not so appreciative; disgust distorted his view. "Fifteen hundred a piece to the bad!" he groaned.

"Oh, well!" puffing philosophically at the cigarette he had borrowed from Carmelita, Hiram proceeded to extract comfort from the situation. "Oh, well, we have a couple of thousand left. With them we can—"

"Rotten Mexican pesos at two-fourteen exchange!" Jake refused comfort.

"Better be thankful they are safe in bank. Now, if we had 'em here?"

Jake shuddered.

"As it is," went on the comforter, "we only have to play poor awhile; refuse to shell out a bean for grub. The Jefe'll soon tire of boarding us. But—"

Two days later, Carmelita passed Hiram's check book, pens, ink, and a note from the Jefe through the bars. "Amigos of his soul!" If they could oblige with a small loan of one hundred pesos to meet a pressing bill he was "their's eternally!"

"We'll see him in—" Jake began, but the locality he mentioned loses so much by comparison with the heat, flies, cock-

roaches and scorpions of that Chiapas jail, it were better omitted. Sufficient that the expression carried strong negation.

Carmelita, good girl, was equal to the emergency. Beckoning them to the bars, she indicated six Mississippi grangers, of an average weight of one hundred and ninety pounds, who had just returned from a visit to Esperanza. And when the pair had noted a new manila rope, Carmelita remarked with simple naivete.

"The Jefe says he will let you out."

The Senores obliged—a hundred that morning, two the next, three the third, and so on in arithmetical progression, obliged, obliged, obliged unto the last of the conductors' pesos. Whereupon, having made sure of the fact by careful reference to the company's bank book, the Jefe let them out, by night, from his bailiwick.

"And I mean to say," Hiram remarked in the cattle car that bore away their broken fortunes, "that for his opportunities the Jefe towers above Popocatapetl. Born under the lucky stars of our own virtuous banner, he would have skinned the Goulds, Vanderbilts and have made Rockefeller look like a Standard dip."

Two Women

By Alma A. Rogers

I.

The firs sobbed in the wind and rain,
  A thick mist hid the light,
I thought on my Beloved again
  And the gray world grew bright.

II.

O life, O love, O dreams divine!
  The mystic chalice at my lip
  Is shattered ere my soul may sip.
O life, O love, O dreams divine!

Two Doors

By Edward P. Irwin



E raised his hat gravely to the girl standing in the doorway and turned to go down the long flight of steps. Midway he turned again and looked back at her. She was still standing there, unmoved, calm, with no hint of the passions that shook him, her face placid in the light from the overhanging lamp, her petite figure clear-cut against the yellow illumination of the room behind her. It seemed incredible to him that the storm that was beating his soul to tatters should have no effect upon her, that she should still look as she had looked day after day, month after month, during all the years that he had known and loved her. She might have been bidding him good-night, to see him again the next day, as she had done so many times before. Could she understand that this was the end of the play, that the last act was over, the curtain falling? Her look gave no sign of the unusual.

"Good-night," he said, and her voice, clear, sweet, calm, unbroken by any trace of emotion, seemed to his turbulent imagination like a bell sounding through the rack of a violent storm, like the clear note of a piccolo in the crash of an orchestral finale.

"Good-night," he replied, and was surprised at the steadiness of his own voice. It hardly seemed to belong to him. He would not have been surprised had he uttered a moan instead; yet he repeated slowly, gravely, "goodnight." And again he raised his hat, steadily, tenderly, as if the act were part of a ritual, something sacred, an expression of love, of tenderness, of sorrow, of infinite pain. The girl drew back, the door closed, the light vanished. He turned again and went slowly down the rest of the steps.

At the bottom he stopped and rolled a cigarette, carefully, as if it were a delicate operation. Then he looked at it curiously, as if in wonder as to where he got it. He held it in his fingers a moment without lighting it, then threw it away. Uncertainly, as if bewildered, he walked to the corner and stopped, looking back. He saw the Other Man approach and run rapidly up the stone steps; the door opened again and the man went in.

A curious sense of weakness, of ill-treatment, overwhelmed the watcher, succeeded by a blind rage. So this was the end. All the years of patient love and devotion were gone for nothing. The best that was in him had been hers without reserve. He had given her everything, had been everything to her. Every act of his life for three years had been directly or indirectly influenced by her. His ambitions had been higher, his ideals truer, his thoughts better, purer, because of her. The work he had done had been inspired by The Girl, and he had done better work than ever before. He knew it.

God, how he had loved her—still loved her! She had been his whole world, his life, all he lived and hoped for. And now his world had fallen away from him and he was left without foundation, without purpose or hope.

The savage mood slipped away from him and his thoughts went back to the time when he had first told her he loved her. He saw it all again as clearly as on that day—the smoothly gliding stream with the shadows of passing clouds darkening its surface here and there, and the little shaded nook on its bank where he had sat with her that summer afternoon. She nestled there comfortably, little flickering lights and shadows playing over her face. A chickadee alighted on a limb near her, cocking its pert head comically to see her, and she whistled to it merrily. Then dreamily her gaze sought the distant hills, blue and purple in the evening light, their solemn mystery communicating a touch of gravity to her mobile face.

"I wonder," she said, "what lies out there, in the world that is beyond those mountains. I have always lived here,

shut in by them, and I love it, but I want to see the world, the places where other people live and work, have their joys and sorrows. And I want to be one of them, to take my place in the struggle of life, to do my work. For I can work. I can do something—something worth while. I feel it in me."

And the man lying at her feet had looked at her half amused, very tenderly, knowing how little she understood of life and its burdens and struggles, its consuming passions and heart-aches. She was so small, so soft and tender and young—and so altogether adorable. Swiftly he had gathered her in his arms and kissed her but half-resisting lips and cried "Girl, girl, I love you, I love you! Come with me out into this world that you dream of, that you know so little about. We will do our work together. And my work shall be to love you, love you, do for you, protect you and make you the happiest woman in all the world."

And she had turned her face up to him, gravely, tenderly, with a trace of tears in her eyes. "Will you, laddie? Do you really want me? Then you shall take me—some day. But not now, not for a while. I must study and work by myself for a while yet. I am not ready to give up all my dreams now, to abandone my ambitions. I want to do work for myself first, to prove to myself that I really can do it. And you, too, must work, must prove yourself that you are not merely a dreamer but a man who can do his share in the world, who can make a name and a place for himself."

And he had kissed her again, all the love that thrilled him in his eyes, burning on his lips, choking the words in his throat.

So it had been arranged. And he had come to this city to do that which he had promised her he would do. And later she had followed, to study and work for herself. The year had been to him a dream, almost too sweet to be real. They had been more than lovers. The sense of comradeship between them had been as much to him as the knowledge that she loved him. They had been together most of their spare time, wandering about the odd nooks of the city, visiting places that other people knew nothing of, eating in little restaurants that they had "discovered," haunting the Latin Quarter or wandering along the wharves to gaze at the tall-masted ships, breathing the freshness of the sea and catching momentary glimpses of that great outer world that they were some day to visit together, when their plans had all worked out right.

And then had come the Other Man—and the awakening. He had not known of it until tonight. She had dreaded to tell him, hated to hurt him, and he, in his blind love, had never suspected. He had failed to see the change in her, her embarrassment at times, her odd silences, her avoidance of being much alone with him.

Tonight she had told him. He had listened, white-faced. And now, he was out on the street, he did not know where, for he had been walking blindly, rapidly. Black rage swept over him again. "What was the faith of woman? A shadow, a gossamer web torn by the breeze—stable as the fog swept in by the wind of the sea. What did she know of love?"

His rage died again, to be superseded by black despair.

And then came the thought of the Other Woman. A strong wind drove down the street and whirled the thick fog into his face. He looked about him and saw that he stood at her door, the door of this other woman. He had not stood there for many a day. His love for the One Girl had been so all-absorbing that he had had no thought of others. But he remembered how she had looked the last time he saw her—tall, graceful, at once commanding and yielding; with lips that pouted and demanded to be kissed; eyes dark, burning, grave with the ever unsolvable mystery of womanhood, merry at times with laughter, tender, enticing.

He knew her story. It was not a nice one—the old story. He had heard so many like it in his lifetime. But he knew that she had been more sinned against than sinning. The child had died. He had found her when she was wretched, dispairing, hungry, ready to end it all and in one swift moment pay the penalty that all must pay who break the law that society sets as a safeguard for itself. He had taken her, wandering, homeless on the street one night, and had

found a place for her, had cared for her during her long sickness, and later had discovered and developed the talent that was in her. And now she was successful. Men admired her and her work — women drew aside their skirts when she passed.

And she loved him. He knew it, for she was not of those who have learned to disguise their feelings, to appear careless when their emotions are strongest. He had asked for nothing, though he knew he had but to ask. And for that she loved him the more.

And now he stood at her door, hesitating.

"Why not enter and find here the love that was denied him elsewhere?" He had lived a clean life before. His code had been to treat every man honorably, and to do wrong by no woman. He might not marry this woman. There were insurmountable obstacles. Nor did he want to marry her. And it was not necessary. She loved him, that was enough for her. And he wanted to be loved, to be petted, to feel a woman's arm about his neck, her hand on his hair.

But his code of life, the habits of years, denied him the right. His mother's face appeared before him—and the face of the girl he loved. Wearily he started to turn away. The door opened and silouetted against the light that shone out into the fog of the night stood the women. Her arms were stretched out to him as he looked up at her—tall, graceful, at once commanding and yielding; with lips that pouted and demanded to be kissed; eyes dark, burning, grave with the ever unsolvable mystery of womanhood, tender, enticing.

He went to her, and the door closed behind them.

The Remodeling of Jacob

By Florence Martin Eastland



THE shadow of Baldy Mountain was deepening the haze in the Blue River Valley when Myrtle Farncomb with affected carelessness seated herself on the doorstep of her home on the outskirts of the village. After satisfactorily disposing her ruffled skirts she made a pretense of bending over a bit of embroidery; but alert were ear and eye to catch the first indication of an approaching vehicle.

"It's about time for the boys to be coming down from the mine," she mused. "Old Marks has told them of the dance, I suppose, and they will get to town early to fix up. If the Gold Coin boys pass first and if Steve Hayden should be along and should stop to ask me to go to the dance—"

She paused to investigate the state of her pompadour to the appearance of which she had dedicated the previous half hour. Upon hearing a noise of wheels she quickly resumed her embroidery. After taking a few rapid stitches, a furative glance satisfied her that preoccupation was unnecessary and she openly scrutinized the two persons seated in the rickety buckboard. Her growing surprise found expression in words:

"Why, it's Georgia Graham; and that homely Jake Powers is bringing her to town."

She ran to the gate and smiled a welcome.

"How do you do, Georgia?" she inquired, while a supercilious nod was her only recognition of the man's presence. "Your mother said you wouldn't be down this week on account of your school entertainment."

"It was postponed because of the illness of two pupils. I missed the stage this morning and intended to come down with the Gold Coin boys, as Mr. Hayden suggested,"—Myrtle's pale eyes assumed a steely hue—"when Mr. Powers kindly offered to bring me. Pardon me, Myrtle, are you acquainted with Mr. Powers?"

"O, yes; I know Jake," was the patronizing answer.

The stoop-shouldered, Roman-nosed man with a scraggy yellowish mustache parting limply over the graves of four lost front teeth, looked dejected; that is, two eyes fixed in melancholy abstraction upon two different points of the horizon ought to express dejection. Evidently the horizon offered a little encouragement. With a visible effort he pulled himself together, shifted his angle of vision and apparently addressed the teacher.

"I thought you might like to attend the dance tonight."

Georgia, surprised, returned quickly:

"I am going with Mr. Hayden, I thought I told you."

"I know you did," was the confused rejoinder. "I didn't mean you"—he turned his orbs toward Myrtle—"but you." Again his gaze rested upon Georgia.

Myrtle smiled openly while she raged inwardly. Her first impulse was to snub Jake unmercifully for his presumption; the succeeding moment brought a sense of thankfulness that she had refrained. No other invitation was likely to come her way this eleventh hour; and now that Steve Hayden had asked Georgia—the little minx had probably hinted for an invitation—even to go with Jake Powers was better than to remain at home. Assuming a reluctance she was far from feeling, she replied:

"I had about concluded to stay at home. Ma isn't very well. But since you insist, Jake, I will go for a while, just to be with Georgia. Her lip curled as she added to herself, "And I'll bet I don't dance with you more than once, you horrid-looking creature."

An Irish love song shouted in a variety of keys drew the attention of the three to the crest of the hill. Marks' livery team behind which rode the good-looking boys from the Gold Coin mine swept down the grade. As they passed in a cloud

of dust, one man bared his handsome head longer than the rest. Myrtle's face beamed until her glance encompassed Jake. The smile lost itself in a cloud of resentment.

"To think," she secretly fretted, "that I've got to go with him when I wanted to go with *him!*"

But she dressed for the dance with unusual care, resolving meanwhile to be unremitting in her devotion to Georgia Graham, her old schoolmate; and if when Jake Powers called for her his uncertain gaze misread her heightened color and glistening eyes, it was his misfortune that his deductions were also crooked.

During the evening he appeared either in a state of hopeless depression occasioned by Myrtle's neglect, or ridiculously elated when, as Steve Hayden glided by with Georgia on his arm, she turned toward him with a manner of pleased attention.

Myrtle's watchful eye was the first to catch a hint of Georgia's early departure. Scarcely had the teacher found her light wrap in the dressing-room before the other girl was intent on a similar errand. At the door where their escorts were waiting, Steve, tucking Georgia's arm beneath his own, looked over his shoulder to say carelessly:

"I'm surprised to see you leave so early, Myrtle. I know you object to missing the last dance."

A pang of jealousy, born with a desire to create a companion, prompted her nonchalant reply:

"O, Mr. Powers don't care much for dancing and I thought he would rather leave."

Emboldened by this unexpected consideration, Jake lessened by several inches the distance between himself and Myrtle, much to that young lady's disgust. His conversation took on a warm, confidential, now-we-understand-each-other tone which remained after the other pair had turned at a cross street and Myrtle had grown coldly unresponsive. Outside her gate she would have dismissed him with a curt good-night; but he closely followed her up the path and said firmly:

"Sit down her on the step. I have something to tell you."

Curiosity caused her to comply. Her mind had been so engrossed with the thoughts of another that his timid periodical attentions had been entirely overlooked. She was quite unprepared for a simple manly declaration that he long had loved her and, notwithstanding her superiority, desired her as his wife.

For a moment surprise stilled Myrtle's speech. Here was her first proposal, but ah! not the one for which she had fondly hoped. The reflection that possibly the wished-for offer was then being made to the other girl did not improve Jake's chances. She turned on him angrily:

"Do you think I'd be fool enough to marry you? You! cross-eyed and with bone enough for two in the bridge of your nose; round-shouldered; front teeth gone; a few yellow hairs for a mustache; and with no style about you. You don't even wear good clothes." She paused for a moment, struck by a swift thought that it might be prudent to keep him awhile, then hastily added less harshly: "Perhaps I might think differently if you tried to improve your appearance."

Jake caught eagerly at the straw.

"What do you think I could do?" He extended his hands deprecatingly. "I am willing to try anything you say. I know I can't look any worse."

"Well," returned Myrtle, reflectively, "if I were you I'd shave off that mustache, get some false teeth and the best clothes money could buy."

Jake hesitated a second before slowly replying: "Maybe you are right; I'll do as you say, but—but— don't you think it would be just as well to leave the mustache on?"

"No!" asserted the girl with emphasis, "it's the homeliest one I ever saw."

"I didn't know that," he sighed. "Off it goes then. There's one thing I'd like to ask, though: Is it only a good appearance that speaks for a man who is looking for a wife? Don't industry and character count at all?"

With all her shallowness, Myrtle was quick to catch a point. For an instant she weighed the unattractive yet worthy man against the handsome scapegrace. As is often the case, however, youthful vanity and inexperience held the scales. She answered airily:

"O, I guess so; but good clothes and good looks count more. It's to a man's advantage to look the best he can. I must go in now. Good-night, Jake."

Two weeks elapsed before she saw him

again. If she thought of him at all during that time it was with a little chagrin that she had driven him away so quickly. He might be useful to play against Steve Hayden who was paying marked attention to the teacher.

When Jake presented himself at Myrtle's door she scarcely recognized him. A fine tailored suit with all the proper accessories gave an air hitherto unknown to him. The hirsuite growth on his really fine upper lip had disappeared; and a somewhat sheepish smile disclosed a triumph of the dentist's art. The girl, surprised and flattered by the success of her suggestions, so far forgot herself for a time as to be entertaining and gracious. Jake's exhiliaration, however, was short-lived. She grew distant when he made a tentative effort to broach the subject of marriage. But persistence was one of Jake's striking characteristics. Drawing his lip firmly over his new teeth, he said:

"I want to know just how we stand. I did what you thought would improve my appearance. I believe it has, for both you and Miss Graham have told me so. Do you think you could conquer your objections to my remaining drawbacks?"

"How can I tell?" she inquired testily, with less haste in dismissing him the second time. She surveyed him critically. "Why don't you try to get that crook out of your back?" she asked. To herself she added: "It will take some time for him to try that and perhaps I shall land Steve before Jake gives up in despair."

The young man's teeth again felt the pressure of his lip before he spoke. He rose and grasped his new derby suddenly.

"I will see what I can do, Myrtle. Good-bye till I have made another transformation."

Rather discomfitted by his ready acquiescence, the girl extended her hand.

"Come around to call once in a while, Jake. I'll be glad to see you.' '

"Thank you," was the noncommittal response.

For three months she saw no more of Jake. Georgia, of whom she carelessly inquired, told her he had gone prospecting. She began to wish that he would return, for Steve Hayden, whose visits had been delightfully frequent all at once, needed a bit of opposition.

Her gratification, therefore, was great one Saturday evening soon after Steve had dropped in, when in response to a knock she saw Jake on the threshold. His bearing was erect and dignified, and he had apparently grown several inches.

"Why, Jake!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you. What have you done to yourself?" she added as Jake deliberately turned his broad back on the pair and gave his full chest a resounding thump.

"Carried out your idea again. Physical culture this time. Got instruction by the course and put in four hours a day for three months exercising and learning how to breathe. Think I'm improved? Miss Graham does."

"You certainly are," she affirmed heartily. At the mention of Miss Graham's name Steve's brows darkened with suspicion.

"When did you see her?" he demanded.

"Yesterday. We took a ride up the canyon."

"And she told me she was so busy—I must say good-night, Myrtle. I'll drop in again."

The girl, suddenly enlightened as to the meaning of his recent calls, responded sulkily as he closed the door. She turned to her remaining visitor with a look that boded a stormy interview; but if he saw it he took no heed. With unwonted assurance he crossed the room and sat close beside her.

"Of course, I feel bound to renew my proposal at the earliest opportunity," he began. "Have you still serious objections to my appearance?"

"Yes; I have," she snapped, forgetting all reasons for prudence and seeing only the improbability of winning Steve. "Any woman on earth would say 'no' to a man with such an awful nose and such horrible cross-eyes; and you can't have them fixed, you know."

"My case is hopeless, then," he returned solemnly and took an immediate departure.

A month passed slowly to Myrtle. She saw Georgia but once and both were constrained and seemed glad to shorten their meeting. Steve passed twice without stopping and she learned he had gone to a mine the other side of the range. Jake, so the paper stated, went East on business. She sat by the fire one evening near Christmas, gloomily retrospective, when her ear caught the measured crunching

of the hard snow on the path. She opened the door and a man of prepossessing appearance entered the room without waiting for an invitation. His bright brown eyes framed by a pair of elegant eyeglasses resting gracefully upon a straight, aristocratic nose, gazed laughingly into Myrtle's orbs round with astonishment. With one rapid survey she comprehended the handsome presence and distinguished manner of the man and sank into a chair exclaiming incredulously:

"Mr. Powers! how'd you do it?"

"A skilled oculist in St. Louis did the eyes. Pretty good job, wasn't it? Georgia thought so, but she liked the nose better. I had to go to a New York surgeon for that."

While he recounted various incidents of his journey East, Myrtle sat overcome with amazement and delight. Here was a magnificent man who would attract attention anywhere—yes; he surpassed all the men she knew, even Steve—and who needed no encouragement to bind himself to her. Well, Georgia might keep Steve if she wanted to. He was not the only catch in the county. Her eyes grew moist and her smile very tender as Jake said earnestly and gratefully:

"All that I am or have I owe to you."

She listened, but in vain, for some other reference to his regard for her. She tried repartee, self-depreciation, coquetry, sentiment—all the simple arts and devices willing women have practiced for countless generations—without drawing him nearer the point. She felt very uncertain of her position until just before his departure he remarked in a peculiar tone:

"I shall go to Denver tomorrow to remain for a time; but a week from today, on Christmas, you will receive a package. I hope it will please you,' 'he smilingly added.

The intervening week seemed endless. Myrtle's pleasant anticipations were increased by a chance meeting with Georgia Graham who was on her way to Denver to attend a convention of the State Teachers' Association.

"I think," observed Myrtle importantly, "that Mr. Powers mentioned seeing you since his return. Isn't his improvement remarkable? He says he owes it all to me."

"O, yes; and more," agreed Georgia, readily. "You know he found that wonderful gold mine while he was prospecting and incidentally straightening his back."

"He did?" exclaimed Myrtle. "I didn't know of that."

"Perhaps he wanted to stand on his own merits," Georgia suggested slyly. "But I will divulge his secret. Besides receiving a large sum of money from an Eastern company he retained a block of stock and he stands a first-rate chance of becoming the richest man in the county."

Myrtle walked home on air and began to plan her trousseau. Often her heart pulsed suffocatingly as her mind dwelt on the possibilities of that promised Christmas gift and her eye sought the unadorned third finger of her left hand.

"Of course, it can't be anything else but a fine solitaire," she reflected confidently after her conversation with Georgia.

On Christmas morning her excitement was so great she could do little but watch the clock. How the minutes crawled! Was it possible that only two hours had passed since breakfast? Finally, unable to occupy herself at home, she walked to the station to watch the train come in. While waiting for the distribution of the mail she went by the news-stand for the daily Denver paper.

With beating heart and high color she edged her way through the crowd at the postoffice and sought her box. Her hand trembled so she could not at first adjust the key. At last! She drew out a notice to call for a registered package and presented it at the window. A small box was handed her and as she hurried away she cast a triumphant glance at that third finger.

Impatience quickened her footsteps until her rapid walk became almost a run up the path to her door. She dropped into a chair and with trembling fingers spread open the newspaper on her lap and laid upon it the wrappers of the package as she tore them off.

"A jewelry box; I knew it," she exulted, pausing to gratify her curiosity as to the jeweler's name, and to heighten the climax by purposely delaying it. She removed the cover and drew out a folded bit of paper.

"Of all things!" she grasped. "A check for a thousand dollars! Isn't that

lovely of Jacob? I suppose that is a hint for me to get a fine trousseau."

Her fingers again brought forth a folded paper which enclosed three others.

"Why, what's this? Oh! a receipt from the St. Louis occulist. Two hundred dollars! they came pretty high! And this? Another receipt. Five hundred for the operation on his nose. His nose came higher than his eyes," she remarked, giggling in surprise at her unpremeditated wit. "And these? More receipts; fifty for a course in physical culture and another fifty for his teeth. What does all this foolishness mean? Ah? Here it is at last!"

A piece of tissue paper unrolled at her touch and disclosed a small bunch of yellowish hairs tied around with a bit of pink silk thread. Indignant surprise revealed itself on Myrtle's face instead, as might have been expected, a look of loving regard for the object which was once a corporate part of Jacob Powers. Her hand again sought the box and grasped the last of its contents, a letter from Jacob.

"This will explain matters," she reflected and hastily read:

My Dear Myrtle:

Again I wish to say: All that I am or have I owe to you. Your contempt when I proposed to you caused the first of my improvements, although you can never guess the effort it cost to sacrifice my mustache. Perhaps I loved it more because it was so sickly. Be that as it may, before shaving I cut it off close and laid it away as a keepsake. I send it to you for the reason that it is a part of the past—the past that belongs to you.

When I began to work on my back I should have thrown it up in despair had not another encouraged me. She showed me in ways I will not take the time to state that a man's mind and character are more important than his appearance, but that it is his duty to make them all correspond if possible. I was bound to renew my proposal, but when I saw you didn't care for me, I kept the matter up for a joke.

The last time I saw you I realized all at once how much you had done for me, and I determined to pay you in a manner satisfactory to us both. My repairs and cost of carpenters' work amounted to $800; those "few yellow hairs" were worth to me, at the time, $200; total, $1,000. I feel that I have had at least double that amount of satisfaction; so to you as the promoter of the enterprise I send as a fee a draft for another thousand.

The Other joins me in best wishes for a Merry Christmas. Yours truly,

Jacob Powers.

"I wonder who the 'Other' can be," mused Myrtle, angrily staring at the open paper on her knee. The dancing letters beneath her preoccupied gaze gathered themselves into words that made her snatch up the paper for closer inspection there to read:

GRAHAM-POWERS.—Married at the Brown Palace Hotel on Wed., Dec. 22, Miss Georgia Eloise Graham to Mr. Jacob Powers, the Rev. C. M. Joiner officiating.

"And to think," groaned Myrtle, "that I fixed up that man for her!"

Suspense

By Adelaide Wilson

All night her wild fears peopled
With visions dread the lonely gloom;
In fancy heard she cries of death
Ring through the quiet of the room.

"Ah, God," she prayed then, "could I know,
But know if hope were vain,
Or if with red of dawn my love
Will ride back safe to me again!

"But this long agony of waiting,
Not knowing what his fate may be,
Beset by endless tortured fancies—
In pity, Lord, send certainty!"

Yet came a dread thought as she prayed;
She shivered, caught her breath:
"Now may I hope he lives," she moaned,
"But what if certainty meant—death!"

Steve

By Harry T. Fee



STEVE was a deputy under Bill Dawson, the sheriff, and Steve and the sheriff were inseperable. The affection, however, seemed to be all on Steve's side. The companionship as far as the sheriff was concerned, was a matter of utility. The town, like all mining towns, was given on occasions to wildness, and the sheriff no doubt realized that Steve's companionship might have a quieting influence in time of trouble. For Steve had long been known in that section of the country as a brave man and a dead shot. A peculiarity about Steve's shooting, which perhaps made it still more famous, was that he used only his left hand, and his reputation for hitting the mark was widespread.

Steve walked with a slight limp, and it had been rumored that he received the bullet that caused the limp during a scrimmage in which the sheriff's life was in danger. This was mentioned as another reason for the friendship between the two. But the knowing ones shook their heads, and said, "No siree, the reason is, the sheriff needs Steve in his business." It was also known that in the earlier and wilder days, Steve had been a horsethief. No one had ever told him this, and no proofs were ever obtained in foundation of the belief. But the belief was in existence just the same, and it was said that he was the greatest one that ever worked on California soil.

However, Steve was a peaceable citizen now, and no one would attribute to the mild manner and low voice anything but a gentle disposition. At present he was exercising this gentle disposition for the purpose of placing his friend, the sheriff, in office for the second term.

One night in the midst of the campaign he followed the sheriff into "McCarty's," where a crowd had collected in front of the bar, listening to a short, dark man who was tapping a piece of paper which he held in his hand and talking excitedly. As the sheriff came in he turned and, pointing to him, said:

"There he is now. He dassen't deny it. He ain't square, and there's the proof."

He advanced to the sheriff, and, holding the piece of paper before him, asked:

"Ain't that there your writin', Bill Dawson?"

Steve, looking over the sheriff's shoulder, saw that the note was dated a short time before the last election, and easily divined its purpose now as he hurriedly read:

"If I am elected, I promise to give a place under me as deputy sheriff to Jim Haskins.
(Signed)
"WILLIAM DAWSON."

Steve knew the writing and the signature to be the sheriff's, and that quick action was necessary. He reached over, deftly took the little note from the excited talker, and, holding it over the barroom lamp, watched it slowly burn to ashes. Then turning to the surprised and excited man, and looking him over, coolly, he said:

"Yu tell these gen'l'men here yu' lied 'bout this 'ere note."

The short man stammered for a moment, and finally said: "I—I—might a ben mis-mistaken."

"That's enough," answered Steve; "now everybody come an' have a drink with the nex' sheriff."

Campaigning is hard work in mining districts, and Steve was in the thick of it. He worked harder than the sheriff himself, soothing discontent here and influencing opposition votes there. He was enjoying himself. Possessed of a cool nature, the excitement was exhilarating without being annoying. Rumors rarely troubled Steve, and with direct facts he had a direct way of dealing that instantly disposed of them and dismissed them from his thought.

One day he heard openly what he had for some time suspected. Mexican Joe, who had a great deal of influence with the Spanish and Mexican residents of the

district, was working strenuously against Dawson. Steve knew that money had been paid for this, and that the opposition was at the bottom of it. A few nights later, on the outskirts of the town, under the light of a full moon, Steve met the Mexican.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "Fine night for a talk, an' I'm a-goin to talk to yu', Joe. I understan' yu' tryin' 'to do up Bill with the greasers. Now, I'm a-goin' to say yu' got to stop it an' work for Bill Dawson. Coz 'bout twelve years ago yu' stole some horses, an' I seen yu', an' if this 'ere community knew 'bout it, yu' wouldn't be strugglin' 'gainst Bill, but 'gainst a rope. Yu' understan'."

"I nevar sto' no horse, Steve."

"Yu' stole three bay ponies an' a gray mare from Ole Fitzsimmons, 'cross the creek, an' I can perduce the man yu' sold 'em to, an' now yu' let up on Bill or I'll fix yu'."

Steve told no one of this meeting, nor of many other "turns" he made for the sheriff's benefit, but no doubt his work in Bill's behalf was of value. For Dawson was elected sheriff by a handsome majority, and the situation seemed satisfactory to Steve for a time. But about six weeks after the election Steve began to hear rumors of a change among the deputies of the sheriff's office, and his name was coupled frequently with the change. Rumors ordinarily bothered Steve not at all, but these finally became so numerous, that in his direct manner of dealing with things, he determined to ask the sheriff and know the truth. Even the truth would hardly surprise or shock Steve, for his nature was not the kind that could be easily shocked. So one day when the sheriff was alone in his office Steve questioned him.

"Ben hearin' rumors lately, Bill. 'Cordin' to news floatin' 'round, yu' goin' to have a man in my place nex' term. Anything in it, Bill?"

"Yes, Steve, its' true. You see, politics is politics and I'm in a tight pinch. Sheggerton did me a turn in the last campaign, and I've got to give him a place. I'm sorry, Steve, but it's got to be your place."

Steve was silent for some moments, his eyes riveted on a flower in the carpet. When at length he did open his lips to speak, a tremor of deep emotion ran through his words.

"Well, I don't mind losing the place, Bill. 'Tain't that that bothers me. An' I don't know as does much good to say anything 'bout it, but take my medicine. I put a little document in the lamp over to "McCarty's" that might 'a' took the power a-firin' me out a your hand's, an' I worked a turn with the 'greasers' yu' didn't know much about, and some other little things. But I ain't a-crowin' none over them now. Yu' know it's somethin' besides all that that hurts, Bill Dawson. Yu' know I got 'nother name 'cept Steve, and 'nother name 'cept Stevenson, an' I calc'late yu' cud spell it without putting no kinks in yu'r brain, too. But I ain't a-goin to do no stringy work by yu' on that account. But yu' know, Bill Dawson, an' that's what hurts—that hurts."

The sheriff's eyes were fixed on the carpet during all the time Steve was speaking and, now that he had finished, his glance did not change. The silence was painful. Steve stood motionless, as the minutes ticked off on the clock on the wall. Then turning with no word of farewell, he slowly, almost noiselessly, walked out of the door on which was marked in black letters "Sheriff"s Office."

. . . . . .

It was the last time that Steve ever passed through the door of the sheriff's office. He was seen no more about the town or any of his old haunts. Rumors reached the town that he had gone back to his old ways—the business of appropriating honest men's horses. A trapper living across the basin said that he had passed him in the woods at dusk one day, and swore that it was Steve, and that he knew him. Certain it was that of late many horses were being missed in that part of the country, and many complaints reached the sheriff's office, apprising that official of the fact.

The news itself or the complaints would scarcely have moved Bill Dawson. But some of the complaints covertly mentioned the fact that some of these fine days an election would take place. And Bill Dawson saw his duty plain when it lay in the direction of his cherished aim. Dawson was a brave man, but a selfish one. If, in the furtherance of his own ends, bravery was required, it was exercised, other-

wise you would never expect to find it in his make-up.

In the present case he studied the matter thoroughly and came to the conclusion that it would be a fine thing politically to capture the chief of this band of horse-thieves single-handed, or at least one of the band, who could be made to give information which would finally result in the capture of all.

The more he thought of this as a political play and factor in his next election, the firmer it took root in his mind. At last one day he struck off out of the town on his familiar gray horse, telling no one of his destination and leaving behind no word as to the object of his departure.

He crossed the basin the first day, and camped in the woods on its edge at night. The succeeding days found him plunging deeper into the woods, and he was riding along one day in the late afternoon, as he thought, doubly alert, when a familiar whizzing sound broke on his ears, and the next moment a rope pinioned his arms to his side, and he was deftly jerked from his horse to the ground.

He was conscious of some one going through his pockets and removing his belt and revolvers, and a moment later he was sitting up in the brush, confronted by a stranger, who smiled at him and said:

"The people of the State of California, to the Sheriff of the County of———, Greeting. Guess I'll attach and safely keep your person, Mr. Sheriff, until we get jedgment on it, eh?"

He had scarcely finished speaking when two other horsemen galloped up and dismounted, asking:

"What yu' got, Bull?"

"Nothin', only the sheriff."

"Anybody with him?" asked one of the horsemen.

"No," said the one addressed as Bull; "traveling alone for his health."

The others laughed and one of them remarked:

"These 'ere woods ain't very good for the health. Gets rather damp after sundown. 'M 'fraid it'll affect the sheriff's throat."

At this remark they all laughed loudly, and the sheriff was fully alive to the insinuation in the words.

"Where's Steve?" asked Bull.

"'Cross the creek. We better strike for camp. Sun's gettin' low," answered one of the horsemen.

One of the men led the horses and the other two walked with the sheriff between them. The sun had sunk behind the mountain tops ere they reached the camp. This was composed of a rude shack, apparently hastily thrown together for the use of the men; some blackened cooking utensils, and a log fire burning brightly in the open. Several horses were grazing about the camp, munching the moist grass. Some rough-looking men were busy about the place, when the noise of the new arrivals and the sight of a stranger being ushered into camp, between two of their comrades, arrested their attention. The personality of their guest soon became the object of interest. Laughter that possessed little mirth and remarks in which he failed to see the humor fell upon the sheriff's ears.

However, he expected the worst, and knew that what these men would receive at his hands, he must expect in return from them. The tables were turned. He had made a foolish play and lost, and he resolved to take his medicine like a man. Steve had not yet arrived and it was some time later when his horse came galloping into camp. The light from the fire did not immediately disclose the stranger. As Steve came nearer, however, he noticed the curious looks of the men, and coming nearer, he asked:

"What yu' got, boys?"

Before they had time to reply his face flushed, and then settled into a deathly palor as he recognized the sheriff. The men noticed the paleness and attributed it to anger at the treatment Steve had received at the hands of the sheriff, which this meeting recalled. Fearing that in his anger Steve would do something rash, Bull spoke:

"Yu' shore gettin' even this time, Steve, but don't get excited and do nothin' queer jest at present. Yu' can have the las' pull at the rope at the hangin' bee termorrer."

Steve's only reply was: "Hello, Bill."

And the sheriff answered: "Hello, Steve."

The rough men of the mountains are quick to act, and it took little time and less formality to decide that the sheriff was to be hanged at sunrise in the morning. As a special compliment to Steve,

he was to have the overseeing of all the arrangements. Steve accepted the compliment, and said the first arrangement he would make would be the guarding of the prisoner during the night, and "he reckoned he would appoint himself to this honorable duty, as he kind a liked the sheriff's company—reminded him of ol' times," he said. The other members of the band laughed at this, and in their hearts they saw only justice in allowing Steve all the opportunity to enjoy the situation of changed circumstances, and glory in the turned tables.

But when the others were quietly sleeping, Steve threw off the mask, and turned tables and changed circumstances seemed anything but a source of joy to him. A great trouble was manifest in his looks and actions. He sat by the flickering light of the fire, pale and restless. Once he murmured to himself:

"Thought I was hot when I saw him, huh. Guess I'm a white-livered cuss anyway. Thought I was hot, huh. Scairt, that's what it was. Scairt. San' run out. Ain't square, neither."

He never spoke to his prisoner, but cast furtive and restless glances at him as the night wore on. Once he took a dirty piece of paper from his shirt and began to write. Again he left his prisoner alone and went off into the darkness. In a short time he returned and the sheriff felt him busy with the ropes which bound him. Then Steve, touching him on the shoulder, and speaking softly in his ear, led him out of the circling light of the fire off into the blackness of the mountain night.

. . . . . .

The next morning when Jeff Coates awoke he discovered a note tied to the horn of a saddle near the fire:

"Boys, I hate to go back on yu'. But I got to do it. My old mother's face keeps comin' up in front of me, and, boys, I can't go back on her. I hedn't ought to treet yu' this way, an' I know 'taint square. But I keep seein' that face a-lookin' at me, an' I jest nachally can't stand it. I reckon this will explane everything to yu' what yu' don' know before. Bill Dawson, the sheriff, is my own brother. He allays was a han'som' boy, an' Mother hate to see his good looks spoiled with a rope. By the time yu' reed this Bill will be safe the other side the basin. I reckon yu' won't have much use fer me afterwards, so I'll say goodby, boys.

"STEVE."

As Jeff Coates finished reading, he glanced up. The men were staring wild-eyed at one another. Bull Thurston was the first to speak.

"His own brother. If I was Steve I'd be 'shamed to own him."

"Yes, but 'tain't so much that as his mother," replied Shorty Sheggs; "yu' ken see that by the writin'. An' I guess they ain't many of the boys of this gang goin' to blame Steve under the circumstances."

A murmur of approval followed Shorty's remarks.

"Well, what we goin' to do now?" asked Bud Jones.

"Do now? I reckon we goin' to cinch up them saddles quick 's lightnin', an' go after this 'ere Steve, an' tell him how they ain't no hard feelin's."

The speaker was Jeff Coates, and his tone was half defiant and half-pleading, as though he challenged his hearers to do otherwise, yet begged them to ratify his remarks. There was no need for Jeff's anxiety.

The early sunlight was just breaking over the tops of the pines and stealing among the canyons and gorges of the mountainside as the little band of horsemen moved down the brush-covered trail. Vapors rose from the ravines, and grass in the little valleys glistened with dew. Far off to the west rose the mountain-tops, grim and menacing in the purple haze. A crystal stream, tumbling down the mountainside, fell bubbling into a small creek, and crossed the horsemen's path. The men noticed none of these things, but rode on in silence—the champing now and then of the bits in the horses' mouths alone breaking the stillness of the woods. They had ridden thus for probably a mile and a quarter, when they came to a little valley, a level space of green, deep and unsurveyed, in the virgin wilderness. They had traversed this but a few yards, when at a sight before them they checked their horses and dismounted as one man.

And here in this beautiful spot, with the morning sunlight shimmering in the green solitude, with the fresh breath of the earth, and scent of the pines filling the air, they found Steve, their comrade—dead—with the instrument of death clasped in the fingers of the left hand.

THESPIAN TALES

BY

MARSHALL DOUGLASS AND REA IRVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORS

Uncle Thomas' Cabune



"YOU see, it was like this," said "Judge" Ed Hatherton, accepting the sandwich that Billy the Bar-boy placed before him, "me and the Sells boys, we falls out in '88, and I, not knowin' what else to do, concludes to take out the coons that played in the concert part in an Uncle Tom's Residence show. Are you hip?

"When nothin' else goes, an Uncle Thomas' Cabune company can get the dough, so I says to myself: 'Ed,' says I, 'be a sport, or a fried egg—loosen up your iron vest and take a chance.'

"There's many a poor stiff lands in the lobster salad because he ain't there with the ready nerve. If you're goin' to sit in and take a hand at all, you're got to throw a little baloon juice once in a while. Are you hip? Any deck-hand can open a jack-pot, but it takes the boy with the happy gas to see pay dirt on a pair of deuces. I says to myself, I says, 'Ed, if you've got to pike, put it all on the long-shots, fer you can't make nothin' playin' favorites.'

"Well, I gets the bunch together, and they were a pretty hot lookin' lot. Of course, every dame in the crowd wanted to play Little Eva—even Big Bettie, who carried about two hundred pounds overweight and looked like a young rhinocerous.

"The fun I had with them coons you couldn't imagine. One of them comes to me an' he says: 'Now, boss,' says he, 'come through clean! I'm the only nigger 'roun' here stands a fair show fer Uncle Tom, ain't I? Ain't that the dope?'

"Then one of the other fellers says: 'As far as looks is concerned, Bandy Johnson, you favors a blood-hound mor'n anything else!' I starts to look for the coroner, but just then Big Bettie jumps in an' puts 'em both to sleep an' so prevents any razor play.

"I finally picks a little Octoroon girl about sixteen years old, to play Eva; and I thought I'd bust laffin' when I seen her all doped up with corn-starch an' a blonde wig. She wouldn't let on she used anything on her face—wanted to make people think she was white as anybody. Them coons just stood aroun' laffin' an' gigglin' when they seen her, and some of the women was crazy jealous.

"I seen from the jump that them coons was goin' to do a lot of rowin', but you can't never turn a dollar without some trouble, so I says to myself: 'let her slide.' One of the rope men with the show, says to me: 'Ed, I wouldn't go in for to manage them niggers for a thousand a week.'

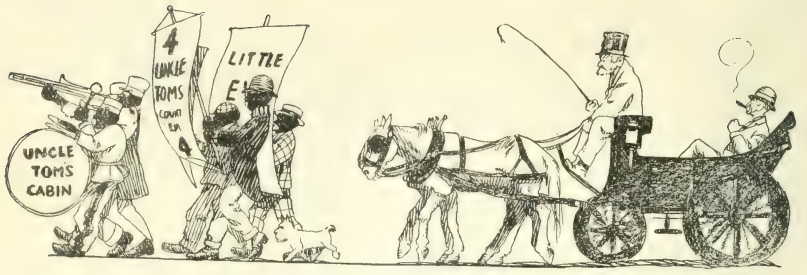
"'Pooh-pooh for you, Jack,' I says, 'I'm the original Simon Legree. Are you hip?'

"Well, I got the bunch rehearsed and ready for the road in about a week. The day we was ready to start, Jeff Brown, who was my Uncle Tom, comes to me and he says: 'Boss,' he says, 'I ain't a-goin' with this show nohow. I done asked Lucy if she'd marry me, an' she done bit a piece off my ear. I can't stand fo' no such treatment, nohow.'

"Well, I goes to Lucy and I says: 'Lucy, Jeff, here, says that he asked you to marry him and that you bit his ear. Is that true?'

"'Yassir,' she says, 'that am gospel truth, an' if he ever make a crack like that-a-one 'roun' me again, I gwine chew him down to a dwarf!'

"'Lucy,' I says, 'if Jeff asked you



to marry him you'd better do it,' I says.

"'Fo' the Lawd's sake! Marry that man, when we's always fightin' the way we does!' says she.

"'Well,' I says, 'Lucy, I ain't goin' to have nobody a-fightin' in my company unless they're married and got a right to.'

"Well, after I throws out a little more salve like that, Lucy finally agrees to marry Jeff, and I hunts up the parson and has 'em hitched.

"We didn't have no bookin'—just wildcattin' through the country, but we made a pretty good showin' when we struck a new town and pulled some fair houses.

Some of the boys doubled in brass, and one feller was a peach on the slide trombone. When they struck up "Cotton Blossoms," you'd see the yaps come a-runnin' for five miles.

"We certainly put up a good parade. First, the band, then the boys with the banners I'd had painted. Four Uncle Toms—count 'em—four; three Little Evas, two dozen ferocious blood hounds, and two Simon Legrees!

"After the banners came a bunch of the performers, and then me, bringin' up the rear, a lollin' back in me carriage, smokin' a large rope.

"As I said, we done a good business till we struck a neck of the woods where they'd got stung a short time before by a bum Uncle Tom Company. Then we got on the rinky-dink proper. I wasn't very flush when we started, so, after about two weeks of this business, I was clean broke.

"To make matters worse, them darned coons was a fightin' and quarrelin' among themselves, and botherin' me with their troubles all the time.

"Jeff was always makin' a moan about Lucy a-bitin' and a kickin', and so I asked him why he didn't bite back.

"'Ah can't never get there first—that's the trouble, boss,' he says.

"'What'd you get married for, then,' I says.

"I wish you could a-saw the way that nigger looked at me. He jest kinder choked up and walked away.

"They had it all over again that day, and when show time came around, he and Lucy was beautifully decorated with knots and lumps of all sizes.

"The show went rotten. They was only a few in the house and what they was of them was froze stiff.

"I was dog-tired that night, so I just goes to bed and sleeps like a log, but when I opened me peepers the next day I knew just what I was up against. They wasn't enough in the kitty to pay the hotel bill, let alone gittin' to the next stand.

"I lay there in bed, thinkin' it over, when suddenly I gets a hunch. I jumped out of bed, puts on me duds and runs up to the niggers' rooms.

"'Say,' I says, 'all you niggers get in one room here and start somethin'—anything at all, so long as its noisy. Are you hip?'

"Well, what them coons didn't do ain't worth tellin'. They all starts to yellin' and jumpin' and throwin' things about; and Jeff and Lucy started a little war of their own, over in the corner. They busted the bed and the chairs and washstands, and hooted like Indians, and me all the time standin' in front of the hotel with a cigar in my face, cool as a cucumber. Are you hip?

"Up comes the proprietor of the ranch, puffin' like an engine.

"'What the devil do you mean by let-

tin' them black monkeys of yours raise Ned in my house?' he says.

"'Why, my dear sir,' I says, nice and polite, 'how can I help it?'

"'Help it!' he yells, 'help it! Git 'em out o' here—that's all I want. I won't have a thing left on the place.'

"'My friend,' says I 'how can I get' em out? They wont come.'

"'Get 'em out of the place and out of the town,' he says.

"'Why,' I says, 'my friend, the idea is perfectly absurd. I have no conveyance in which to take them to the next town,' and I flips the ashes off my last cigar and looks at the sky.

"Just then a bunch of plaster falls all over the desk and the register, inside the office.

"'Holy mackerel!' he yelled, 'you've got to get 'em out—I'll furnish the wagon if you'll only get 'em away from here.'

"As soon as I hears this, I holds myself in and says:

"'Well, under them circumstances, I'll do my best.'

"Quick's he'd got his back turned to go for the rig, I runs up-stairs and gets the bunch together and tells 'em to pack up at once.

"Jeff and Lucy kinder hated to break, and rolled down stairs, bitin' and kickin' all the way. We had to get together and hustle 'em into the wagon by force.

"When we was almost out of sight down the road, I looks back and I sees the landlord a wavin' his arms and I could just hear him yell: 'My bill! my bill!' It was the first time he'd thought of it. The driver never heard him, but kept right on.

"I laughs to myself and looks over to where Jeff and Lucy was still at it.

"'Bless you! my children, bless you!' I says, but they was too busy to hear me.

"'You're the hoodoo on this yere organization—you misabul lil' dried up onion!' says Lucy, makin' a pass at Jeff.

"'Fight away, children,' I says, 'I like it.'

"'Well, I don't!' says the driver, turnin' 'round, 'and what's more, I don't have to!'

"'Now, don't get excited,' I says, 'you're gettin' yours all right, ain't you?' and I flashes a wad of stage money on him.

"'Well,' he says, 'I ain't a conductin' no animal car, by Hech, and you can't



pay me to put up with this fightin' crew!'

"'Fightin'!' I says, 'why, they ain't fightin'! They're only rehearsing for that beautiful little drammy, entitled: "Woman Against Man." 'Now you just drive ahead and I'll give you a pass to the show tonight. Are you hip?'

"'Well, if that's a rehearsal, I don't



want to see your durned show!' he says. 'Come now,' he says, 'git out, all on ye!'

He brakes the wagon, jumps down and starts a throwin' the baggage off onto the road.

"At that I says: 'Boys, get busy! Are you hip?'

"They was hip, all right, all right! As they says in the history books, they was a flash of steel! Them niggers pulled the darndest assortment of razors you ever seen outside a barber-shop and pretty soon Mr. Driver was a-pilin' the baggage back nice and neat where it belonged.

"When he gets it all on he starts to climb onto the seat, but one of the boys shoves him off with his foot, and says:

"'We has no further desiah fo' yo' company, Mister, yo' all ain't chummy nuff fo' us.'

"'Why, you durned nigger,' begins the driver; but the coon jumps up.

"'Don't yo' call me no nigger! We is all ladies and gemmans, heah,' says he, 'yo' all jes' better stay heah and watch de road till we comes back.'

"Then he whips up the nags and leaves the old boy a cussin' and stompin' in the road.

"The gang was very gay all the way to the next town, a-beatin' on the bass drum and singin': 'There is a Happy Land, far, far away.'

"Well, I gets the crowd settled in the hotel when we gets there, and I was a-standin' out in front of the opera house, completin' my arrangements with the manager, when who did I see a-drivin' like sin up the street but the landlord and the wagon driver, and a-sittin' in their laps was the constable of the town.

"'I'll hev the law on 'em,' says the driver, a-wavin' his arms.

"'Ye betcher!' says the landlord, lookin' fierce.

"Just then I got a hunch that a walk to the railroad station six miles away would be good for my health, so I says to the opera-house man, 'I'll see you later.' Are you hip?

"Just as I was skinnin' out of the rhubarbs of the town I heard a rough-house down the line, and I went up on the hill and seen the bunch bein' towed to the town lock-up.

"I ain't never heard whether the bunch missed me much, but every time you see me sizing up a coon that brings me a drink or blacks my shoes, just remember I'm keepin' my peeps skinned for any former member of my Uncle Thomas' Cabune Company. Are you hip?"



Nature

By F. A. Phelps

She is wooing, softly wooing,
Still a maiden in her prime,
Brow of snow and cheek of blossom
Which defy the mark of Time.
On her face he writes no wrinkle;
In her virgin breast no care,
Heedless of the fleeting moments,
Ever pleasing, always fair.

Long this maiden hath been seeking
Hearts to love her, constant, true.
Open arms and dazzling beauty
Offer charms none else e'er knew.
Sparkling gems in field of azure,
Crown her wealth of dusky hair,
And the hearts of men are tangled
In the cloudy tresses rare.

Nature is this lovely maiden,
Many hearts hath wooed and won.
Some who loved are sleeping soundly,
Faces toward the setting sun.
Burned their camp-fires to gray ashes,
Caved their cabin dugouts in,
Lost their silent halls of slumber
Save to her their all had been.

Mountains are the tombs she builds them,
Pathless wilds their watches keep,
And she drapes the couch in glory,
Where her hero-lovers sleep.
Lulls them with her singing waters,
Sighs above them in her breeze,
Weeping o'er them pearly tear-drops,
Constant as the sun and seas.

When It Rained at Ortega's

By Will Robinson



T must have been the rain. Not a drop for seven months, and then to spring a leak in that kind of a way. Old Sulkey Sutley, who was cooking at the Ortega ranch, stood it pretty well for forty-eight hours, but when it started in on the third day, he said if he watched that pale-faced liquid standing around any longer, he would have hydrophobia sure; so he hiked for "Flag" to find something to take the awful taste of water out of his mouth.

Tom Sheldon didn't have to go to town. Being the boss, he kept a private demijohn. He figured that it was one of the perquisites that went with the job. As this was the second day, he had mellowed considerably.

About the time Sulkey left, Sorrel Smith, who had been running sheep on the San Francisco's drifted in, and for sixteen hours he and Sheldon had been arbitrating questions of ownership with jack-pots for referees.

Now, of course, no one objects to a quiet little game of poker in its proper place, but for that unholy sheep-and-cattle-combination to be sitting at the grub table until nine in the morning, passing the kittie, as Windy Bill said, it was plum immodest. It is a wonder old Senor Ortega didn't turn over in his grave.

"What you got?" said Sorrel.

"Aces up," said Tom.

"That's more shoes for my mother-in-law," said Sorrel. He put down four ten-spots and pulled in the beans.

"The old girl must be a centipede," hiccoughed the boss. "That's thirty-seven pairs you've got her in the last three hours."

Babe Bailey saw how things were going and tried to stop it. Babe ran the X-Y brand over on Bear Creek, and was the best cow-puncher between the Glorietta's and Bill Williams. It was always a pleasure to him to hold up his end of a scrap when necessary, but he never went looking for trouble, or mixed booze with his difficulties.

"Old man," he said, going up to the boss, "come out and look at the weather a bit."

Sheldon looked at him with the same intelligent expression that I've often noticed on Navajo Pete's goats. "Never goin' to look water in the face again 's long 's I live. I'm a sport; sport never quits when he's down."

Babe didn't kick him, which encouraged the boss to go on.

"'Sides, I've got a little lady 'pendin' on me; pretties' little lady you ever saw. Goin' to school in a convent. Ought to be savin' money for 'er right now, and Sorrel, he's got it all to buy shoes for 'is centipede."

He sniveled, and the boys were remarking how proud the old Senor would have been to have seen his foreman now, when he broke out again. "Sorrel, there's jus' three hundred of the ol' man's steers left. This jack-pot's goin' to be a corral to hold 'em against all you've won from me."

Sorrel never batted an eye. "Put in the ranch house, and the sheds, and I'll

It was a hold-up all right; and while none of the boys could be accused of loving the boss, we could hardly stand for that. We looked at Babe, and he politely butted in again. Sheldon was almost as reasonable as a Kansas hen, and opened up on Babe in languages like a freight-train conductor.

Babe looked as though he had accidentally run up against a skunk, and then went over and washed his hands where they had happened to touch the boss' coat. While he was gone that drunken employer of ours put the bill-of-sale into the jack-pot. It stayed there about five minutes, and Sorrel showed four queens, and put the paper in his pocket.

"That will be about all," said Sorrel, and he threw the cards on the table and put on his hat.

Babe was back again by that time, and sort of reluctantly reached for his gun, and there might have been a nice, happy

time, only something happened. It was just outside of the door, and sounded like a landslide dropping into a duck pond. Somebody hollered "Whoa," and Windy Bill, who works for the Five Points corral at "Flag," stuck in his head and said, "There is a lady here who wants to see Mr. Sheldon," and he winked at me.

I looked out the window, and there in Windy's buckboard, framed in the hood of her raincoat, shaking off the water, and laughing was the prettiest face I ever saw in my life.

Then I looked up again, and it was the old Senor Ortega's little girl grown up to be the fetchingest little filly that ever was; and to think of her asking to see that liquor-absorbing sponge that was still sitting at the table, trying to figure out how Sorrel could have held four queens, when two pasteboards of the same royalty were between his own fingers.

When Windy hollered the boss commenced to bat his eyes and swell up.

"Mr. Sheldon," said I, "you have had a great deal to try you this morning. Don't you think you had better take a little bracer before you mingle in feminine society?" I commenced pouring booze from his demijohn into a big coffee cup —there must have been about a pint of it. He took it nicely in two swallows, and dropped to the floor like a bag of beans.

The door of the bunk room was open. I pointed to it and Babe saw the point. Then we carefully picked up Mr. Thomas Sheldon, boss of the Ortego ranch, carried him through the door and put him down on a nice, soft pile of pack-saddles.

Then Babe went back to Sorrel and said, "Mr. Smith, we'll excuse you a spell, while you go into the bunk room, too, and look after your job."

Babe's "forty-five" was right under his hand. Sorrel never said a word, but disappeared through the door like a dog after a bone. I shut the door, and Babe locked it.

While we were disposing of the boss and his friend, Windy Bill held the outside door shut. Now he swung it open, and there she stood. Pretty? Why, it seemed as though the rain had stopped and that the sun was shining, and every lark and mocking-bird between Antelope and Gila Bend was singing.

Rheumatism—nothing—I could have got down on my old knees and kissed the laces on her shoes. She knew me in a minute.

"Why, it's old Tory Clark," she said, and put out both her hands. "And wheres' Tom?" she asked.

I never was quick-witted, and her asking for the boss addled me completely. I said the craziest thing possible, but it was all I could think of.

"There he is, Miss Anita, right behind you," and I pointed to Babe Bailey.

"Why—" she said, going up to him; "why—you have changed more than I. Are you really Tom Sheldon?"

Babe had not quite caught the swing of it, but he was too much of a thoroughbred to throw a race.

"My mother named me Tom," he said, "but on account of my extreme youth and innocent ways these discriminating cowpunchers call me Babe for short."

He smiled, and when Babe Bailey smiled at a woman or a little kid, they would trust him sooner than they would their mother. If the boss had a smile like that, there'd be some reason in his trying to play poker.

"Why, Tom," said Anita, "you're actually handsome. Lots better-looking than you used to be.

Windy stuck his elbow into Joe Woody's ribs and grinned; and Babe looked up just in time to take notice.

"Joe," he drawled solemly, "the rains must be washing the lower springs pretty bad. Suppose you ride down and look it over. If you are spry you can be back in time for dinner. As you go out you might show Bill where to feed his team." So, in the politest manner possible, he turned them both out into the rain.

"It is too bad for them to get wet," said Anita, who was enjoying the joke.

"Well, I reckon," said Babe, "if a nice girl like you can stand it all the way from 'Flag,' maybe they'll endure it for a few minutes. The poor things are not as fragile as they look," he added, for a parting shot, as they stumbled out.

Babe seemed to need a chance to get his breath, so I put in:

"Does the old place seem natural, Miss Anita?"

"Yes, indeed," said the girl. "I believe that is the same string of chilis that used to hang in the cornor when old An-

tonio made tamales ten years ago, and I know that is the bench I used to sit on when you tried to make me learn the multiplication table. I don't know my 'seven times,' yet. The telephone looks funny though. Somehow it doesn't seem like Arizona."

"That telephone is a good deal of a bluff," said Babe. It only runs a few mile up the trail to the abiding place of a man named Bailey. "Telephones, though," he went on, smiling, "are pretty tame for us now. Why, there's a girl down at the stage station that won't let any of the boys write to her unless they use a typewriter, and Tory here, has a little yellow machine that will sing in seven languages if you feed it rubber dinner-plates."

I could see that he was putting in words just to kill time, waiting for something to give him a lead.

I tried to think of something to say, but it was no use. Babe looked scared, but finally spunked up, and started in on another tack.

"You must have thought we were a pretty poor lot, Anita, not to have been at the station to meet you."

"It was a little dismal at first," said the girl, "until I found that the telegram I sent you from Louisville was still undelivered. I did not know just what to do, so I talked it over with the station agent, and he said I had better come right out. He was very good to me, and took *such* an interest when I told him about it.

"Oh, did he?" said Babe.

"Yes; and so did the gentleman who drove me out. I think people are much nicer in Arizona than they are in the East. A lady from New Hampshire, who was on the train, seemed quite shocked when I told her about it."

"Oh, did she?" said Babe, as varying in his conversation as the chorus to a song.

"The gentleman who drove me out, said we would probably find the clergyman here already. He said 'parson'."

"Oh, did he?" said Babe. Babe's bright answers made me think of the red-headed parrot they have over at the Bright Angel hotel.

Anita looked at the toe of her shoe. "I thought maybe we could have the bishop."

"Oh, did y—?" commenced Babe, but I shut him off. If I hadn't stopped him, like as not he'd be sprouting green feathers next, and calling for crackers.

"Your sister is looking after all those things, isn't she?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Babe, "of course she is. I had forgotten that." He didn't make a very good liar.

"I didn't know you had a sister out here," said Anita. "You must tell me about her. Isn't it nice that she is here? I knew I could trust you to do things right. That is the reason I started as soon as I received your letter, though it *was* a little sudden. I could not realize what it meant at first, and kept reading it over and over all the way out. You have been very good to me, Tom."

Babe swallowed hard at this, and said, "Oh, yes; the letter." Then he got his poker smile working. "Do you know, I was a good deal worried about that letter. I am afraid I didn't say things very well. You haven't it with you, have you?"

As a usual thing, Babe wasn't the kind of a chap to read a letter that was not intended for him, but this was different, and he went for it like a hungry man at a square meal. The letter read this way:

My Dear Anita:

It has been ten years since your poor father died, and you left the old Ortega Ranch—ten years since I have seen you. During that time I have done my best to carry out your poor father's wishes. I am sorry I have not been able to send you money more promptly, but your poor father owed a good deal of money, at the time of his death, to me and to others, and it has been hard to pay these debts, and have anything left for you, too. In fact, much of the money I sent you was my own.

As I have often written you, your poor father was very anxious that you and I should be married as soon as you were through school. Of course, he did not talk to you about it, as you were so little, but he said a good deal about it to me. He said he could die content if he knew you would have me to depend upon.

You will finish your school this week, and I think you had better start for Arizona a day or two after receiving this letter.

Telegraph me, and I will meet you at Flagstaff, and we can be married at once. By doing this you will fulfill your poor father's wishes, and will pay me for all the things I have done for you, and you can't help being happy.

I have sent the Sister Superior money for your ticket. Yours truly,

Tom Sheldon.

Once, in Vulture, about five years ago, some Hassayamp cowboys, in the pursuit

of happiness, were shooting up a miserable little Swede kid to make him dance. One of them accidentally put a bullet in the boy's leg just as Babe drifted along. Never since the old days when my dad used to strap me, have I seen such a fear-inspiring look on a man's face. There was about a dozen of the men—big, husky, cow-punchers—and they were begging for life before Babe ever pulled his gun. That same look came back into his face when he read that affectionate and manly epistle. Luckily, Anita was looking out of the window, and didn't see it.

"Tory," said Babe to me, gentle like, "I think it has stopped raining now. Have one of the boys take Miss Anita over to see the new pinto pacer—the one we have been breaking for her, you know. I think she would like to see him."

When the girl was gone Babe went to the telephone, and called up the X-Y ranch—his home place.

"Hello," he said, "is that you, sis?"

Then he said, "Yes, it's Babe. I am over at the Ortega ranch. Didn't you say something about seeing Bishop Hendricks in Flagstaff, Sunday?"

"Oh, is that so. Suppose we could have him over at our house—say about five this evening?"

* * * * * * * *

"No, I'm not a bit crazy. Never was quite so sane in my life. Anita Ortega has come home from school. There is trouble, and she must positively see the Bishop tonight. You know what friends he and the old Senor used to be."

* * * * * * * *

"What's that? Nonsense! Yes, he can, too. Have one of the men drive you over to the stage station. Their telephone is on the "Flag" circuit. Call up the Bishop at the hotel, and then 'phone Johnson's corral for a team to bring him out."

* * * * * * * *

"No, Anita isn't ill, but you may tell the Bishop that it is a question of life or death, just the same. I'll square it when I see him. Tell him to bring his prayer book."

Babe hung up the 'phone, and unlocked the door to the bunk-room. Sorrel Smith bolted out, red-eyed, and started to make trouble, but he soon noticed something in Babe's eyes that made him forget it.

"You may sit down," said Babe.

Sorrel sat down as quiet as one of his own lambs.

"Now, Smith," said Babe, "you have a bill-of-sale for three hundred head of steers and these buildings. I am not sure that it is worth the paper it is written on. Don't interrupt—I'll do the talking for a while. I say, I don't think it would stand for a minute in a lawsuit. All that property belongs to the Ortega estate, and the only way Sheldon could get it was to steal it. However, I am going to play it is good, and I will give you three hundred steers of my own for it, and throw in the old shack on the upper creek. My bill-of-sale will stand inspection, too. What is it? Yes, or no—talk fast."

"Smith didn't need any one to show him the difference between a good dollar and a bad one, and couldn't say 'yes' quick enough.

"All right," said Babe, "make your bill-of-sale to Miss Anita Ortega. Guess you had better let me write it, you might make a mistake. You seem to be a bit nervous today. Tory, you witness it."

At last they were through. Babe handed the sheep-man his papers. "Now, I think you know which the trail to your camp is. Hit it! Tory, will you kindly speed the parting guest?"

When I came in again, Babe and Anita were both there. Babe was talking choky, and there were tears on Anita's pretty cheeks.

I started back, but Babe stopped me. "Tory," he said, "you knew the old Senor longer than either of us. This little girl has not been treated very well, but I mean to be square now, and I want you to hear what I have to say..

"Anita, little girl, now that you have seen me, do you really want to marry me? You would better not believe a word the letter says. I wasn't the Tom I am now when that letter was written, and you certainly owe me no debt of gratitude. Every penny that was even sent to you, belonged to you, and more, too. If your father were here, I am not sure that he would trust me with your happiness—but perhaps he would. I am not sure, even, that it is right for me to ask this of you—and yet—and yet—I love

you, little girl, and I will be good to you."

Anita was pretty dewy. "When I received your letter, Tom," she said, "the sisters thought I ought to marry you if it were my father's wish, but I did not think much, about—caring. I had forgotten what you looked like. I only had your letters—and I reckon—perhaps, men do not know just what kind of letters girls do like. It is much nicer to hear you talk, and I do—care—now."

It was all very well for Babe to tell me to stay, but when I was younger I lived in Utah, and I have had considerable experience with ladies, so I went out and hooked up the little blacks to Babe's new buckboard.

After Babe had tucked Anita in, and picked up the lines, he leaned over and said to me, "Don't tell the boys—they might think it the proper thing to be noisy, but some time this afternoon you saddle the pinto and hike along, too. We shall need you, Tory, my boy, over to the X-Y house this evening, to give away the bride."

When I got back to the shack there was a terrible row in the bunk-room. It was Tom Sheldon kicking against the door.

The Roundup

By Chas. B. Clark, Jr.

Come, strap on your chaps and your big spurs too,
And wrangle your horses as soon as you're through;
Better catch up a dozen for one won't do,
For we're startin' today for the roundup.

Wah! the roundup!
There'll be Shorty and Frenchy and Bacon Rind Joe,
And a rough-ridin' outfit from Seven XO,
There'll be steaks that is juicy and beans that is rich,
There'll be steers that is ugly and horses that pitch,
There'll be yellin' and hootin' and maybe some shootin',
And plenty of fun at the roundup.

We must crawl from our tarps at the breakin' of morn,
And we spend the whole day between cantle and horn.
Over hills and up gulches with never a rest,
Till the day flickers out on the hills to the West,
There is lopin' and ropin' and no time for mopin';
It's work for good men on the roundup.

There is noise in the mountains and dust on the plains,
And the cattle string out of the dry, sandy drains,
While the far-scattered punchers are urgin' them in,
With words that smell strong of original sin,
With a racin' and chasin' and often 'bout facin',
And that is the edge of the roundup.

A cavortin' and snortin' of horses gone wrong,
With a hailstorm of cuss words, a sprinkle of song,
And a bawlin' of calves that don't want to but must,
And a smell of burnt hair and a swirlin' of dust,
And a rattle of battle 'mongst long-horned cattle,
And that is the heart of the roundup.

Wow! the roundup!
And when it is over the whole blamed force
Draws liquified joy from its nearest source,
Then there's happiness, fights, and, at last, remorse;
That's mostly the end of a roundup.

War Too Humane

By Arthur H. Dutton



AR is not only ethically wrong. It is absurd. To say that national disputes should be settled by an appeal to arms is as ridiculous as the old belief that a person all wrong could be righted by the duel. Might does not make right between nations any more than it does between individuals. It is pleasing to note that there is a steadily growing sentiment in favor of the abolition of war between civilized states, which finds expression in the establishment of The Hague Tribunal and in the increasing number of international quarrels which are referred to arbitration.

Nevertheless, the good people who are preaching the gospel of humanity in the wars that do occur are unwittingly defeating, or at least impeding, their purpose. The best and surest way by which universal peace may be brought about and permanently maintained consists of making war as inhuman and as fearful as possible. The more humane war is made, the less its terrors. The more barbarous it is made, the less inclined will civilized nations be to engage in it. If we would revert to the ancient methods of war-waging—possibly, in the light of our higher accomplishments and knowledge, going the past somewhat better—it is safe to say that the days of war as the last appeal of nations would soon be numbered.

True, war is bad, very bad, as it is. That is why we would abolish it. Make it worse, and it will be the sooner abolished. The worse it is made the sooner will arrive the day of its complete abandonment.

Unthinking people have often said that the improvements in the weapons of war that are constantly being made would in time effect the abolition of war, on account of increasing war's terrors and destruction. Instead of that, experience has shown that the modern weapons have lessened the terrors of war. The mortalities of modern wars, in proportion to numbers engaged, are less than those of ancient, and even of mediaeval wars. Long-range fighting is not so fatal as that close-range kind exemplified by the one-time practice of not firing "until you see the whites of their eyes." The deaths from disease in the past far outnumbered the deaths from bullet and blade. Now they are minimized. The frigate *Constitution* lost more men in her victorious action with the *Guerriere* than the combined squadrons of Dewey and Sampson lost during the whole Spanish war. The modern small-calibre bullet makes a less painful and more readily cured wound than those of the old-fashioned muskets. The lives saved by modern medical science far exceed the additional deaths caused by modern high-powered artillery. Compared to old-fashioned war, the modern variety is a kid-glove, parlor game.

Here are a few of the restrictions of modern, "humane" war:

Explosive or poisoned bullets not allowed; wells and other sources of water or food supply not to be poisoned; undefended towns not to be bombarded, and the private dwellings in fortified towns to be spared whenever possible; non-combatants not to be molested; private property not to be disturbed when avoidable, and when private property is appropriated in military exigencies, it must be paid for; enemy's sick and wounded cared for as well as one's own; prisoners shown best treatment, even courtesy and comfort; conquered nations shown greatest

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[The author of the somewhat startling suggestions offered above is well known on the Pacific Coast as an ardent advocate of universal peace, although having had a thorough military training and being the descendant of a long line of military ancestors. Mr. Dutton is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and a former Lieutenant in the United States Navy. He served in the Spanish war at Santiago, Guantanamo and elsewhere, and also saw service as an officer in the Colombian Navy during the revolution in Colombia which ended in 1902. He is now in civil life, engaged in newspaper work in San Francisco.—Editors.]

consideration and even at times pecuniarily remunerated for territory captured.

These are but a few of the so-called advances in humanity. They are well-meant, but their adoption has deferred the realization of universal, lasting peace among men. They are mistakes. War should be made the most horrible thing on earth. Then it would cease.

If, instead of this "humane" war, nations should practice war of the ancient kind, the millenium would soon be here.

For example, suppose war waged under the following conditions:

Let the hostilities be between nations, not alone between armies and navies. Let each man, woman and child of one nation do his or her best to injure the enemy's people to the utmost. Kill the sick and wounded; sack and burn captured towns, taking no captives, save those, both male and female, who would make good slaves, and carry these into bondage; put the old people and the infants to the sword, possibly torturing those who refuse to give information desired; use any weapons, poisoned bullets included; lay waste the fields and the orchards, making the conquered country a wilderness; annex the conquered territory, or at least compel the payment of such a heavy annual tribute, in money or tribute, that the vanquished could never acquire enough wealth to renew the war —in a word, inflict as awful suffering, as awful indignities, as awful loss as human ingenuity and modern invention can accomplish.

One war waged along such lines as these would surely be the last war of any kind among the nations of the earth. It would be so horrible that at its end every nation would disarm, the dream of universal peace, save among a few lingering savage tribes, would be realized, and nations would live together in lasting amity, forming a great United States of the World, and maintaining a harmonious international police force to repress instantly any disorder anywhere on the face of the earth.

Then would commerce, science and the arts have their reign. The only strife would be that of lawful competition and the survival of the intellectually and morally fittest.

Three Amanitas

By Virginia Garland
Illustrations by Eloise J. Roorbach

I HAVE come to know three Amanitas. And what are these that their knowing should be worth the seeking, the telling? Just three fungoid denizens of the woods, each with its life story, which, though simple in itself, is a part of that big story of the Big Outdoors, whose vast, complex revealings we should always hunger for.

Besides its own history, one of these fungus flowers has many baleful tales to tell of men's treachery, historic crime. But stories of human folk are dull in some ears compared to the stories of the Open. I would rather hear how a mushroom grows than how a mushroom was used to kill off an Emperor's enemies. You who are of my mind come with me and we will go seeking Amanitas in their haunts, sometimes harkening consciously for other wayside, woodland tales; sometimes stumbling unaware upon whispered stories, half-breathed secrets.

Now it is the lilt of the calling quail; the warbler's cheer which summons us; the glistening glide of a snake; the beckoning curled-over tips of the fern fronds; the wafting soul of a flower.

Sometimes it is the fungus fever, pure and simple which takes us forth; but whether we find Amanitas or not is a small matter if we have answered the earth call. So, let us go abroad looking for our three Amanitas, but taking thankfully whatever Nature vouchsafes to us.

My first Amanita friend is a mole-grey fungus, standing in a loose socketed cup root, the soiled white volva clinging in uneven plastering on the grey top or pileus.

I came upon it one day in the Sierras in a sunny hour, after a week's heavy rain. The sloping hills around me were chrysoprase green; gleaming white, big embossed clouds rolled across the blue, loomed over every rise. On the far horizon, jagged, mauve shadowed, snow white heights. The air was brilliantly fresh with that sparkling quality the long rains sweep into the atmosphere.

I left a manzanita thicket, where every grey-green, disk-like leaf was jemmed about in shining rain jewels, to wander into a harping, wind-fingered pine grove. In a little water-worn gully, where the pine needles were heaped ankle deep, I discovered up-pushed piles of earth.

A Louisiana Tanager, singing with the pines, tried its best to take my attention, but in my nostrils was the faint, never forgotten odor of rich mould; damp, earthsteeped, dissolving leaves, threaded fragrantly with white, creeping mycelium, the fungus plant of which the mushroom is the air-reaching blossom. Down on my knees I staid for hours in that gully, digging out grey Amanitas in every phase of development, from the first formed, oval, covered ball, deep in the ground; the burst-through shape in which the true mushroom shows itself peeping out of its volva blanket, to the big, thick-stemmed, high, white-gilled, grey-capped, skin-plastered, mature mushroom, set in the loose socket cup, characteristic of the family. Then, smelling of the earth, I went home, with several fine specimens, to my house people, who laughed at and



Edible Amanita



avoided me, not knowing how grateful is the touch of the soil.

I found, too, that I had learned by heart that day the Tanager's song; I knew every turn of it perfectly; the spurting swing of its rhythm—that before then I had confused with other bird songs. Though my hands and eyes had been busy with the toad-stools, my ears were drinking deep of melody. It is always so; deep concentration in one degree arouses keener the other faculties, although we may not be conscious of it at the time.

I did not undertake to eat these grey Amanitas; I thought them some coast form of the deadly Amanita. Had they been rankly poisonous, as is the Amanita Vernus, my near proximity to them would have been enough to overcome me with nausea. I pulled them apart, studied them, sketched them, noting the ragged cup at the root, the gills which stopped suddenly where the stem springs, the thin grey covering the cap, notably the absence of a frill under the gills in the mature ones. Sometime after I learned they were not at all poisonous but not good to eat, being slightly puckery to the tongue and otherwise tasteless. I have had many pleasant moments with them, with the year as it comes and goes; January, February, March, October and November days. I do not dig them up any more, for I know all about them now; beautiful, well-formed, grey things. Interesting as a flower or fern or tree, they form part of my underground gardens, the earth blooming wold which is ever my delight.

An old Italian wood-chopper taught me the esculency of a certain edible Amanita. Often in my rambles I used to meet the old man, working away beside his fragrant tiers of piled pine. He would look up as I passed, with the open, sympathetic Latin glance and go on with his labor, unconscious.

However, one day as I was poking about in the piney, needle-matted soil near him, he asked, "Whatta you look for?"

"Mushrooms," I answered.

"Aha! You tella heem good kind?"

I answered him with over-confidence that I knew something of them. So, we spake together of the "fungee" harvest; of the meadow mushrooms whose season was over; of the Purple Russula crop just beginning to push up in the rich leaf-packed shade of the Manzanitas. When I turned away he said, "You go home by my cabin, yes? Alla right. You finda one good fungee by my door. Heem fine, vera fine, better that grows. You cooka heem; my! Good, vera good!"

Before the door of his cabin long boards were laid across pine stumps and spread with yellow slices of big Boleti, drying in the sun. A fishing rod and gun stood in the corner of the porch; I caught a winey whiff from a rude press near. He fared well, old Angelo, chanterelles, truffles, wild game, macaroni, and red wine of his own make.

I found as he had directed a huge Amanita, fresh, thick, stocky, creamy stem and gills, set in a cup socket, the volva membrane clinging to the yellow top in broken fragments.

I took it home; compared it with all the authority I had, making up my mind that this must be the dreaded Amanita. To be sure, the top was pale, dull yellow, not red, orange or bright yellow, but that difference might be accounted for by some local and varied development. But there was the volva-flecked top, the socket cup. I concluded to let it alone and hold consultation with the Italian on the morrow.

The old man listened unimpressed. He looked at me with the kindly, knowing smile the old give to those younger.

"I eata heem alla my life; not dead yet. Alla right, you no eata heem," with a shrug, "alla right," and resumed his work.

I went home and cooked the Amanita

in true Italian style. I broke apart the thick, flaky top; sliced the big, firm stem; fried it delicately in olive oil; added a little milk; a whiff of garlic, salt and red pepper; then, for all old Angelo's gentle scorn and my increasing appetite, tasted the savory dish with extreme caution. Two bites only, that day. The day following I ate it all without hesitation, with much enjoyment.

This Amanita is almost identical in shape with the grey Amanita; the difference lies in its stockier form; in the dull yellow of the pileus, the skin of the grey is thinner, tearing off delicately, leaving a grey tinge to the body of the top, while the cuticle of the yellowish capped edible Amanita peels up thickly from the white inner surface. There is a flakier, more edible look about the yellow one; the skin is often cracked, showing the firm, white flesh through. The grey Amanita holds to its thin, uniform pileus, without breaking; nor does it grow as deeply imbedded in the earth as the edible member.

I have found a dozen or more of the latter, growing hidden under the ground about cedars, the earth heaved up in a protecting roof over them, so one might pass and see only slightly raised mounds about the roots of the tree, not knowing that whole colonies of earth flowers were rearing their creamy pillars and fluted arches in hidden, underground passages.

I have found them again in Madrone groves; big, inverted saucer shapes, bursting through the light pressure of leaves. But they are never apt to grow high, as the grey form does. The Amanitas are not for the novice. One must have learned the expert faculty of comparing varied forms, mingling and modified colors; indistinct odors; changing, unfixed texture; must be able to steer clear of the danger of poisoning, by instincts highly developed. The smell of the death-trap Amanita is pleasant, though deadly; its taste delicious, without warning. Only by keen, oft-tested sight is it known. But when you know them well, these three, or others, you have been in touch many times with the magnetic earth, and learned many truths aside from Amanita knowledge. So, seek them, but with trusty instincts, well-guarded prompting, and look also for surprises the earth delights in giving.



Now, let us walk in a wide circle about the deadly Amanita. A beautiful growth, perfect in symmetry, highly colored; the pileus bright yellow, red, or orange; the gills pure white; even, the volva remaining in dotting, wart-like fragments over the top; a veil surrounding the stem. Not ours is this to taste or to touch, but ours to study, think about, admire, as it stands brilliantly beautiful in its poisoned cup, glowing in the gloom of deep woods, or shining in the sunlight of a meadow. Companion with the virulent cashew, the deadly nightshade, the malevolent hellebore; strange, venomous plant creatures, which, though they cry out to the human, "hands off," still, are harmless and of good power in their sphere of life. All is not created to serve humanity. Nature has use for these venomous ones aside from our needs.

A frown is as good sometimes as a smile; pain as fine a thing as pleasure, and poison may be as useful as food. It is an every day, easy act to gather food in the open, but we have gained much more than an addition to our mushroom larder, if one day we succeed in approaching a little nearer, reading a little better, the covert secrets of the deadly Amanita.

The Staff of Life

Wheat Raising in the Inland Empire

By Fred Lockley

YOU can go by rail on the Wild Goose Railroad to the rich placer claims on Anvil Creek now, but when I was there, in the summer of 1900, one had to "mush" out over the tundra, pack on back, to the auriferous claims that had made half the Western world sit up and take notice and cast its glances toward Nome, that city of tents, on the ruby-tinted, gold-bearing sands by the Behring Sea.

The lure of gold, the call of the West, the love of adventure, the wanderlust which is the heritage of the sons of the hardy pioneers and of the Western-born, had drawn men from lands afar as the lodestone draws the black sands from the day's clean-up.

Standing on the bank of Anvil Creek I have watched the bronzed and bearded miners, knee-deep in the muddy overflow from the flume, shoveling the rich auriferous sand and gravel from bed rock into the sluice-boxes above. Then, at the end of the day's run, I have seen the clean-up —a gold pan heavy with its burden of coarse gold-dust and nuggets. There is no gainsaying the fact that it takes hold of one's imagination and that there is a fascination in the very uncertainty of not knowing whether the day's developments will make you a stake or leave you broke. Yet, though Nome and Klondike were names to conjure with, one may without journeying several thousand miles to the rim of the Arctic Circle see right in Umatilla County, Oregon, and throughout the Inland Empire larger and more certain clean-ups than he will see in the far North.

In fact the very certainty of the return here makes it seem prosaic and it has lost its charm to those for whom the farthest fields are ever greenest. In the northern gold-fields ninety men in every hundred, let them toil never so hard, fail of garnering the golden harvest, while here ninety men or more in the hundred will meet success if they are willing to work and have an average amount of horse sense and judgment, for the Inland Empire is the granary of the West and its fields of golden grain pour a steady stream of golden prosperity into the laps of the Eastern Oregon farmer.

Though Umatilla County is famous for many industries, she would be a rich and prosperous county if she had no other resource but her wheat, for her crop of that staple is slightly more than one per cent of the total wheat crop of the United States.

When to her wheat you add her wool and her sheep, her blooded horses—the projeny of the world—famous Chehalis and other noted sires—her cattle on the fertile Butter Creek meadows and elsewhere, her orchards and alfalfa fields, it is easy to see why it is a prosperous county.

Men who came here a few years ago with only enough money to buy themselves overalls, a cotton shirt and a straw hat, took up land and now are well-to-do. As an instance of what is not at all unusual, a clerk a dozen years ago found his family was growing at a more rapid rate than his income, so he threw up his job as a clerk, leased a farm, borrowed money for his seed grain and to have his plowing done, and when his grain was in the warehouse he found, after paying all expenses and returning the money he had borrowed, that he had $1,800 left. He bought the farm and three seasons later he had it paid for. He recently spent $21,000 in buying a wheat ranch which he decided was a good buy.

About twenty-five years ago a teacher come here from Tennessee. He secured a school, taught for a year or two, took up a homestead and went to farming, bought up a quarter section every time he had the money to spare. Last year he refused $100,000 for his farm lands. He has one ranch not far from Pendleton, which is a mile wide and six miles long.



COMBINED HARVESTER AT WORK.



"COMBINE" AND WALL OF SACKS.

Wheat has enabled him to buy more land which in turn has enabled him to raise more wheat, a sort of endless chain arrangement, resulting in his being among the heaviest taxpayers in Umatilla county.

At present, wheat has the center of the stage. On all sides is heard the hum and whir of the header or the muffled drumming of the combined harvester.

If you will drive to some little knoll or hill-top that overlooks the surrounding country you will see the golden brown, heavy-headed wheat far as the eye can see, acres of it, sections of it, miles of it, ripe and ready.

There, on the hillside below, you can see a combined harvester, as it travels, like some vast Juggernaut, back and forth across the 640-acre field. In front of it patiently plod the thirty-two horses that form its motive power. Before the header stretches the wheat, shoulder high, behind it is the bristly brown stubble. The wheat which is nodding gracefully there, in the breeze, suddenly feels the sharp blade of the swiftly-moving sickle, the revolving reel throws it on the draper which carries it into the cylinder. It endures a score or more of strenuous seconds in the cylinder and a moment later the header-tender releases the straw in long rows while the sack-sewer trips the dump and dumps the sacks of grain. A steady stream of plump brown wheat is running meanwhile from the spout into the waiting sack.

Look across the field and you will see a long line of recumbent sacks, they look like khaki-clad soldiers who have been dropped by the enemy's fire as they charged across the open field, and here comes the first aid to the injured in the shape of the six-horse wheat wagons which will haul them to the warehouse. They do things on a large and well-ordered scale here.

Do you remember how we used to do it a few years ago? We followed the binder, tying with twisted wisps of straw the bundles that the binder had failed to tie. We took a bundle under each arm walked to the next two bundles that had been dumped. We set the butts of the two bundles down firmly in the stubble, joined their heads well together to make them hold, stacked the nearby bundles against the first two and went on to make the next shock.

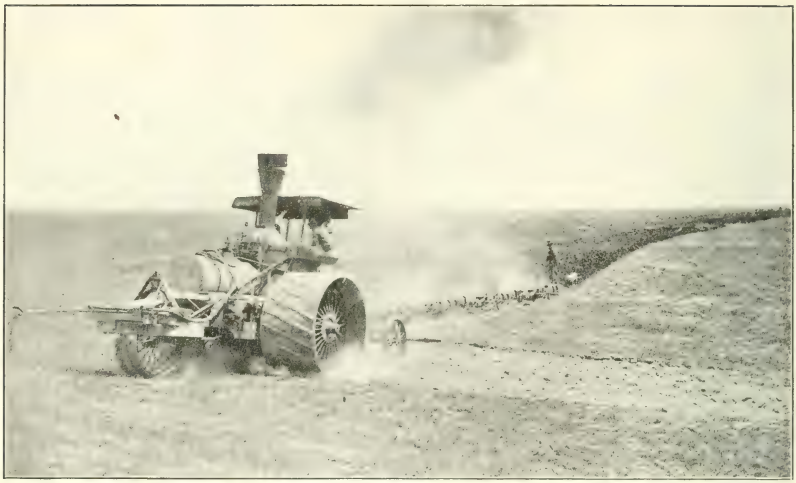
A little later the threshing outfit come, you were one of the crew. Do you re-



OVERFLOW FROM A WAREHOUSE.



A WAREHOUSE CREW.



ENGINE DRAWING A STRING OF PLOWS ON AN EASTERN OREGON FARM.

member how swollen your wrists got and how they ached the first few days of work with the pitchfork? You worked from dawn till twilight. Fifteen hours of work and then take care of your team. And then, to supper.

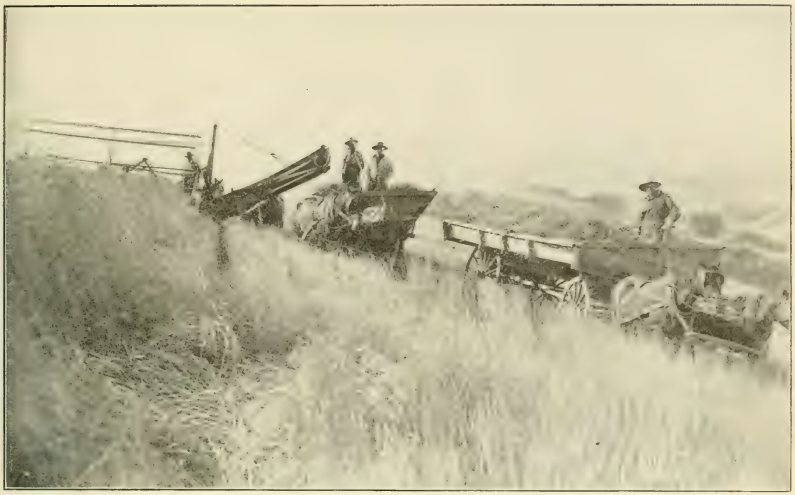
Eat! you didn't know you could eat so much, nor get so empty. When you sat down you were so hungry and everything smelt so good that, like John Ridd, you thanked God for the room there was inside of you. You were pitcher in the field, you remember? You went from shock to shock and kept a steady stream of bundles in the air, trying to snow under the man on the load who was stacking them; then away to the threshing machine.

Don't the very memory of the flying chaff and dust almost choke you? Can't you feel your sweating arms and neck smart from the dog-fennel and tansey? You lined up to wait your turn then drove up, as the empty wagon ahead of you pulled back into the field, and began pitching off your load, while the band-cutter kept busy cutting the bands, the feeder with a skillful and practiced flirt of his hands distributed the bundle of grain evenly as he fed it into the cavernous mouth of the machine; there in the lee of the machine sits the sack-sewer plying his bright and crooked needle, and there, stripped to overalls, undershirt and brogans, are the husky sack-buckers.

Yes, in those days when you worked fifteen hours a day and then, in the gloaming, walked three miles through the lane fragrant with the odor of the sweet briar that covered the rail fence on each side to see her—H-E-R—threshing was not as simple as it is now where the cutting, threshing and sacking are all done in one operation and where the old-time crew of 15 or 20 men are replaced by three or four.

Here and there they still head the grain and thresh it, but when one remembers that there are 140 combined harvesters in use in Umatilla County alone, and that few of them thresh during a season less than a thousand acres, one realizes that the old way is not much in vogue. It is outgrown.

Here on the reservation the land is leased from the Indians and farming is conducted in a large way. The plowing is done by gang plows operated by from six to twelve head of horses, or is plowed by steam traction engines. The drill follows the plow and the grain is left to the kindly care of Nature with her vivifying, life-giving touch, and to her alchemy which can transmute the tiny kernels into an abundant harvest. Here it lies ministered to by the sun and the rain, the frosts



HEADER CREW AT WORK IN THE DAYS OF HORSE POWER HARVESTING.

and the thaws, the snow which, like a warm blanket or a robe of eider down, protects it from the killing frosts till the warm caress of the chinook wind changes its winter robes into life-sustaining moisture which the thirsty earth eagerly drinks. Now, even before the shy violet, which comes before the swallow dares and woos the winds of March with beauty, you will see a multitude of tiny green shoots which give a delicate green tint to the bare brown earth, then almost before you are aware the tiny green shoots are half-way to your knee and are awave in the warm, caressing winds of Spring.

The lure of the North may draw you with its golden call, but 50 bushels of golden club or bluestem to the acre is a call that is better worth heeding. When you see by the report of the Director of the Mint that during the year 1904 the United States and her possessions produced a total of over eighty million dollars worth of gold, or, to be exact, $80,464,700, it looks as though the yellow metal were one of our most important productions, yet when you turn to the report of the Department of Agriculture and find that for the same year the value of our wheat crop was $510,489,874, or more than six times as much, and that even the humble Irish potato yielded a crop worth more than one hundred and fifty million dollars, that the hen and her eggs earned more than the gold output, and so did the hog to the tune of one hundred and four millions, that the hay crop was more than the wheat crop in value, amounting to over five hundred and twenty-nine millions, you begin to see that gold mining is a side issue, and a very small one when compared to the value of the farm products last year, which were six billion, four hundred and fifteen million dollars.

It's enough to make us kick the rocker over, throw down the shovel and the gold pan, take up a homestead and go to farming.

The Banished Maiden

A Genuine Indian Legend

By John McNab



N the discharge of my duties as Inspector of Fisheries for the Province of British Columbia, I was, during several years, brought into close touch with the Indians who live near the sea coast, as well as with many of those of more remote tribes, whose villages are situated in the vicinity of the larger rivers and lakes which constitute such important features in the physical geography of Canada's Pacific province.

Having frequently to employ some of the natives to take me in their canoes up the rivers and lakes when I wished to visit the creeks and subsidiary streams in which the salmon annually deposit their eggs, I made it a point when voyaging with them or while reposing by our camp fires at night to learn all they knew or were willing to tell of the legendary lore of their people.

It thus happened that on a fine day in the month of September, after paddling up Silver Creek to the head of navigation, about six miles above where it debouches into Harrison Lake—a fine sheet of water forty miles in length—I sat down for rest and refreshment, in company with my Indian—one of the most intelligent men of his tribe, upon a ledge of rock extending from bank to bank of the stream, obstructing the further ascent of salmon except a few of the early spring "run," when it is in flood.

After smoking our pipes in silence for some time my canoe man said to me: "The last time I went up Harrison Lake with you you asked if I knew any stories about the fathers of my people who lived a long time ago. At that time I did not care to tell you the stories that were told by the old men of my people when I was young. Indians do not like to tell all they know to white men, but as you are a good 'Tillicum' I will tell you now what the old men of my people told, when I was a boy, about this rock upon which we are sitting, and how it came to be placed as a dam across the river."

At a period regarding the remoteness of which the legends and traditions which have come down through many generations give no indication, the waters of Harrison Lake reached almost to the tops of the surrounding mountains, and on the level plains which are there to be found the ancestors of the present tribes had their lodges. After the water subsided to almost its present level the ancient inhabitants of the mountains moved down and settled in villages situated near the rivers, as they wished to be more conveniently situated for catching salmon which then became their principal article of food, as it has continued to be that of their descendants down to the present time. The people from the mountains on the north of the lake settled near the mouth of Silver Creek, and those from the mountains on the opposite side at Chehalis, where their descendants still live.

After a time, when the number of inhabitants had greatly increased, the people of each settlement organized as an independent tribe, and each chose their own chief. They also established a boundary line, beyond which the hunting or fishing parties of either tribe were not to trespass.

For a long time after this the people of the rival settlements lived in peace and friendship, but at length quarrels arose which almost led to open war between them. The Silver Creeks accused the Chehalis of obstructing the salmon when on their way from the Fraser River to Harrison Lake and Silver Creek, thus rendering it difficult for the inhabitants of the latter place to secure a supply for food as usual. In consequence of this, all intercourse of a friendly character ceased between the tribes.

At this time the chief of the Silver

Creeks was an aged man whose only child was a daughter, famous for her beauty and accomplishments, which consisted in her skill in trapping game for food or for the sake of the skins and in making cloth from the fleeces of mountain sheep and goats, and all the primitive arts known and valued by the Indians at that time.

"Fragrant Flower," for such was her name, had many suitors amongst the young men of her tribe. Her father wished her to choose one and become his wife, but she was willful and, treating them all kindly, she would show a preference for none.

Notwithstanding her impartiality and the indifference with which she treated all her admirers, much rivalry existed between them for her favour, and as she took frequent excursions down the lake alone in her canoe, for the purpose of examining her traps—as she explained to her father—jealousy of some unknown rival began to fill their minds, and they conspired together to set a watch on her movements when she next left her home alone.

On her next excursion, therefore, she was stealthily followed by a spy, who saw her land on the shore of the lake close to the boundary line between the tribes, and after securing her canoe to disappear in the foliage. Fearing to follow her, the spy returned and related to his fellow conspirators what he had seen.

After considering the matter their opinions were that Fragrant Flower would not have landed so near the boundary of their enemy's hunting ground except by pre-arrangement and to meet a lover from the tribe of the hated Chehalis. Before dark, Fragrant Flower returned to her home, where she remained for several days, employing herself as usual, until one morning when she was observed quietly leaving in her canoe for the opposite shore of the lake, down which she paddled rapidly. Jealous and angry, three young men shortly after her departure entered their canoe and proceeded rapidly down their side of the lake. Keeping close to the shore, they were concealed from the observation of Fragrant Flower, while closely watching her movements. As they expected they saw her land near the tribal boundary, and after hiding her canoe under some overhanging bushes, where it could not be seen from the lake, disappear in a thick grove of cedar near shore.

Quickly they crossed the lake and landed at the same place. Swiftly and silently as only Indians can they followed her trail, slight as it was, and were rewarded by finding the object of their search with her lover, a young Chehalis brave, at their trysting place—a bower of sweet cedar boughs.

With yells of rage, the three spies, grasping formidable war-clubs, attacked their hated rival, who, unarmed and taken by surprise as he was, fought bravely, but was speedily overpowered, and done to death by the blows of his enemies. They then compelled Fragrant Flower to enter their canoe, and when they reached the village delivered her to the chief, her father, to be dealt with according to the time-honored usage of the tribe.

When the aged chief had his beloved daughter thus brought to him, and was informed of the circumstances which preceded and led to her capture, he was overwhelmed with grief, but he did not hesitate to call a council of the head men of the tribe to decide as to her fate.

With the calmness, deliberation and dignity which under all circumstances characterizes Indian councils, when they meet to discuss matters of importance, the beautiful maiden was condemned to death for having, contrary to tribal law, entered the territory of and held intercourse with the enemies of her people.

This cruel sentence was, however, overruled by the chief, and she was given a choice of alternatives, either to consent at once to become the wife of one of her captors, or to be banished from her home and people forever, and to live and die alone in the wilderness. Fragrant Flower did not hesitate a moment in deciding; she chose the latter as the more tolerable fate, and was allowed to take her canoe with all her belongings and a small supply of food, consisting of dried fish and venison. After placing everything in her canoe, and taking a long lingering look at her father's lodge, the village with its sur-

roundings of lake, river and mountains, she then without a word of farewell from anyone, departed in sadness and silence on her solitary voyage up the river. She was not allowed to go down the lake for fear she would seek refuge with the Chehalis, the people of her murdered lover.

By using a paddle when the water was deep and smooth, and a pole where it was shallow and rapid, she made her way up the river and camped the first night near what is now known as the Falls, but which did not exist at that time. The next day she proceeded several miles further up stream, and before the sun had hid behind the Western mountains, had selected a location for her new home.

The place where she decided to build her cabin was well chosen, being opposite a deep, still pool in the river, which experience told her would be a good place in which to catch fish.

Here at some distance from the river she built a temporary lodge of cedar boughs and deposited therein the few articles she had been allowed to take from her old home.

After completing her lodge, she busied herself for some days catching and curing fish, to insure a supply of food for future use, and when exploring the margin of the river, discovered, a short distance from her camping place, an abundant supply of what are now called by Indians "Siwash potatoes," a species of lily, the bulbous roots of which supplied a pleasant and wholesome addition to her other food. Knowing that she would require a warmer and more substantial shelter during the winter than her lodge of boughs would afford, she began to build a cabin of stones and earth, roofed with bark and broad-leaved grass, and as it was well sheltered from the wind it made a comfortable though rude abode, whilst but a short distance away was an open glade, where wild berries of many varieties grew in great abundance during their seasons.

Here for four years she lived a solitary life, until at length an intense longing for human companionship gained control of her whole being. She lost all interest in the birds and animals she had caught and domesticated, and felt that at whatever cost, she must again hear the sound of human voices, and obtain peace of mind by gaining, if possible, tidings of her father's welfare. Influenced by such feelings she provided sufficient food for a few days' wants, placed it in her canoe, and started down the river.

As she approached the lodges of her people Fragrant Flower was greatly troubled by doubts and fears regarding the nature of the reception she would be likely to meet when she reached the home of her childhood. With her mind thus occupied, she was suddenly startled by a sound as of weeping and distress. Doubtful at first, she soon became satisfied that the voice was that of a young woman. Circumstances had made her cautious, so keeping well under the overhanging foliage on the river bank, she approached cautiously until satisfied that the weeping girl whom she recognized as a previous acquaintance, was alone.

When Kluwana—for that was the name of the distressed girl — saw Fragrant Flower approaching she became greatly agitated, and would have fled had she been able, but having fallen the day before and sprained her ankle she was quite helpless.

Nor were her fears unreasonable, for as she explained afterwards, the wise medicine man of her tribe had told her people after Fragrant Flower's banishment, that the culprit could not live for more than twelve moons alone in the woods, as she would gradually lose her reason, and finally kill herself, when, as she would be unburied, she would become an evil spirit, and continually haunt the vicinity of the place where she had died. Hence the terror of Kluwana, when as she supposed the ghost of Fragrant Flower was approaching her. Nor did the actions of the latter tend to allay her fears, for throwing herself at the feet of the terrified and suffering girl, she gave expression to long suppressed emotions in a paroxysm of laughter and weeping, such as is almost unknown amongst the unemotional Indians. Calmness at length ensuring, mutual explanations followed. Kluwana related how after the death of her parents she became in a manner a ward of the tribe, which in her case meant a general servant, and how three days previously, being ill-used, she fled to the woods, and on the

day prior to their meeting, being faint from hunger, she was making her way to the river, but in descending the bank had fallen and sprained her ankle.

Fragrant Flower at once assisted her to where she could bathe her foot in the running water, and after supplying her with food went in search of certain plants which having obtained she bruised between smooth stones, and applied as a poultice to the injured limb, which she bound up as best she could. Then sitting down beside her patient, she learned with great grief of the death of her father, who had died shortly after banishment, having never ceased to mourn for her—his only child whom he imagined had been consigned to a lingering death. But her sorrow gave place to anger when she learned that the new chief was one of the men who had murdered her lover, and that he had a wife, and son about three years of age.

After listening to Kluwana's narrative of events which had happened in the village during her absence, Fragrant Flower decided to return to her forest home. She invited Kluwana to go with her and share her fortunes. Early the following morning the two girls started on their hard upstream journey and were well pleased when in due time they reached a place they could call home. The girls would have been quite happy there, but for Fragrant Flower's grief over the death of her father, which caused her to be moody and silent at times.

When she first heard of her father's death, and by whom he was succeeded, unknown to herself a heretofore latent force became active in her breast, and the predominating trait of her race, revenge, began to exert a controlling influence over her thoughts, and in a very short time engrossed and dominated her whole being.

That the man whom she hated beyond all others, the murderer of her lover, the author of all her trouble and sorrow should be the chief of her people, occupying the position once held by her father, was more than she could bear. Revenge she must have, even at the cost of her life, and as a fit object through which to strike at the father's heart, even as the heart of her father had been broken, her thoughts gradually centered upon the child of her enemy.

Some months passed by and the river again became favorable for canoeing, when one evening she told Kluwana, who had home alone, and would be absent a few quite recovered from her accident, that the next morning she intended leaving days. Taking some food with her, she started, and paddling swiftly down the stream, landed about half a mile from the lodge of the chief, which was situated, as she had learned from Kluwana, some distance from the village.

Hiding her canoe in a thicket of tall reeds, near the margin of the river, Fragrant Flower cautiously approached her old home. After creeping as close to the abode of her foe as she considered prudent she climbed up and hid amongst the branches of a large cedar tree, where she was well screened from observation, and whence she had a good view of the chief's home, and also of the village and its surroundings. From the small number of canoes on the banks of the creek she inferred that many of the inhabitants were absent, but her interest centered in the chief's lodge, and the rage and hatred by which she was possessed when she saw her enemy with his wife and child, lounging idly near their dwelling boded ill to them.

When it became dark, Fragrant Flower descended and spent the night on the ground, but again climbed to her lofty perch when the sun once more shed his light on the scene.

Again she saw the chief and his family moving about, the man engaged in making fish spears, his wife weaving mats, and the child armed with a small bow and arrow shooting at a mark. At length the chief strolled away towards the further end of the village, and shortly after a woman from a distant cabin came to where the chief's wife was at work, the two shortly leaving for the home of the latter. The child in the meantime having become wearied with his play, had gone to sleep on a mat near the door of the lodge.

With almost breathless interest Fragrant Flower had witnessed every movement, feeling that the time for her revenge had at last come, she quickly descended to the

ground, and with the stealthy tread of a wild animal, reached the side of the unconscious child. Giving a quick glance around she gazed for a moment on the face of her intended victim, then raising her club she paused, and lowered her arm, murmuring "the river will be better." She then stooped and carefully raised the sleeping child in her strong arms, fled like a startled deer to where her canoe was hidden. Very carefully and tenderly she deposited her burden therein, without any feeling impelling her to revenge and murder finding a place in her heart, for no sooner did she feel the warm breath of the sleeping child on her sun-burned cheek, and the pulsations of his heart against her breast than she became at once transformed.

The pure breath of helpless childhood had fanned into activity the divine spark, which not always active, is still somewhere latent in every human being; the child she had stolen with the intention of murdering she would now risk her life to protect from harm; but no thought of returning him to his parents entered her mind. No, he belonged to her now, and in order to escape with him to her forest home no time must be lost; embarking then without delay she propelled her canoe with all possible speed up the river, until dark. Comforting the child as best she could, she prepared their evening meal and a resting place for the night, solicitous for the comfort of her charge and anxious to provide warmth and shelter for him, still she would not break a bough from an overhanging tree, or crush a bush, or fern, which might afford a clue to their route. And here it may be remarked that Indian children are more easily consoled, and adapt themselves more readily to circumstances than do those of white parents. In their villages and encampments, the children of Indians all associate together, wandering from lodge to lodge they pick up food when hungry wherever they can, and know but little of the restraints of domestic life.

At early dawn the fugitives resumed their journey, and in due course reached their home, to which they were joyfully welcomed by Kluwana, who had been lonely, and uneasy regarding the safety of her friend, realizing that their fates were now interwoven.

The child was delighted to see Kluwana, whom he at once recognized, and embraced so affectionately as almost to cause a pang of jealousy in the breast of Fragrant Flower. But she felt that no time must be lost, the responsibility of leadership weighed upon her and although realizing that a search of the most thorough character would be made for the child, she did not fear capture. She felt something within which responded to the necessities of the occasion. She was no longer the ignorant inexperienced girl that she had been a few years before. Although she could not give her new emotions a name, and was even unconscious of their cause, all unknown to herself the latent germs of spiritual and intellectual life had been vivified in her soul, and were becoming the directing influence of her life.

Such experiences had led Fragrant Flower to ponder much over the "wherefore" of it all, and she looked as never before upon the mighty mountains, snow capped with their lofty pinnacles pointing toward the sky—that place to her, of awe and mystery, now excited her imagination. What mighty race dwelt there, she asked herself, and lit their camp fires as soon as "the great fire ball" hid behind the mountains; certainly there were often fierce battles between the various tribes in that mysterious region, for had she not seen the glare of their torches and listened to their roars of anger. Influenced by such thoughts, and listening to the thousand voices of Mother Nature as they whispered to her from mountain, river and forest, the poor girl realized her weakness and ignorance.

This reaching out of her soul, after what she instinctively felt to be infinitely above her comprehension, stimulated her intellect, imparting activity to her mind and reasoning powers, enabling her, to some extent, to realize her position as a hunted fugitive, who in order to escape capture, must endeavor to fathom the plans of her enemies. She thought about what would take place, when the child was missed, of how at first his absence would not cause alarm as it would be supposed that he had sought the company of other children,

and would return ere night to his home, but that as darkness approached, enquiries and a general search would be made; but not finding him, they would fear that he had gone to the bank of the river to play and had fallen in. She was also aware that in hurrying from the village with the child in her arms, she might have left a visible trail, and that careful as she had been, yet a broken fern or the mark of her canoe on the shore where she had landed, would afford a clue, which would be speedily followed up.

Therefore she reasoned it must be concealed where it could not be found, but where? To such keen trail hunters as she knew her pursuers to be, a crushed blade of grass or a broken twig would betray her. She could not trust the trees or the ferns to keep her secret, therefore she must entrust its safekeeping to the water. Calling Kluwana to her assistance, they hastened to where there was a deep slough, overshadowed by large cedar trees, that rendered more opaque its naturally dark waters. Taking the canoe to this spot they placed a quantity of stones in it, then entering the water they pushed it ahead until nearly out of their depth, when they careened it until it filled, and settled on the dark muddy bottom, where Fragrant Flower felt assured it would be safe until such time as she would again require it.

Returning to her cabin a supply of food was hastily prepared, and such other articles as were considered necessary. Then the two Indian maidens, accompanied by the boy, who was as agile as a young deer, started for a place about two miles down the river, and selected for their resting place the top of a conical, thickly wooded hill near the river, whence they had an extensive view of its channel in each direction.

The sun was now descending behind the western mountains, rendering them glorious beyond description, clothing them with mantles of purple, crimson and gold, of mingling and ever varying shades of splendor. Although she did not expect to see any searchers that evening, as even if her trail had been discovered and a party had left early in the day to search for her, Fragrant Flower knew their progress would necessarily be slow. Still she was alert for sight or sound which might indicate anything unusual in her neighborhood until nightfall, after which time she knew that Indians never travel, except under circumstances of urgent necessity, whilst under present conditions fears would keep them close to their camp fires during the night.

Before it became dark Fragrant Flower rejoined her companions, and after partaking of their evening meal, they slept undisturbed on their mossy couches until the rising sun again illuminated the mountaintops with his golden splendor.

In the meantime affairs at the settlement had happened very much as Fragrant Flower had imagined. When it became certain that the child had disappeared, the usual calmness and stolidity of the Indian character, gave place to scenes of the wildest excitement, the men hurrying to and fro, searching for any sign which would account for his absence, whilst the women, squatting in groups upon the ground, wailed and tore their hair.

Legends almost forgotten, were recalled by the old men, and recited to terror-stricken groups—of fearful monsters into which men who had been banished to the mountains for crimes committed against their tribesmen had been transformed by powerful evil spirits, the spirits which occasionally hurled from the mountains great masses of snow, with trees and rocks, spirits who at different times in the past had actually entered the villages and carried children away to their caves in the mountains.

But while some were listening with superstitious awe to these wild stories of the past, others had succeeded in finding and following the trail of Fragrant Flower from the home of the child to where she had entered her canoe. These returned with all speed and informed the chief.

A council was immediately held, and it was decided to send three canoes, with three men in each, to examine the margins of the river, in order to find, if possible, some trace of the fugitives, and when found the whole party were to join in searching the woods in the vicinity.

The party left the village about noon, on the day after the abduction of the child.

The chief, with two of the most active men of the tribe, leading, they proceeded rapidly at first, then at a sign from the leader more slowly. Silently and cautiously they scanned the margin of the stream, landing occasionally to search for foot-prints or otner signs, such as a broken twig or crushed fern, or any other indication of the presence of the fugitives. Then entering their canoes again, but leaving a man on either side to follow the shore on foot, they thus in silence but alert and watchful advanced until it grew dark under the shade of the trees, when they rejoined one another, and spent the night in company.

The next morning they resumed the search in the same order as before, the chief with his men a short distance in advance of the others. About noon Fragrant Flower, from her hiding place sighted the chief's canoe, and with quickened pulse hastened to Kluwana and the child, cautioning her to keep well under cover, and not to allow the slightest sound to be heard. She then hastened back to her watch-tower, from whence she could recognize her pursuers and observe their movements.

The canoe of the chief, after being propelled for a short distance by vigorous but noiseless strokes, would at a sign from him be held stationary, by the paddles being held perpendicular in the water and manipulated by an occasional turn of the wrist, the chief meanwhile standing and viewing the banks of the stream with keen, rapid glances. In this order the party passed up the river, little thinking that their movements had been watched by Fragrant Flower, who remained in her hiding place until nightfall. Then rejoining Kluwana and her charge she related the events of the day and also explained her plans for the future, which were to keep a vigilant watch, until such time as the nine men who composed the chief's party had returned down stream, when they would all make for their old camping place, recover their canoe, and busy themselves catching and smoking fish, and gathering wild berries and other food to last through the coming winter.

The two following days passed without any incident calculated to cause alarm. But on the third day about noon she saw the three canoes pass rapidly down the river; when the last one had passed out of her sight, she sought her companions and with them returned to the place they called home.

The next morning she recovered her canoe and when it was brought to its old landing place, she saw with great satisfaction that the search party had spent one night in its immediate vicinity, the ashes of their camp fire being plainly seen, but as it was getting dark when they landed they had failed to observe any marks which might have betrayed her. Besides the landing of three canoes and the movements of nine men in their preparations for spending the night, obliterated any signs which would have been visible otherwise.

Upon the return to their homes of the chief and his party, sad, disappointed and overwhelmed by superstitious fears of the intervention of spirits or demons on behalf of the fugitives, fearful forebodings of evil became general in the village. For although Indians are heroes against mortal and visible foes, yet when their superstitious fears are fairly aroused they are much like timid children in the dark.

The stories of the old men of the village, of what had happened in the past through the agency of malignant spirits were now readily believed and a settled conviction became general that Fragrant Flower and her companions had gained the protection of a powerful spirit, who could render them invisible at will, or cause the mountain side to open and admit them into immense caverns, whence, as they all knew, mocking voices would call back to them, or to any one who shouted, or even spoke loud in their vicinity, and the prevalence of this belief effectually prevented any further attempts being made to recover the missing child.

As peace and friendship had existed for some time between the Chehalis and Silver Creek tribes, friendly visits were frequently exchanged between the members of the rival villages, and some weeks after the visits related, the chief of the Chehalis, accompanied by a number of his braves, arrived at Silver Creek, on a friendly visit, and informed their neighbors that two young men of their tribe

had recently left their homes, and as they were kinsmen of Fragrant Flower's late lover, whom the chief and his companions had slain, they feared that they had passed up the river in the night, with the intention of seeking her, they having, it was supposed, some mysterious knowledge of where she was to be found. And as they had always cherished revengeful feelings against the chief for the part he had taken in the death of their relative, they now, it was believed, wished to join her and together plan how best to accomplish their revengeful designs. This intelligence gave them fresh causes for anxiety.

After the departure of his visitors, the chief feeling the necessity of doing something to allay the terrors of his people, called a council to devise some means of protecting themselves from he knew not what danger. After a long conference, during which the old men added not a little to the fears of their hearers, by reciting legends which had come down through many generations, the head medicine man of the tribe, who had listened in silence till now, arose to his feet, and, speaking wildly though as one bearing authority, said:

"My children, you are very foolish, you waste your time listening to silly stories, or sleep it away in your lodges by the river side.

"If you would spend it when not at useful work, on the mountains, listening to the voices which can be heard there whispering words of wisdom, or watching at night the camp fires of the great spirit and his people whose lodges are far above the tops of the highest mountains, you would become wise, and your words would not be as the chattering of squirrels. Listen to me, my children. It is true that those whom you wish to destroy because you fear them, although they are but few, and you are many, may have gained the favor of the spirits of the mountains, who may hide them from the sight of your eyes when you seek them. Still, they must eat, and salmon is the food which is provided for your subsistence every season. So long as salmon and canoes can get up the river, you can not prevent a tribe of people being formed there, who may become powerful and be your enemies. If, therefore, you have wisdom enough to prevent fish and canoes from getting up you will be safe. If not, you may be destroyed. I have spoken."

The aged man then slowly made his way from the council, where perfect silence prevailed, to a rude shelter in the forest, where he passed most of the time alone.

The silence was at length broken by the chief, who said:

"Our Father is wise, the words spoken by him are good; we must prevent salmon from getting up the river; where the mountains come close to the river is the place; let every man be ready to go with me tomorrow and we will roll stones from the steep hill-sides, and make a wall so high that neither salmon nor canoes can pass it; be ready when the sun rises over the mountain tops."

The next morning a lively scene was witnessed, when a fleet of canoes, each carrying several men, left the village and were propelled up stream to where the banks on either side rose steep and high, and its channel was contracted by an encroaching bluff. Here the party landed, half on either side, and commenced detaching the loose rocks, and rolling them into the stream.

Although at first, timid and somewhat fearful, they soon gained confidence from their number and rolling stones down the steep bank supplied excitement, so the work went bravely on. Toward evening they returned to their camp, and resumed their labor early next morning, hoping to complete their task before night. But, to their annoyance, they found that much of the work which they had done on the previous day had been destroyed, owing to the strength of the current caused by the channel having been filled in on either side.

They worked hard all day in the vain endeavor to complete their task before nightfall, but when they thought their work was nearing a successful completion, the weight of water which had accumulated above their dam, again proved too great for its strength, and it began to give way in the center. Seeing this, the chief, in desperation, threw himself into the river above the dam, allowing his body to be pressed against it by the

current for the purpose of strengthening it, but the suction quickly carried him under, whilst the pressure forced him hard against the stones, where it held him securely. Horrified and with their superstitious fears all revived, the tribesmen in a panic fled to their canoes, and with all possible speed returned to their village, where their wild and incoherent narratives of what had happened, caused indescribable scenes of terror and despair.

It was several weeks before anyone from the village could muster courage to visit the scene of the calamity, nor can these untutored people be justly charged with cowardice on account of their fears, for they attributed all their misfortune, which culminated in the tragic death of their chief, to the agency of malignant spirits, or at least to some supernatural power. When at length a party consisting of several of the bravest members of the tribe, started up the creek for the purpose of recovering if possible the body of their late chief, their astonishment was great when on reaching the place they found that where their efforts to obstruct the river had been futile, a ledge of solid rock ten feet high now extended from bank to bank, and that the outlines of the form of their lost chief could be clearly traced in its formation.

Because he had sacrificed his life in an endeavor to benefit his people, the Great Spirit had transformed him into the rock.

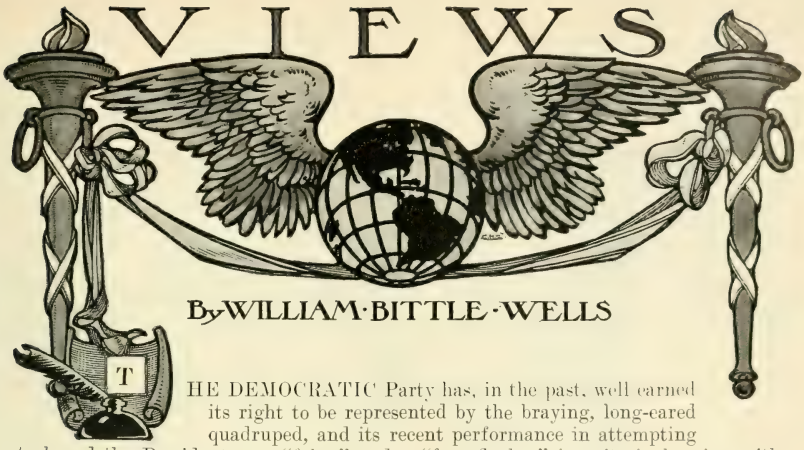
The Greater Loss

By Andreas Bard

Would Thou hadst died, while on the shrine of passion
The mystic flame still burned within my breast;
Would I had wept, unsolaced, o'er Thy ashes,
And laid, with Thee, Love's troubled dream to rest!

Not thus. Thy presence which to highest heaven
Once raised my thought; the words which used to thrill,
The dream, the love, the rapture—now in ruins!
Within this death-chilled bosom all is still.

Would Thou hadst died, ere dull despair had written
With a remorseful pen Love's threnody;
Or that together with its lofty visions
This soul of mine had lost its memory!



By WILLIAM·BITTLE·WELLS

THE DEMOCRATIC Party has, in the past, well earned its right to be represented by the braying, long-eared quadruped, and its recent performance in attempting to brand the President as a "faker" and a "four-flusher" is quite in keeping with this classification. This unfortunate state of affairs is due in some measure to those who are responsible for the recent attack upon the President—an attack which emanated from the Democratic headquarters in Washington, and which evidently had the approval of the Party leaders. For colossal weakness this campaign document stands in a class by itself. "Vilification and abuse" may have been good politics once. If so, the time has passed. No one is deceived by it today. This is especially true when such a policy is adopted towards President Roosevelt. Even the ignorant voters of the country know that Roosevelt is an honest man. They know he has "made good." They believe that he always does what he thinks to be right. But, like all men, he has made mistakes, for the man is yet to be found who is perfect. Roosevelt's record, however, is a triumph of statesmanship, of tenacity of purpose, and of Christian character. To call him a "faker" and a "four-flusher," therefore, is an insult to American citizenship and to its loftiest ideals, and it should prove a boomerang to the Party which fathered such an insult. We have had enough of this sort of thing in American politics, and as long as it is tolerated, or allowed to pass without the most vigorous protests, so long will the political standard remain debased.

The scathing commentary on Democratic wisdom which the Party has brought upon itself by this recent campaign document is only one of its minor troubles, however. Democracy is in a more serious plight. It will take several decades yet to recover fully from the effect of the Civil War. Discredit was brought upon the Party in the North, and the strong men there have naturally affiliated with the Republican Party. In the South, of course, the reverse is the case. But the North rules the Nation, and forty years have not been sufficient to adjust the situation. The Democratic Party, therefore, when compared to the Republican, is laboring under a very heavy handicap. This is painfully evident in the situation today. Bryan seems to be the only Democrat of Presidential calibre who is sufficiently well known to justify a nomination. Parker's candidacy was a farce. Yet it is instructive because it illustrates in the most forcible manner the plight of the Democratic Party—its lack of strong, forceful men, who are known throughout the Nation. Of course we may account for this condition through the continued success of the Republican Party, which has never been at a loss for the man for the occasion. Democracy has consequently been unable to try, or even to develop, its men or its possibilities. Yet it has had great leaders, and it will have great leaders in the future. There can be no doubt of that, for its period of leadership and power must come eventually, because the Democratic Party has been generally in advance of the times. Yet there are principles advocated by the Democratic Party which ought to prevail now, and they would prevail if the Party could avoid its blunders—if it could be better advised. As it is, its headlong, ill-directed course discourages those who, to keep in line, must perforce look to the dim past and take courage in the ancient traditions and honors of the Party.



H. C. Lodge.



Needs of the Phillipines

An Interview with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge
of Massachusetts

By Jewell H. Aubere

THERE were several questions I had prepared to put to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge when I went to interview him on the "Needs of the Philippines." I expected, because of his literary training and his usual positive assertative way of expressing himself, that he would want to take them, and con over them, and answer them with the deliberation of one who gives positive, assertive opinions and stands on them against all the world though its very foundations seem to shake. But when I told him of the general topic he inquired:

"You use the typewriter?" and waved me to one of the two machines in his comfortable and artistically decorated committee room in the basement of the Senate wing of the Capitol.

Before I had time to ask a question or do other than put a sheet in the typewriter he began:

"Much has been done for the Philippines since they passed into the control of the United States; but much still remains to be done. We have passed an organic act which gives them good land laws, good mining laws, and good courts. We have given them a sound currency and we passed legislation designed to encourage railroad building in the islands. We have also restored order and established schools.

"That which the islands chiefly need now, is commercial and industrial opportunity. We have improved the conditions necessary for economic development immensely, but we ought to add to all we have done in the way of sound currency, good administration of justice, and railroad building, an ample market. We should admit Philippine products on better terms to our own market. Certainly, at the very least, as the House proposed, at 25 per cent of the Dingley rates on tobaaco and sugar and everything else free with the exception of a sliding scale on rice.

"I have never believed, nor have I ever seen any proof, that the admission of Philippine tobacco and sugar free or at a low duty would injure any industry of the United States. The only danger which has been pointed out is one which may arise in the future and which, if it did arise, could be guarded against then. This is the most immediate need of the Philippines which legislation can assist. In other directions all that is really required is to carry on the policy which has already been begun and has already borne such good fruit. Except for the question of the tariff the Philippine problem is one of administration. The debt which the islands owe Mr. Taft is inestimable,

but we need constantly to have administrators and judges in the Philippines who will carry out the work along lines which Mr. Taft has marked out.

"Every year makes it more possible to secure good men to administer the government of the Philippines because we are now training men for the service and adding to their number every year. To sum up: what the Philippine Islands need are better terms for entrance to our markets and a steady, honest, able administration."

The Senator had been sitting before his roll top desk carefully stroking his closely trimmed beard in an upward movement under the chin. A thin though well-turned leg was crossed over the other leg. It was a characteristic nervous movement of his to swing the upper one back and forth so that the toe nearly scraped on the moquette carpet. The messenger of a Senatorial colleague came to the room at this point and, in response to a summons, Senator Lodge passed out to the elevator. Two minutes later he was on the Senate floor making his interesting and unexpected speech on the meat inspection legislation then in conference between the two houses of the Congress.

I looked over what the Massachusetts Senator had dictated and found that, without hint from me, he had answered the first two of five questions I had determined to put to him in the order of their preparation. The first was "What do you consider the greatest need of the Philippines?" and the second "Do you believe the tariff concessions sought for the islands could be granted by the United States without sacrificing American interests or the protective tariff principle?"

Because the administration had submitted to the Congress and urged, in season and out of season, the Philippine tariff legislation, it was not the feat of a seventh son of a seventh son to divine what would be the attitude of Senator Lodge and what he would consider most important in the way of Philippine need. As chairman of the Senate committee on Philippines, he was in charge of the campaign for this legislation throughout the session. As the personal friend and trusted adviser of President Theodore Roosevelt, it was to be expected that he would espouse the cause of the administration with enthusiasm. Then because of his New England nativity, his New England education, and, I may say, New England prejudice, it was natural to ask him his opinion as to the effect of the proposed tariff changes on protected industries.

Senator Lodge made a hard, earnest, and intelligent fight for the desired legislation. The effort failed; but no one doubts that it will be renewed without diminished energy at the short session which, under the mandate of the constitution, convenes in December. Surely no one doubts it who knows Senator Lodge and saw him in the original fight, which he waged for wearying months, to pass the Lodge bill. It gave the Philippines their present form of civil government.

With an element of the Senate the advocacy of a measure by the Massachusetts Senator prejudices it. He exercises little of the finesse and suavity of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich in securing his ends. Rather, he follows the blunt, assertive, almost dictatorial style of the other Senate leader, Eugene Hale, of Maine. Lodge makes up his mind as to the necessity, the desirability and righteousness of a thing, and then he pounds for it and demands it until, in the end, he usually gets it. His method is one which requires that he be master of the subject to be legislated upon and capable of defending it in the surprising ramifications of debate against all comers. Lodge's education and training fit him peculiarly for such tasks. It is perhaps true that he never knew a care associated with the acquirement of the means of livelihood.

Possessed of a naturally wonderful mind and a store of nervous and mental energy, which is not often associated with one born to ease and luxury, Lodge has been educating himself all of his life. His authorship of volume after volume and the position he has acquired as a historical authority as well as master legislator, testify to his accomplishments. The habit of digging, of learning the philosophy and logic of events and their broader aspect and significance in connection with the development of the Nation, gives Senator Lodge peculiar advantage in the legislative tasks which have come to

him in his Senate service. He has builded a legislative monument in all of the legislation which is now on the statute books relative to the Philippine Islands, for the chairmanship of the Philippines committee has been his since this country faced a Philippine problem. Lodge is a living refutation of the assertion that wealth and possibility of ease bring civic worthlessness and idleness. He is of the type of rich men who have given the best that is in them to the republic—men like Elihu Root, Philander C. Knox, James Garfield, Gifford Pinchot and Robert Bacon. There is many a rich man in the Senate and in the government service, but not, perhaps, like the men named, who have always been of independent means and hewed their way in spite of opulence and not with political ambition as a part of their life struggle and aim.

Two hours later I had a chance to resume my interview with the Massachusetts Senator. He had begun to toy with his hat in preparation for leaving the great stone pile for his evening walk of a mile and a half to his beautiful home in fashionable, Northwest Washington. He would have bolted for the door if I had not caught him with the question:

"Senator, do you think it will be necessary for the United States to enter upon a general policy such as that indicated by the guarantees upon investment given to the railroads recently authorized?"

"I do not think that it is necessary for the United States to go any further in the direction which has already been followed by the giving guarantees for railroad construction." He said, "They have a good steamboat service among the islands and their foreign export trade is now open to all the shipping of the world. Railroads will do more to develop and civilize the islands, and to maintain order, than anything else. We have made a beginning in that direction and if the road now in process of construction is successful, as it promises to be, we shall have little difficulty, I think, in securing for the islands the remainder of the capital authorized which, in the aggregate, will construct a thousand miles.

"So far as any selfish advantage to the United States is concerned, I do not think that we should ever do anything which is not for the benefit of the islands, no matter what profit we might hope to derive for ourselves. Our first duty is to the Filipino people. We must establish them and give them government which they are unable to secure for themselves unassisted. If we do that, and then, by wise legislation, confer upon them peace and prosperity, their economic improvement and increase of wealth is sure to redound to our benefit. But in no other way ought we to attempt to gain any selfish advantage from our possession of the islands. I have no doubt that in the future we shall build up a very valuable commerce with the Philippines. But the great advantage to the United States in the possession of the islands is the fact that we are thereby the masters of Manila. Manila is one of the great ports of the Orient and the control of Manila, with the presence of a fleet and of troops which it necessarily implies, gives us a strength in dealing with Oriental questions which we could obtain in no other way. It has already proved of the greatest importance to us in the settlement of questions which have arisen in China. It will be still more valuable in the future."

"As to an absolutely independent government, that is a question of time. The Filipinos now can not carry on an independent government. We have gone to the very limit of safety, in my opinion, in granting them a representative assembly. It remains to be seen how that assembly will work. If we should leave the islands now, they would fall into a condition of anarchy. Their territory would become the scene of bloody struggles between different factions for control of the government. They would break up into small states, and, in a very short time, fall a prey to some country which would rule them with an iron hand and without that regard to their welfare and development which is the principal object of our policy and of all the legislation we have heretofore attempted."

His voice had ceased. I turned to see if that was all, to find him bowing me out of his committee room, and hastily glancing over some letters handed to him by his secretary before leaving the capitol, late for his dinner through the indulgence he had shown me.



Surf Breaking on Whale Rock at Newport Beach, Oregon's Winter Resort.



Digging Rock Oysters in the rocks of Newport Beach on Yaquina Bay.

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

I AM glad to see that this magazine has opened a "Readers' Club" department where the general public may be heard, and I am glad to see that Daniel James Haynes has in this department defended the protective tariff. Any discussion is better than apathy and the subject which fears discussion must be weak. There is nothing on earth too sacred for enquiry. There is no enquiry which can do harm to aught but falsities. A live argument on the protective tariff is far better than the haughty and contemptuous "stand-pat" order. I would not have the truths of free trade left to my feeble pen all too hurried in the pressure of earning my living in a most exacting profession. But I am glad to make an exposition of my views.

Mr. Haynes says I do not tell why the protective tariff violates a natural law. I supposed every one admitted that the protective law was a violation of the natural right of every man to spend his money in his own way, buying where he could buy cheapest. Society by law interferes with this natural right on the ground that the good of society as a whole demands that certain manufacturers be protected from the competition of cheaper foreign goods. Robinson Crusoe finds he can buy goats and bananas from one tribe cheaper than from another, and parrots and bread-fruit cheaper from still another tribe. He makes those beautiful haystack umbrellas which we associate with him in the picture books, which he barters to the various tribes as he can best bargain. This is natural, or free trade every one is doing with his own as best pleases him, getting the most he can for his merchandise and paying the least possible in exchange, and that is every man's natural right. But if the chiefs of the goat-tribe and of the parrot-tribe pass a law saying Mr. Crusoe cannot come into their territories with his umbrellas unless he pays one goat or two parrots per umbrella for every umbrella he brings in, it must be clear as it seems to me that Mr. Crusoe's natural right to sell in open and equal market is violated and as in order to keep from loss he must tack on to his price one goat or two parrots per umbrella, it seems to me the chiefs have made their subjects pay just one goat or two parrots per umbrella more than they ought to pay and this is an interference with their natural right to buy as cheaply as possible. It may be that the clumsy natives who could not equal Crusoe in cheapness of manufacture by one goat or one parrot will now find they can equal his price with the added price of a goat or two parrots forced on him. Thereupon umbrella factories will start up all over the island to participate in this protective graft, and finding what a good thing it is to have the price a consumer must pay forced by law, they will endeavor to own the chiefs and will try to make the protective duty two goats and four parrots. Or it may be, as in the case of steel rails in this country, they will start with a protective bonus of six goats and twenty-four parrots and, as material and wages cheap-

en, this will be reduced to two goats and six parrots, the relative graft remaining the same, but they receive much credit for the seeming reduction. Now in all this the chiefs benefit from the robbery they have exacted from Crusoe and they get drunk and extravagant. The makers of "protected" umbrellas benefit, they own the chiefs, and they get fat, lordly and insolent and finally combine to keep control of this tempting graft and also to keep control of the chiefs to prevent their changing the law. If a new manufacturer starts up they try to club him to death, but if he is long lived they whisper together, "It is better to take him in than to risk spoiling our graft," so he is let in, and finally there are more goat skin umbrella factories than the island really needs, so there have to be shuttings down of factories and givings away of goods at less than cost to fellows on other islands, and instead of being on a foundation of natural supply and demand, trade is on the artificial foundation of legislated price and an artificially stimulated production.

But it is said the growers of goat skins will profit and also the cutters of rattan for umbrella sticks and the sewers of umbrellas. The trouble is there are so few goat growers, rattan gatherers and umbrella makers compared to the whole tribe and each one's share of the graft is so small that it benefits these too little to consider and is unjust to the great bulk of the tribe who do not grow goats, gather rattans or sew umbrellas. The mass of the tribe have earned their goats and parrots in the sweat of their faces and should have the right to buy Crusoe's umbrellas at a goat or two parrots cheaper than they are allowed.

Under the influence of this graft laid on them by the chiefs there become more umbrella sewers than there is need for, and the umbrella sewers begin to bid against each other for the chance to work, necessarily the scale of wages falls, and while the tax on Crusoe's umbrellas might be raised until he could not sell any at all and this monopoly for domestic manufacture might stimulate home industry a little while longer, yet there comes a limit beyond which even the chiefs cannot force things; a price at which no one will buy umbrellas, so eventually you meet the inevitable problem that wages will be regulated by the law of demand and supply. Mr. Haynes says:

"Our protective tariff was primarily designed to develop mills and factories and incidentally to protect the owners thereof, but it has now grown to be a necessity for the protection of farmers and working men alike."

It seems to me the whole case is given away in the admission that the primary design was to develop mills and factories and protect the owners. The second statement is even worse. If laborers and farmers must now depend on the protecting tariff, Lord, in what a glass house we live. Who are these owners of mills and factories that they must have a special license on the pockets of the whole people? That the protective tariff helps the farmer or laborer I must content myself with denying. The whole thing becomes a maze of figures and statistics in which it is utterly impossible to tell the proportion of the farmer or the laborer in the artificially forced price as against his proportion of contribution to other artificially forced prices. It is believed and I believe that no laborers proportion of a protective graft—if he gets any at all—offsets his tribute to a thousand other grafts in which he has no share. But the best argument is that from a falsity and an admittedly artificial interference in the natural right of every man to sell where he can sell dearest and to buy where he can buy cheapest no good can come.

If Jefferson said the sun revolved about the earth it would not make it so. Our minds are not in chains to the dead—but in fact, Jefferson, in advocating a high tariff was, if I remember correctly, speaking of a revenue tariff from luxuries, —wines, brandies, silks, etc. He never advocated protection.

Certainly *all* cannot benefit, for there must be someone to pay the graft. The foreigner does not pay it. Mr. Hayne's talk of the foreigner paying the tax amazes me. Every intelligent school boy knows that the import duty is one of the elements of "cost" figured on the article, which forms the basis of price at which it can be sold at a profit. The buyer pays it—the poor American buyer. If the foreigner does pay it—let us raise it till he pays all our taxes. And this brings me

back to my argument. We cannot *all* benefit from the protective tariff for it is in its essence an artificial and forced increase in price and somebody pays it—that grafted price. I don't care how many people share the benefit—or how many share the burden—or if the same man gets part benefit and part burden the fact remains that there must be a *balance* of loss or of gain somewhere. The buyers must be losers and the sellers gainers. Do farmers or protected manufacturers gain the most in this balance of graft. Let the plutocratic farmers answer for themselves. And the facts must not be lost sight of that this forced price is not on the imported article alone. The very object of protection is to enable the domestic article to sell as high up to the protected price as is possible.

Mr. Haynes, I think, falls into the error of *"post hoc—propter hoc."* That is to say because there is misery in England and free trade in England he argues that free trade causes the misery. Because there were hard times and strikes in Cleveland's time, free trade or the fear of it was the cause.

It is like the ingenious Turkish physician, who told his typhoid fever patient (a tailor) on no account to drink water, and next day finding him much better was astonished, and more astonished to find he had drunk a gallon of water and eaten raw cabbage. Therefore he prescribed for his next patient (a shoemaker) a gallon of water and a plate of raw cabbage. The patient died—whereupon this wise arguer from facts wrote, "Water and cabbage good for tailors, bad for shoemakers."

Does Mr. Haynes consider the overpopulation of England and the fact that its whole acreage is owned by a few men—and thousands upon thousands of acres are kept wholly useless? Does he consider the worst strikes and panics we have had have been under this very tariff and several of them under republican administrations? Does he consider that the real beneficiaries of this graft—the manufacturers—could make a panic tomorrow by closing their factories and saying they feared Bryan, or Roosevelt, or measles? Does he consider the effect of our land system—our money system? Does he consider that McKinley himself advocated its reduction? Or if really all our prosperity, farmers' and laborers' as well, be really due to the protective tariff, in God's name, increase it, lay it on thick, make more of it. Let us all have some and let Oregon have a protective wall against California and the East. You cannot have too much of a good thing. I subjoin a catechism for beginners:

Q. What is a protective tariff?

A. One which protects.

Q. Against what does it protect?

A. Against competition with cheaper goods of a better quality from the outside.

Q. Whom does it protect?

A. The manufacturer of goods in this country, who cannot or will not compete with the foreign-made articles.

Q. How do we know he cannot compete?

A. We don't know—we take his word for it.

Q. Is he a disinterested witness?

A. Very!

Q. Does he ever sell to the foreigner cheaper than to the native?

A. Often.

Q. Why?

A. He is overstocked.

Q. Why?

A. He has manufactured too much.

Q. Why?

A. He overestimated the market.

Q. Why?

A. He knew he could unload his surplus even at a loss and still be a big winner.

Q. Why?

A. Because of the protective tariff.

Q. Does he really sell at a loss?

A. Probably not.

Q. If not, he must make enormous profits in the regular prices?

A. Yes.

Q. Or if the regular prices cover also a loss on foreign sales the profits must be great?

A. Yes.

Q. Who pays the protective duty?

A. The importer.

Q. Is this his gift to the people?

A. No.

Q. How does he get it back?

A. Adds it to the price of the goods.

Q. Who pays this?

A. The buyer.

Q. Who are the buyers?

A. The whole people.

Q. What is their common name?

A. Suckers.

Q. Does the laborer in factories—protected by the tariff—get a benefit?

A. No.

Q. Why not?

A. Because his wages depend on the relation of the supply of men capable of doing his labor to the demand for such labor.

Q. But if the factory went out of existence, would he not be out of a job?

A. Yes, as has often happened.

Q. And if all the protected factories went out of existence, their labor would be thrown out of employment?

A. Yes.

Q. And if the manufacturer gets an artificially raised price for his goods cannot he pay an artificially high price for labor?

A. Yes, so long as labor is scarce or the supply is not in excess of the demand.

Q. What would make the supply in excess of the demand?

A. The increase in factories anxious to share the protective bonus until there was an overproduction, resulting in the consolidation of factories, the reduction and shutting down of factories. Also the tendency of increase in population in factory districts and the struggle for employment. All of which has actually happened.

Q. What would be the effect of shutting down of factories caused by removal of the protective tariff?

A. The same as has frequently happened by the consolidation of several corporations into a trust and the shutting down of some factories. The same as is happening in the shrinkage of various business. The men would have to seek other employment.

Q. Ought this to be considered?

A. Not as an objection to removing the tariff.

Q. Why not?

A. Because the good of the whole must be considered and even were it true that factory labor in protected industries depends on the tariff that is no reason why the mass of the people should be taxed by an increased price to support either mill owners or mill hands—and also because it is not true that the protected industries could not live without the tariff. Their enormous wealth shows an excess of profits. Their ability to give goods away to foreigners shows unnatural profits. The comparison between wages, cost of production and purchasing power of money here and in Europe shows that the protective tariff is not necessary and the American laborer is getting the benefit not of the tariff but of the vast open areas of land which have existed in the West, and he is more and more becoming a slave competing with his fellows for the privilege of working.

Q. Ought the protective tariff to be abolished?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is fundamentally wrong, and what is wrong can never be right; and from a falsity no real good for the whole people can ever come.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON

THE DIVINE FIRE.

THIS book is two or three years old, and so it is about time to read it. It is to thank its gifted author for having written it. It approaches greatness more nearly than any novel that has been written in ten years at least, and it holds the most flattering interest from the first page to the last without any apparent effort on the author's part to do so.

But just because the book was burned out of the author's soul by the "divine fire" itself, it has many faults, faults the more irritating because they seem so unnecessary. One expects faults in a weak book, but in this one they are well-nigh unbearable.

Keith Rickman's association with Miss Poppy Grace is bad enough; but his engagement to marry that little, sleek, smooth animal Flossie—the little "Beaver"—is repulsive. "Beaver"—*after* Lucia Harden! If she had come before; but after!

To a sensitive reader, to whom the characters have grown to be real flesh-and-blood people, so finely are they wrought up by the author's sure, firm touch, this part of the book becomes positively painful. Poor Flossie is so faithfully, yes, so mercilessly drawn. The name "Beaver" was an inspiration. And then to have Keith Rickman, a poet, engaged to her for a couple of years—and still in his soul loving Lucia Harden and keeping his eyes lifted to her as to a star! Right here the reader opens his window wider and lets in more sweet night-air.

It may have been necessary. As the old lady said when her husband was burned to death in a powder explosion—"It may be the Lord's will; but if He had to take Hiram, I don't see why He couldn't of took him some way so's he wouldn't look so black."

That engagement was a black transaction; and on the last page of the book Keith Rickman acknowledges it to be the worst thing he ever did.

"I can understand all the rest," said Lucia; "but I can't understand that."

"I think I'd rather you didn't understand it, darling," he made answer.

It is a book to be read many times.

"LET US EAT APART."

FOR many reasons have I long loved Miss Jeanette Gilder, the brilliant editor of that brilliant magazine, *The Critic;* but now has she worked her way into my very heart.

Criticising some one's suggestion to give a home the Indian name of Wehpittituck, meaning "Let us eat together," Miss Gilder luminously remarks—

"That does not appeal to me nearly as much as 'Let us eat apart,' for if there is anything in the world that I would rather not do it is to eat with strangers."

I can go Miss Gilder one better. Were

it not for hurting their gentle feelings, I would rather not eat with my friends.

I have never seen one person eat in a manner that gave me pleasure, or, in truth, anything but deep regret. Therefore, taking it for granted that my own way of eating is as distasteful to my friends as theirs is to me, I have many times solemnly suggested that one should take his meals as he takes his bath—alone, in a small apartment sacredly locked and curtained, where he may gulp his soup audibly, smack his lips, masticate his food with his mouth open, breathe heavily, or spill things down his shirtfront, if he desires, without anguish to other people. *And talk*—we must not forget that. Ah, kind heaven! when one loves to eat his breakfast in silence by an open window, looking out upon the pearly blue of the morning and the delicate thin tracery of elm foliage against the sea, how soul-racking is it to have some one begin to talk about the *algae* in the city water and the typhoid germs in the sewer!

Yet always has my individual eating apartment suggestion been received with shrieks of laughter.

On an Alaskan steamer last Summer a friend sitting beside me at dinner suddenly murmured in accents of pain—

"Oh, *don't* look at that big, big man across the table! He eats—awfully. He—he—feeds!"

I never do look at men and had not the least intention of looking at the big, big man across the table until she asked me to refrain from doing so—whereupon my eyes fairly flared in their haste to get at him.

"Telling you not to do a thing is just like saying 'sic 'em' to a fox-terrier," said she, crossly.

The man sat with both elbows on the table—the Captain's table, too, which seemed to make it worse—and his manner of getting food into his mouth reminded me forcibly of pitching hay. He was a wealthy mine-owner; and the delicate, refined young woman sitting beside him had recently married him, his mine and his manner of eating.

"I'll wager every Indian basket in our top berth," said I solemnly, "that he will spill something down his waistcoat before you can say Jack Robinson!"

And then—before *any one* could say Jack Robinson—retribution was upon me. A nerve in my elbow curled up and shook a whole spoonful of soup down the Persian embroidery of my pretty blue waist.

I have never seen any person laugh the way my companion did. I couldn't see anything funny in spilling soup, myself, but some people will laugh at anything. She behaved in a perfectly foolish way about it and, being Scotch, wound up, as might be expected, with that quotation about seeing ourselves "as ithers see us."

If she could have seen what a silly she was herself!



The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's Chicago-Portland Special flying up the Valley of the Columbia River.



Idaho's Part in Reclamation of the Arid West

By Governor Gooding of Idaho

IT is the proud boast of Idahoans that this State has done more, and is doing more for the reclamation of the Arid West, than any other of the Western States. It is not meant by this that the government reclamation projects in Idaho are greater than in other states, nor more nearly advanced toward completion, but that through the instrumentality of the Carey act, more land is being put under irrigation and producing crops than anywhere else in the Union. The State of Idaho at present has under patent from the United States, or withdrawn and seggregated under the Carey Act almost 800,000 acres of land which has been or will be productive within the next five years.

The Carey Act, of which ex-Senator Joseph M. Carey, of Wyoming, was the author, was first enacted by Congress in 1894, and amended in 1896. It provided for a grant of one million acres of land to each of the states in the Arid West, conditioned upon its being reclaimed by or under the direction of the state.

In accepting the benefits of this act, Idaho did not go into the business of building ditches itself, but provided that any person or corporation desiring to build irrigation works under the act should apply to the State Land Board. The application being made, is handed to the State Engineer for examination and report, and it is his business to examine the plans and specifications of the work, pass upon their sufficiency, and report upon the sufficiency of the proposed water supply. If the application is approved the State enters into a contract with the United States, by which the latter agrees to convey the land to the State upon the completion of the irrigation works. The person or corporation building the works acts as a construction company and is authorized by the State to charge a given maximum price for water rights, which rights entitle the holder to a proportionate interest in the works. In this way, the ownership and possession of the canal is finally vested in the settlers, the construction company maintaining it in the meantime.

The advantages of this system are that the State is not obliged to invest its money in enterprises of this kind; it takes no chances and at the same time it receives a fixed sum of fifty cents per acre for the land. The State keeps out of the construction business. On the other hand it furnishes an excellent field for the employment of private capital, with all the advantages of State control and final municipal ownership.

On the works now under construction

in Idaho nearly three million dollars have been expended, and the extensions to be made and new projects pending call for the expenditure of a probably even greater amount. These sums would be beyond the ordinary taxing power of the State to furnish.

The provisions for acquiring title to the land are in striking contrast to the combersome method provided under the government reclamation projects. Under the Carey Act an entry can be made either in person or by agent, the amount being limited to one hundred and sixty acres by any one person. No residence is required until within six months after notice that the water is ready for delivery. After that time residence is continuous until final proof, which is usually made within ninety days after the delivery of water, but which can be made at any time within three years. One-eighth of the ground is required to be cultivated. Carey Act entries are assignable before final proof. These liberal provisions of the law have been of great benefit. Suitable reclamation of the land is required, but at the same time residence is not required until water is ready for delivery, and conditions are suitable for the making of homes. The fact that entries are transferable, and also that title is easily acquired, is of inestimable value in giving credit to the members of the community, both with the merchant and banker—a matter of great necessity in a new country.

Not alone is the benefit to the settler much greater under the Carey Act, but there is a marked advantage to the State. In one of the counties of Southern Idaho there are today 37,000 acres of patented land subject to assessment. Within eighteen months Twin Falls (Carey Act) project will have added 30,000 acres of patented land to this area, all of which will be subject to assessment and will contribute its due proportion to the State and County Government, by reason of taxes paid in the same county, and there are now 60,000 acres of land settled upon under the Government's Minidoka project, which will bring no return in the way of taxes for five years or longer. Thus the settlers in the older section of the county and those upon the Carey Act lands will be obliged to pay the bills of the Government for the set-



Spillway of the Twin Falls Dam at the Town of Milner. The Spillway is 500 feet long; Dam 2000 feet; raises water 50 feet.



Ten-Year-Old Pear Orchard near Boise, Idaho.

tlers on the Government project. Schools will have to be established and maintained, roads built and kept in repair, bridges constructed, the county policed, the laws maintained, all for the benefit of the settlers upon the Government project, and at the expense only of the old settlers and the owners of the Carey Act lands.

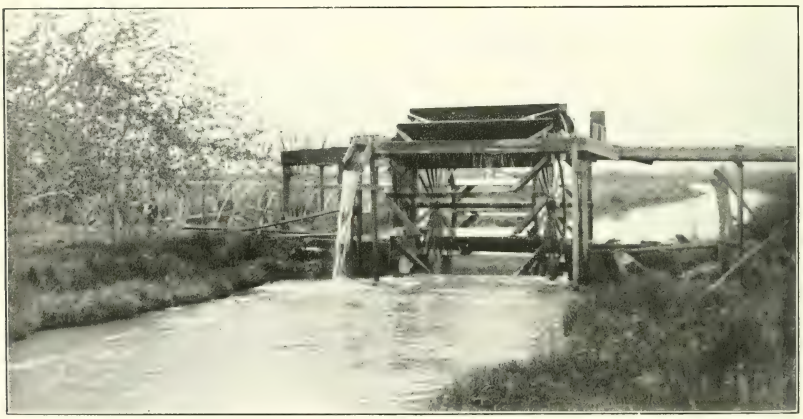
There are nine Carey Act projects in the State, four of these being in an intensely active condition. These are the Marysville project in Fremont County, covering an area of 6,600 acres, the American Falls Canal & Power Company's project in Bingham County, covering an area of 51,000 acres; the Canyon Canal project in Canyon County, covering an area of 11,825 acres of Carey and State lands and about 8,000 acres of private land, and the Twin Falls project, covering an area of 270,000 acres, with proposed extensions of 140,000 acres more. During the past two years most of this land has been settled upon, but there still remains on the Twin Falls tract 50,000 acres open for entry and upon each of the other tracts smaller areas, so that the State still offers many favorable opportunities to the home-seeker who wishes to take homes under canals already built. Of the other Carey Act projects which are under contract with the State, are the Glenns Ferry Land & Irrigation Company, covering 18,000 acres, the Mullins Canal & Reservoir Company, covering 65,000 acres, the Big Lost River project, covering 80,000 acres; the Lost River Reclamation Company project, with a segregation of 115,000 acres, and the Idaho Irrigation Company's project, asking a segregation of 45,000 acres.

The Twin Falls Canal, which may be taken as typical of these projects, is nearly seventy miles long, eighty feet wide on the bottom, one hundred twenty-four feet wide on the top, and with a mean depth of thirteen feet, these dimensions being very similar to the proposed enlargement of Erie Canal. The Twin Falls Canal is the largest and covers a greater area of land than any irrigation canal in the world, outside of the Government works in India and Egypt. Water is diverted from Snake River by means of a dam 2,000 feet long and eighty feet high, and having a base of 450 feet. The proposed north side extension of this canal will cover an area of 140,000 acres, making this project not only larger than any of the other existing Government projects,

but larger than any of them that are even proposed.

Truly Idaho may say that it stands at the top in matters of irrigation. The census returns of 1900 gives to Colorado and California each about one and one-fourth million acres of irrigated lands. Comparing these figures with the completed Twin Falls project of 410,000 acres, you will see that there will be under this single State project, an area equal to one-third of the irrigated area of either of the above States, and considerable more than twice as large as the cultivated area of Rhode Island, which is 186,000 acres. The progress of the Twin Falls project has been marvelous. Two years ago there were not half a dozen houses on the tract. Today there are more than one thousand farm houses, and the town of Twin Falls contains a population of 3,000 people. There are eighty business houses. It has a $100,000 hotel, electric lines, telephone service, and is now preparing for a sewer system. In addition to this place the towns of Kimberly, Buhl and Hanson, all on the Twin Falls tract, are making rapid progress. The often repeated claim of theorists that the favorable terms offered by the Carey Act would lead to speculation and ultimately to large land holdings by corporations or individuals has been incontestibly refuted in the light of experience. Without doubt a good deal of money has been made by individuals dealing in these lands, but on the Twin Falls tract the average size of the farm has dropped within eighteen months from 100 acres to eighty acres. Similar results will be found on the other projects. At the same time, in the completeness and thoroughness of its reclamation and cultivation, it is a shining example of the part the State has played in the reclamation of the Arid West. Idaho has been most fortunate in its abundant water supply. The Snake and Payette, two of the largest rivers in the West from which water is taken for irrigation, is the source of supply for the existing Carey Act projects.

To F. H. Buhl, the late Mr. Peter Kimberly, and to Col. S. B. Milner, now deceased, credit must chiefly be given for their magnificent co-operation in securing to Idaho the proud place she now occupies with these projects.



An Irrigation Wheel.

The Reclamation Service in the Salt River Valley, Arizona

By F. W. Blackmar



IT is interesting to note that the first radical attempt to provide an increased water supply under the Reclamation Service was made in the Salt River Valley where are evidences of the oldest irrigation canals in the United States; for here irrigation was carried on by a pre-historic people whose works were ancient ruins at the time of the visit of the Spaniards in 1542. Moreover, the engineering enterprise of the government in storing the flood waters of the Salt River, while not the largest undertaking of the plans under the Reclamation Service, is one of the most important and one requiring special engineering skill.

The conditions to be met in any attempt to increase the water supply in the Salt River Valley are as follows:

All government land within range of the water supply has long since been filed upon and is now under private ownership. About 115,000 acres of land are under water rights, but the water in recent years has been so irregular and so deficient on account of drought that a large number of acres has been without a sufficient water supply. The proposed attempt at impounding the waters of the Salt River at the Tonto Basin will increase this amount to 200,000 acres. The estimate of the expenditure is $3,600,000 and the estimate of acreage 180,000 acres. This would make the cost only $20 per acre, the cost of the works to be charged to the lands to be irrigated, to be paid in ten annual installments. Careful observers estimate that the acreage will be increased from several sources. First, it is found by experience that it takes much less water to produce a crop than is usually supposed, provided it be applied at the right time and in proper amounts. The permanent system of the government will make it possible to put water absolutely under the control of users and thus create a great economy of water supply. On the other hand the same orderly system will prevent a useless waste of water which prevails to a greater or less extent in every irrigated district.

While there are no available government lands, there is unimproved land under water rights that may be purchased for $50 per acre. It is estimated that there are about 15,000 acres of this land largely lying around Glendale; also improved farms with water-right that can be purchased from $100 to $125 per acre. Considering the fertility of the soil, and the prospect of the increased permanent water supply these lands are reasonable, for when the irrigation system is once clearly established these lands will easily pay 20 per cent net income on the valuation of $200 per acre.

The Salt River Valley is a magnificent agricultural territory. The immense amount of fertile land is astonishing to one not familiar with the country. If there was a sufficient water supply in the Salt River 1,000,000 acres of fertile land could be easily irrigated. As it is the completion of the enterprise will more than double the agricultural production of the valley. The chief crops are: Alfalfa, wheat, barley, and fruits, including, of course, the cantalope. Perhaps alfalfa and stock raising, as in most irrigated districts, will form the most lucrative and most successful production. In fact, everything that will grow in a temperate and semi-tropical climate can be produced with success in the Salt River Valley because the soil and climate are both conducive to luxuriant vegetable growth.

The progress of the government works at Tonto Basin is apparently slow, yet when one considers the amount of preliminary work that had to be done and the masterly way in which everything has



Looking down Salt River, Roosevelt Dam Site in distance. Contractors' Camp on the right, Engineers' camp on the left; Town of Roosevelt in the center; cement works on side hill in the center.

been conducted under government supervision it is really marvelous that so much has been accomplished. In the first place it was necessary to build a road from Mesa to Roosevelt, a distance of 61 miles over a rough, mountainous country. This road is a fine exhibition of engineering skill. The first 20 miles is through the Arizona desert, or as one might properly say, an Arizona forest, for here abound mesquite, pala verde, the "catsclaw," the greasewood and sage-brush, and a score of varities of the cactus. The construction of this part of the road was attended with very little difficulty but the remainder winds along cliffs or across narrow ledges between deep ravines. However, the road is so graded that freight can be hauled to the camp at a minimum expense. The ride is exhilarating and the road rises higher and higher in the mountains and gives the traveler glimpses of plain and mountain and valley. The distant domes or cathedral-like mountains with their changing lights, the beautiful cloud effects, with here and there a shower of rain dropped upon the parched surface lend enchantment to the scene.

The practical side of the road is the shipping of freight, and, hence, in the building, care has been taken to put in a large number of cement culverts to protect against sudden floods and showers of rain. The cost of the road was partly borne by the towns of Phoenix, Tempe and Mesa, and the remainder by the government service. The road opens up a territory which may develop mining interest; it also has already been serviceable to people who are seeking relief in the mountains from the excessive heat in the valley. Doubtless some hotels and Summer resorts will be the result of this in the near future.

Another remarkable enterprise was the building of a cement mill. It was found that it would cost $9 a barrel to deliver a good grade of Portland cement at Roosevelt, and as 300,000 barrels were needed this would amount to $2,700,000; so the engineers found a good grade of limestone in the side hill, and above the dam a short distance they found an excellent grade of shale; so they constructed a cement mill, and by so doing will save at least $450,000 to the government which means a saving of this amount to the water-consumers in the Salt River Valley. It was found that it cost too much to haul sand to build the dam, so a sand crusher was built. A fine flinty grade of limestone is taken out of the side hill and crushed to the size of a pea, which makes a very excellent sharp sand for construction work; but in order to have



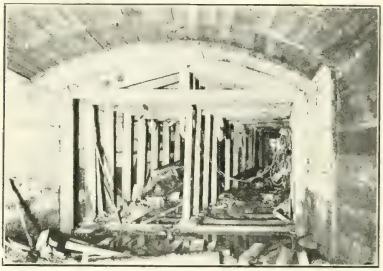
Looking up Tonto Basin; Power Canal in foreground.

mills it is necessary to have power so the engineers went 20 miles up the Salt River canyon and started a power canal which they brought down to a point just below the dam-site. The last six miles of this canal had to be laid in cement. Then they established a turbine wheel of about 1800 horse power and put in a large dynamo for the transmission of power. This power is used to run the mills and also is sold to the contractor who uses it in the handling of all his material, including the excavating and construction of the dam.

A coffer-dam has been built and excavation for the foundation of the dam has been begun. The contract provides that the foundation shall lie on the bedrock. The dam itself is 217 feet high above the foundation; probably 250 feet to bedrock would not be an excessive estimate of the whole height of the dam, but as the river at this point passes through a narrow gorge the dam will be only 200 feet long at the bottom. Rock for the dam is to be taken out of the side hills where spillways are to be constructed in the solid rock for carrying off surplus water. At present a tunnel has been made in the rock around the coffer-dam which will carry water off while the dam is being constructed. It is estimated that



The sand crusher on the right, the cement works in the center, and the power canal with a glimpse of a part of Roosevelt.



Construction of Tunnel with Cement.

the work will be completed in 1908, though this will depend on the interference of water and the successful handling of men and material by the contractor.

About 180 men are at work under the supervision of the contractor. About 50 officials and engineers of the government are located in the engineers' camp. The former are largely distributed in the town of Roosevelt and the latter reside in the engineers' camp on the left bank of the stream. The contractor has established a model camp on the Mesa, on the right bank of the river.

The capacity of the Salt River reservoir at 200 feet above low water is 981,125 acre-feet. At this elevation the reservoir would cover 14,617 acres. Whether this maximum capacity will be reached will depend upon the amount of available water supply, but last November there was sufficient flood-water to have filled the whole reservoir. After the dam is built the water will be turned into the Salt River and flow down to the head of the Arizona canal where the new cement dam will be built for the distribution of waters in the various canals. This work has been recently ordered.

In closing this brief sketch the writer would like to note that the Reclamation Service of the Federal Government is the best example of the art of government in America, wherein the expenditure of public money yields an immediate and permanent return to the people. It is not socialism but something far better than the brightest dreams of the socialist. The thoroughness with which the government undertakes things will beget a thoroughness and economy in the handling of irrigation water which will teach a thoroughness of scientific intensive agriculture and will result in the doubling of the supposed agricultural area under irrigation. It will be an object lesson well worth what it costs the government.



The Power Canal.



Ledge Outcropping near Manhattan, Nevada.

Manhattan, Nevada

By Edwin W. R. Lawrence



THE rocky and barren desert wastes of Nevada are fairly alive with gold. Land upon which nothing but sagebrush could grow, and arid stretches so barren that they could not support even sagebrush, are found to be richly mineralized. The number of gold camps is increasing every month, so rapidly does one discovery crowd upon another.

Manhattan is a most remarkable camp, all things considered, and, for the brief time that the ground has been worked, the most surprising discoveries have there been made. It has developed faster than any of the older camps.

Manhattan is in Nye County, Nevada, 50 miles northeast of Tonopah. Gold was discovered late in the year 1905 by the Humphrey Brothers and their associates. These gentlemen had known of the presence of ledges in various parts of the district for several years but no particular attention was paid to them until the great strikes were made in Tonopah and surrounding country.

Within a year from the date of the first important discovery by the Humphreys, the Manhattan district has been the scene of incessant explorations, remarkable developments and colossal enlargement. So that, today, an area has been blocked out in claims over six miles wide by ten miles long, stretching from beyond Central on the west to beyond East Manhattan, and from Round Mountain to Rye Patch.

Within this marvelously mineralized region, such values are being taken as have rarely been known in any other mining

camp in the history of man's digging for gold. There lie stacked up today at the mouths of mines millions of gold. Also discarded upon the dumps as profitless trash—in view of the charges for freight—higher values than many mines bear which pay their owners dividends without ceasing.

The blocking out of high-value ores continues beyond precedent, beyond belief. Not one of the older Nevada gold camps has ever demonstrated so much richness within sight and reach in so few weeks as Manhattan. Strikes here, strikes there, strikes everywhere, keep the camp in an incessant whirl of excitement, and in a perennial buzz of astonishment. The coldest, calmest man becomes enthusiastic over Manhattan before he has been on the ground twenty-four hours.

The situation of Manhattan is picturesque and peculiar. Away out on the intensely barren deserts of Nevada, near the geographical center of the State, the Toquima range of mountains rises stupendous and in solitude, and runs in about a north-and-south direction for a distance of seventy miles. Their average altitude above the sea-level is probably about 6,000 feet, with here and there summit ridges and peaks reaching the heights of 7,000 and 8,000 feet. This great elevation above the sea-level insures them plenty of rain, both summer and winter, with heavy snowfall in winter.

This constant moisture gives them a dense growth of scrub pines, averaging from 15 to 20 feet high, affording plenty of wood for the miner, and a bountiful yield of water, equally necessary in mining.

So separate is this mountain range from others, as it rises from the great desert, and so level is the desert, which surrounds it, that a good automobile can be driven entirely around the whole mountain range in one day. In fact, automobiles are popular passenger conveyances from Tonopah, the nearest railroad station, 51 miles south of Manhattan.

The country rock consists of dolomite, lime, schist and slate in immense dykes, through which protrude huge dykes of quartzite, and in the contacts between these dykes are found the leads varying in width from a few inches to many feet, in places. These immense dykes traverse the country from southwest to northeast, the surface croppings are innumerable, and almost without exception the values increase with depth. Diggers on prospective ground have taken out enough rich



Miner's Camp, Manhattan.



Giant Ledge, Manhattan.

ore to yield them reward from the grass roots down.

The ore is both free-milling and alloyed with iron. The latter is an excellent cyanide proposition, one of the cheapest processes of extracting values from the rock. The country abounds in wood for fuel, and in water for all purposes.

In but few places has ground been broken which did not disclose either good grade of milling or high-value shipping ore. The percentage of successes is nearly at 100, and the permanency of the treasure-trove is indubitable. Shipping mines have been opened in a few days or weeks.

Much of the development of the mines has been done under leases. One leaser has been taking out at shallow depth, 20 tons a day, worth $1,000 a ton, while his monthly pay roll is only $5,000. The surface dirt of another well known property is worth $100 a ton and is being carefully sacked by the leaser for future milling. Making expenses from the surface, and making more money as the depth increases, is not often possible in mining. So it is truly said that Manhattan is, of all, "the poor man's camp."

This great mountain range, like all others, was upheaved in the ages past by vast subterranean action, and assumed its present shapes and geological conditions not all at once but by repeated upheavals both general and local.

First came the primeval granite, later followed the great fissures through which protrude the immense dykes of porphyry, which fissured again and again to allow the seams of quartz to appear on the surface. These in turn were broken and faulted and turned over, and worn away in many instances. And through these quartz ledges there filtered in the countless ages of the past the warm saline streams carrying gold in solution which was laid down in the quartz matrix, the mother of gold.

So many ages have gone since even these mighty convulsions took place that oxygen, that mighty giver and destroyer of life in the air, has penetrated the surface of the ground for over 200 feet and shows its effective work in the oxidization of minerals and metals leaving the free gold in the quartz ledges.

Around the town of Manhattan, which came into existence last winter by reason of the great discoveries which followed the location of the April Fool mining claim, there are two vast summit ridges, which constitute the north and south sides of

the canyon in which the town of Manhattan is built. On both sides of these ridges rich mines are being developed. On the extreme west of the north ridge, beginning with the Venture, there follows a long string of mining claims such as the Bulldog, Paymaster, Nemo, Mustang, Broncho, Chipmunk, April Fool, Standard and Dexter. On the south ridge may be named the Mayne, Double Eagle, Indian Camp, Little Gray, Union No. 9, Jumping Jack, Joker, Stray Dog, Reilly, Fraction, Cowboy, Annie Laurie, Portland, and Manhattan Consolidated.

The naked facts, newborn of Mother Truth, concerning Manhattan, seem miraculous and mythical. Never since the halcyon days of Virginia City has a camp sprung into existence which gave such instant fulfillment of mighty promise. Never, in all the world's history of mining, have such high averages of values been sent to the smelters in the infancy of a camp. The average value of ore shipped to smelters up to a recent date was $400 a ton. It is a fact that the ore discarded upon the dumps at Manhattan mines is more valuable than most of the ore shipped from California mines.

It is another truth that the output of Manhattan camp in the first sixty days outvied the united production of Goldfield and Tonopah camps in the same period. A third and consequential fact is that none of the Nevada gold-camps has ever blocked out so much high-value ore in so few weeks as Manhattan.

Most of the mines paid from the start. Almost without exception the prospects which have been developed have proved more valuable even that the discoverers themselves believed when they scratched the surface. Manhattan literally has sprung into existence like Minerva, full-panoplied from the brow of Jove. In one bound it presses to the van of the Nevada camps, the youngest of all, but the giant chief. The gold excitement at Manhattan is undying. The stampede to the camp has continued now for six month. The pace which characterized its earlier days, has not suffered any perceptible check. In fact, from a substantial point of view it has increased. More people are investing in Manhattan today than ever, and investors are commencing to arrive from the Far East, several of the late arrivals being from England.

Manhattan, at a conservative estimate, contains 6,000 people today. Nearly all the buildings in the camp are of wood, but a number of stone structures are completed or under construction. The town is gradually stringing down the canyon, and is fully one and one-half miles in length.

An unpaved street deeply rutted by constantly passing mule teams carrying supplies to the miners, and hauling ore-laden sacks; its sidewalks (where they have been built) crowded with a hurrying, insatiable throng—this is the heart of Manhattan. From it radiate roads leading to every mine and lease in the district so far as explored. The limits of the city are brimful of people—most of them roughly coated and hatted—no distinguishing line between millionaire and pauper except that certain assurance which comes with the possession of wealth, and which counts for little in a typically Western mining camp, where all men meet on common ground—and the passion for gold is in the heart of all.

The burro, long-eared and shaggy—the prospector's friend, the automobile and the horse, all do their part in carrying the people in and out of the district. The first trail to Manhattan was broken by the burro. Three weeks later an automobile line was conveying impatient travelers to the scene of the latest El Dorado, while the old jerky stage coach accommodated slower traffic. For months the forty-five desert miles between Tonopah and Manhattan have been traversed by vehicles of every description, from the one-horse shay to the Pope Toledo car, carrying representatives of capital to the district.

A few months ago a handful of men were sheltered by a little cluster of tents. By reason of the isolated location of the camp, ore was being sacked in a dozen places before it excited much attention on the outside. Then the stampede began.

Summing up this Western mining camp marvel, it may be said that only the future will reveal the fortunes that will be made, and the added volume to the mineral output of a state, which promises again to take a first rank among the gold and silver producing states of the Union.



Scene on Willamette Street, Eugene, Oregon.

Eugene and Its Riches

By Curtis Fleming

"WELL, boys, this beautiful spot is good enough for Eugene F. Skinner."

That fateful remark was made sixty years ago by the founder of Eugene, Ore. From the top of the hill (Skinner's Butte) just north of the town which now bears his name, the stalwart pioneer looked down upon a scene of marvelous beauty. He saw the wide valley, green and fair, and almost voicing its promise of reward to the settler; he saw the panorama of the surrounding hills, and the mountains, forest-clad and dreamy with the romance and mystery of the untrodden wilderness; he noted here at the head of the Valley of the Willamette that many streams united to form the river glittering in the sun; he saw these things and perhaps in a dim way realized their potentialities.

Eugene Skinner had the vast, virgin domain of the West to choose from, and he selected this spot.

While it is no longer possible to locate a 640-acre homestead against Skinner's old boundary line, it is interesting to note the great advantages that time and progress have added to those of 60 years ago.

Past the door where Mary Skinner called her husband to supper from his rough toil now thunders the Southern Pacific locomotive through a city that realizes the most exacting home-seeker's ideal, while its advantages for business investment are attracting wide attention.

Eugene is the county seat of Lane County, located near its geographical center, close to the junction of five streams that unite to form the Willamette River.

Its population is over sixty-five hundred; it has all the conveniences of a mod-



Panoramic View of

ern city, or will have as soon as the Willamette Valley Company can construct an electric street car system, the franchise for which was granted a few days ago.

The town is 123 miles south of Portland with an elevation above sea level of 453 feet.

Its climate makes this region one of the most delightful places of residence in the world. It is fortunately situated on the line between "too hot" and "too dry," and has the happy medium of thirty-five inches average annual rainfall. Natural conditions are ideal; it enjoys the warm southern winds of the winter season, and the cool ocean breezes in sultry summer; the air is fragrant in spring with sweetbrier and apple blooms, and throughout the year with the freshness and spice of the evergreen forest.

There is probably no place on the habitable globe where more healthful, reliable and altogether favorable weather conditions prevail the year round than right here in the heart of the most beautiful region in the Union. The proximity of the Japan current in the Pacific Ocean to these shores is supposed to temper the atmosphere, preventing severe cold in winter, and in summer the trade winds modify the heat. Ninety-eight degrees is the maximum for summer, while the mercury seldom falls below freezing.



A Typical Lane County Farm House.

Eugene is the commercial center of the county. "Drop a dollar anywhere in Lane County and it will roll into Eugene as naturally as water runs down hill."

Eugene is the educational center of the state. In addition to the State University which is located here, there is a first-class high school. This institution with 300 pupils prepares for any State University. There are three fine public schools with a total of 1550 pupils and 35 teachers. Mention must not be omitted of the Divinity School, the Catholic Boarding and Day School and the Business College.

There are three banks with deposits aggregating $1,500,000. Ten churches represent as many denominations, and Eugene is known as an ideal city of homes. It has attracted the best class of citizens, and the social atmosphere is of the highest order. There are no saloons.

Congress has just appropriated $50,000 for a new Postoffice here. All business blocks are of brick. A fine theater building seats 950.

The actual property valuation on Willamette street, which is the principal street of the city, is $300 per front foot. Town lots and building materials are to



Eugene and Vicinity.

be had at a reasonable price, and rents are uniformly low in consequence. There are three sawmills, one of which is the largest and best equipped in the state. There are woolen mills, flour mills, a match factory, an excelsior plant, shops for the manufacture of furniture, sash and doors, and knife works. The largest vinegar factory in the state is located here. There are also foundries and a fruit canning plant and a score of minor industries.

Eugene is bound to become an important railway point in the near future, and the topography of the county is such that no additional railroads can be built into it without coming to Eugene. Five valleys, from three to eight miles wide, radiate from it; one of which valleys, the Mackenzie, is the most direct route to Eastern Oregon. A railroad by this route has already been surveyed. From all this it will be seen that the commercial prestige of Eugene is secure.

Turning from the town to its tributary vicinity, we encounter a number of surprising facts. Lane County has thirty-four thousand million feet of standing timber on its hills: 200,000 surveyed horse-power in its streams, for the use of manufacturers and miners; and its vast area of magnificent farming land produces in abundance practically all crops characteristic of the temperate zone.

In the matter of timber it eclipses any other county in the Union.

From a pamphlet issued by the U. S. Department of the Interior, under date of 1902, entitled "Forests of Oregon," page 25, we quote the following:

Classifications of Land in Lane County.

	Sq. Miles
Total area	4,380
Merchantable timber area	2,956
Cut-over area	33
Burned area	801
Open country	531
Barren	59

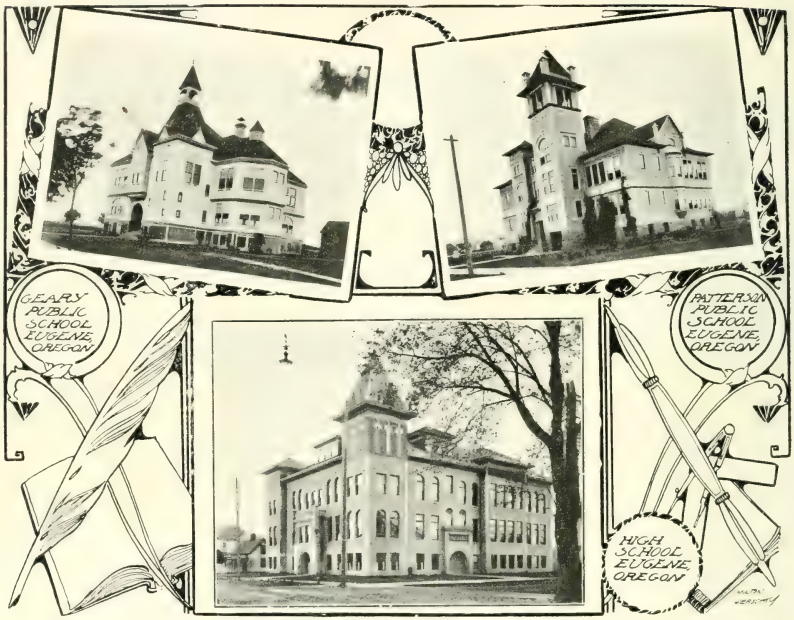
Amount and Classification of Timber Lands in Lane County.

	Million Ft. Bd. Meas.
Red fir	27,827
Red cedar	471
Yellow pine	236
Noble fir	636
Hemlock	3,736
Lovely fir	1,100
Total	34,006

By the same authority this grand total is twelve thousand eight hundred million



A Prune Orchard near Eugene that produced nine and one-half tons of Italian Prunes per acre.



feet more than is credited to any other county in the state, which fact places Lane County for quantity of timber far ahead of any county of the United States. On page 16 of the same little book, I find this county's average yield per acre is seventeen thousand, nine hundred feet, board measure. And on page 12, the value as it stands in the forest, is placed at one dollar per thousand, giving a total stumpage value for the county of over thirty-four million dollars.

When this timber is cut into lumber and sold at the present average price of fifteen dollars per thousand feet f. o. b., it will bring the enormous sum total of five hundred million dollars. It is now being cut and sold as fast as present shipping facilities will permit, the total yearly output reading nearly one million feet per day, and putting in circulation among our people nearly fifteen thousand dollars per day.

An important fact in this connection is that Oregon timber lands reforest themselves without aid, and without expense to their owners. Within thirty years after the first cutting of timber the second growth is beginning to furnish telegraph and telephone poles, ship's masts and small sawlogs. The timber grows quite as fast as it is being cut off.

Farm lands are valued for taxation at twenty dollars per acre for improved land, twelve dollars per acre for unimproved, and three dollars per acre for timber and pasture lands. The tax levy for state and county is twenty-three mills. There are one hundred and sixty-eight public school buildings in the county, besides the thirty-four thousand dollar high school and the State University buildings located at Eugene.

Diversified farming is in favor here: wheat, stock-raising, dairying and fruit raising are often carried on together on the same farm, and no ranch is considered complete that does not boast a poultry yard. In fact, the continued prosperity of Lane County can be traced directly to the diversity of its farming. It is in no sense a "one thing" country, for both its crops and industries are unlimited in kind and quantity.

Wheat, oats, barley, clover, timothy, vetch, peas and all common farm products



Eugene Loan and Savings Bank.

grow to perfection. Fruit and vegetables are unexcelled either in quantity or quality. The yield of potatoes to the acre on river bottom is simply enormous.

Stock-raising affords a profitable investment for capital. Cattle, sheep, horses, Angora goats and hogs bring quick and satisfactory returns. The mildness of the climate and the generous rainfall insure green pasturage the year round. This coupled with the moisture in the atmosphere produces the finest staple of wool and mohair. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that mohair can be produced in Lane County that will bring anywhere from three to five dollars per pound. Recent sales of Western Oregon mohair in New York confirm the truth of this statement. The present price of Western Oregon wool is seven cents per pound higher than that grown in severer climates where green pasture is less plentiful. Also farmers find they can increase their yield of winter wheat several bushels to the acre by pasturing it with sheep during the winter and early spring, and of course the sheep bring in an additional profit.

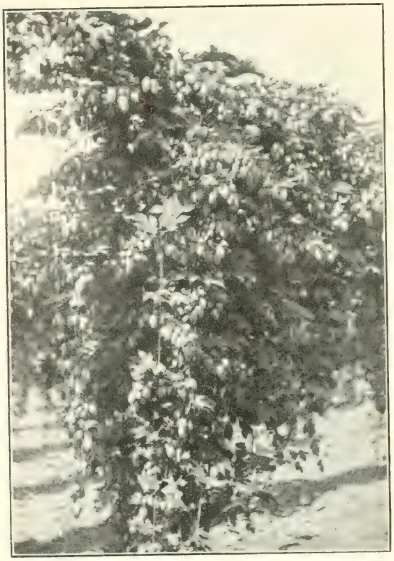
Hop-raising in the vicinity of Eugene is a fair road to wealth. The yield per acre is one thousand to three thousand pounds, averaging 1500. For the past twenty-eight years the average market price has been 18c per pound, with fluctuations ranging from 5c to 60c per pound. The total cost of production is about 6½ cents per pound. There are thousands of acres of unused land suitable for hops that can be bought for $15 to $50 per acre.

Every variety of grain, fruits and vegetables, second to none in the state in yield or quality, is grown here.

Mining has grown to be another large industry. Four important camps have been developed, namely Bohemia, Blue River, Black Butte and Fall Creek. These camps give employment to several hundred men with a constantly increasing demand for more. Several large quartz mills are in operation in both Bohemia and Blue River and more are in process of construction. Magnificent water power adjacent to the mines is utilized for generating electricity which is used in operating the mills.

Owing to the abundance of water power, the mild climate, convenient and inexhaustable supply of timber and the great elevation of the mineral grounds, mining is carried on at a minimum expense.

It has been predicted by experts that the mineral values of Lane County will



A Hop Vine near Eugene. It is in the finest hop yard in the world. Yield per acre for year 1905: 2750 pounds, average per acre for past five years: 2450 pounds.

prove to be greater than all other property values combined.

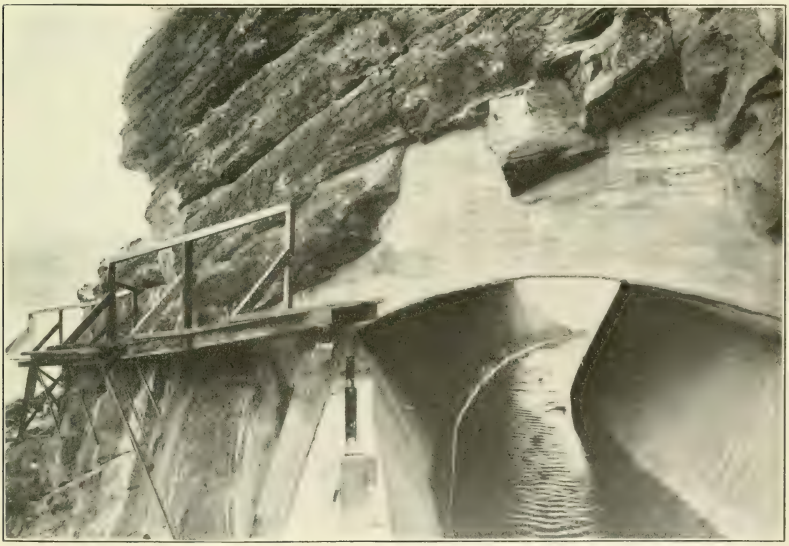
This prediction is undoubtedly correct, for coal croppings and coal oil shale have been found in addition to gold and silver, quicksilver and copper. The abundance of timber has made the mining of coal of little concern, and no prospecting for either coal or oil has been done that is worth mentioning.

The total assessed value of property in Lane County is $9,298,649. The real value is at least twice this amount, or eighteen millions. Let it be noted that one million, six hundred and six thousand and eighty-one acres (more than one-half of the entire county), are unpatented, and unassessed. This includes the mineral and forest reserve lands, which embrace much of the finest timber in the world, estimated to be worth for this timber alone, (at one dollar per thousand feet) thirty-four million dollars. Add to this two hundred thousand dollars for the water power in the county and we have a grand total of fifty-two million two hundred thousand dollars of wealth in raw material, or two thousand four hundred and twenty-three dollars for each man, woman and child in the county. And this is not reckoning the value of the mineral lands.





Moonlight on Jackson Lake, Teton Mountains; Mt. Moran to left. Proposed Suche River Valley Reservoir: storage capacity 650,000 acre feet—enough water for the irrigation of 300,000 to 400,000 acres of land.



An interesting bit of Engineering on the power canal of the Salt River Valley Irrigation Project.
See page 535.



Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated.

The Latest Method.

"Are you the Secretary of War?" inquired a nervous little man who stood shifting from one foot to the other and restlessly twirling his hat.

"Yes," replied the man at the desk. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a scheme which I want to explain to you, he began.

"Well, really I haven't time now," said the Secretary.

"Oh, it will take me only a few minutes, and when I explain it you will see that your time could not be more profitably spent."

"I'll give you five minutes."

"I have a scheme for revolutionizing the warfare that is waged by civilized against savage and semi-savage races. My scheme, if put in operation, will insure the same destruction of the lower races and will save the higher from the terrible exposure to injury, sickness, torture and death.

"Instead of sending out a whole army, as for instance we did in the uprising in the Philippines, or as England did in the Sepoy rebellion, or as has always been done heretofore, all we need to dispatch will be a hundred men. In the short time of a few weeks they will be able to accomplish what a military force would require as many months to do.

"Moreover, my plan will insure the extermination of practically the entire tribe, including the women and children; this, I infer, from our experiences in the past, being a very essential part of such a campaign. My plan has this further advantage, that it leaves absolutely no basis for criticism by the supra-humanely inclined at home, or for court-martial by public-driven superiors."

"Well, well, come to the point!" exclaimed the Secretary impatiently. "What is this great scheme of yours?"

"I propose to send out to the rebellious territory a company of one hundred trained teachers who will be instructed to impart to the natives in the quickest possible time a reading knowledge of the English language. There will then, at the expiration of the necessary time be shipped to them from Washington copies of the latest Congressional Record, with instructions to distribute these without cost among the natives, one to each man, woman and child. The feeble minds of the natives will, because of their newly acquired knowledge of our language, seize upon these with avidity and undertake to read them through. The result will be that within a week they will all be dead.

"Now, what do you say?"

"Have you tried this scheme of yours?" asked the Secretary. "Do you know positively that it will have the desired effect?"

"Well, I've just spent a year in the insane asylum after reading half of one volume."

"But we might find ourselves with a lot of bug-house instead of dead rebels on our hands, and that would never do. You go and read the entire volume, and if it works as you say it will—why, you come back, and I'll consider your proposition further. Good day!"

* * *

Mute Testimony.

"Great heavens, old man! What's the matter?"

"Nothin' much."

"Poison oak?"

"No."

"Bumble bees?"

"No."

"Erysipelas?"

"No."

"Boils?"

"No."

"Fighting the booze too hard?"

"No."

"Measles, chickenpox, smallpox?"

"No, hang it! I've just been spending a few days at one of those nice, quiet country-home retreats where there are no flies, jiggers, fleas or mosquitos, that's all."

* * *

Only Repartee.

Said the peek-a-boo waist to the open-work hose: "Oh, I don't know, you're not so cool."

"Well," replied the hose with indignation, "I don't know that you are so holey after all, even if the preachers do use you for the subject of sermons."

"Say," said the mosquito, "talk about free lunch counters! Why, this is a regular Delmonico spread."

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL
SWISS MILK
Chocolate

"High as the Alps in Quality"





A MESSAGE FROM THE ALPS.

"We send you our best in PETER'S Chocolate." If you cannot get to the world's wonderland, you can yet have the world's wonder in confection-food.

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK **CHOCOLATE**

(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., *Sole Importers,* 78 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.

The Court of Final Appeal.

Scene: Hell. Satan on the bench.

Satan—Look here, Beelzebub (with emphasis on the "bub"), I'm getting tired of passing sentence on liars, murderers, thieves, drunkards, wife-beaters and automobilists. Haven't you a real criminal docketed for this morning?

Beelzebub—I'll look in the warmer and see.

Satan—All right, Bub. Bring me something choice. (Exit Beelzebub.) It's strange how monotonous sinners really are, after all. You hardly ever find an original villain among them.

(Re-enter Beelzebub.)

Satan—Well, what do you find?

Beelzebub—There's a senator, a beef-packer, and an insurance president.

Satan—What? Say that again, and slowly.

Beelzebub—I say there's a senator, a beef packer, and an insurance president.

Satan—You really mean it?

Beelzebub—Sure, I mean it. If you don't believe me, come and see for yourself.

Satan—Oh, no, Bub! The sight of so much joy would kill me, and you know I am supposed to live forever. Who pinched them?

Beelzebub—Moloch ran the benzine-buggy fellow in.

Satan—Where?

Beelzebub—Well, he caught him exceeding the speed limit down the Milky Way.

Satan—Good for old Mol. Tell him he may go down and torture the end-seat hog all day if he wants to.

Beelzebub—Mammon coppered the packer. He caught him twisting the tail of Paurus and trying to drive him to Chicago.

Satan—Good work! Tell Mammon he may go and visit Chicago for a week. Tell him also to be sure to take notes on what he sees; I need some pointers.

Beelzebub—Mammon nailed the insurance gazabe, too.

Satan—Say, he must have had a busy night!

Beelzebub—He found him hiding behind the moon trying to escape an investigation.

Satan—Make it a month's leave for Mammon, and tell him to visit New York also.

Beelzebub—And I put the cuffs on the U. S. senator. He came down here and tried to get me to use my influence with you to induce you to give him a retainer's fee. He said he knew he could be of service to you in the Senate.

Satan—Bub, you shall have next Sunday off to go on the excursion up the Styx. Now bring on the despoiler of the widowed and the fatherless. (Exit Beelzebub.) I'm

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Water (hot)..1 Cup
Mapleine..1 T'spoon

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SAFE INVESTMENTS

so happy that I really believe this chair is getting cool.

(Re-enter Beelzebub with insurance magnate.)

Satan—Step forward, you. Who are you?

Insurance Magnate—I decline to answer.

Satan—What are you?

Insurance Magnate—I decline to answer without consulting my counsel.

Satan—Where was your place of business?

Insurance Magnate—I don't remember. Say, it's hot as hell here, do you know it?

Satan—Well, I'll make it hotter than hell for you if you don't answer my questions. Bub, get that three-pronged help-to-memory. You were president of an insurance company, weren't you?

Insurance Magnate—I don't re— Ouch!

Satan—Weren't you?

Insurance Magnate—I don't— Ouch! Yes.

Satan—Did you ever buy a legislature?

Insurance Magnate—I don't— Ouch! Don't do that. Yes.

Satan—What have you found to be the average value of a legislator?

Insurance Magnate—Say, fellow, if you'll just keep that pitchfork out of the small of my back, I'll try to answer these questions. Do you mean what he costs or what he is worth?

Satan—Both.

Insurance Magnate—He costs about a thousand dollars, and he is worth about thirty cents.

Satan—What about campaign funds?

Insurance Magnate—Say, let me tell you something. Don't you ever trust a national committeeman, because he is sure to give you away.

Satan—How much salary did you charge yourself with?

Insurance Magnate—Ten thousand a year.

Satan—How much did you really get?

Insurance Magnate—I don't— Look out, look out, there! Don't you do it I've got kidney trouble already. I don't know.

Satan—Touch him up a little, Bub.

Insurance Magnate—Ouch! Doggone it, Bub, or whatever your name is! Don't you know that thing is hot?

Satan—How much did you get?

Insurance Magnate—I—Look out!—I was going to say I got two hundred thousand a year.

Satan—What did you charge it up to?

Insurance Magnate—Oh, undivided profits, I reckon.

Satan—What per cent of your risks did you pay?



Insurance Magnate—About fifty.

Satan—What became of the other fifty?

Insurance Magnate—Oh, the beneficiaries didn't have enough money to take it to court. They were mostly widows, you see.

Satan—What punishment do you think you deserve?

Insurance Magnate—Punishment? What for?

Insurance Magnate—What crimes?

Satan—Why, for all your crimes.

Satan—Take him away, Bub, and touch him a little as you go.

Insurance Magnate—Ouch! Confound it! Haven't I been telling you that thing is hot? Don't do that. Do you think I want to be vaccinated all over? Ouch!

(Exit Beelzebub with insurance magnate.)

Satan—That geyser will get the limit, all right.

(Re-enter Beelzebub.)

Satan—Well, Bub, what shall we give him?

Beelzebub—Give him hell.

Satan—I have it. Leave him all alone and put a big pile of money down in front of him. He'll try to make a quick get-away. Let him go till he thinks he is beyond pursuit, then come along and nab him. Make that a perpetual operation. And every time you catch him, give him a few touches with that brain-fag of yours. He seems to get up a great deal of enthusiasm over that.

Beelzebub—Will you try the wind bag and the embalmer now?

Satan—No, too much diversion doesn't agree with me. I'll take one of them tomorrow and one the next day. By the way, Bub, bring me a brimstone flip, will you?

* * *

Incompatible Tastes.

Miss Gushly—You have quite a taste for writing, haven't you, Mr. Scribbler?

Mr. Scribbler—Well, not exactly—that is, not now. I did have, and to gratify it I adopted literature as my profession. But I soon found that I couldn't gratify my taste for writing and for bread and butter at the same time, and I chose the latter.

* * *

Hard to Classify.

Jinks—Do you believe that a man becomes what he eats?

Binks—Yes, I'm inclined to think I do.

Jinks—Well, what kind of an animal is he after eating a dinner of ox-tail soup, cracked crab, roast turkey, spring lamb, and a rum omelette?

* * *

Financially Abbreviated.

She—Stella always admired a short man.

He—Perhaps that's why she married young Outocash. —D. W. F.



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Red Streaks of Honesty Exist in Everybody

All people will pay their honest debts if you don't wait too long. Turn in your Bills NOW.

We collect money everywhere. We can collect for you. We spend thousands of dollars in advertising that the people may know us.

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FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager

"Some people don't like us"

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

A Real Tragedy.

"A telegram for you, Mister."

The man addressed turned pale, as he took the yellow envelope from the messenger boy. Whose heart has not fluttered on the receipt of a similar message?

He hesitated before opening it. What dire news might it contain? Wife, baby, sister, his nearest and dearest, had kissed him good-bye in the glow of health and happiness, only a few hours before. Was it possible that—?

He shuddered. Whatever the disaster, he must summon all his courage to meet it like a man. He leaned for a moment against a friendly lamp-post, and gazed around upon the familiar, sunny scene, and the bright, happy faces about him. He had a premonition that after reading the message in his trembling fingers, they might never again look the same to him.

At last, in a sudden burst of desperate courage, he tore it open. One glance told him all. But, after all, he had not been prepared for the worst, and he fell swooning on the ground, while the cruel message fluttered from his fingers and lay face upward for all to read:

"Dear Jack—Hurry home. Mother and Sister Sarah and her five children are here, and they have promised to spend a month with us. Isn't that delightful? Your wife,

"DOROTHY."

* * *

Table Talk.

"I once saw a man," remarked the Wise Guy, "who was so thin that they had to make an incision in his skin every few hours and blow him up with a pneumatic pump to keep him from wearing holes in his hide."

"That's nothing," replied the irrepressible, "I once knew a fellow who was so thin that one stroke of the razor shaved both sides of his face, his cheeks were that close together."

"And I once knew a man," said the Brave Boy, "who didn't have any more meat on his bones than this old rooster did before he died."

"And I once knew some gentlemen," snapped the landlady, motioning for the Sweet Thing to remove the dishes.

* * *

The Unwelcome Touch.

"Gee, but this town is getting poor!" remarked Percy. "Every man I've talked to today has met with some piece of hard luck and is absolutely dead broke."

"How did you find that out?" inquired Larry.

"Well, I'm up against it myself for fair, and when I tried to borrow a ten, I found that they are in the same condition. By the way, you couldn't—

"Sorry, old man, but I was just going to ask you to lend me a twenty."

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Glycozone

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in the treatment of

Dyspepsia

and other stomach diseases.

GLYCOZONE is absolutely harmless. It cleans the lining membrane of the stomach and subdues inflammation, thus helping nature to accomplish a cure, which accounts for the gratifying results that are obtained.

To convince Dyspeptics that

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cannot fail to help them, I will send to anyone enclosing **25 cents** with attached coupon

A $1.00 BOTTLE FREE

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Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

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of Seattle, the New York of the Pacific Coast

¶ Business Property is increasing in value from 20 to 50 per cent per annum.
¶ It is bringing highest rentals of any city of its size in U. S.
¶ You would like to own some of it and share in the profits?
¶ But you have not sufficient capital to make an individual investment? ¶ THEN THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.
¶ A number of prominent Seattle business men are forming a pool to buy this class of property.
¶ They are investing from $100 to $15,000 each.
¶ Each will receive his full share of profits from rentals and increase in value, according to amount invested.
¶ Would you like to be one of them? ¶ Then write today.
¶ They have taken a name. It is

SEATTLE IMPROVEMENT SYNDICATE

COLMAN BLOCK
SEATTLE
WASH.

Biding His Time.

The Thin One—Well, old man, how does this weather strike you?

The Fat One—Umph!

The Thin One—Hot enough for you?

The Fat One—Lord, I wish I had a gun. I'd fix you.

The Thin One—Thermometer is up to over a hundred right this minute.

The Fat One—Say, what have I ever done to offend you?

The Thin One—Fanning only makes you hotter. Why don't you be perfectly quiet and cool off?

The Fat One—Be quiet and cool off! Oh!

The Thin One—Been drinking a lot of ice-cold stuff, I suppose. Don't you know that such truck only raises your temperature? Especially when it has alcohol in it?

The Fat One—No; is that so?

The Thin One—Sure, any doctor will tell you that.

The Fat One—Wish I had known it.

The Thin One—How many drinks have you had today?

The Fat One—Heavens, I don't know: about one every half hour, I reckon.

The Thin One—For the love of Mike! Of course you are burning up. Why, you'll not get cooled off before morning.

The Fat One—Do you think so?

The Thin One—Sure, it's a cinch. Why, I wouldn't be in your place for the world.

The Fat One—Look here, you elongated, emaciated bag of bones, what do you mean by telling me all this rot, even if it is so, which I doubt?

The Thin One—Do you remember that day last winter when the pipes froze in the building and we didn't have any heat in the office? Well, I never got over the insult you offered me by taking off your coat and sitting in your shirt sleeves while I had my overcoat on.

* * *

Reason Enough.

Binks—What's a boy's chief reason for wishing to be a man?

Jinks—So he can earn money to buy all the candy he wants.

Binks—Wrong.

Jinks—So he can smoke and not be whipped for it.

Bings—Wrong.

Jinks—Give it up.

Binks—So he won't have to wear his father's old clothes made over.

* * *

The Little Busy Bee.

"I see that your next-door neighbor has a hive of bees in his yard," said Suburbanite Smith to Suburbanite Markley.

"Yes," snapped Markley in reply, "but the darn fool hasn't got half as many bees in his hive as he has in his bonnet. Everytime I start to mow my yard—but, oh, thunder, it's too hot to get mad."

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In some of the finest homes in America, delicate, soft tints of Sanitas with dull finish are being used for wall decoration, with deep border or panel designs in harmonizing color.

Sanitas is painted in non-fading colors (eight coats of oil and two of paint) upon a strong muslin foundation and is hung exactly like wall paper. It is produced with both glazed and dull finish in a wide range of delicate greens, blues, terra-cottas, pinks, buffs and other tints which give the rich back-ground effect of the finest cartridge paper. A full line of floral, burlap and tile patterns is also made.

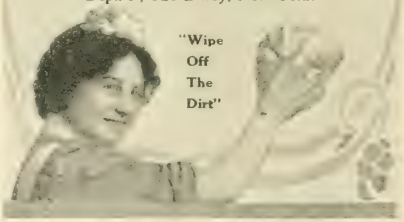
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and yet it will not fade, crack, peel or stain. A rub with damp cloth will remove smoke, finger marks or other stains which would ruin ordinary wall coverings.

Free Sketches and Samples.

Write to-day for free sketches of attractive rooms hung with Sanitas, together with a range of samples and our new Stencil Border Book. Mention the rooms you wish to decorate.

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Two Miles of River Frontage;
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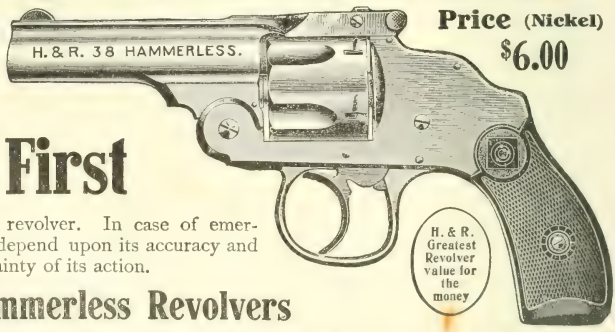
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Inaudible.

"Yes," said the publisher to the author, "we will undertake the publication of this book, although we rather think we shall lose money on it."

"How's that?" inquired the surprised author.

"Well, there's no exposure of filthy commercial conditions in it, no political expose, no notorious scandal, and no revelation of the life of the ultra-rich. It is too clean to succeed, but you have done good work before, and we'll take this, not for what it is, but for what you have done, although, as I said, we are almost certain to lose money on the venture."

* * *

Advice to Those Contemplating Divorce.

Put everything in writing—it will come in handy as evidence at the trial.

Parade your domestic infelicity—other people are even more interested in your affairs than you yourself are.

Live extravagantly—people will credit you with good intentions and bad judgment.

Invest in an automobile—it is the surest trouble breeder invented since the discovery of apples.

* * *

Merely a Difference of Grammar.

Weary Willie—Kind lady, will you give a poor, starvin' man a bit of breakfast?

Lady—Haven't I saw you here before?

Weary Willie—Saw? Saw? Who? Me? No, No! kind lady, you mustn't connect me and the word "saw." No doubt, you meant "seed."

* * *

Absent-Minded.

Smythe—That man Dickson is the most absent-minded person I ever saw.

Smith—What has he been doing now?

Smythe—Why, he went home the other evening and kissed his wife.

Smith—But I don't see—

Smythe—Why, man, they've been married five years.

* * *

Not a Hunter.

"What kind of a horse is that?" asked the city boarder, "a hunter?"

"No," replied Uncle Rube with a drawl, rubbing his whiskers thoughtfully, "no, I don't reckon he's no hunter, 'cause most generally every morning' I've got to be hunter when it comes to findin' him out in the pastur. I reckon he's what you'd call a game horse."

* * *

Trespass.

Jones—When is a good story not a good story?

Trimms—When it's badly told.

Jones—Nope. When it's the one you are fond of telling and someone else tells it.

Trimms—Same thing.

"DOLLARS IN DIRT"

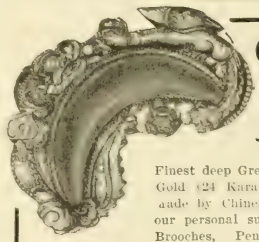
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FROM CALIFORNIA

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THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE OSTRICH IN AMERICA

The Bachelor's Reception.

Young Father—Here's an article on how to attend to the baby.

Young Mother—Is it good?

Young Father—I haven't read all of it yet, but it strikes me as being about right.

Young Mother—I'll want to read it before I accept it.

Young Father—It was written by a man who—

Young Mother—A man? Is he a doctor?

Young Father—Don't know; it doesn't say.

Young Mother—I venture to say he isn't. A doctor wouldn't write for a magazine on such a subject.

Young Father—He seems to know a lot about babies.

Young Mother—You mean that you think he does.

Young Father—Yes, that's right; rub it in! Just because I rubbed the paregoric on the outside once, you think I don't know anything about taking care of kids.

Young Mother (with dignity)—Well, you may know something about taking care of little goats, but really I don't think you know very much about taking care of babies.

Young Father—Oh, well, just as you like. We'll not quarrel about it. Here are some of the things he says: First, the baby must never be rocked.

Young Mother—Well, I'd just like to know how under the sun a person is going to get it to sleep then.

Young Father—That's just the question he answers. He says to begin by not rocking and then you'll not have to rock.

Young Mother—Stuff and nonsense!

Young Father—He says not to rock it and not to walk the floor with it, even when it cries.

Young Mother—But what is a person to do? Let it cry its little eyes out?

Young Father—Not exactly; but let it cry till it gets ready to quit. The next time it'll know better.

Young Mother—Why, the horrid, old, cruel thing! The idea—why, the very idea!

Young Father—Strikes me that that is pretty straight dope. There's some sense in that. Just let him alone till he has it out. Course, you don't want to neglect him if he's sick.

Young Mother—Well, how are you going to know, when he cries, that he isn't sick? I'd like to know that.

Young Father—He says the mother can always tell.

Young Mother (mollified)—Well, I guess maybe she can.

Young Father—And he says never to coax him to go to sleep. Put him to bed and leave him there. He'll go to sleep all right, all right, and especially don't sing to him.

Young Mother—But suppose he wil not, after hours and hours.

Young Father—But I'll bet he will after a while.

Young Mother—How do you know?

Young Father—Well, I know, that's all; and this man says so, too.

Young Mother—But suppose he gets to crying. What then?

Young Father—Why, just let him cry, as this writer says.

Young Mother—The poor little thing.

Young Father—And don't play with him, he says. Don't tickle him in the ribs or throw him up in the air, and don't let any grandmas or grandpas, or uncles or aunts or anybody else do it.

Young Mother—What harm can that do, I would like to know?

Young Father—Well, it's not good for him; the fact is, it's bad. I believe it, too.

Young Mother—Well, maybe; but I don't see what harm it can do to hold him on your lap and play with him. You don't have to tickle him in the ribs to play with him.

Young Father—And then here's something I don't know that I agree with. He says you mustn't show him off. Leave him in bed and let people take your word for it.

Young Mother—But they all want to see him.

Young Father—Yes, and, by George, I want them to see him. It'll not hurt him any to have people look at him; that fellow is off his base there, he's got rats in his belfry.

Young Mother—I don't agree with him in anything.

Young Father—Oh, I do; except in that not showing him to people. I think that stunt of letting him cry and not singing to him and not taking him out for a six-mile walk at two o'clock in the morning when the air is full of frost and your eyes are full of sleep—I think that is a Jim Dandy stunt.

Young Mother—Well, I think it is all nothing but a lot of fol-de-rol. And I don't think he knows a thing about babies.

Young Father—And, oh, here he tells who he is and all about himself. He is a bachelor.

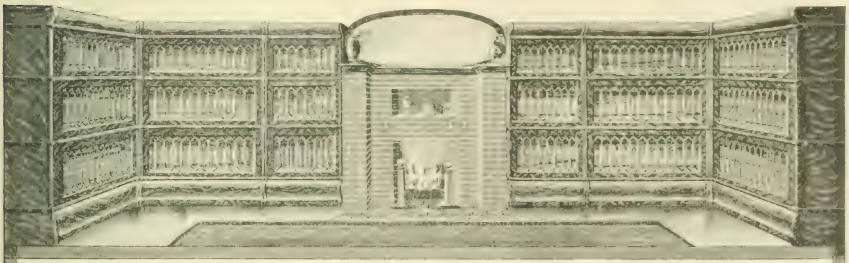
Young Mother—I knew it, I knew it; I told you so.

Young Father—But he's a doctor, and—

Young Mother—Well, he might do as a doctor for some people's babies, but not for mine.

Young Father—And he is in one of the big babies' hospitals, where they take care of loads and loads of kids all the time. That's where he learned so much about the way to tend to them.

Young Mother (in a tone of conviction)—Oh, he is in a hospital, is he?



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INDIGESTION is relieved by the Vibrator because it stimulates the stomach to healthy and normal action, thus making it do its own work—that of digestion. *James H. Smith, Louisburg Hotel, Bar Harbor, Me., writes: For over 30 years I have had indigestion and headaches. Drugs did me no good, but your Vibrator has cured me.*

RHEUMATISM, Sciatica and Lumbago promptly yield to our Vibrator, because its beneficent action displaces the Uric Acid Deposits, sending them out of the body by increasing circulation. *Mr. H. B. Page, Box 824, Denver, Col., says: "I have cured myself of Sciatica and other diseases by your Vibrator, and would not be without it."*

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WHAT DOCTORS SAY. Our Vibrator is used and endorsed by many thousand physicians of all schools of medicine. No matter how much they may differ in their opinions about drugs, they unite in agreeing that the Vibrator is a truly scientific apparatus, safe yet powerful and of unquestioned efficacy in practically all diseased and disordered conditions. *Dr. Lemon, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says: "Your Vibrator received and used with great satisfaction. Enclosed find express order for two more."*

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NOTICE—The basic patent covering our Vibrator has been sustained by the Federal Court of New York City and the U. S. Supreme Court. Infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

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Send for our Free Booklet that will tell you How and Why.

LAMBERT SNYDER CO.,
Dept. 31, C, 41 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.

Young Father—Yes, and he says they save the lives of lots of babies there.

Young Mother—But he doesn't say how many of the poor, little, neglected things die, does he?

Young Father—No, but—

Young Mother—A bachelor! Ha! Ha! In a hospital! Ha! No, sir, he can't tell me anything about babies. I'll bring my baby up in the good old-fashioned way, the way my mother brought me up. I don't want any of these new fangled, high falutin, self-raising schemes in mine; and especially when the person who gets them up is a man, and a bachelor at that. If he were a married man—

Young Father—Yes, if he were a married man, he never would have wasted his time writing that article.

* * *

A Mute Witness.

He walked into the restaurant, gave his hat and coat to a waiter, and appeared to be more than pleased with the prospect of a good dinner. He recognized two or three acquaintances dining at the various tables, and bowed most cordially to them. In fact, the broad, good natured smile which he wore seemed in perfect accord with his general appearance.

The chair which the waiter placed under him was not at the proper distance from the table, and reaching down he started to adjust it. All at once he became motionless with his hands gripped on the chair. The smile faded from his face, his brow darkened and furrowed, and his eyes gleamed with anger. Slowly he released his hold on the bottom of the chair, and carefully brought his hands up above the table. Sticking to each of them was a wad of chewing gum.

"Waiter!" he said, sharply. "My hat and coat. I thought I was patronizing a cafe, but I find it's a young ladies' seminary. Never mind the finger bowl. I'll put them back, and she'll never know the difference."

* * *

Erroneous.

Jinks—No, sir; I don't know whether to believe anything that's in the Bible.

Binks—Why, I thought you were a great stickler for the literalness of it?

Jinks—I used to be, but the other day I was looking in the one that belonged to my father and mother, and on the very first page I found what appears to be an error.

Binks—What is it?

Jinks—Why, according to it, my sister must be thirty-nine, but she tells every one she is thirty. She ought to know.

* * *

What's the Use?

"Vamoose!" said the inspector to the meat magnate. "Get out! Pack!"

"What's the use," he replied. "We can't sell if we do pack; the market is busted flat."

365 SHAVES

WITHOUT STROPPING

A shave every day in the year for less than two cents a week, with the wonderful double-edged wafer blades of the Gillette Safety Razor.



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One million satisfied users prove the supremacy of the Gillette, a supremacy due to the double-edged wafer blades which require No Stropping and are Always Sharp—**facts true only of the Gillette Blade.** If there is a single user who is not getting the utmost satisfaction, **we want to know it.**

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Any man can shave himself smoothly and easily with the Gillette. It is the simplest as well as the best and most durable razor made. Every double-edged wafer blade is as perfect as science and skill can make it. The steel used in the manufacture of Gillette Blades is made specially for this purpose. By a unique process which required years to perfect, this steel is converted into Gillette double-edged wafer blades, uniform in temper, and with **the most perfect shaving edge in the world.**

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and the name of a friend who does not use the Gillette Razor, we send postpaid, to every address a full deck of playing cards, regular 50c. quality, celluloid finish, with round corners and gold edges, in handsome heavy gold-embossed leatherette telescope case.

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The Gillette Razor is packed in a handsome leather case with 12 double-edged blades (24 perfect edges) each blade good for an average of more than 20 smooth, delightful shaves without stropping. When dulled throw away as you do a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second.

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¶ Corner of Fourth and Spring Street 120 x 120—$150,000. Lot just one block away only 60x120 sold recently for $150,000. This is an excellent location for a hotel.

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The great editor had, thoughtlessly, fallen in love with the young lady whose contributions he had frequently returned. He wrote her a letter, in which he stated that his heart had been in her possession for some time, etc.

The reply staggered him:

"Sorry," she wrote, "to have kept the article sent in by you so long. Are you sure you inclosed sufficient postage for its return, in case it was unavailable? In returning it, we wish to thank you for your consideration in offering it, and to assure you that our rejection implies no lack of merit in the article itself, simply that we have already on hand more articles of a like character than we can use for some time to come.

"Yours, etc.,

"MISS EMILY BROWN."

* * *

In the Sideshow.

Manager—What's all that row in the sideshow tent?

Attendant—The bearded lady says someone has swiped his chewing tobacco and accuses the living skeleton. Skel continues to shake the bones with the King of the Cannibals, and his indifference has put Whiskers in a rage. The fat lady has got hold of some booze and swears she can lick the whole outfit at anything from marbles to foot-races. The Albino is turning livid with anger, and the leopard-boy is rubbing all his spots off.

Manager—What shall I do?

Attendant—Do? Nothing! The public thinks this is part of the show.

Manager—Well, see that they keep it up then, for we must cater to the public.

* * *

Contrasts.

Did you ever notice how poetical women are and how prosaic men are in describing things? Take, for instance, articles of wearing apparel:

Woman's term:	Man's term:
Peek-a-boo waist,	Torn shirt,
Open-work hose,	Socks with holes in 'em,
Evening gown,	Swell rags,
Decollete,	Cut low,
A train.	That thing you slip on.

On the other hand, did you ever notice how much more prone to slang men are than women in their terms:

Man's term:	Woman's term:
A lid,	A hat,
Side kick,	An intimate friend,
Booze,	Intoxicating liquor,
Skiddoo,	Hurry,
23 for me.	Oh, dear me!





The above oat crop averaged 87 bushels to the acre, and is the 39th crop on this land without fertilizer or irrigation.

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The above field of oats speaks well for the richness and depth of our soil. Think of it, the 39th crop and 87 bushels to the acre. This same soil will produce from 40 to 60 bushels of wheat, 3 to 5 tons of the finest hay, and as fine fruits and vegetables as can be grown anywhere in the world.

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How to Keep Cool.

Experiences during the summer lead to these unfailing maxims on how to keep cool:

Don't eat.
Don't drink.
Don't sleep.
Don't stay awake.
Don't go to bed.
Don't get up.
Don't think.
Don't dream.
Don't work.
Don't rest.
Don't dress.
Don't undress.
Don't walk.
Don't ride.
Don't talk.
Don't listen.
Don't stay in.
Don't go out.
Don't get hot.

* * *

Snails.

Many a man who prides himself on his popularity mistakes the looking glass for public opinion.

Did you ever notice that it is the trim-figured, curly-haired girl who likes rainy days?

The man who explains his defeat most readily is the one who got what was coming to him.

The man who crows over beating somebody else is as bad as the man who whines over being licked.

Nothing succeeds with a man so often as success, except failure.

Make two grow where one grew before is good enough advice for some people, but would you give it seriously to a bald-headed man?

* * *

Caught.

Smith—Say, I received a severe shock today.

Smythe—How's that? Touch a live wire?

Smith—No, I was sitting in a street car reading my paper, and was not aware that the car was crowded, and that some ladies were standing. Suddenly, to my surprise, a woman who was standing in front of me said to me, "Don't you think it would be the right thing for you to give me that seat?"

Smythe—She had her nerve, didn't she?

Smith—She always has. She is my wife.

* * *

If—

Mother—I see here in the paper, father, that a man claims he can cure people of bad habits by laying on his hands.

Father—Well, by gum, I'll bet I could, too. If I could lay my hands on those dad-burned boys that are stealin' my water-melons, you bet your sweet life I'd cure them of the habit mighty blamed quick.

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Postponed.

"Watcher doin'?" asked Tommy of Jimmy.

"Rakin' the yard," Jimmy replied.

"What for?"

"Got to."

"Why?"

"My ma makes me."

"Lesgo swimmin'."

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Got to rake the yard."

"Aw, let it go till tomorrow."

"Nope, can't."

"Betcher I would."

"Betcher wouldn't."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Cause you wouldn't."

"Well, why wouldn't I?"

"'Cause you wouldn't dast."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"'Cause you'd get a lickin'."

"Aw, I wouldn't mind that."

"Yes, you would, too."

"Wouldn't either."

"You would."

"I wouldn't. What's a five minutes' lickin' to an all day's fun?"

"You would."

"Dare you out here."

"Dare you in here."

"Cowardy-calf."

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'll show you."

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" came a voice from the house. "Come here, dear, mamma wants you a minute."

"Yes, your mammy saved you that time."

"All right for you; I'll show you tomorrow."

"Jimmy!"

"Yessum, I'm comin'. You jest wait till I ketch you, and I'll hammer the waddin' out of you, so I will."

* * *

Unanimous.

Teacher—Now, let us name the different instruments of punishment used in the world. Who can name one first?

Johnnie Jones—Puttin' 'em in prison.

Willie Smith—Hangin' 'em.

Tommy Burns—Hitchin' horses to 'em and pullin' 'em apart.

Larry Brown—The guillotine.

George West—Cuttin' their heads off with a sword.

Wallie Roberts—Drowndin' 'em.

Teacher—Is that all? Isn't there one worse than all these. It was invented only recently.

All—Oh, I know. It's the hair-brush.

* * *

Frank, at Least.

Chappie—If I had an idea that you'd marry me, I—

Flirtie Fickle—That's just it, you haven't an idea.

Consistent.

There was to be a Sunday school picnic that day, but for some unaccountable reason she didn't want to go. Her husband pleaded with her, but to no avail. She absolutely refused. Nevertheless, he continued dressing, and went out and drove the team up in front of the door. She had on her good clothes, but she still refused to go. Presently it began to rain, and she objected still more strenuously, although she continued getting ready.

Finally, laden with an umbrella and some lap robes, she came out and clambered into the spring wagon. He started off before she was fairly seated, for fear that she might change her mind. Her complaints kept coming one after another, thick and fast, but to all appearances he was oblivious to them.

Suddenly, however, his patience gave way and, turning his head over his shoulder, he said:

"Now, look here, you say just one word more about not wanting to go to this picnic, and I'll turn right around and go home."

The threat had no effect; she kept on talking.

True to his word, he started to turn the team around. "Don't you dare turn that team around," she snapped. "If you do, I'll get out and walk there."

He laughed in derision, and by so doing succeeded in stopping her railings, because she didn't understand why he laughed. All the rest of the way, however, she derived what satisfaction she could from holding her umbrella in such a position that a copious stream of water fell upon the back of her better half's new summer coat.

* * *

A Dilemma.

Jones—What's the matter, old man? You look tickled to death one minute and worried the next.

Smith—Well, the truth is I don't know whether to be happy or furious.

Jones—Tell me what the trouble is. Maybe I can help you out.

Smith—You know that man Timms, don't you?

Jones—Yes.

Smith—You also know that I told you yesterday that I owe him five thousand dollars, which comes due today, and that I didn't see how in the world I could pay it?

Jones—Yes, I remember.

Smith—Well, Timms eloped with another man's wife last night; he doesn't dare to come back; and I am five thousand to the good.

Jones—Well, I don't see that you have any reason to be anything but happy.

Smith—But it was my wife that he eloped with.



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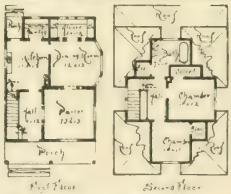
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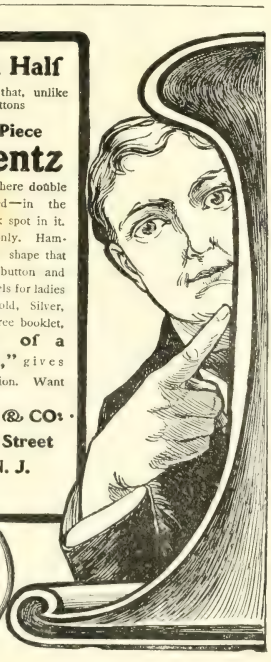
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Junior Partner—Here, let me try.

Senior Partner—It won't do you any good, but go ahead. I'll bet I burn that girl up with a scorching complaint.

Junior Partner—Central, we are very anxious to get Main 2222. Will you please ring them hard. I'm sure someone is there. Maybe their 'phone is out of order, but I wish you would try again, please—Hello! Is that Main 2222? All right. Mr. Jones wishes to speak to you.

Senior Partner—Well, by George! Now, why didn't she get them for me?

* * *

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* * *

Not Envious.

Weary Waggles—How would you like to be as rich as Rockefeller?

Dusty Rhodes—Wouldn't like it.

Weary Waggles—Why? Just think of the beer you could buy.

Dusty Rhodes—Yes, I know, but I wouldn't want nothin' but champaign, and I'd probably have dispepsia and couldn't drink that. My present thirst is worth more than all his money.

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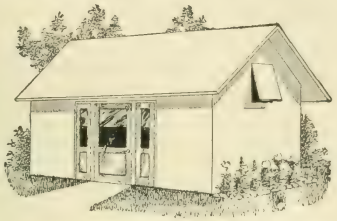
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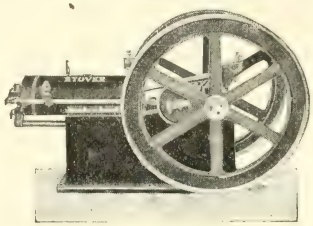
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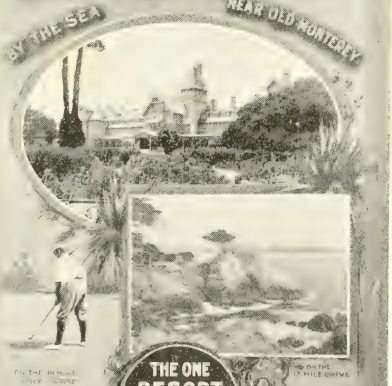
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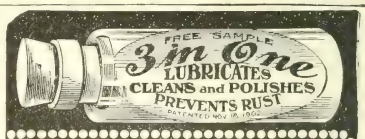
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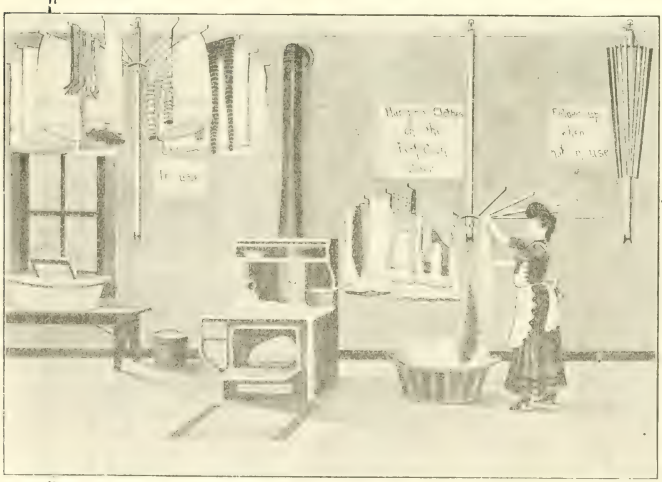
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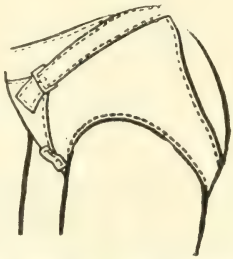
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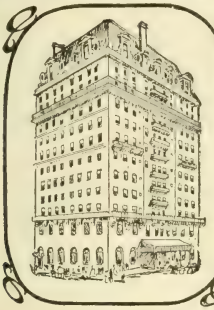
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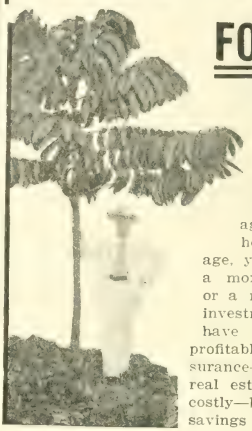
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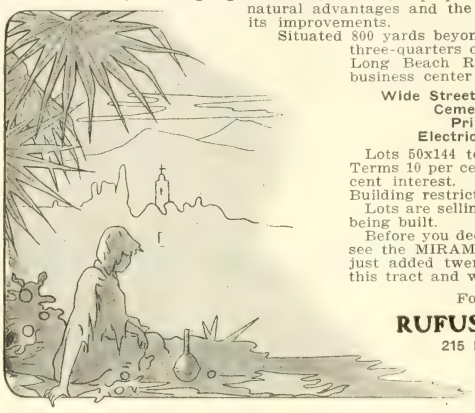
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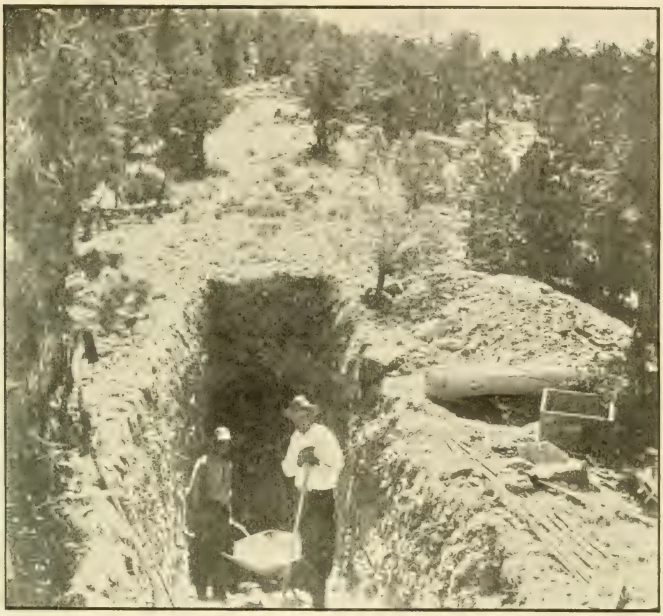
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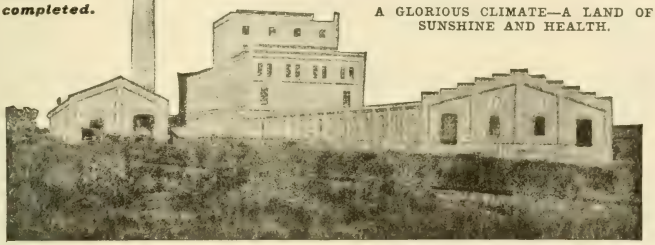
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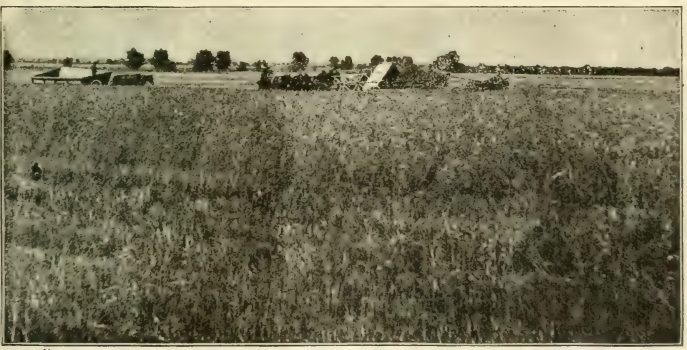
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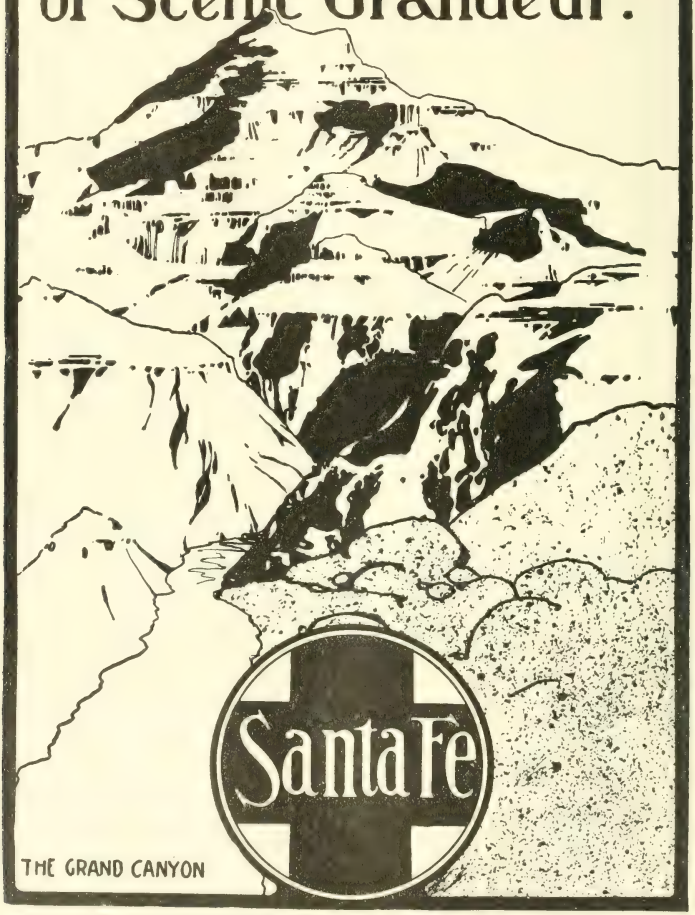
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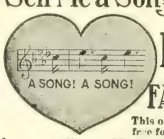
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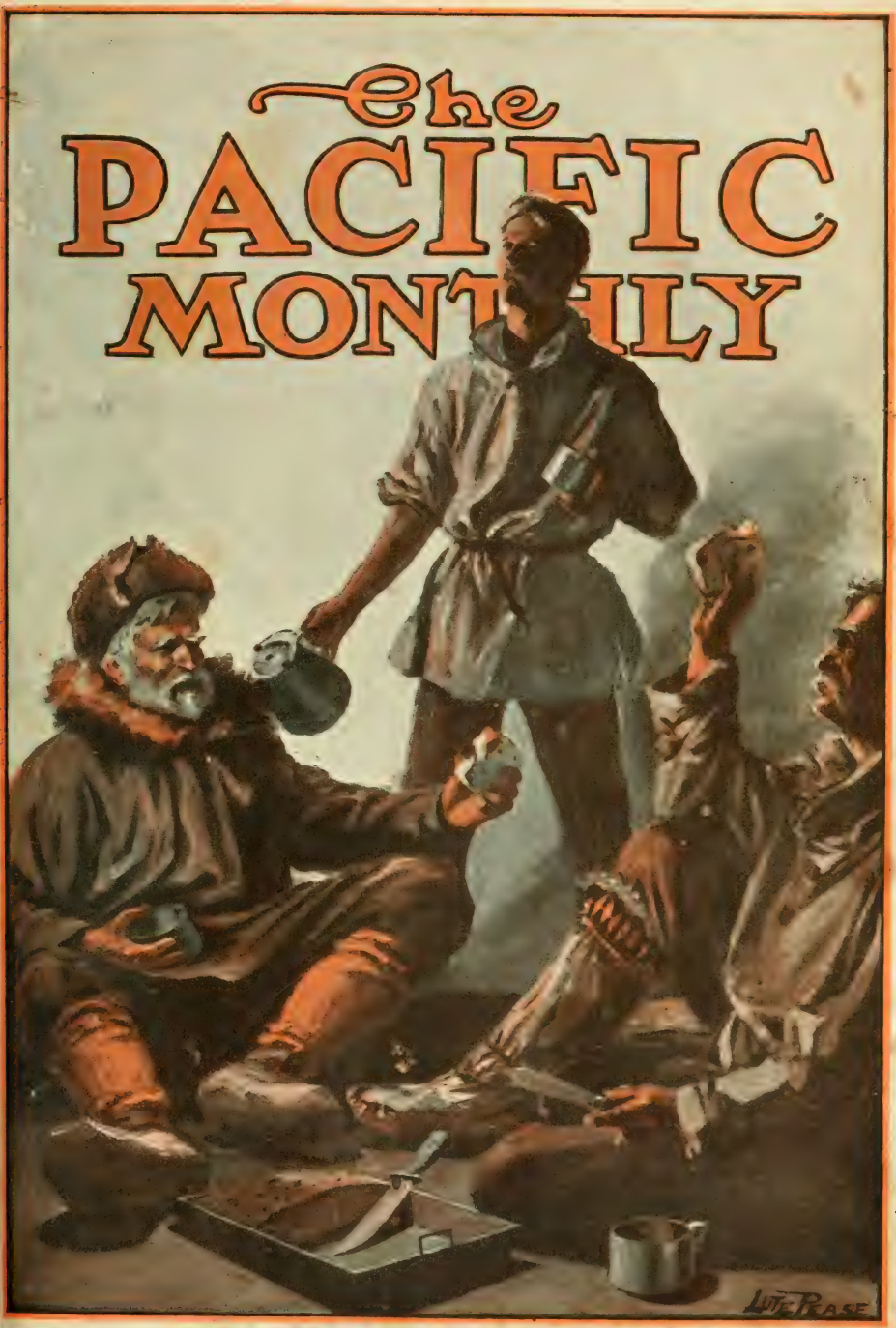
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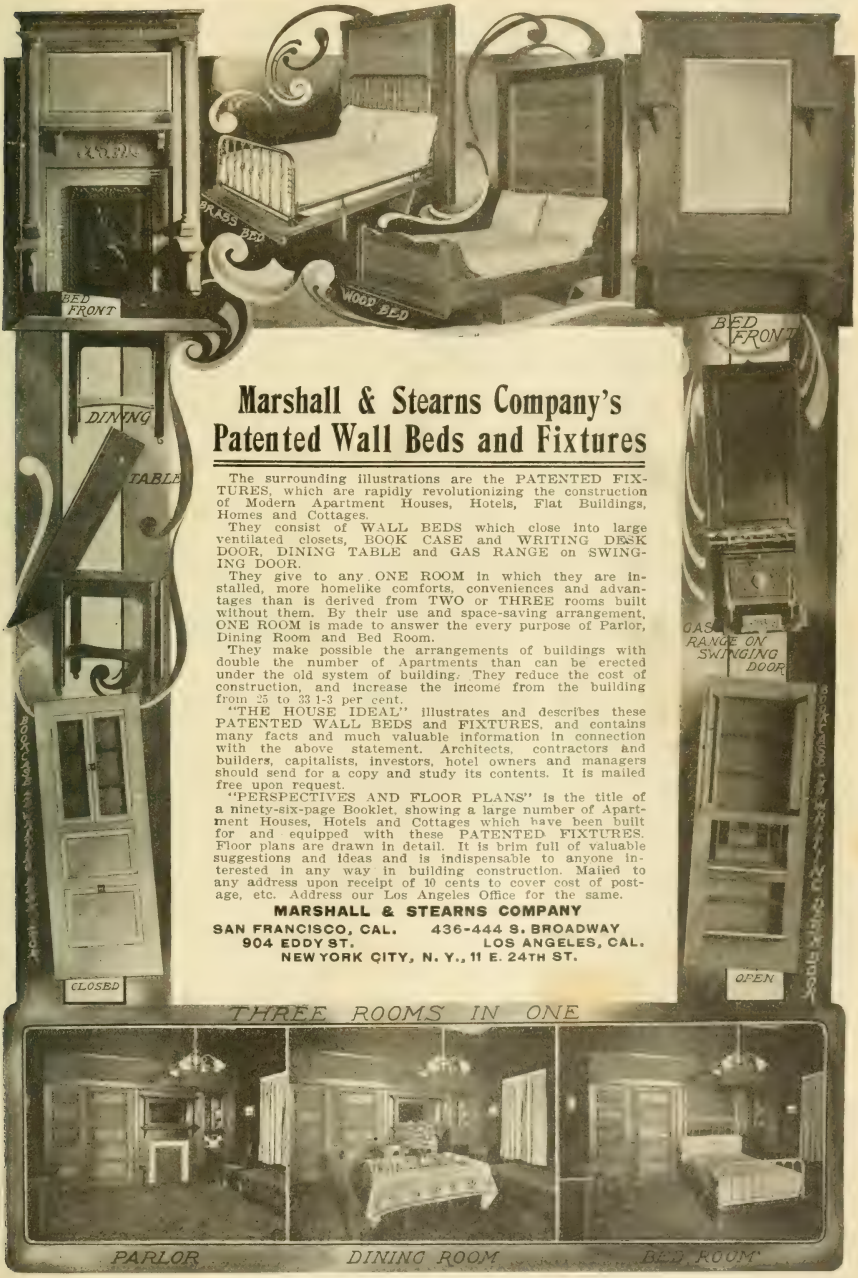
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The Pacific Monthly

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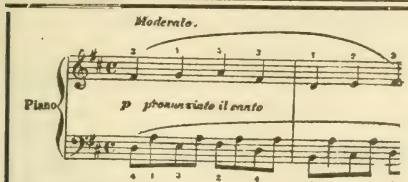
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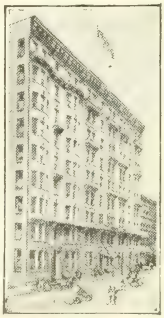
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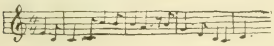
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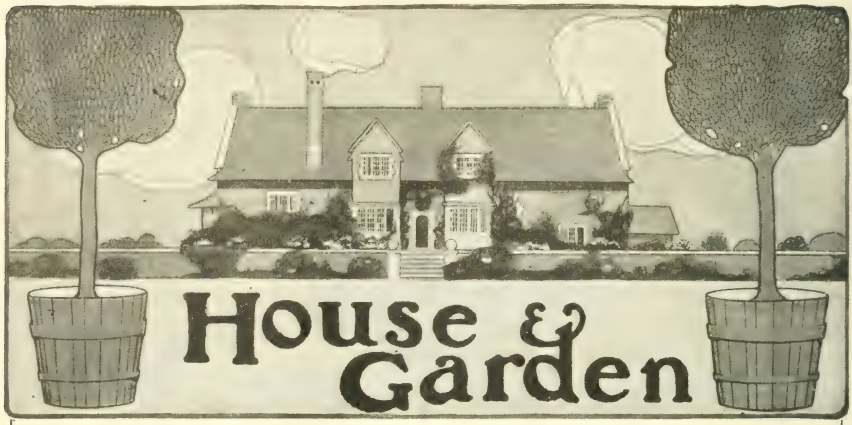
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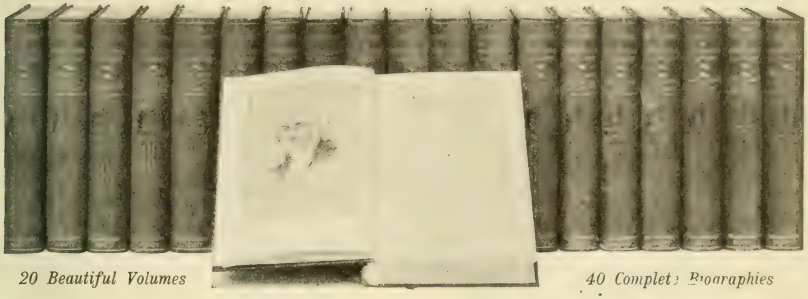
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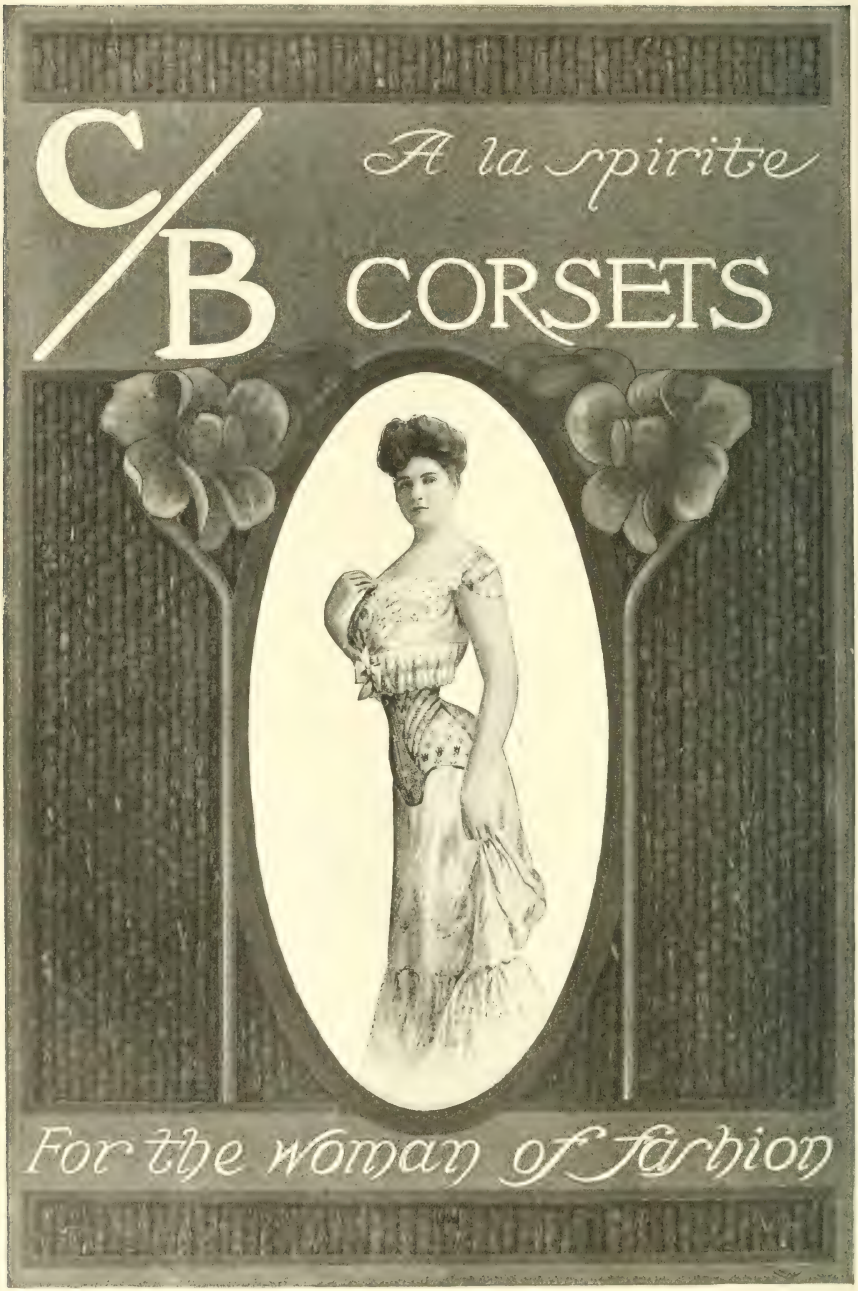
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Vol. XVI NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 5

The Grub and the Lop-Eared Dog

A Thanksgiving Tale of Alaska

By Lute Pease



TWO worn-looking men of middle age huddled opposite the roaring camp stove in a low-pitched tent, moodily regarding a curiously spotted dog crouched apologetically just within the flap. The canvas shelter swayed and strained terrifically to the lash of the Arctic blizzard that swept the black night without. Shadows of men and dog, by the light of the open stove-draft tossed gigantic and shapeless on the billowing walls. At last one of the men spat in disgust:

"Give the Injin the grub if you're so set on it, but don't blame me if we starve goin' home."

"I say we don't need it," returned the other, testily. "We can make the run in two days, and we're keeping enough grub for four days; besides, we can travel faster bein' 60 pounds lighter."

"Oh, have your way, Jake; but give him that dog 'long with the rest. That blame brute ain't worth his keep. See how fat he is—and all the others played out—skin and bones."

"Yep—he hain't pulled his own grub this whole trip, but"—

"I know, you're goin' to say the Kid liked him; but that dog never'd work for nobody but the Kid. We had a chance to trade him over on the Kobuk, but you wouldn't listen to reason."

"Well, Mac," began Jake again, mildly, "the Kid said Lop knowed more and could pull harder'n any dog of that weight he'd ever seen."

"Knowed more!" snorted Mac, "yes, knowed enough to be the worst thief in Alaska—look at the spotted skunk; did you see him drop that good ear of his when I said 'thief'?"

"He cocked it up when we spoke of the Kid," said Jake, soberly. "See that? Lop was sure stuck on the Kid."

Simultaneously both men sighed and fell again to brooding, while the shadows danced wildly on the shrinking wall. Jake, the long, loose-jointed, slow-spoken and good-natured; Mac, the stocky-figured, peppery-tempered, quick-tongued, were equally cast down; they nursed a common sorrow.

The Singin' Kid was lost. His partners had searched the white waste from

the Selawik Divide to the southern shore of Kotzebue Sound, hitting the trail hard from the day the freeze-up had first enabled them to set forth with dogs and sled. Since finding his stakes and location notices on the remote creek for which he had "stampeded" early in the fall, no trace of the youth had heartened them. Frost and snow had obliterated any signs of his camping places and trail. His forty days' grub must long since have been consumed. Expecting to return before the freeze-up he had taken no dogs. He could scarce have traveled after ice stopped boating.

Even the keenly observant natives of the region could offer no clue to the wanderer's fate, except one possibly contained in the report of the wreck of a small skin-boat against the Arctic ice-pack, where it crushed into the entrance of the inlet from Kotzebue Sound.

Jake and Mac, trail-worn and hopeless, had given up the search. They were waiting for the storm to pass before returning northwestward by the shortest route to their winter quarters near Kotzebue Mission. They were now camped on the southern shore of Selawik Lake which pours into the inlet. Noatuk, their guide, was to leave them here, going northeastward to his Selawik valley home.

Presently the partners' reverie was broken by the entrance of their guide with a bundle of willow fuel for which he had been in search. In the slight confusion, Lop, the dog, had slipped inward to the right. He quickly and softly nosed up the lid of the grub-box and his jaws were already adrip because of the close proximity of bacon, when slap! against his ribs came a billet of willow. In a flash, without yelp or whimper, he ducked out through the flap. The guide laughed softly as he shook the snow from his clothing.

"Lop, he sabe plenty," said he. Addressing his employers more directly he continued, "Pretty soon wind peluk (gone). Maybe so better you go quick home; me go quick home. Maybe so, by and by, two—three day, wind come plenty some more."

"All right, Noatuk," said Jake. "I noticed the wind's going down some, and you're glad to go home, Noatuk?"

"Yeh," returned the native, smiling. "Plenty glad—my wife maybe she plenty sick now, maybe-so plenty hungry now; new baby hungry too—me go home catch um plenty ptarmigan maybe—no hungry then."

"Noatuk," pursued Jake, pointing toward a corner. "There is a sack o' flour, a can o' baking powder and ten pounds o' raisins. You've been a good man with us on this trip. If you want to pack it home, you can have it."

The Esquimaux beamed, but he said gravely; "Maybe-so you no get home soon you plenty hungry."

"We've got four days' grub in the grub-box, Noatuk. Your wife will want a change from seal-oil and fish; biscuits and flapjacks will make her stout again, my boy."

"All right," said the native, simply. "You men plenty good men. Now me fix-um map."

From a pouch at his side he produced a stub of pencil and a greasy little notebook, such as is carried by nearly all Alaska Indians of Mission training. He entered the usual mark for the day in the crude calendar and turning to a blank page, began swiftly to draw a rough map of the route to be taken by the partners. His instructions were explicit and brief: "Two sleeps," the first on Atenik Point, at the mouth of the Lake; the second at Nimyuk Point on the Inlet, then "ketchum salt-water ice and pretty quick ketchum Mission." In case of blizzard they could not get *"king-uk shok-a-toktuk"* (bewildered—literally; "traveling crazy") for by keeping the shore always close at the left, with the ice expanse at the right, they must inevitably reach home.

The partners laughed at the suggestion of a possibility of getting lost.

"Injun sometime get *king-uk shok-a-tok-tuk plenty,"* said Noatuk, laughing softly.

Then Noatuk sprung a little surprise on the white men. Turning again to his calendar, the Indian began laborious digital computation. Presently with a grunt of satisfaction he said:

"One—three—five—fifteen more day—Thanksyougiving day."

"Thanksgiving!" cried the partners in a breath, "what do you know about that day?"

"Me sabe plenty!" returned the Indian



"Lop."

proudly. "Lots-um white men come Kotzebue, '98; have big time that day; plenty eat; plenty give Injun; plenty good time. Then Missionary man he tell me—yeh, me sabe plenty."

"Well, old boy," said Mac, "you and your crowd can have a floury Thanksgiving this year, an' thank Jake for that."

"We'd have a blow-out, too," added Jake, sadly, "if we'd a found our pard."

Morning dawned clear and fair. The dogs, refreshed with a day's rest, and perhaps feeling instinctively that they were on the home trail at last, evinced a trifle of spirit at the first command: "Mush!" All but Lop. That shirk seemed anxious to follow the Indian, who was swinging away to the right across the lake, bent under his pack.

"Let the spotted devil go, if he wants to," urged Mac, "we haven't got more'n 'nough fish to last the others home."

But Jake lashed the dog into line and the team sped off at a trot over the hard snow-hummocks of the lake. Hour after hour passed, the men alternating at the sled-handles and at running in advance of the team. Night falls early in November along that latitude, and it was long after dark when they reached the headland for which they had been making.

"This is Atenik Point, I 'spose," remarked Mac, as they turned in, "and tomorrow we'll be out of the lake and followin' up the shore of the Inlet."

"'Course," returned his partner. "Say, Mac—its queer how Lop's been acting. Seems 's if he doesn't want to go home."

But Mac began to snore, in which cacophony Jake soon chorused.

Sometime before dawn the men found themselves struggling under the wreck of their tent. The dogs were whining about them anxiously.

"It's that hellish wind again," shouted Mac, emerging at last from the ruin. "You can hardly stand up in it." At that moment the tall figure of the other man uprose under the canvas, grunting.

"You look like a ghost, Jake."

There was a shout, a parting of ropes, and the tent went whirling to leeward, leaving Jake sprawling. A quarter-mile sprint and the breathless Mac overtook the precious property as it lodged against a clump of shore willows.

Half an hour, and all belongings that could be recovered in the wild darkness had been loaded on the sled, the team harnessed, and the outfit away, sped by the blow. As the dogs now needed no guide, the men alternately rode and ran beside the sled.

Finely powdered, fiercely blown snow filled the air. The cheek turned to it was stung as by driven sand.

"Luckily it ain't a head-wind," shouted Mac; "we'll make a hundred miles by night if this holds. That'll take us home."

"That's twice lucky," panted the tall man, "for we hain't saved a mite o' grub except that dab o' flour. The salt was spilled, and that lop-eared devil got away with the chunk of bacon; and the other dogs cleaned up the last o' them dried salmon—they went a skittering out over the ice like chips."

"Lop'd sure get the tid-bit," commented the other. And so the mishap was dismissed carelessly in the thought of quickly reaching home. Keeping close to the shore which loomed dimly on the left, they felt none of that terror of getting "off the trail" that often assails the stoutest soul in a blizzard.

Daylight brought increase of wind, and at times they lost trace of the shore as the dogs cut short across some little bay or tiny inlet. But quickly recovering

land again, the men would have ceased to trouble themselves had it not been for the pig-headedness of the spotted one. Lop persisted in trying to drag the team out of line to the right.

"He'd like to get us in a fix, that thief," shouted Mac, at last; "let's cut him out, he don't pull anyway."

So Lop was slipped off the string. Then he began to run whining beside his mates, who took vicious snaps at him as opportunity offered. Once or twice he dropped away to the right and to the rear, long enough to send a howl down the wind before rejoining the outfit. At last he took to running in advance of the team, but still a trifle to the right of its course.

To the men by the sled he was quite lost in the murk; indeed they could scarce see the leader of their four working animals. Glancing down as they ran, the men noted that their own feet seemed almost lost in the fine snow which whirled thickest nearest the ice.

Suddenly, about noon, having lost the land for a moment, they came smack against it again—a low, willow-grown shore which turned them at an obtuse angle to the right. They halted.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jake in the ear of his partner.

"Why, it's all right, I guess; you see, we must have got out of the lake pretty soon after we started. 'Cordin' to the map the coast line of the Inlet runs due north in one place, before it turns off west again. We've hit that now."

Travel with a flanking wind was hard enough, and when at last they found the blizzard swinging around into their faces, the dogs came to a halt of themselves. Out of the obscurity ahead sounded the long-drawn wail of the lop-eared one.

Again the partners consulted. No, they could not have missed the trail. There loomed still the low shore on the left, where it ought to be, and where they had kept it uninterruptedly all day.

"Must be the damned wind's got around to the northard," shouted Jake.

"Of course," assented Mac, backing to the storm and gently plucking at the icicles clustering about his bearded lips. "We've got work cut out for us now."

He unfastened a rope from the sled, went forward and tied one end to the line just behind the lead dog. Making a loop at the other end he put it over his shoulders and dragged stoutly ahead. Jake shoved at the rear, and thus doubly reinforced, the dogs again took heart and set hard into their collars, venting little yelps from time to time, and holding their heads sideways to the blow.

It was fearful work. The men, blinded and bent half double, made snail's progress.

"We can't never stop until we get wood," shouted Mac down wind.

To make camp without fuel, of course, meant probable freezing. But drift-wood or willows of sufficient size seemed lacking along that shore. Hours passed. Black night came on. Men and dogs, faint and exhausted, could scarce have gone much farther, when at last a patch of beach was found, swept clean of snow. Here Mac stumbled over a plenty of drift-wood and gave thanks to God fervently.

They found the lee side of a low hillock where they decided to pitch the tent, anchoring it to driftwod stakes driven deep into the hard banked snow.

Not to dwell on the details of patient labor and skill required to make camp under such conditions, it is sufficient to state that eventually the shelter was up, firewood cut, and the travelers swallowing a supper of plain boiled flour, unsalted.

Outside the hardy dogs curled up, nose to tail, each backed to the wind, and dropped into canine slumberland—all except the spotted one. He disappeared for a time, then returned to thrust himself, apologetically lop-eared, through the tent flap to the warmth within. He lacked the long furry coat of his mates, and the weary men cared not to kick him out.

"Nothing for him to steal now, anyway," muttered Jake.

"That's right," said the other, as he worked down into his sleeping bag. "Better keep him inside, so's he won't lose any more weight than can be helped."

"Why?"

"We may have to eat him—we can never move from here till this blow lets up, and it may howl on for anywhere from nine to twenty-seven days. This is one of the bad ones—you can gamble on that."

"Mac!" suddenly remarked Jake, in a low voice.

"What?"

"I've got my right big toe bad nipped."

That night Mac awoke with a night-



The Blizzard.

mare sensation of horrible pressure upon his chest. It was the tent wall pressing in upon him because of drifted snow. He aroused his partner.

"We got to dig, or we'll smother," he said—"say, I guess the storm's stopped." Mac sat up under the ridge pole in the inky darkness, listening. It seemed evident that the blizzard had passed. Jake struck a match, and it showed the hard bellying walls about them and the ridge pole bowed inward.

"Mac, its drifting all over us—we must dig to get out—and we left the shovel outside!"

They escaped by cutting a hole in the upper front end of the tent; found the shovel by the sled which was yet beyond the drift; Jake dug and worried away the snow from about the canvas, while Mac crowled back and forth between camp and shore, fetching pieces of drift-wood. They then timbered and braced their shelter from within while the snow rapidly filled again about them.

Thence on for days they rested only in turn, for while the drift housed them deep and snug, the passage out had to be kept clear. Also from time to time the upper joint of stove pipe must be lifted, that its top should clear the summit of the drift, else it would fill and they would suffocate when starting a fire.

When at last the drift leveled with the top of the hillock, it reached its depth limit, but continued to spread far to the leeward. The men kept clear a constantly lengthening tunnel, through which Mac brought the daily supply of wood. Jake was able only to hobble, painfully, by reason of his frost-bitten toe.

One by one the dogs disappeared. The men surmised that lying foolishly against the drift, each had been covered by the hardpacking snow too deeply to struggle out in their weakened state. But the lop-eared yet remained. He disappeared from time to time, returning always to the warm burrow, to whine softly and cock his one "good" ear quaintly at them.

Strangely he seemed to keep fat.

On the seventh day, the last of the carefully husbanded flour was gone. At first both men had been peevish from the confinement and privation; now they were become silent. They brooded constantly in the pitch darkness and the uncanny silence of their narrow den. Because of the dripping in upon them with too long continued extra heat, they made no fire except to thaw snow and boil the flour. At such times, however, when the fitful

light from the open draft cheered the gloom, the men also brightened.

As Jake put down his cup emptied of the last trace of the final mess of flour gruel, he ventured a feeble joke:

"Why are we like phoney diamonds, Mac?"

"Because we're all paste? Humph, we're more like old bill-boards."

"Say, Mac, let's start a game—a guessin' contest."

"What you drivin' at?"

"Guessin' Lop's weight. Feller that wins gets the wish bone—I mean, the tenderloin."

"Humph, how we goin' to weigh him?"

"Oh, you hain't got any imagination!"

Jake began in a high pitched voice to sing a lugubrious song of the Kid's:

"Oh! the wives and the sisters and the mothers,
They stood upon the sands all a-wringin' of their hands,
A-weepin' and a-wailin' and a-callin' on the sands.
The husbands and the fathers and the sons and the brothers,
They tossed upon the billows and they drownded in the sea;
They were fishermen and sailors, but they drownded in the sea;
Oh! the wives and—"

"God! what's that?" exclaimed Mac.

Faint and far away sounded a shout. Mac sprang out and through the tunnel, followed by the limping Jake. From the silence of the drift they burst into the wildness of the untiring blizzard. They strove to penetrate the blurred whiteness; they shouted and screamed, and Mac dashed athwart the wind down to the shore, where he yelled again vainly into the storm. An infant might have squalled as well at Niagara.

"Must have been Lop howling," suggested Jake, as they returned to the den, shaking the dust-like snow from their persons.

"When are we going to kill that dog?" demanded Mac.

"'We?' I couldn't do it, Mac."

"It must be done—I'll do it—you could *eat* him I reckon?"

"I'll have to be worse off than I am yet."

"You'll come to it, all right; many a good man has had to in Alaska, Pard."

"Yes, I know. They say it tastes like mutton."

"Injuns in the States dote on it, and they say them Filipinos just bawl for it."

"Say, Mac, we'd have plenty grub now if I hadn't shoved that pack onto Noatuk; and you said then not to blame you if we starved."

But Mac's soul was cast in generous mould. He laughed.

"Maybe that was flour and raisins throwed upon the waters—maybe it'll float back after many days, Pard. Besides, we might o' lost it, or most of it—the time we had that wreck, you know."

"You got a right to blame me good and plenty, though," persisted Jake.

"Never mind," returned the other, "I wanted to shove Lop off on the Injun, too, you recollect—and you saved Lop for us —See?"

"Saved him to be cannibalized," added Mac, gloomily, as the light flickered out.

He crawled into his sleeping bag painfully, while Mac went out to shovel the passage and to fetch another stick from the shore. It was now night. As Mac struggled back toward camp he was surprised to see what he thought were sparks from the little smoke stack above the drift.

"What in thunder's he starting a fire again for?" he muttered

But as Mac entered the den he heard Jake snoring and found the stove quite cold. He stood aghast in the darkness.

"This business is a gettin' to my head," he said aloud—"I've heard it goes that way."

An eerie, evil period elapsed. To this day neither man could tell whether it were of a day's or a week's duration. They could sleep no more. Jake continued to be troubled about his responsibility for the predicament. Occasionally they varied the dreariness by starting a little fire, more for the cheer of light than heat. Sometimes they mourned the loss of the Kid, the debonair lad, whom each loved, with a love passing the love of women. They discussed the necessity over and over again of surviving to send word to the Kid's home, that a certain matter of life insurance arranged for by the thoughtful



"Mac caught the dog's head upward and backward, and with his right seized the knife"

youth might not be lost to a needy mother. They talked of death in whispers, as though the spectre were close at hand. Were they not already entombed? At times one or the other had torturing visions, and they even heard uncanny sounds like snatches of familiar song, though as if at a great distance. But who has not read to satiety the details of hunger-horror?

Strangely enough the dog had disappeared.

"Just like the spotted devil," growled Mac, one evening, "he's onto our game."

Even as he spoke, however, came a low whine at the flap, and the dog crept in shaking the snow from him noisily. Both men thrilled wolfishly. The time had come when the power of one instinct overcame all others.

"Strike a match," commanded Mac, drawing his sheath knife.

The light showed the dog's bright eyes glittering, and the one "good" ear set quaintly a-cock. He was unquestionably sleek and fat.

With a quick movement, Mac caught the animal by the loose hide at the back of the neck. Holding the knife with his teeth, the man drew the animal swiftly to him and held him firmly between his legs. The brute struggled ineffectually.

"Strike another match," snarled the man with the knife.

Again Jake, cowering at the rear of the tent, complied. With his left hand, Mac caught the dog's head upward and backward, and with his right seized the knife.

At that instant, faint and far away, sounded the notes of a familiar song. The dog ceased struggling, the executioner stood as if transfixed, knife in hand. All listened in a silence as of the grave, a silence broken only by the weird melody. The match went out. Suddenly the dog whisked away and was gone.

"Saints of heaven!" cried Mac, wiping his brow and panting heavily in the dark.

"Did you hear that?"

"It was the voice of the Singin' Kid," came the awed tones of his partner. "I've been hearing it for days—he don't want us to eat that dog, Mac; he don't want us to do it."

"Did you recognize that song, Jake?"

"I mind the tune—couldn't make out the words—but I mind that first verse always went like this:" (He began to sing softly, but with a voice absurdly cracked and old).

"In the splendor of summer, where byways are fair,
I'll linger in languor, and wander away,
Like a thistle-down blown by the sweet winds of Dare;
And drinking and singing I'll tarry a day
In a town by a river that rolls to the sea.
Then on the blue water I'll sip the salt air,
And I'll laugh at the storm if the ocean's a-lee."

Silence ensued for a space, a silence so profound that the noise of their own breathing grated on the men's nerves.

"Jake," at last sounded the voice of Mac, "We both heard the Kid—that's certain. If only one heard, we might know 'twas that one gettin' looney. Now, you're head's still level and so's mine. What do you make of it all?"

"Let me think awhile," said Jake. After a time he began solemnly: "It's a message to us, Mac; a message from our Pard, clear from 'tother side. He's happy, or he wouldn't be singin' that song. He wants to tell us that tain't no use for to kill the dog—we're due to cash in, this trip, and he's tellin' us it's all right."

"It may be," admitted the other, "It may be. I've heard tell how sometimes people that's about to wind up hears far-off voices—yes, and even sees and speaks to spirits close by, that living friends standin' round don't pipe in the least—"

"I hear dem angels callin'
And I see my Nellie Gray"—

croaked Mac, tunefully asenting to his partner's thought. "That's it," he added, "I've always thought 'twas what they call delirium, but perhaps its give to us at the last to have eyes to see and ears to hear what hain't of this world. Do you mind how French Pete, dyin' of scurvy last winter, kept talkin' to someone he seemed to think was settin' by his bunk?"

"I should think, then, we'd ought to see the Kid, as well as hear him," returned the hard-headed Mac."

"I half think we might, right now," whispered Jake. "Do you know, Mac, I

feel's if he was settin' right close, maybe resting his chin on his hands and a smilin' at us like he used to do."

Mac shook himself, forcing a laugh. "Come," said he, "this won't do. Let's light up and ask the lad to supper, if he is here."

He opened the stove door and scratching a match held it to the kindling ready there. Blinking in the light, the men glanced around them, half expectantly.

"We'll toast some more o' that delicious caribou hide," continued Mac, "and have supper. I had my palate all curled up for Lop—but maybe he wouldn't have agreed with our pampered stomicks."

"Not much o' your parka left, is there?" asked Jake, hungrily watching his partner hold the fragment of that garment to the blaze, while the den became stifling with the smell of singing hair.

"It's the last of it, but it's 'nough for our Thanksgiving dinner," replied Mac. "Say, I wonder if this *ain't* Thanksgiving day?"

"That's weeks past," muttered Jake, as he chewed on the tough and unsatisfying morsel.

"It's too bad about that sack o' flour and them raisins! To think that—"

"Shut up," said Mac brusquely, "I don't blame you a bit about that. Besides, we ain't dead yet—we'll last some days"—

"Oh, we'll keep till spring all right."

Mac sniffed at the ghastly joke and went on. "We'll last some days, and this storm must be pretty near blowed out—and it can't be more'n sixty miles to the Mission."

"You may get there, Mac," said Jake, sadly, "but I never will—I ain't no good; I couldn't travel with this toe of mine." He added with sudden energy: "You *must* get there, Mac, and fix up that insurance business for the Kid."

"Never say quit," said Mac. "I'm going out to shovel and then go for more wood." He pulled down the earflaps of his cap, tightened his belt and went forth. At once, Jake, drawing close to the light from the stove, pulled the lid of the empty grub-box toward him. Then reaching into the stove he seized a brand by the unburned end. In an instant he had plunged the flaming extremity into the snow under the willow brush that served for the tent floor, and with the crude utensil began to write on the smooth surface of the lid. A grim smile stretched his rugged features as he finished.

"Pard:—One of us must get out. You are it. The Kid would say what I am doing is O. K. Human is as good as dog. You can't get Lop. Use me, or we'll both have one grave in this drift. I ain't no use alive, and probably will be tough dead, but don't have no spasms. Keep your nut and do your duty. Goodbye."

Jake had drawn his sheath knife when he paused to listen. If he expected to hear a ghostly voice, either of protest or encouragement, he was disappointed. The silence was absolute.

"Reckon I must hurry up," he said, and bared his throat. A movement of his foot displaced one of the supports which upheld the stove from the deep hole in the snow, long since melted to the ground underneath. The stove promptly toppled into the bed of its own making, and in an instant the cave was full of smoke.

Despite his suicidal resolution, this accident suddenly stimulated the instinct of self-preservation in Jake, and to escape suffocation, he rushed from the place.

In the open he blinked about in surprise, choking and coughing the while he noted that the wind had somewhat subsided. It was possible to see objects at some distance, and Jake began to smile at the spectacle of Mac on snowshoes, ax in hand, craftily stalking the spotted dog. Lop circled away from danger with equal craft, deaf alike to commands, entreaties and blandishments.

"Head him off, Jake!" shouted Mac, as the dog approached the camp. Jake did his best—against his will—but the animal dodged easily, and ran up along the summit of the drift, in the teeth of the wind. The men followed. The dog reached the apex, suddenly paused, thrust his nose upward and howled.

Mac, quickly distancing his partner, passed close by the smokestack above their cave. Not fifteen feet further, he stopped short with a yell of astonishment. Jake hobbled up and both stood thunderstruck beside a second smokestack from which poured a flood of cheering heat and white smoke; a flood that lost itself in the murk of the blizzard.

Upon both flashed the instant knowl-

edge that the hillock, in the lee of which they had camped, was but the sodded roof of an igloo. With one accord they plunged forward and down the further side. In a moment they had found the outer, pit-like entrance; Mac dived in and Jake hobbled after.

Through the low, dark passage they stumbled over a crowd of dogs that yelped and whined familiarly.

"Hulloo!" shouted Mac.

"Hulloo!" returned a cheerful yell from beyond the inner entrance.

"It's the Kid—the Kid!"

A moment later three stalwart men were locked in a curious tangle. They hugged unashamed, with queer, hoarse gurgles. But it was a bit too much for Jake. He sank in a heap upon the floor and the place went dark to him for a few seconds, then he "took a brace," as the Kid afterward expressed it. He heard Mac saying:

"We're starvin', Kid; how are you fixed?"

The youth laughed joyously as he hoisted Jake to a bunk.

"Fine—I've got a spotted dog about baked done in the oven, now."

"What!"

"Don't you know what that is? Back in Idaho we used to call a bread-cake stuffed full of raisins a spotted dog."

"Bread-cake with raisins?"

"Yes, you ought to know 'em; they're yours. The Injun found me, 'bout all in, near here, two weeks ago. He packed me here, showed me a cache of dried salmon and a poke of seal oil and a little tea. He left the grub with me, all but a couple pounds of flour for his wife. Then he stacked up a pile of wood and left me, same day, saying he'd come back as soon as the blow was over and take me to the Mission. He had to go 'cause his wife was sick. And say, boys, I'd a been a dead one, but for Noatuk—that native's white, clean to the back-bone. It's his own igloo—he'd sent his wife up the Selawik to her folks, you know, while he went off with you. But Noatuk told me you'd given me up and gone home. How'd you happen to turn back here in the face of the blow?"

"Turn back!" exclaimed the older men together, "where are we?"

"On the northeast shore of Selawik Lake," replied the Kid, wonderingly. "You got lost then, as I first thought when the dogs came."

"*King-uk shok-a-tok-tuk* plenty!" cried Mac, with an oath; "I see it all plain now. We're three days' hard run from home, instead of one." He drew forth the Indian's map. "See how narrow the outlet of this lake is? Mind how we lost sight of the shore once or twice for a moment? Well, we slipped by the outlet and struck the north shore of the lake. That bent our course away round back toward the east, when we thought we was goin' nor'west all the while."

"And we thought the wind had swung around against us!" added Jake, laughing almost hysterically. The partners stared at one another.

"That blessed Lop did it," continued Jake, "knowed where the Kid was from the time Noatuk left us; tried to help us fools all the time."

"Got us to chase him finally right into the door!" shouted Mac.

"We tried to cannibalize him," wailed Jake, "and we were camped against the back of this igloo all the time."

"What!" roared the Kid, who was preparing tea, "was that where you were? Why, ever since Lop came whining around I've been wild about you—pretty near got lost myself staggering through this blow, up and down along shore, looking for your camp. Once I heard something like Jake singing—faint and far away."

"And we heard you yell," said Jake, between gulps of tea, "And afterward when you sang—thought it was your ghost, by thunder!"

"Come to supper!" shouted the Kid, slipping the "spotted dog," smoking-hot from the oven, out upon the floor. Jake hobbled from the bunk and the famished men fell upon the food like wolves.

"Hold on!" cried the Kid, in a tone so singularly joyous that the others paused.

"This is Thanksgiving day," he continued, "And I've something more than a cake for us to give thanks on."

From his pocket he drew forth a gold-dust poke, untied the string and poured the contents—a handful of yellow nuggets—upon the top of the cake.

"Prospects from some ground I've

located for us," said the Kid, beaming with happiness.

The hungry ones yelled, but shook aside the gold and fell to eating. The Kid stood over them, tea-pot in hand, smiling as he replenished their cups.

None saw a lop-earned dog, curiously spotted of hide and furtive of manner, creep softly into the room and, presently, as softly creep out with a dried salmon in his mouth.

"After many days, the grub comes back," said Mac, half-choking with a mouthful, "Sing us your old song of the Frozen Trail, Kid."

And the youth, with a flourish of the empty teapot, began to roar forth in a voice of superlative richness and power:

"Hoorah! for the feel o' the frozen trail,
(Ha-ha! my boys, ha-ha!)
The sting o' the snow in the blizzard's tail,
(Ha-ha! my boys, ha-ha!)
The crack o' the lash and the long-team wail.
(Ha-ha! my boys, ha-ha!)
Oh! never give up an' never say die!
An' pull in your belt when the grub gets shy,
A-singin' a song where the drifts heap high.
(Ha-ha! my boys, ha-ha!)
(Ha-ha! my boys, ha-ha!)

Vespers

By Harley R. Wiley

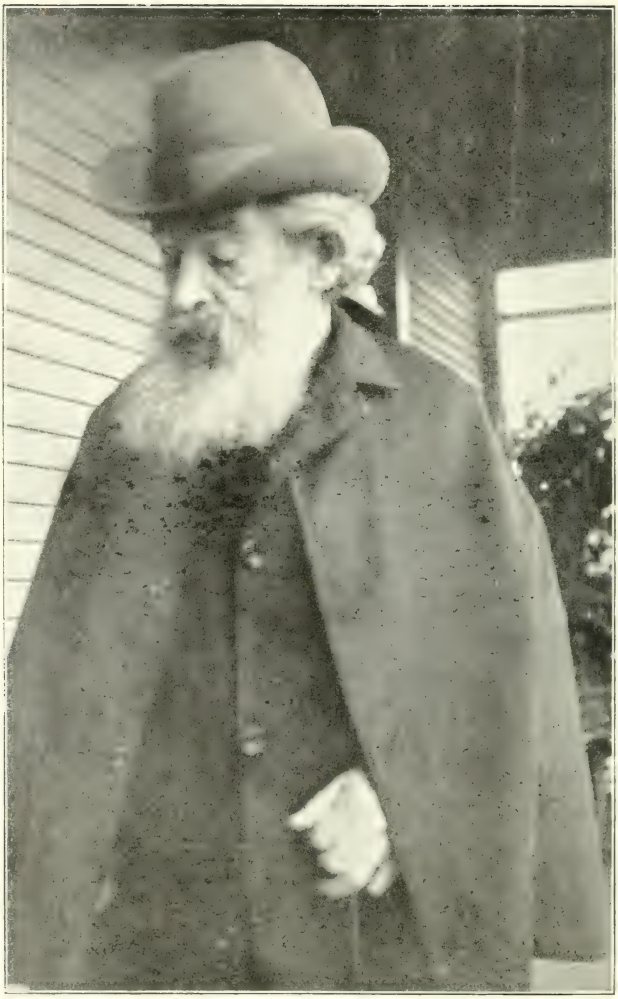
The forest choir no longer sings,
The scouting shadows peer and creep
Where leaves are sinking into sleep
And falls the hush of folding wings.

The dove has sought her woodland rest
And o'er the faultless, fading day
God broods unseen, and far away
The glory gathers in the west.

The bier of Day, festooned with fire
That reddens mountain peak and tree,
Across the wierdly chanting sea
Sweeps westward to its flaming pyre.

Until the mystic rites are done,
We watch with hushed and halting breath
This passing of a day through death
To reach another land of Sun.

Lo, Night, sweet nun, with loosened hair
Whose dusky floss the twilight fills,
Is kneeling on the purple hills
And wooing all the world to prayer.



Professor Thomas Condon.

Professor Thomas Condon

The Remarkable History of Oregon's Famous Geologist

By Edmond S. Meany



OREGON'S Grand Old Man of Science is the title that should be conferred by common consent upon Professor Thomas Condon. It is a title that would be instantly recognized among scientists and historians the world over, for the fame of his half-century of patient researches into the secrets of Oregon geology has long since traveled into every land where science or learning has appreciation.

He is one of the finest examples in history of the born geologist. He first saw the light in Ireland in 1822. His father was a stone-cutter and the child's earliest toys were the curious fossils that fell from the stones in the quarry. When he had attained the age of eleven years the family moved to America. A few years in New York City were followed by rich experiences in the central part of New York State. Here he finished his education and taught school, but, above all, made a fine collection of fossils. In those early days his great life work was being foreshadowed. Those were the days when science was supposed to be in deadly conflict with religion. Though a deep student in science, young Condon lost none of his love and reverence for true religion. In fact he entered the Christian ministry. He graduated from the Auburn Theological Seminary in 1852 and at once sailed for far-away Oregon as a missioinary. Before leaving for the Pacific Coast he took to himself as bride, Miss Cornelia Holt, who became one of the best beloved pioneer women in the whole Northwest. The courage and devotion of this young pair was thoroughly tested on the voyage around Cape Horn. For days they fought for their lives until the threatening fire in the ship was overcome. The minister suffered privations and hardships, but so also did his loyal wife. Her long service of self-denial, of love and of genial helpfulness has left a rich heritage and a sweet memory to Oregon womanhood. Mr. Condon was located at The Dalles, where he found a congregation made up of every kind of Christian, and a population wildly typical of the time and place. Without a minister's study, he roamed the hills and bluffs and sought Nature's aid in building sermons. In this way he discovered the riches of Oregon's wonderful geology.

One of his first discoveries was a beautiful branch of acacia with its long tapering thorn and folded leaves clearly and perfectly preserved in the layers of rock. This symbol of immortality must have given a keen joy and inspiration to this geologist, who sought religious truth from the wisdom of Nature's hidden pages.

His zeal and earnestness, his love and care of children, his sturdy Christian life, soon won the confidence and love of the rough men of that region. Teamsters and packers, coming in from many miles of hard and dangerous traveling, would often stop at the minister's home to hand over some curious fossil they knew he would like. Those were the times of Indian wars, but in spite of the danger, the geologist availed himself of a chance to accompany the cavalry into the Indian country so he could get more fossils.

Such enthusiasm spread his name over the Northwest. In 1866, to supply water at a relay station for the stage from Walla Walla to Colville, the contractor dug a well. At the depth of eighty-six feet the diggers came upon a bone. Thinking it a human bone, they were puzzled and forthwith sent it to Mr. Condon with a request for information as to the nature of the bone and how it came to be found at that depth under ground. Mr. Condon at once pronounced the bone to be the distal end of a humerus of a horse.

Here was opened a new page in the intensely interesting history of ancient Oregon. So far as Mr. Condon then knew there had never been found a fossil horse



By Permission American Museum of Natural History.
Restoration of Protohippus Venticolus, the little ancestor of the horse.

in America. It was generally thought that that animal was European and that the only specimens in the New World were brought by the Spanish conquerors. Now it is known that a fossil horse was found in New Jersey as early as 1826, and other specimens were found elsewhere in America before Mr. Condon discovered the Touchet horse in 1866. He went on the assumption that it was the first real fossil horse found in America, and in 1867 he lectured on the subject in Portland, where an outline of his lecture and discovery was published in the *Oregonian*.

This first publication is particularly mentioned because of a trick of treachery that followed. Mr. Condon's greatest credit in science is that he did an extensive work while alone in the Northwest, remote from the collections of literature and specimens and from contact with other men working along the same or similar lines. The marvel now is that he could have done so much under those conditions of privation, and that in his work so few blunders are found. So it is probably easy to imagine the warmth of his welcome to Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale, when that distinguished geologist came West in 1871 to explore the fields discovered by Mr. Condon. Great as was Professor Marsh, he was not great enough in soul to extend common justice to his lonely brother worker in Oregon. He borrowed specimens, forgetting to return them, and what is worse still, he described some of Mr. Condon's discoveries as if they were his own. When compelled to excuse himself in regard to the fossil horse, he claimed that Mr. Condon's description of 1867 was not valid because it had appeared in the *Oregonian* instead of some scientific journal.

In recent years, however, geologists throughout America have taken many opportunities of paying tribute to the skill and industry of this pioneer among the rocks of Oregon's beaches, hills and valleys. One very distinct evidence of this approval is found scattered through Bulletin 204 of the United States Geological Survey. The Bulletin is by Frank Hall Knowlton and is devoted to "Fossil Flora of the John Day Basin." In a letter to the present writer, Professor Henry F. Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, refers to Mr. Condon as "a character for whom I have always entertained the warmest admiration and regard, although I have never had the pleasure of meeting him." And again in the same letter he says: "I believe that Professor Condon deserves the entire credit of the discovery of the Upper Oligocene horses in the John Day."

The discovery of this ancient Oregon horse was exhiliarating to Mr. Condon and spurred him on in quest of further victories which will be mentioned soon. It is best not to leave the horse for a few moments.

In dissecting the legs of a modern horse, splint bones are found, which, though of no use now, indicate that back in the geological history of the animal it had more than one toe or hoof. In fact, even now an occasional freak colt is born with more than one toe. And these fossil horses show this very thing. Slowly, through millions of years, the horse has evolved from a little five-toed animal, the size of a fox, to the present large and loving

creature with a single hoof. The little horse that Mr. Condon discovered was the three-toed ancestor of the present horse. It is bewildering to thus realize that the ancestors of the horse were native to America, but the surviving one-toed species are native only to the eastern hemisphere. Surely the oceans and land masses must have changed radically since those older days. If geology is teaching these singular things about the antiquity of the western hemisphere in the developing history of the horse, what may we not expect from similar sources in the developing history of ancient man?

The American Museum of Natural History of New York has devoted especial attention to collecting materials throwing light on the ancestry of the horse. The late William C. Whitney, a lover of horses, gave liberally toward such researches. In *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1900, appears an article on this subject, illustrated with copyrighted pictures obtained from the museum. Special permission to use those pictures has been obtained from both the publishers and the museum authorities. While they relate to other discoveries they help to emphasize the work of Mr. Condon while struggling alone in the wilderness of Oregon.

The scientists of the American Museum of Natural History have carefully worked out the minutest details of the fragments of one of the fossil horses, and by comparison and research, have succeeded in making a sculptured restoration. Mr. Charles R. Knight, the animal painter, under the direction of Professor Henry F. Osborn, has restored the little animal in ideal life-like colors. Some idea of the methods pursued is gleaned from the museum's publication as follows:

"The artist begins each study by preparing a number of models in wax, based upon the actual proportions and muscular indications of the skeleton, and by a series of preliminary sketches, representing different attitudes, habits and surroundings. Thus the position of all the joints and angles of the feet and limbs is true to life. The lips, nostrils, and gape of the mouth are determined by comparison of the length of the nasals, size of the anterior nares, character and



Bos Latifrons, the broad-faced ox (Klondike).

position of the teeth, with similar parts in the remotely related living forms. The eyes are carefully located and proportioned. Up to this point the animal is a fairly correct representation of the original. On the other hand, the shape of the ears, the color and epidermic characters of hair and hide are largely imaginative, except in so far as they are suggested by relationship to modern allies, as of Protohippus to the Horse, or of Caenopus, Metamynodon, and Hyracodon to the Rhinoceros."

The little horse on which this work of restoration has been lavished is only four hands, or sixteen inches, in height at the withers; about the size of a modern fox. It was named Protohippus Venticolus by the famous geologist, E. D. Cope, who discovered it in Wyoming. According to the geologists it belongs to the lower eocene, which is to say that it lived about 2,250,000 years ago. The same museum publication describes the animal as follows: "The very primitive characters of this early stage in the evolution of the horse are especially seen in the short neck and legs, the heavy muscular part of the limb extending much further down in proportion to the lower leg and foot. The arched back and short head are likewise striking characters. The



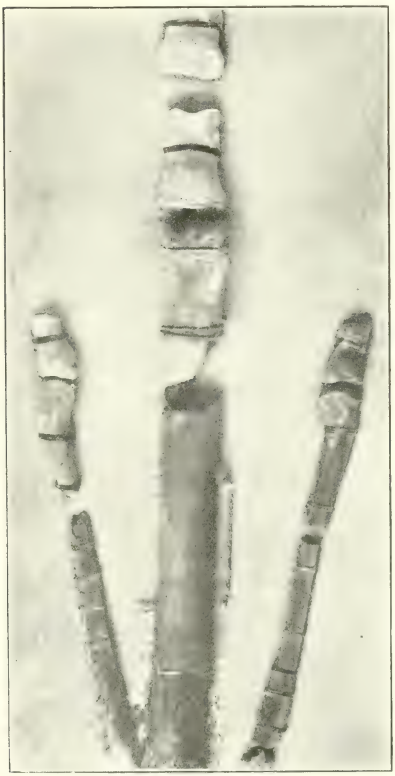
Head of the Oregon Rhinoceros.

striping of the neck and fore quarters is based upon the fact that the young of all modern species of Equidae show a more or less marked tendency to striping in these parts."

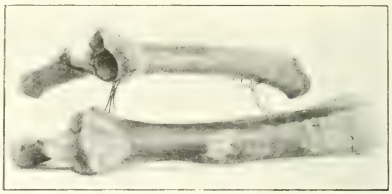
It should be added that this magnificent series of restorations, of which this horse is but one, was presented to the American Museum of National History by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. They are exhibited in the Department of Vertebrate Palaeontology.

While the little Protohippus had four toes in front and three behind, the fossils discovered by Professor Condon in Oregon had but three toes, showing a progress toward the one-toed horse of modern times.

It is startling to think of the ancient horse making his home in Oregon. It is even more so to learn of the fossil remains of the camel, the broad-faced ox, the rhinoceros, the oreodon, the mylodon, the mammoth and other huge creatures. All of these and many smaller specimens of animal life and of plant life, Mr. Condon has collected into his wonderful cabinet. Some of the plants are quite as surprising as the animals, such as the fan palm leaves. They speak of a tropical climate in those far distant times.



Foot of Condon's Fossil Horse.



Ulna and radius of the Oreg n Camel (lower set) compared with those of a dray horse.

In recent conversation with the present writer, the venerable geologist, his face wreathed in a curious smile, confessed that he loved to go to a circus so he could feast his eyes on a camel. He would examine the creature most carefully and conjecture as to how much it resembled its ancient ancestor in the Oregon rocks.

It is interesting to note that many years after Professor Condon found near The Dalles, Oregon, a fossil skull of the broad-faced ox, Bos latifrons, gold miners in the Klondike sent from the Yukon Territory to Seattle two more specimens of the same creature. One of these is now in the museum of the University of Washington, and the other of which an illustration accompanies this article, is in the Alaska Club. This fact furnishes another connecting link with the mammoth and certain fossil plants found in both regions; between the ancient fauna and flora of Oregon and that far northland.

All through his busy life these triumphs have come until, as a sort of keystone to the magnificent arch, in May of the present year, there was published by the University of Oregon, over the octogenarian's famous name, one more discovery. It is a fossil seal, new to science. He calls it *Desmatophoca oregonensis*. It was a delight to observe the joy with which the old professor would turn to

his loved seal and describe the teeth of agate and the beautifully carved skull.

It is one thing to measure the fragments of bones, to count the teeth and give the specimen a scientific name and description. It is a far greater achievement to study out the extinct animal's life history and to fathom its probable environment. All this has been done by Professor Condon in a simple, direct, and convincing manner.

As early as May, 1871, he published an article in *The Overland Monthly* on "The Rocks of the John Day Valley," giving the basis of the study that has since been enlarged into a charming volume called "The Two Islands." Here he shows how the lands of the north Pacific Coast were formed and tells of the succeeding life periods, illustrating each with the specimens he has chipped from the rocks during his fifty years of patient work. While reading these pages one can almost see the horses, camels and mammoths as they fed in the rank forests on the shores of great lakes. The forests and lakes have disappeared as completely as have the animals, but their records are written in the rocks for him to read who can.

In 1883, when Darwinism was much discussed, Professor Condon gave the key to his own wholesome philosophy in a lecture in Portland on "The Development Theory." Probably the gist of that lecture is found in this paragraph:

"Let it be remembered that the object here is not to impress the hearer with a fact in chemistry or in mineralogy, but with the fact of a creation through development accepted throughout Christendom for the last hundred years or more by the religious of all parties, and without any known tendency to atheism. It is not easy to see why the wider act of creation should have less need of a creator than the narrower one, or that these general systems of nature should have any less need of a plan and a designer than the more special ones of our older thought. There is in both the same need of a creator."

With thoughts like these the minister of the Gospel accepted what he believed to be a sphere of greater service, and became in 1872 the Professor of Geology and Natural History in Pacific University at Forest Grove. When the State University of Oregon was established in 1876 he was the first member chosen of the new faculty in that institution, his chair being the same as that in Pacific University. In these positions he continued for more than thirty years, when failing strength compelled him to yield up the loved tasks. During the most of that fine career the ultra orthodox criticized his teachings, and yet his daughter bears witness that "mothers have thanked him with grateful tears for his spiritual leadership through the storm."



Condon's Last Discovery—Oregon's Fossil Seal.

This daughter, Mrs. Ellen Condon McCornack, is well qualified to speak of her father's worth and work. The first-born in a large family, she entered with enthusiasm into an appreciation of the geological problems. She is today counted one of the best informed palaeontologists in Oregon. She loves the work and guards jealously the fragments of rock and bone that belong to the great series of remarkable discoveries made by her father.

Oregon's Grand Old Man of Science is now in the twilight of a long, eventful and useful career. What does it matter if the lamp flickers as the oil runs low? The pulsing glimmer shows the same warm glow of pure and benign love. Think of the thousands of men and women whose lives he has brightened, whose minds he has strengthened! If he would but raise his staff and express the wish, these thousands would gather around the famous oak at Eugene to receive again a blessing and a benediction from this wisely kind teacher who told God's truths as he read them in God's books of sand and stone.

The Golden Pumpkin Pie

By John L. Cowan



IF home without a baby and a cuckoo clock is but a drear and howling wilderness, surely a Thanksgiving dinner without pumpkin pie would be an empty sham and a hollow mockery. Even the lordly turkey holds not a prouder place at this annual feast of all good things than does the delectable concoction of the cooks that has come down to us from the Heroic Age of the Republic, endeared by sentiment, hallowed by patriotism, glorified by the recollections of childhood and sanctioned by the traditions of mellow antiquity.

Of course, "the kind that mother used to make" has never since been equaled, but some of the imitations possess virtues of their own that recommend them to all lovers of good living; but even were they made of gall and wormwood, they would still be eaten on Thanksgiving Day by every man whose youth was spent on a farm, in the hope—vain though it be—that they would serve to recall for a few brief hours the rose-tinted dreams of youth. No wonder the country boy is an optimist, going forth conquering and to conquer. Its golden glow tinges all the years that follow with its reflected glory, and its elusive flavor still lures him on from height to height in pursuit of unattainable perfection.

However, there are many millions of Americans who must lunch and dine in restaurants and hotels, or whose mothers never learned how to bake pies; and these must depend upon the product of the bakery or miss half the joy of living. It is a remarkable, and apparently inexplicable fact, that pie baking in the world's great cities seems to be a sort of natural monopoly. It is said that no city in America can boast of more than one important pie-baking establishment that has proven its right to existence by achieving a conspicuous financial success. In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco hundreds of ambitious dreamers have embarked upon great pie-baking enterprises, only to meet with disaster and financial ruin.

It has been stated on good authority that no American city with a population of less than one hundred thousand supports a large establishment devoted exclusively to the pie-baking industry; and that no city with a population exceeding one hundred thousand is without its pie-bakery.

Now, it would appear to be a natural inference that if a city of one hundred thousand souls can support one establishment of this character, a city of a million or more inhabitants ought to have several; but numberless failures have proven the fallacy of this deduction. As a matter of course, every large city has scores, or perhaps hundreds, of bakers who turn out pies as a side issue. Most of these are "pies" only by courtesy, as a long-suffering and dyspeptic public is well qualified to testify; and if the men who are responsible for them had to depend upon the selling of pies for a living, they would soon die of starvation—which might not be an unmixed evil for their customers.

But the pie specialist—the man who runs an establishment that turns out pies by the wholesale, on a scale comparable to that of the great manufacturing establishments that supply armor plate, steel rails, wire nails, locomotives and other necessities of high-pressure civilization—if he be wholly worthy of the public confidence, quickly wins a place in the hearts of the people that places him beyond competition and gives him a practical monopoly in his chosen line. And it is largely by his pumpkin pies, baked during the Thanksgiving season, that the aspiring pie manufacturer will be judged. This is the rock upon which has been wrecked many a promising reputation. Men will forget or forgive a sad or sordid pie made of apples, berries, peaches, mince meat or any other component of pie, excepting pumpkin; but here they expect an epi-



Interior of a "Pie Foundry"—Pumpkin Chopper on the left, apple parer on the right.

curean dream of perfection that would put to shame the cooks that used to prepare the ambrosial food of the Olympian deities.

For the purpose of obtaining inside facts concerning the great American pie-baking industry, the writer visited a pie foundry that turns out an average of twenty thousand pies every working day of the year. Just before special feast days, like Thanksgiving and Christmas, extra help is employed and the ovens are kept full every hour of the twenty-four, sometimes baking not less than one hundred thousand pies in a day. A car load of flour will make forty thousand pies; and in several American cities are establishments that average a consumption of two car loads of flour a day — producing a grand total of more than twenty-four million pies a year.

As one gazes upon tier after tier of pies —latent dyspepsia and indigestion by the ton, as it were—he wonders how many stomach-aches, nightmares, divorce suits and unhappy homes the pie man is responsible for. Surely he must be a case-hardened sinner, or he would never shoulder the enormous responsibility that rests upon him. However, truth compels the admission that the successful pie manufacturer seems to be a jolly good fellow, blessed with a clear conscience, an active liver and a sound digestion, harboring malice to no man. Whether he eats his own pies, however, is not a matter of record.

Pie baking in the home kitchen is a very different proposition from what it is in the wholesale pie factory. In fact the evolution of the pumpkin pie in an up-to-date establishment proceeds with an ease and rapidity astonishing to the tyro. It looks so simple that one is tempted to try his hand, quite certain that he could make a success at the first attempt. The consumer of pie should rest easy on one point at least. Although the muck-raker has not yet exposed the pie man, and the industry has not yet been made the object of a government investigation, or of a gum-shoe visit from Secretary Wilson,



Beating Eggs by Steam Power.

yet everything is scrupulously clean—much cleaner in fact than it would be possible to keep the average home kitchen.

To properly describe the processes of baking pumpkin pies would require one skilled in the technicalities of the art. This is the way it looks to a mere man: First, the coarse, yellow rind is removed; and then the pumpkin is cut open and the seeds taken out, after which the two halves are thoroughly washed. Then a husky lad takes a sort of cleaver and cuts the pumpkin into large pieces, which are fed into a steam chopping machine and reduced to small fragments. These are placed in a huge copper boiler, capable of holding perhaps twenty-five gallons. After the boiling has been completed, a pasty mixture of eggs, milk, sugar, cinnamon and other spices and condiments is added and well stirred in; and then the yellow mass is ready to be filled into the skeleton pies. The crust is prepared in another department, where the dough is mixed, rolled and placed in the pans ready to receive the filling. If anyone thinks that pie making is an easy and effeminate employment, he should visit a pie bakery and inspect the muscles developed on the arms of expert pie-crust mixers and rollers. They would be creditable to a trained athlete, and would put many a millworker and blacksmith to the blush. Finally the pies are placed on racks and shoved into huge ovens that resemble nothing else so much as the kilns used for burning brick. These kilns are constructed in any size desired, with a capacity of anywhere from fifty up to several hundred at a time, while they can be refilled every half hour or less.

Pumpkin pies, of course, are presumed to be made of pumpkins, but this is by no means always the case. The old-fashioned "cow pumpkin" that grows in the cornfield is now never used for culinary purposes, excepting on the farm, and not very often even there. Its place has been usurped by improved varieties of the so-called sweet pumpkin, by squash in infinite variety and of almost every conceivable shape, and not infrequently by sweet potatoes. Some people like sweet potato pie for its own sake; but more eat it under the delusion that they are consuming a composition of the fruit of the pumpkin or squash vine, for which the Jersey tuber is the only passable substitute. In the hands of a skillful kitchen necromancer, the yellow tuber can be metamorphosed into a toothsome delicacy that even the trained and experienced epicure can hardly distinguish from the real thing, prepared from the genuine frost-bitten globes of gold.

The parentage of the American pumpkin seems to be questionable. Some assert that it is a lineal descendant of the Asiatic pumpkin, which was introduced into Europe about 1570. It was first cultivated as an ornamental plant, and regarded as a great curiosity, but it soon won a place as a food crop for both man and beast. It is supposed to have been introduced into America by the Spaniards soon after they began to form permanent settlements.

However, America had pumpkins and squash and edible gourds long before Columbus set sail from Palos, and it may be that the Thanksgiving pumpkin pies are prepared from a plant indigenous to the Southwest, and cultivated there from an antiquity so remote and nebulous that it has not even left us a legend or a tradition upon which to base a conjecture as to its probable date. The seeds and des-

sicated and carbonized remains of squash and pumpkin have been found in the ruined homes of the cliff dwellers of the Mesa Verde, and in the still more ancient cave dwellings of Pajarito Park, New Mexico; and these plants were cultivated by the Pueblo Indians when they were first visited by the Spanish explorers.

However, if the ancestry of the pumpkin is a matter of doubt, not so with the parentage of the pumpkin pie. It is a national institution, just as truly as baseball, buckwheat cakes and the gold brick game. The geographical limitations supposed to bound the great American pie belt do not apply when pumpkin pie is in question—particularly at Thanksgiving time. It will tickle millions of palates on the twenty-ninth of November, the whole way from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine; and in fact wherever the starry flag floats with the breeze.

Then here's to the pumpkin pie! Long may it bring good cheer to all the sons of freedom! Its golden hue a symbol of our country's wealth and prosperity; its rounded disc emblematic of perfection! Its seductive flavor coaxes even the dyspeptic from his pessimism, and drives the furrows from the wrinkled brow of care. It heals more festering wounds and soothes more broken, aching hearts than all the balm in Gilead.

It is no doubt a sound philosophy that has made Thanksgiving Day pre-eminently a day of feasting. Etymologically, a holiday is a "holy day," and this holy day suffers no desecration or degradation by being made the great national feast day. A full stomach, if backed by a sound digestion, will do more to promote a thankful heart and a spirit of brotherly love than anything else in this wide world. For this reason the practice of celebrating Thanksgiving by a feast of all good things is more to be commended than any amount of sour asceticism and morbid mortification of the flesh. And, as a means of grace, nothing is calculated by nature and the constitution of man to be more efficacious than a flaky and well-flavored pumpkin pie.



Putting Pies Into the Oven.



Freight-laden Ponies Fording a Stream in the Northwest



Primitive Transportation in the Northwest.

The True Northwest Passage

By Frank I. Clark

IN 1517 Sebastian Cabot, searching for a northwest passage to the Indies, sailed into Hudson Bay. In 1520 Angel Saavedra, exploring the shores of New Spain, advocated the construction of a canal through the Isthmus of Darien. Nearly four centuries have elapsed and these two questions, vital to the progress of the world, have not yet been determined. Truly "the world do move," but slowly. The navigability of Hudson Bay and the feasability of an inter-oceanic canal have been discussed at long intervals during the four hundred years, but until quite recently, without tangible results. Now, however, the dreams of the past show promise of realization, and the present generation may witness a revolution in the carrying trade and commerce of the world with consequent results which are simply incalculable. The present highways of commerce on this continent—the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, Hudson and Mississippi—may become little more than country roads, serving local traffic when compared with the new world avenues, Panama and Hudson Bay.

There was never a doubt of the practicability of an isthmian canal, Hernando Cortez made a survey of a route through the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, Antonio Galves evolved four distinct schemes at as many points of Central America, Samuel de Champlain advised the utilization of the Chagres River as a link in a Panama canal,* and many others who came after these farseeing adventurers took up the idea and expended their energies, hopes and fortunes in vain efforts to enlist aid and sympathy in this great world's work. The costliness of the undertaking and the jealousy of the great trading nations barred the way and nothing was done until the admirable, but unfortunate, De Lesseps essayed his disastrous task. It remained for President Roosevelt and his cabinet to take up De Lesseps' incomplete work—time will prove with what success.

The case of Hudson Bay is, in one respect, similar to that of the Panama Canal, for during four centuries no one disputed the navigability of the one or the feasibility of the other. Cabot, Hudson and scores of other navigators explored Hudson Bay in search of a northwest passage, traders of France and Britain invaded its shores in quest of furs, fleets of warships anchored in its harbors and fought battles for supremacy of its waters, for two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company sent its ships laden with goods for distribution among the numerous trading posts stretching from the Bay to the Rocky Mountains (the company still continues to send ships to the Bay every year) and for the last 50 or 60 years New England whalers and seal hunters have made profitable voyages annually to Hudson's Bay.

The world at large knew little or nothing of these transactions, and it was only when the great central prairies of Canada and the United States attracted attention as a wheat field that the possibilities of a Hudson Bay route became a live question. Immediately that the farmers of the West began to investigate the merits of this obviously short road to Europe a cry was raised by the big Eastern transportation companies, Atlantic shippers, and other interested parties, that Hudson Bay was a sea of ice impossible of access during the greater portion of the year and presenting almost insurmountable obstacles to navigation at all times. Those who advocated "opening the Bay" were derided as dreamers, swindlers and luna-

*Samuel de Champlain, the explorer and founder of Canada, before he embarked on his famous voyage to New France, spent two years in the service of Spain and made a trip to the



Descending Missinaibie River.

tics; every attempt at enlisting capital in a railway to Hudson Bay was bitterly opposed; in short, an active anti-Hudson Bay campaign was inaugurated, and by means of subsidized newspapers, venal officials and gross misrepresentations of facts, the utilization of this great inland sea as a commercial highway was successfully thwarted.

The people dwelling east of the Mississippi and those of Eastern Canada readily joined in the outcry against Hudson Bay, for they had been taught in their school days that the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence and the Hudson Rivers were the natural outlet of the northern half of America and accepted the fallacy as confidently as an article of faith. As a matter of fact the Lakes and the St. Lawrence and Hudson system of waterways drain about one-tenth of the continent, while the Red River of the North, the Saskatchewan and other streams emptying into Hudson Bay drain 50 per cent, or the whole vast wheat zone of the central and northwest. Sir Sanford Fleming, speaking of the hydrographic system of North America, says:

"We are accustomed to regard the Great American Lakes, and the St. Lawrence, which they feed, as natural features of great magnitude in one of the important hydrographic basins of the continent. It is not a little astonishing, therefore, to find that the basin of the St. Lawrence occupies such a limited portion of the vast area under consideration. While about one-fifth of the whole area drains, through several channels, into the Pacific, and 70 per cent of the whole drains towards the north, the St. Lawrence basin occupies about one-tenth of the whole territory."

The improvement of the St. Lawrence route offers no hope of material relief to the trans-Mississippian farmers and stock-raisers. What their needs require is not the improvement of existing avenues of outlet to tide-water, but the opening of a new one which will shorten the land haul—reducing the railway freight, which is the great hardship with which they have to contend—and furnish a quick and direct line of communication between the point of production and the European markets. The construction of four transcontinental railways through the Canadian west may furnish temporary relief to the present population of the prairies, but as the number of farmers and the production of grain and cattle increase those railways will pour freight into the hopper of a funnel which will necessarily become congested and unable

West Indies which he describes in minute detail in his "Voyages." He was mightily pleased with all he saw, and particularly with Mexico. "One cannot see," says he, "nor desire a finer country than this Kingdom of New Spain; great plains stretching out of sight, crowded with infinite herds of cattle which find a pasturage ever fresh; decorated with fine streams and rivers, which traverse nearly the whole Kingdom, diversified with fine forests full of the most beautiful trees which one could wish for. But," he adds, "all the contentments which I felt at the sight of so many agreeable things were but little compared with that which I received when I saw this beautiful City of Mexico." Champlain was in Mexico in 1599. After describing the country and its inhabitants at great length, and in a way that convinces the reader that he was a man who kept his eyes and ears open, he speaks of his visit to Porto Bello—the present Aspinwall—as follows:

"To return to the subject of my voyage, after spending an entire month in Mexico (Mechique) I returned to St. Jean de Luz, at which place I embarked in a patache which was

to discharge its load. Even the great railway corporations which have bitterly opposed the opening of Hudson Bay—the true northwest passage—for many years are now bowing to the inevitable and projecting roads to the Bay, thus tacitly acknowledging the fact that the Great Lake system will soon become wholly inadequate to accommodate the immense volume of freight which the new Province of Canada will create. The Canadian Northern, the Great Northern (Hill system), the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific, are all contemplating extensions to Hudson Bay; the Canadian Northern is actually building two lines, one from Erwood, Saskatchewan, to Churchill, and the other from Toronto to a point on James Bay. The Quebec and the Lake St. John railway is being pushed through to Fort Albany, on James Bay, and the Ontario Central is making for the same point. The world will wake up one of these fine mornings to find all its accepted ideas of trade and transportation shattered, as the great commercial revolution has begun. With the Panama Canal an accomplished fact and Hudson Bay a rallying point for the merchant marine of the world, the old established channels of trade will be practically deserted in favor of the new and more direct routes.

Reference to a map of North America will convince the most skeptical that the position of Hudson Bay, with its magnificent system of feeders stretching west to the Rocky Mountains and south to the headwaters of the Mississippi, should constitute it, beyond dispute, the natural outlet for all the produce of the country west of Lake Superior, the only question being its navigability. "It lies too far north," say the doubters, but those who know the Bay and have sailed over it for years tell another story. This great inland sea, a half million square miles in extent, is navigable all the year round, it never freezes except along the shores where the fresh waters come in from the numerous rivers emptying into it. Its depth varies from 70 to 200 fathoms. Its temperature is from 52 to 53 degrees —14 warmer than Lake Superior. It is surrounded by a country rich in minerals, merchantable timber and fur-bearing

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going to Porto Bello (Portuella) to which it was four or five hundred leagues. We were three weeks at sea before arriving at the said Porto Bello, where I found a great change in the country, for instead of the very good and fertile land which I had found in New Spain, as I have above recited, I found a bad land, being at this place, Porto Bello, the very worst and most unhealthy abode on earth; it rains there nearly all the time, and if the rain ceases for an hour, it causes such a great heat that the water becomes infected and renders the air contagious, to such an extent that the greater part of the soldiers or mariners newly arrived there die. The country is very mountainous, covered with fir trees where there are large numbers of monkeys, which is a strange thing to see. Nevertheless the said port of Porto Bello is very good; there are two castles at the entrance which are fairly strong in which there are three hundred soldiers in garrison. Joining the said port, where the fortresses are, there is another in no ways defended and upon which an army might surely descend. The King of Spain holds this port for a place of consequence, being near Peru, (Perou) for it is only seventeen leagues from Panama (Banama), which is on the south of the strip.

"This port of Panama, which is on the sea of Lacune (?) is very good; there is a good roadstead and the town good for trade.

"At this place, Panama, is assembled all the gold and silver which comes from Peru, where they load it and all the other riches on a little river which comes from the mountains, and which descends to Porto Bello, the which is four leagues from Panama, from where they must carry the gold, silver and merchandise on mules; and having embarked on the said river, it is again eighteen leagues to Porto Bello.

"One can judge that if these four leagues of land which there is between Panama and this river were cut, one could come from the sea on that side to the one on this side and by this the road would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues; and afterwards Panama, so far as the Strait of Magellan would be an island, and from Panama as far as the New Lands (Terre Noeufves) another island, so that all of America would be in two islands.

"If an enemy of the King of Spain held the said Porto Bello, he would be prevented from bringing anything from Peru excepting with great difficulty and risk and at more expense than it would return him profit. Drake (Drac) went to the said Porto Bello to surprise it, but he failed in his enterprise, being discovered; by which he died of disappointment and commanded in dying that they should place him in a tomb and throw him between an island and the said Porto Bello."



Esquimaux Women Sewing Sealskin Cover on Kayak.

animals, and its waters teem with whales, walrus, seals, and fish of many species. It drains the whole of North America east of the Rocky Mountains, south of Mackenzie River basin, and north of the watersheds of the Missouri and St. Lawrence—a country extending 2,100 miles east to west, and 1,500 miles from north to south; a country containing 3,150,000 square miles, of which fully one-third is available for agriculture, stock-raising, mining and lumbering, while the numerous lakes and streams which intersect it in every direction are teeming with fish.

This Baltic of America is connected with the Atlantic Ocean by Hudson Strait, a body of water extending 500 miles from east to west, its widest part being 100 miles and its narrowest 45 miles. The strait varies in depth from 150 to 300 fathoms. San Francisco is 1,328 miles nearer Liverpool by way of Port Churchill, on Hudson Bay, then by the St. Lawrence route, and 1,031 miles nearer than by the New York route, and the saving of distance is made on land.

Bearing these facts in mind, it remains to be shown that Hudson Bay affords a practicable route from the Pacific Coast and the Great Plains of the West to Great Britain and Europe. In the first place, as to the navigability of the Bay and Strait: A delusion appears to exist that Hudson Bay is a land-locked, ice-bound waste of water, only occasionally accessible through the Strait, and that the navigation of the latter is so dangerous from ice and tempest that only the more reckless and daring will attempt it. How does history support this preposterous idea?

IS IT NAVIGABLE?

In 1517, nearly four centuries ago, Sebastin Cabot, searching for a northwest passage to the Indies, sailed into Hudson Bay. Ninety years afterwards Henry Hudson explored the western shores of the Bay, to which he gave his name; and other navigators followed at short intervals, until in 1670 regular communication was established by the chartering of the Hudson's Bay Company, which was

granted the exclusive right to trade in the Bay and the country tributary to it. It should be borne in mind that the vessels of the early navigators were small, poorly equipped and ill-fitted for the navigation of northern waters, yet at least fifty of them made voyages to the Bay, successfully, through Hudson Strait, between the time of its discovery by Cabot and 1670. In 1685 the Hudson's Bay Company had five flourishing trading factories in Hudson Bay, which so roused the envy of the French of La Nouvelle France, that they raided and captured all the posts on James Bay, and from that on to 1782 the ownership of the Bay was a bone of contention between the English and the French. Several fleets of war vessels sailed to the Bay, and its waters were the scene of many gallant sea fights. Surely all this would indicate that the Strait and Bay were navigable 200 years ago. During 225 years the Hudson's Bay Company had sent its ships, as regularly as the seasons come, one or more every year, to York and Albany and Churchill, with cargoes of goods for its trading posts, and to carry back its freights of furs. If the service required a hundred or a thousand ships, they could be sent as easily as one or two. The voyage was considered so secure from danger that, though its ships carried cargoes of great value, the company never deemed it necessary to insure them. The delays which the company's ships occasionally met with were invariably caused by calms or adverse winds, and not by ice, and during the whole period not a single ship was injured or lost in Hudson Strait. All these vessels, be it remembered, were dependent upon the winds and tides to propel them through the Strait: modern steamships would have no difficulty in navigating them more than encountered in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which in fact offers more obstacles to navigation than Hudson Strait.



Falls of Nastapoka River.

An overwhelming mass of evidence stands recorded, not only as to the navigability of Hudson Bay and Strait, but to the more important fact that they are navigable from four to six months in every year.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

Admiral Markham, of the British navy, says:

"Steam has made a great revolution in ice navigation. A well-found steamer is able to make her way with ease through the ice in Hudson Strait in June and July, when a sailing vessel would be hopelessly beset, and incapable of pushing on. On the 5th of July, 1886, we reached the entrance of Hudson Strait, where we were detained for some days, partly by thick weather and partly by loose streams of ice; but the latter was never packed sufficiently close to prevent even a slow steamer like the Alert making fairly good progress. From the 9th to the 11th of July scarcely any ice was seen, and a distance of 200 miles was accomplished in about 36 hours. This fact alone, without further evidence, is in itself sufficient to show how free the eastern part of the Strait was from ice, for the Alert if driven at her full speed could only steam about six knots an hour. Under similar circumstances a sailing ship would be utterly helpless. It is, therefore, only reasonable to infer that what has been performed regularly and year after year by sailing ships, can be accomplished with greater regularity and certainly by well-built steamers, especially constructed for ice navigation and provided with powerful machinery. I believe the Strait will be found navigable for at least four

months out of every year, and often five or more. There will, I have no doubt, be many years when navigation can be carried out safely from the first of June to the end of November."

Captain John MacPherson, who as first officer and captain in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, made voyages from London and Stromness to Hudson Bay and return, for 20 years, says: "There is no reason why steamships could not make the passage of the Strait as early as the first of June, and as late as the middle of November."

Captain Clisley, of New London, Connecticut, who has had fourteen years' experience in those waters, places the period of navigation at four months, and often five.

Captain William Kennedy, who accompanied an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and who has had eight years' experience of the Strait, placed the open period at five months.

Mr. William A. Archibald, for many years a resident of Moose Factory, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company: "From June to December."

Captain William Hackland, who navigated the Bay for the Hudson's Bay Company for 39 years, told the writer, "The Strait never freezes, there is no reason why steamships should not navigate it."

FISHERIES AND HARBORS.

Not only is the Bay navigable, but its marine treasures are of enormous value. According to the report of the commissioner of fisheries of the United States for the year 1875-1876, United States whalers, hailing principally from Massachusetts and Connecticut, made not less than fifty round trips to Hudson Bay, and took thence cargoes of fish and fish products valued at $1,317,000, at least, or an average of $27,000 per trip per vessel, during a period of eleven years preceding 1874.

Henry Lefroy, president of the geographical section of the British Association, says: "Churchill Harbor will undoubtedly be the shipping port for the agricultural products of the Northwest Territories, and the route by which immigrants will enter that country."

Professor Bell, of the geological survey of Canada, Mr. Smith, a deputy minister of marine, and many other reliable authorities describe Port Churchill as a magnificent harbor—as good a one, almost, as is to be found on the Atlantic Coast.

RUSSIA'S EXPERIENCE.

Russia, under less favorable conditions has accomplished wonders by utilizing the northern ports. Take Archangel as an example. The White Sea, upon which the port is situated, is actually a Bay of the Arctic Ocean; it lies partly within the Arctic circle, yet it is utilized to transport the products of the country south of it to Eastern Europe. And although the sea is only open from June to October, 284 ships, of which 62 were steamers and 220 coasting vessels, entered and cleared at Archangel in a single year, bearing away exports aggregating in value $6,171,950. The northern portion of Siberia, of which Tobolsk is the capital, contains a population of 4,313,680, and the entire produce of the immense country which they inhabit is transported to the markets of the world by way of the Obi River and Gulf of Kara. The Gulf of Kara is entirely within the Arctic circle, yet it and the Obi River are navigated by 134 steamers and 240 barges. The shipping trade of Eastern Siberia, which is of considerable importance, is done through ports on the Arctic Ocean, as far north as the 72d and 73d degrees of latitude. With all these facts in evidence, the practicability of Hudson Bay as a short and direct route to Europe may be assumed to be fairly established. The way lies open; it requires only capital and energy to turn it to profitable account. A railroad from Winnipeg, or some other central point, connecting with



Esquimaux in Church, Great Whale River.

a line of steamers at Port Churchill or York Factory, on Hudson Bay, would be the initiatory step towards improving the conditions of the farmers and stock raisers of the great West, and would briefly lead to such development of the waterways leading to the Bay as would eventually revolutionize the carrying trade of the continent.

RAILWAY CONNECTION.

Next, to inquire into the accessibility of Hudson Bay from inland points. The Canadian Northern Railway is being extended this season to the Pass, on the North Saskatchewan River, and thence it will be continued, following the valleys of the Nelson and Churchill Rivers to Port Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a total distance from Winnipeg of 763 miles. A road is also projected from Victoria, British Columbia, to Churchill, 1,450 miles, which would cross the Rocky Mountains via Pine River Pass, the greatest altitude of which is only 2,240 feet, nearly 2,000 feet lower than the Central Pacific. Lines of railway have also been projected from Calgary, Alberta, and Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to Churchill, and from Winnipeg to York Factory. The surveys of these lines demonstrate the fact that no serious engineering difficulties exist, except in the mountain region; the route between Winnipeg and the Bay offers none at all. A line from San Francisco to Churchill has been seriously considered by western railroad men. Such a line traversing the rich mineral, agricultural, timber and grazing areas of the West—California, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Alberta, Assiniboia, Manitoba and Keewatin—would be 2,543 miles long, and would shorten the distance from San Francisco to Liverpool by more than 1,000 miles.

NORTHERN WATERWAYS.

A reference to the map will show that Lake Winnipeg receives the waters of the Red River of the North—the main drain of the fertile plains of Minnesota and the Dakotas—and its tributaries, the Assiniboine, Souris, Pembina and Red Lake Rivers from the south; and those of the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, the Battle, Red Deer, Elbow, Bow and Pelly Rivers, from the west; while the lake itself pours these waters—and those of several less important streams—through the Nelson, Hayes and Churchill Rivers into Hudson Bay.

The Saskatchewan River, which, flowing from the Rocky Mountains, empties its mighty volume into the northwestern extremity of the lake, is navigable for 1,200 miles from its mouth and with its south branch, which drains the great cattle ranges of Alberta, offers uninterrupted navigation for 2,000 miles. The Red River, which empties into the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, can be made navigable from Red Deer Lake, Minnesota, to Lake Winnipeg, and thence by the Nelson River to Hudson Bay, a stretch of about 1,500 miles. The works necessary to make these great water stretches available to commerce would be the improvement of the channel of the Red River at Goose Rapids, Minnesota, and at St. Andrews' Rapids, Manitoba (this is now being done by the Dominion Government); the construction of locks at Grand Rapids and Cole's Falls, on the Saskatchewan, and of about 10 miles of canal to connect the chain of lakes which form the head waters of the Nelson and Hayes River. Both routes would merge into one channel at the northeastern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, and form a grand highway to Hudson Bay. These waterways running through the heart of the great Western prairies, would be tapped at convenient points by short lines of railway, which would convey the wheat, cattle and other produce to the elevators, warehouses and stock yards, to be thence shipped to the Bay and to Europe. Experience has demonstrated that these northern waterways are open for navigation, on the average, quite as early as Lake Superior and the Gulf of St. Law-

rence, and that they remain open as long as the St. Lawrence canals.

The removal of the obstructions at St. Andrew's Rapids, now under contract, will give 480 miles of uninterrupted navigation from Winnipeg to the head of Lake Winnipeg, and it is less than 200 miles from there to the Bay. The estimated cost of the canals and improvements is $2,000,000, only a trifle when the immense result is considered.

The opening of Hudson Bay to the world's traffic will be one of the most important and memorable events of an eventful century.

The completion of the Panama Canal will be another of equal magnitude. The possibilities which present themselves through the exploitation of this great inland sea, and the connection of the Atlantic with the Pacific, are illimitable and incapable of a summing up adequate to their importance at this stage, but that the establishment of these new routes to Asia and Europe will revolutionize the carrying trade of this continent and the transportation industry of the world, are facts beyond dispute. The opening of Hudson Bay will build up a Liverpool at Nelson (Port) or Churchill, where the flags of all nations will float from the masts of a vast fleet of merchantmen. A new Minneapolis will build up at some point on the Saskatchewan, where the wheat of the West will be ground and shipped as flour to the Old World—indeed, it may be found cheaper to supply New England and the Atlantic Coast generally with flour and produce shipped via Hudson Bay than by existing lines of transport. It will open the eyes of the world to the magnificent expanse of country lying north of the Saskatchewan —the great Northwest, par excellence—a country of unbounded wealth of fertile soil, valuable timber, coal, fish, furs, gold, silver, platinum, and nearly every mineral of economic value—a country compared with which the treeless prairies of the central districts are but a desert.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	Miles.		Miles.
San Francisco to New York.....	3,331	Port Simpson to Churchill.....	1,450
New York to Liverpool.....	3,130	Churchill to Liverpool.....	2,960
Yokohama to Liverpool, via N. Y..	10,931	Yokohama to Liverpool, via Churchill	8,275
Victoria to Liverpool, via Montreal.	10,231	Difference in favor northern route.	2,678

Autumn: Puget Sound

By Edward H. Butler

Our Puget autumn, like a maid forlorn,
  The fire and gold of lavish summer spent,
  Creeps down, a weary-hearted malcontent,
To mar my noontide dreaming. Garments shorn
Of living color that her youth had worn,
  Dull gray she stands; yet where the robe is rent
  Flashes a fringe of splendid crimson blent
With somber purple, at the dusk and dawn.

Love, let the sombre autumn day pass by;
  And let us through the twilight, hand in hand,
  Wander toward the margin of the land
Where slender gleams of crimson pale and die;
  Then quicken, o'er the mountain tops re-born,
  In the fair promise of another morn.

Exultation

By Grace G. Bostwick

All that I have, I earned by mine own might,
My eyes upon the eternal law of gain;
Hopefully toiling ever toward the light,
I struggled 'gainst my ignorance and pain.
When Sorrow smote me sore, I bowed beneath
The buffeting my bruised body bore;
When Grief, the spectre, chilled me with its breath,
I looked toward the good in future's store.
I faltered never through the bitter years;
I chose my path and paid the penalty,
And at the cost, I cowered not with tears,
But faced my lot with eyes that yearned to see.
I never shirked—I never cried "Alas!
Grant me an easier task, O God, to do!"
But met unflinching, what had come to pass
And drained it to the dregs—my cup of rue.
Now, daily I thank God that I was strong
To fall and rise to greater heights by pain,
For that I understand my brother's wrong
And know the worth of sorrow's hard-won gain.

Immolation

By Sadie Bowman Metcalfe

On many ships have I sailed with Love;—
All are engulfed in Thee,—
How softly they sink in Thy mighty deeps,
Thou art the Sea!

By many stars have I sworn for Love,
And tender tokens given;—
How they are lost in the fair, blue sky,
Since Thou art Heaven!

At the Striking of a Match

By Jules Eckert Goodman



HE little clock on the mantle chimed half past seven. Judson took out his watch and compared it with the clock; then he yawned lazily with the expansive satisfaction of a man who has long passed the heyday of his youth and has just dined well. Mrs. Judson also looked at the clock while her hand beat with a spoon a tinkling tattoo upon the glass in front of her. In the meantime Susan had brushed up the crumbs and removed the last dish, while Walters had brought coffee and tobacco—cigars for Judson and cigarettes for Mrs. Judson. Finally Susan and Walters went out leaving Judson dreamily puffing away in the first delicious whiffs of a clear Havana and Mrs. Judson regarding him quizzically, with a peculiar, curious glitter in her eyes.

"Billy."

The smoke was wreathed about Judson's head and his eyes were closed. Perhaps he did not hear, at any rate he did not answer. So Mrs. Judson glanced again at the clock on the mantle, noticed that five minutes had gone past, and then bent over nearer to her husband.

"Billy," she called, louder this time.

Judson slowly opened his eyes and stared at her through the grayish haze. "Eh, old girl? Speaking to me?"

"Yes. Let's go somewhere. Let's go to Lohengrin."

"Lohengrin—grand opera—and I feeling so comfy."

"Then let's go hear Edna May."

"Isn't it too late?"

"Not a bit of it. No one ever wants to see the first act and Celeste is a wonder at rushing." Mrs. Judson was all ready at the door.

"Kit?"

"Yes?"

"Come here."

"But it is growing late."

"Listen how it's raining."

"Well, what of it? Walters will order the carriages." At the pressing of the electric button Walters appeared. "The carriage at once," she said to him. "And now Billy you had better get ready."

"Kit."

"In heaven's name, what is it now, Billy?"

"It's, well, it's just that—"

"That you don't want to go, eh?"

"Well, yes: I don't, that's frank."

"I might have known it."

"But don't you see, we go out so much and it is so nasty tonight and it is so cosy here."

"Cosy!"

"I'll tell you what, Kit. Suppose you go upstairs and put on something soft, one of those creamy, fluffy things you used to wear when we were first married and I'll get on my smoking jacket and slippers. You find a good book and I have my paper and we'll sit in front of the fire in the library and read, or perhaps have some billiards and later a game of piquet and then some supper and go to bed. What do you say, Kit?"

"Nonsense, that's what I say."

"You wouldn't like it?" he asked, hoping against hope that he had heard wrongly.

"No, I wouldn't like it."

Judson scratched his head and looked once more at the clock.

"Oh, there is plenty of time yet," said Mrs. Judson, "you can't get out of it that way."

"Why do you want to go so much tonight?" he asked not so much because he was curious as because he wished to take up time. "We have been out nearly every night the last two weeks."

"What else is there to do—" Her voice had grown hard—"when one is married to a—a business man?"

"Kit, Kit," he went up and placed his hand on her shoulder in almost paternal tenderness. She drew away from his touch. "Kit, old girl, what's the matter? Nerves?"

"Nerves! No, merely the blighting

stupidity of marriage, that's what it is."

"It is going out too much that has done this. It is a kind of excitement, just like a taste for whiskey. The more you have of it, the more you want."

"I'd drink whiskey if I thought it would add any excitement, anything to make one forget this awful humdrum respectability."

"Kit!"

"No, we had better have it out. It has been bottled up in me so long that I will choke if I don't get it out."

He went back to the table and sat down, sipping again at his coffee and looking up at her with the appeal of a comfortable man not wishing to be disturbed. She came to the other side of the table and kneeling upon a chair, leaned over facing him.

"Won't you have another cigarette, Kit?" he said trying to turn aside from the storm he saw brewing.

"That is some concession," she answered sneeringly, "I know you don't like to see me smoke."

"Well, you see, I was brought up sort of old-fashioned and the only women I had seen smoke were—well, not exactly the kind a man would think of marrying."

"That's an insult!"

"No, no it isn't, Kit," he hastened to correct himself. "I have learned a lot and I know that respectable women, many of them, smoke. It is only a question of point of view, you see. You can't bear to touch a caterpillar. I don't like to see my wife smoke."

She looked at him a moment; then she deliberately took another cigarette. An expression of surprise spread over her features as he quickly held up the candle for her. The next moment she understood when she caught him in sly glee watching the clock.

"So!" she cried angrily.

"So," he answered sheepishly, like a boy taken in the act of mischief.

"Oh, you think because I am fifteen years younger than you that I am a child! I won't stand it, I tell you; I won't stand it a day longer, not one day!"

"Dear, dear Kit," he murmured, his voice full of sorrow, "I am an old brute, ain't I? But I didn't really mean anything, upon my word I didn't! I am sorry."

"Sorry! Much good that does! What sort of a life do I lead?"

"I have tried to make you happy, Kit. I have given you everything that I thought you could wish for. I am not a multi-millionaire, but I haven't scrimped the money, now have I? I am not bragging, but, honest, I realized from the first that you were younger than I and so I have tried to get you the things that I thought you would care for. I haven't scrimped, have I? Or, if there is anything that you want and I can afford it, why, Kit, dear, it's yours for just the naming of it."

"Money and buy! That's your world. You think you can buy everything. Well, you can't. There are somethings that you can't buy. There is sympathy and understanding and—you won't even understand it—there is *love*."

"I am too old to understand, eh?"

Fire flashed into her eyes as she saw that at last she had struck home and had hurt him.

"Yes, too old, not in years, but in heart and soul and all the rest that goes to make life life and not mere existence."

His face and voice were full of pain as he arose. "I am going down-stairs and knock the balls around for a while," he said. "I'll come up after a bit and we will play that game of piquet." There was pleading in the tones, but she would not hear it.

"And you won't go?"

"No, I—I'd rather not."

"Look out, Billy. I won't answer for myself. I'll do something that—something that we will both be sorry for. You'd better come for—" she paused a second before continuing—*"for I am going."*

"Then I'll send Bobbie to take you."

"Bobbie! No, thank you; I don't need your secretary; I can get—Bobbie!" Her eyes were all a-glitter and full of challenge. "Send Bobbie to the library in half an hour — if you dare."

"Very well," he answered, quietly, "I will send him." He walked to the door and paused. "Kit," he said, "I will wait up for you and we will have our little

supper after you come home." Then he passed out.

"Bobbie! Bobbie!" she murmured to herself. "I will, I will!"

Thirty minutes later a young man of twenty-five sat in the library reading a current magazine. He was in evening clothes and from a frequent twisting of his neck over a rather tall collar it was evident that either the young man had not always been accustomed to such a garb, or else that he was at the moment under some mental stress. A certain twitching as if his coat was too tight across the shoulders accentuated the impression, while a general uneasiness of manner, betokened by the fitful way in which he read, gave a final touch to the picture.

The young man rose quickly, his cheeks flushing like those of a timid girl, as Mrs. Judson entered.

"Mr. Judson told me that you were good enough to—" He stopped awkardly as he caught sight of her gown. It was a traveling dress that Mrs. Judson wore.

"My gown, eh? Isn't it good enough for theater?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I was not presuming to judge. Besides the night is so stormy."

Mrs. Judson looked at him a moment; then she laughed. "You are not very clever, Bobbie. You contradict yourself in the same sentence."

"But, Mrs. Judson—"

"No, you are quite right. I am not going to theater. I have changed my mind. I am going instead to—Chicago."

"To where!"

"Chicago. It's a lovely place. Ever been there?"

"Never."

"It is so dark and smokey that intimate friends pass each other on the street, a half hour after being out, without recognition. It's a lovely place. Better come along."

"But, Mr. Judson said that—"

"Mr. Judson is not infallible; he can be mistaken."

"Then he doesn't know that you are going?"

"No, he doesn't know. Would you please hold my cloak for me?"

He hastened to her side and took up the garment. "Mrs. Judson, are you—have you—I beg your pardon." He stopped, wretchedly bungled in his words.

Mrs. Judson paused with her arms half way into the sleeves. "Mr. Judson and I," she said slowly, leaning back a trifle and looking at him over her shoulder, "Mr. Judson and I have had a quarrel. I am leaving."

"What!" His hands dropped to his side.

"Quarrelled, quarrelled, that's what. I must ask you to help me again with the cloak."

"Mrs. Judson, are you sure of what you are doing?"

"No, I am only sure that I can't stand the grind of the wheels and the ennui and all the rest of it any longer."

"Mrs. Judson, Katherine, I beg of you to think well before you take such a step, I beg of you, Katherine."

She could feel his breath upon her cheek and his hands held tight upon her shoulders, but she did not move. "You are quite a preacher, Bobbie, only you pray before a mirror."

"Mrs. Judson, I—"

"Oh, we have dropped the Katherine already, have we?" She turned and faced him. "Look her, Bobbie, I am going to do you a good turn. I came here just now, knowing—well, knowing you; and I said to myself, 'I will make him come with me.' But something has made me be frank with you. Stay away, Bobbie, stay away. Now you have had your warning."

She walked over to the sofa, sat down and began putting on her gloves. For a moment Bobbie stood dumbfounded in the center of the room where she had left him; then he went up to the sofa, and leaned over her shoulder.

"Well," she said, "you have had your warning; now run away and be good."

But he did not move. "I love you, love you," he murmured, and took her hand.

Mrs. Judson's first impulse had been to withdraw her hand until she looked up and saw his eyes. The boy was in love, hopelessly in love, and she felt a thrill of warmth and excitement as she recognized the fact.

"Don't you think I know," he said. "I have watched you day in and day out. Why did I remain here in Mr. Judson's employ? There were other positions and

better ones. Only the other day I received an offer. It was a big one, and I hated to refuse it. But I did."

"Because," she half whispered, "you wanted to be near me?"

"Because I saw you were unhappy, not understood; because I knew the pain in your heart just as I know the pain in my own."

"Then it was no mere flirtation?"

"Flirtation! Just look and see for yourself."

She did look and what she saw brought the tears to her eyes. "Bobbie, dear Bobbie, and you have been hiding all this."

"As well as I could. I wanted to be sure. I would never have said a word, if you hadn't confessed just now. And if I had ever felt that you were really happy, I think I should have gone away for fear that some time in spite of myself I might have spoken and caused you pain. But you weren't happy, were you, were you?" he added eagerly, almost begging.

"No, no, I have been miserable and wretched."

"I am so glad."

"Bobbie!"

"I can't help it, I am glad, my heart is almost bursting within me. For I have the right now to love you and to tell you. You married to be loved and love is yours by right. Let me love you, let me."

Walters came in to announce that the carriage was waiting and he hastily moved from her side. She nodded to the butler and he withdrew. There was silence for a few moments while she gazed intently into the fire and he drew close to her side. Then suddenly she threw wide her arms and he caught her to his breast.

"Bobbie, oh, Bobbie," she cried, "love me, love me a lot. My heart is almost frozen; you must warm it again."

"I will, I will, sweetheart, never fear."

There was something in the last word that made her pause.

"You are not afraid," he asked.

"Afraid of leaving? Oh, no."

"Of what then?"

"Of the future, perhaps, most afraid for you."

"For me, why?"

"Because—because—will you always be true to me? Always?"

"Always." There was a simplicity and sacredness with which he said the one word that carried more conviction than an oath could have.

"Always love me and—respect me?"

"Always love and respect you, and *after* we will marry."

She caught herself with a jerk. "After what?"

"After the divorce, of course."

"Of course."

"And we will go far away to some foreign country where the skies are blue, to Italy say, and we will dream and be happy."

"But, suppose—suppose he doesn't get a divorce?"

"Never fear, he will."

"But suppose that he doesn't?"

"It will be just as sacred to me as if we were married."

"You are sure?"

"Sure—sure as I am of my mother's good name."

The words were not very apropos and they brought a blush; but just at that moment a delicate odor of tobacco from outside the room came to her nostrils and with it came the remembrance of the scene at the supper table. Her old mood returned.

"You won't mind my smoking cigarettes," she said in a pitiful attempt to joke.

"I won't mind anything if you will only let me be always near you, always worship you."

"I'll do it!" she said suddenly, and again he caught her in his arms and kissed her. The next instant he jumped from her side, trembling from head to foot, and she stood swaying back and forth, her hands clutching convulsively at the lace on her gown. Neither dared to look around.

Someone just behind them had scratched a match.

The delicate odor of tobacco now became more pronounced and a small cloud of smoke could be seen. Someone was lighting a cigar. The next moment Judson with the evening paper under his arm and a cigar between his teeth came toward them.

"So you have changed your mind about going to the theater after all, eh?" he said quietly. "Too bad to have put Bobbie to all that trouble of dressing. Still it

is good sense to stay home on a night like this." He sat down in front of the fire and began reading his paper.

Mrs. Judson bit her lip. "But we are going out." Judson went on reading. "We are going for a drive. I thought it would be lovely to feel the rain pattering against the glass of the carriage windows."

"Yes, very, but I prefer to stay at home and I should advise you to do the same, Kit."

"Stay at home," she cried, her anger rising again, "that's your eternal cry."

"Well, it's a pretty good one. When people stay at home they don't get into mischief—usually."

"But I don't choose to stay at home. So I am going out. Come along, Bobbie."

They were almost at the door when he called to them.

"Of course you know, Kit, what you are doing?"

"Perfectly."

"Still it is hardly fair on Bobbie."

"Oh, I am glad to go with Mrs. Judson, sir; glad."

Judson slowly put down his paper. "You're a good sort of chap, Bobbie. I have always liked you and I like you a lot still. Let's see, how long have you been with me?"

"Over ten years now."

"Ten years. Jove, but time does go, doesn't it? And it was just an incident like tonight's that made me notice you. That trip you took for me to Philadelphia when you were sick enough to be in bed, but too plucky to say a word about it—you *are* a plucky one, Bobbie."

"I am sure, Mr. Judson, I only did my duty."

"That's it, Bobbie, that's what won me; you only did your duty, but you did do it. Why, do you know, from that moment you ceased being simply a clerk in my employ with a chance for promotion and I began to make plans for you, and before I knew it I was regarding you almost in the light of a son.'

"You couldn't have been much kinder to me if I had been your son."

"No, that's true, truer than you can guess. Why, do you know, I once had my will drawn up making you practically my sole heir? Fact, I was going to live all my days a crusty old bachelor and sort of adopt you."

"Mr. Judson!"

"Fact. But then I met Kit and old as I was—well, I leave it to you, do you blame me?"

"Oh, no—no."

"So there was another will and it is only a little you'll get now. Oh, that's all right, I know what you feel, boy. But the other day it came to me hard, how much you were to me and what I had not, through selfishness, done for you. I happened to meet Trendway. He is just starting in all over again. Trendway is a good fellow and honest as the day is long. He has simply had a bad run of luck. So I thought here would be a chance to do a turn for the two of you. Trendway needs money; I would loan it to him anyway; it was just as well to loan it to him by placing the amount to your credit and making you a partner."

"So, it was to you, I was indebted for that offer?"

"Yes, though it would mean a lot for me to lose you."

"Mr. Judson, you have been mighty good to me; you have been more than a father."

"I am going for my ride." The words struck the air like a bolt of lightning. "Are you coming, Bobbie?"

Half bewildered, the young man stumbled toward the door.

"Bobbie?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think that I would go on that ride if I were you."

"But Mrs. Judson—"

"Kit will change her mind, too, I think."

"Look here, Billy, you are going too far now."

"I am trying not to, dear. I am simply advising Bobby what I think is best for his own good. I'll tell you what, sit down and keep me company for a half hour, and if you still want to go after that, why I won't say a word."

Quickly, as if it had been a challenge which she had just taken up, Mrs. Judson sat down opposite him before the fire. Bobbie remained standing near the door.

"Oh, come up to the fire, Bobbie, and

be sociable. Come—come old chap. There, that's more comfy."

For the matter of five minutes there was absolute silence, the three people staring steadily at the flames which crackled at their feet. Then Judson, just as if he had been recalling old times and they had all been telling stories after a hearty dinner, began to speak.

"Did you ever hear of Benson? I guess not. It must have been before your time. Benson was an old friend of mine. A fine fellow, he was, too, one of the best that ever lived, with a heart in him as big as a church clock. Only he was one of those men who always mean right and ten chances out of twelve do wrong. He was the best meaning blunder that ever walked the earth. Well, Benson fell in love with a young girl and all his friends, I among them, said that he had committed the biggest blunder of his life. Not that the girl was not worthy and did not care for Benson. Quite the contrary, but Benson was the sort of man who should never have married, or at least never have married a woman who craved romance. You see, he had lived so long alone that he had grown selfish in spite of himself. He loved that woman as a wife, a sweetheart and a child all in one, only he knew nothing of those thousand and one little attentions that woman loves and which to her are an index of feeling. So of course the girl never guessed how much he cared, and grew to think herself neglected and miserable. At just that time, when one fine day she had an especially bad case of nerves, just as always happened, along came the inevitable sympathetic friend. You can guess the details. My little lady kicked over the traces and ran away. It nearly killed Benson and he went about like a man who had been to hell and could not shut the awful sight from his eyes. But he never blamed the girl, and he wouldn't let even his dearest friend do so, not though grief was eating out his heart. He never even tried to get a divorce. He just went on, living alone, lonesome as if in a tomb. Then one day he hears of his wife and the chap she had eloped with. They had not had the easiest time in the world. The little money which they had possessed had soon gone. She wasn't so well dressed and she wasn't nearly so good looking. Moreover, they were social outcasts; thus they had too much of their own company and not enough of others, which is bad. Then, too, the novelty of the thing had worn off and they were down to facts. They had found that life without each other might even be endurable, might be possibly desirable; but a bond of common misfortune kept them together. Of course the fellow might have acted a scoundrel and left the girl as most men would have done; but he had enough decency to stick by her. So he got a position, not a very good position, but enough to support them in a modest way. It did no more. There was no buying of frills and laces. Nor was there longer any need for them. The society to which they belonged was closed to them and they had not yet reached that stage of resignation when they were willing to call on their grocer's family. Their own relatives even had tabooed them. They were just about face to face with the full knowledge of what they had done; just about, but not entirely. The fellow took down with typhoid and they were flat out of it. Things might have gone rather hard with my little lady, there is no telling when it would all have ended if it had not been that at that time Benson found them. And what do you suppose he did? Read them a moral lecture and then went away in the righteous feeling of having done his duty? Not a bit of it. In the first place he got the best doctor and nurse he could, and he put the chap on his feet again. When the fellow was well, Benson hastened to get a divorce so that the two might marry. Then he spent time and money and energy to get society to take them back. He begged his friends to receive them, swore it had been all his fault and finally when at last they were tolerated—it was no more than that—he turned around and died and left them his entire fortune."

Judson paused and carefully lighted his cigar that had gone out. Mrs. Judson still sat motionless and Bobbie did not raise his eyes.

"Now I always maintained," continued Judson, "that Benson was a fool for doing what he did; but I have changed my mind. He did just right, and I will tell you why. The name of that couple is Mr. and Mrs. William Crackshie. You

start. Now you know what I mean. They haven't and they never will live it down. It will follow them to the grave and after. They never attend an affair or go to a theater that they cannot see people pointing them out. And if there is a more unhappy pair in this broad land of ours I do not know them."

Judson reached over the table at his side and took up again his paper. Slowly Mrs. Judson raised her eyes until they rested upon Bobbie's. For a moment they looked steadily at each other; then Bobbie threw back his head resolutely.

"Mr. Judson?"

"Yes, Bobbie?"

"Do you think that that position with Trendway is still open?"

"Why, yes, I'm pretty sure of it."

"I—I think—if you don't mind—that I will see Trendway about it tomorrow."

"I would, Bobbie, though heaven knows I'll miss you a lot."

Bobbie arose. "You have nothing more for me tonight?"

"Nothing."

"Then I am going to take a walk and think things over before turning in." He went to the door. "Mr. Judson, I am grateful, mighty grateful for *all* that you and Mrs. Judson have done for me. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Bobbie."

"Goodnight, Mrs. Judson."

Judson continued reading his paper. Mrs. Judson remained as before, gazing into the fire. At last she arose and went close beside Judson and sat down on the floor at his feet, leaning against his knee. She was silent for quite a while as if hypnotized by the fire. Then, "Billy?"

"Yes, old girl?"

"I think I'll give up smoking cigarettes."

"I wouldn't if I enjoyed them, Kit."

Again silence for some time, save for the rustling of Judson's paper.

"Billy?"

"Yes, Kit?"

"Aren't you about ready for that game of piquet?"

As he reached down to help her up, his hand fell upon her shoulder—gently, lovingly. "Kit, dear old girl."

Constantine, Victor

By Marguerite Stabler



THE sinking sun seemed almost to stand still as, rallying his forces for a last desperate stand for the field, he fired his long red rays into the very teeth of the advancing night. But when at last he fell back in, was in such a royal gold and purple state one could almost wish to have him live only to see him die, and immediately the high heavens took up his colors in a burning after-glow to fling aloft, proclaiming him vanquished yet victorious.

Against this glowing back-ground the cross on a distant hill-top seemed to grow and expand in all directions and stretch its arms out to the infinitude of earth and sky to teach the gospel of the vanquished Victor of Calvary. As a file of dark-robed figures passed under the cloister to the refectory, a pair of deep-set eyes strained toward the hill-top while the great Christian panorama struck home.

Here on the frontier of the new world lived again a Constantine—not a pagan emperor, to be sure—the humblest, youngest, rawest recruit in the vanguard of the Holy Church, but here again glowed the cross against the western sky, saying to him as plainly as in that earlier age, *"In hoc signo vinces."*

In this sign he had conquered much already. In this sign he had conquered the temptations of a life of leisure and pleasure with the other members of his house to join the priesthood. But that first hard-won conquest was only the first, he found, of the many that were to follow. A monastery life, he was learning, was wholly one of fighting, falling; sometimes conquering, sometimes being conquered.

As he looked up and down the table into the faces of the older padres, written close and fine with hieroglyphics of almost every quality, power, amibtion, self-love, avarice, indolence, in all their variant forms, all brought in time under the discipline of the order until self-mastery became at last the dominant note, he understood why it is that old priests all look alike.

This evening as young Constantine studied the face of his Superior he wondered if his spirit had ever been torn by pangs of home-sickness, tortured by doubts of the holy Scriptures, wrung with longings for what his vows had made impossible.

In turn, as the Superior looked down the length of the table and caught the intent eyes of the young padre, the bitterest doubts that had ever torn his soul arose to confront him anew.

A few hours later as Constantine rested under a clump of olive trees in the farthest confines of the mission groves—

"You are wanted in the Superior's ante-room," old Pedro puffed, out of breath from his search through vineyard, sheep-fold and work-shop for the young priest.

A summons to the ante-room usually meant that a packet had arrived bringing news from the old world, letters that made the home-sick heart under the heavy crucifix bound for joy, for it takes many years of love for humanity in bulk to fill the place of the ties that bind the heart of even a priest. And Constantine's year was counted only by the spaces between letters.

As the Superior and two of the older padres sat in solemn conclave in the ante-room, a quick, heavy tread resounded throughout the corridor as Constantine came, whistling, into their presence. The air, although the Adeste Fideles, rang with the time of a quick-step on the startled ears of the old men, but when the flushed, expectant face of the young brother presented itself, the Superior, although he had intended to, did not rebuke him.

"Letters?" burst impetuously from Constantine.

"My son, will you be seated?" said the old man, not noticing his question.

Why need he be seated to snatch his letters and devour the lines from his home-world? he wondered.

"There are no letters, my son," the Su-

perior hastened to explain, seeing the question in the eager eyes.

The cloistered life had not yet robbed the young priest's face of its ruddy tan nor his manner of its boyish brusqueness.

"Then why am I here?" he caught himself wondering.

The entrance at that moment of the other members of the Order, who walked in as if they, too, had been sent for, added to his bewilderment.

"Sit down, Father Constantine," the Superior said again, this time in a tone of command. And Constantine sat down.

There was a moment's heavy pause. From below in the court arose the regular click, click, click of the neophytes' hammers breaking stone. The seamed old faces grouped around the boy looked harrassed and depressed.

At last the august father broke the silence:

"My son," he began, and his calm, dispassionate tones could not hide a covert tenderness, "this is a grievous business, but I hope you can clear yourself of the charge."

Again the Espendola case! He had thought the whole hideous thing over, and had put it, or tried to, out of his life. But, looking straight into the Superior's eyes, he asked: "What charge?"

The old man turned in his chair. The click, click, click of the hammers rose like the beating of a pulse.

"We need not go into the earlier details of the Espendola case," the old father said; "the facts of the murder are well known to you all."

Young Constantine winced at the words.

"Relatives of the dead man have come from Mexico and insist upon a closer investigation of the case. Don Alvarez Espendola is a man of wealth and distinction in Guadalajara and this stigma on his family name cuts him too deeply to be passed by without a strenuous effort to punish the offender. He has come with letters to the Commandante from the Spanish government and brought his own attorneys with him."

Wondering how all this dreary detail could affect him, Constantine waited, listening without comment.

Meanwhile, however, the horrors of that midnight scene flashed through his mind in all its vividness as the Superior went on, giving the reasons of the murdered man's relatives for pushing the investigation. Constantine's thought flew back to that night before the Feast of All Saints, his solitary vigil before the shrine of Our Lady, the sense of calm and serenity that always came with the holy hush of that little chapel. Then that smothered shriek that had brought him running out into the vestibule. It was all as clear and terrible to him now as if being enacted the first time—the damp, rank church yard, dripping as with death-dews from the recent shower, the black stillness of uncertainty, the groping among mounds and hollows, guided by the sound of fitful groans.

Time, Constantine found, had not helped him to forget one jot or tittle of that night's hideousness, and by being pushed so resolutely into the background of his life, had been gathering force and burning itself deeper into his memory. With the thought of it now came the same gripping repulsion at the stark, livid thing he had at last stumbled upon under the cypress hedge. The grayish hues, the ghastly grin, the convulsive clutch of the hands that told what the last struggle had been came out of their darkness and faced him now.

The Superior noted the pallor creeping over the ruddy tan as Constantine's thoughts flew on, only half hearing the thin even tones that droned along with the recital of the chain of evidence the murdered man's friends were working on.

"The position of the wound shows it could not possibly have been self-inflicted," the Superior was saying to the listening elders.

Constantine did not know they took his momentary start as the result of these words.

The eyes of the priest who had watched before Our Lady's shrine were seeing now the pale streak of moonlight that had shot through a rift in the clouds as he bent above the grinning thing in the grass. Holy Mother! that was the moment—it was by the light of that same sudden, ghastly gleam he had raised his eyes and seen, crouching behind a cross—that face! The face that he had seen upturned to the pulpit from the Commandante's pew.

The click of the neophytes' hammers

had now ceased and the silence rang loudly throughout the room. The padres were waiting for Constantine to speak.

Then slowly: "I gave you a full statement at the time, father," he said. "I am ready to repeat it to the alcalde whenever it is required."

"Did you give it to me as you thought it in your own heart?" the old man questioned anxiously.

"I gave it to you as it happened," Constantine answered, looking from one to the other of the faces around him and wondering in which way the scales of their decision were turning.

The Superior's eyes, keen from much probing into human motives, narrowed until they seemed to bore straight through the crucifix upon the young priest's heart. "Can you add or take from it nothing?" he asked.

"Nothing," Constantine answered.

"You may go," the Superior said suddenly. Constantine arose. Turning an instant he opened his lips to speak, but closing them again he turned and left the room without a word.

Down the corridor his footsteps, no longer springing and quick, echoed. The elder padres listened absently. The Superior, at the closing of the door at the end of the corridor, turned back to the waiting padres. "You may go," he said to them. Slowly and stiffly each black-robed figure arose and filed in noiseless procession out of the ante-room.

Alone in his own little cubicle, Constantine dropped upon the side of his cot, his head upon his hands. When the bell in the chapel tower chimed the hour for vespers he was still there, in the same position, motionless.

Out of the shadows of his cell the scenes of that All Saints tragedy arose and again he lived it over in gasps and stabs of emotion. The face that had flashed upon him from behind the leaning cross animated the blackness around him and the eyes again defied him—those wide, terrified eyes that mocked while they implored. Then the heavy clouds again. Constantine, in the intensity of his remembrance, could not have told whether it was the blackness of the clouds of that night or the midnight gloom that enshrouded him, and out of the horror of it all the crashing storm, while stumbling with his ghastly burden into shelter, the burning, glistening eyes kept always beside him and the blood-stained little hands clutched his robe as if in terror of the darkness and the deed. The holy hush of the little chapel was desecrated by the hysterical sobs of the woman on the other side of the wicket, the breath of incense polluted by the smell of blood—rank human blood, spilled by violence; the blessed virgin looked down into the convulsed countenance of an unrepentant Magdalene.

Thus the hours dragged on. All the careless, happy years that had made up the tale of his youth, before he had taken his vows, stalked in grim review before him; all the years of energy and holy zeal among the low-browed Indians he had counted upon for his future lined up like shadow-selves upon the other side. And at the point of their meeting-extremes, the moment when, under the seal of his priesthood, he had heard this woman's story in the confessional. The hot breath that hissed through the wicket was again on his face, the closely drawn mantilla might disguise the features but those burning, glistening eyes, never!

The gathering twilight, the long night, the cold gray dawn, found Constantine in the same position on the side of his cot, his head in his hands, motionless.

The cold, clear light that fell from the hill-top with the first faint dawning bore no suggestion of the glories of the sunsets. No golden halo clothed the distant cross. Gaunt, black, relentless, it stretched its arms in its inexorable! *"In hoc signo vinces!"*

When the next day the Commandante with the alcalde waited upon the Superior for an interview, Constantine was again called into the ante-room. A second time the ordeal of cross-examination was repeated.

"Were you in the chapel on the night of October thirtieth?" the alcalde questioned.

"I was," the young padre arose and answered.

"Did you see the deceased alive that evening?"

"I did."

"Did you see him later dead?"

"I did."

"Do you know that your clothes were

found to be stained with blood the next morning?"

"I do."

"Is it true that you had had trouble with the deceased over the work of some Indian neophytes?"

"It is."

"Do you still refuse to tell a straightforward story of the murder, giving the whole truth?"

"I do."

Each question, tightening the noose of evidence, was answered laconically, almost indifferently.

"Have you anything further to say?" the alcalde asked after a long, heavy pause.

"My defense is under the seal of the confessional," Constantine answered dispassionately.

The Superior, following in breathless interest every question and answer, at last settled back into his chair, facing the inquisitors and seeing nothing. The dreary click, click arose as usual from the court below ticking off the boy's sentence.

"That my hands are guiltless of this man's blood, I swear by Almighty God." Constantine faced the Commandante, "but more than this I can not say because the murderer confessed to me."

The afternoon shadows threw an elongated reflection of the cross down the hillside, bending toward him to admonish him that in this sign, and this only he must conquer. Straight and long into the eyes of Senor Alfredo y Arguillo, Commandante-General of San Diego, the young priest looked, but the terrified glitter of the eyes of the Senorita Mercedes y Arguillo arose between them, the framing of the close-drawn mantilla and the feminine cast of countenance could not disguise the likeness between father and daughter.

With the movement on the part of the government to secularize the missions the reverence, even respect, for the padres' work was waning. The Gringo invasion was already turning the tide of popular feeling and whatever might militate against the power of the missions was now a popular play on the part of the government.

To prove that a priest was no more crime-proof than a layman and amenable to the same laws, would do much, the Commandante knew, toward breaking down a superstitious awe for the clergy. If the missions were to be secularized under his administration and turned over to the government, every edge should be made to cut both ways. It was a bad business to have to punish a priest. It was also a bad business for a man to be murdered in the church-yard of the mission, a man who had been a frequent visitor at his house—how frequent he did not guess—and justice is an attribute of the large-minded.

Meantime as the investigation of the murder progressed and the brother of the dead man also became a guest at her father's house, the defiant eyes of the beautiful Senorita Mercedes lost their glitter. Madly she flung herself into the gaieties of life that offered, dancing and flirting, or drinking and smoking her Mexican cigarettes with every officer of the Commandante's guard till from nightly revel to morning route there was not a moment's breathing space.

The young priest Constantine had loomed large in the senorita's life since his first celebration of the mass in the little San Diego chapel. The rugged strength, the blunt frankness of manner, the calm, zealous spirit back of it, had offered an unfair foil to the idle, bedizened gallants who made up the life of her own little centre.

When she had gone before Easter to confess the sins of her frivolous soul, she had waited long before the confessional marked, "Padre Constantine" that she might look deep as she chose into those clear eyes and hear his voice modulated once in her life for her ears alone if only an *"Absolvo te."*

With the loss of their glitter there came into the eyes that were green or black to hazel as the passions behind them wrought, a fell determination. Constantine was in her hands wholly, absolutely. He would never divulge her confession. That she knew. Her power it was to damn or save him. The least he could expect from his trial was to be unfrocked and dismissed from his Order; the most, death.

Padre Constantine sat as usual, on the side of his cot, his head in his hands, motionless, when his visitor was announced. The mantilla was more close-

ly drawn than before and the cloak so voluminous no one could suspect the lithe grace hidden by its folds. But the same shivering little soul cowered behind the sweeping lashes that had peered that night from behind the leaning cross.

Constantine arose. "My daughter," he said in his usual authorative, priestly tones, "why are you here?"

It was not easy for her to tell why she was there. She flinched before his scrutinizing stare, but as she proceeded with her plea the glitter came back to her eyes.

"I am here to save you," the low voice murmured, warv of the guards.

Constantine, without turning his head in her direction, waited for her to continue. Seeing she would not, possibly could not, "To make a full confession to your father of your cri—deed?" he asked.

Like a flash the woman slid to his feet settling into her coils of cloak, "Hush, oh for God's sake hush!" she hissed, fixing him with a cold green glitter. "You must not say that word, you dare not even think it. You know I did not mean to do it. I did not think that little poniard could kill him."

Was she here for the solace of an outlet to her own mind? Constantine fell to wondering as a long silence fell between them.

At last: "It is I alone in all the world who can save you," the woman began again.

Constantine bent his eyes upon the crouching figure searchingly. "In just one way," he said quietly.

"Never, oh never!" she cried, creeping closer on her knees, her eyes still fixed upon his face. "But there is another way, a better way. You would be unfrocked anyway. What is your ungrateful Order to you then? We could fly beyond the sea where we could be—so—happy. You—and—I."

The guard passed close to the prisoner's cell thinking he heard smothered sounds. A moment even the breathing of the priest and the woman was hushed, then the footsteps passed.

"My daughter," the priestly tones of Constantine commanded, "you may go."

* * * * * * * *

The senorita Mercedes y Arguillo stood at her window opening on a balcony. She had danced far into the morning and her head was not and her limbs were numb. This was the morning of the execution of the young padre's sentence.

The cross on the distant hill-top loomed hard against the cold, gray sky. Shuddering she crouched beneath the window. The little gilt clock on her mantle boomed countless ages over her head as she knelt, waiting, waiting.

And while the crouching, cowering little figure waited, fainting, under the window, a hollow square was being formed at the barracks.

The prisoner, calm, resolute, was brought out.

On the instance, a sudden burst of sun-rise and it was no longer dark. The sky blazed with a sudden fire, the distant hill-top glowed with an effulgence of morning glory, the gaunt cross threw off its shadows and reached out its arms, transfigured.

As Constantine turned to it, vanquished, yet victorious, the command rang "Fire!"

The Day of Reckoning

By Maude Heath



ROSE Jackson awoke unusually early, for her, and looked at the cheap alarm clock on the window seat. A quarter to twelve. She stretched a little, yawned and reached for a small brandy flask on the floor, took a swallow of the fiery liquid and sat up in bed.

A picture cut from the *New York Clipper* was pinned to the wall opposite the bed, and as she saw it, her eyes filled with tears of maudlin self pity. The picture was of a big, muscular, finely formed man, with a coarse, handsome face. He was clothed in tights. The name beneath was "Dick Lascelles, the World Famous Hand Balancer." The picture had been made some years before and Dick was not a balancer, but a clog dancer, doing a nightly turn at The Belvaile on O'Farrell street when Rose met him. She herself was a piano player in a down-stairs dance hall on Mason street. They met, took a violent fancy to each other, and had been constant companions for six months. Suddenly he disappeared as suddenly as if he had dropped through a manhole in the street. For two weeks Rose had worked by night, and slept and wept in turn by day.

As she began to dress there came a knock at the door.

"That you, Mame?" she called, her mouth full of hairpins.

Mame came in, and cleared off the one chair by the simple process of tipping the two dresses, coat and silk waist it held onto the floor, and seated herself. She was a tall, slender woman, with extremely red cheeks and lips, blonde hair and thick, black eyebrows. She wore a black silk skirt, very tight about the hips, and full and trailing at the bottom; a black lace waist and tan coat, a red hat with a long white plume, red gloves and high heeled slippers with open work hose. Her garments had a second-hand appearance, as if much of their existence had been spent in hurried trips to and from the pawnshops.

"What's the matter, dearie?" she inquired, seeing traces of tears on Rose's unwashed countenance "Still fretting about Dick? Gee! I'd like to see a picture of the man I'd ruin my looks for. You look five years older right now than you did when he lit out. Ain't there any other men in Frisco?"

Rose burst into choking sobs and, unable to find a handkerchief, was obliged to wipe her eyes on a corner of the sheet before she could finish doing up her hair.

"I tell you, Mame," she said when she could speak, combing her bright yellow pompadour the wrong way—to make it fluffy, "nobody knows how much I loved that man. He was so good to me, too," giving a final pull to a bow of black ribbon fastened to a hairpin at the back of her head; "he was never ugly except when he was full. If I just knew he was alive I'd feel better (hand me that eyebrow pencil, dear; no, it's under the cracker jar, I guess. And the powder rag, too; it's on the floor, right by your chair.) You know, sometimes I feel sure he has been murdered, or shanghaied, or something. Is my hair too low on this side? I don't know why I should have been so unfortunate just when I'd found somebody so congenial—what boat did you say you wanted to take—the 1:30? Well, I'm hurrying as fast as I can. Does my underskirt show? We can get some coffee on the boat. Do you want a nip of brandy? I can't keep up in the morning without it. Is Doc Rogers going over? We'll ask him for a tip. I don't know anything about the horses now at all. The last time I went to the races was with Dick. We had a swell time—cleaned up about a hundred dollars. Annie says he's skipped with some girl, but I know better. I tell you, dear," pinning on her big black hat and adjusting a dotted veil as she talked, "that man was stuck on me. He never looked at anyone else. Have some gum? Do my eyes look red? Well, come on then. Wait a minute while I

get my pin. He gave it to me and I never stir without it."

She came back presently with a small gold stick pin, set with turquoise. They walked down Powell street and took the car for the ferry, where they were just in time for the half-past one boat. It was the first day of the races at Emeryville, and the boat was crowded with a multitude of men and women, old and young, white and colored, on the way to the track.

Rose was unusually quiet, and several men she knew rallied her on crying about Lascelles. Just before the boat reached the Oakland side a man came up to speak to her. He was a flashily-dressed, middle-aged man, wearing a green check suit, a big diamond pin and two diamond rings. He might have been a horse-trainer or a book-maker, but was in reality a theatrical agent.

"I saw your friend the other night," he began, lighting a cigar. The match went out, and they moved back out of the way of the wind.

"Where? Who?" she said breathlessly, turning a little pale under her rouge.

"Lascelles. He's in Oakland doing a snake charming act with a one horse tent show down on Fifth street, near Broadway. Just come in off the road. Do you remember Kate Daly that used to do a monologue at Lacy's? Well, she's with him."

"Do you mean that skinny, sallow thing with red hair, that came up from San Diego?"

"Yep, that's the one. Well, it seems she got in with this show to do the snake charming act, and Lascelles met her that time he went to Stockton, and when he skipped he followed them around awhile, and finally got on in the same act. He's on the bills as Signor D'Alverez of Brazil. I thought you was kinder blue about him, and I'd tell you when I got a chance, so you'd quit worrying. You want to keep away from him, though. It don't do no good to kick up a row." And he left her as the boat slowed up for the ferry slip.

At two o'clock Rose Jackson sat down in the Seventh street station in Oakland, to wait until seven. Her friends had gone on to Emeryville, but she had slipped away in the Oakland depot and taken the local train instead of the one to the track. Arrived at Broadway, she walked down to Fifth street and easily found the show tent, a small affair, with gaudy pictures of impossible feats covering the front. Several hangers-on were standing about, but the performers were not there. The show began at half-past seven in the evening. She went back to the station to wait.

She had eaten nothing since the night before. She felt faint and a little dizzy. At three o'clock she went into a saloon below the station and asked for a Manhattan cocktail, which she drank and paid for. Not feeling the effect at once, she supplemented it with a drink of straight brandy, and went back to her seat in the station. Presently she felt better. She could think clearer. She saw for the first time just what she was to do. Before her ideas had been vague and indistinct. She felt no animosity toward the woman he had chosen as her successor. She magnanimously decided that it was not the girl's fault. Dick might have had a dozen other women before Rose. She had not asked him. No, she wouldn't hurt the girl. He was the one to be reckoned with, and she laughed a little as she thought how easily and artistically she would settle their score. Such a fine scheme as she had formulated. It seemed a shame that Dick should not live to laugh over it with her.

Having settled all the details in her mind, Rose began to look about for amusement. It was almost five o'clock and growing dark. The electric lights came on suddenly, and she went in to the ladies' room to fix her hair The mirror showed a thin face, prematurely lined and looking ten years past its real age of twenty-five; a thick yellow pompadour drooping over her left eyebrow, light blue eyes with blackened lids, a small, irresolute mouth and dimpled chin. Over all was a coating of pearl powder with spots of rouge on cheeks and lips. Her small, slender figure was still graceful, and the black net skirt and white silk waist beneath the loose black coat presented an appearance of stylish shabbiness.

She went back to her seat near the window. The races must be over now. She wondered idly if Mame had won on the tip Doc Rogers had given her, and made

up her mind to go over herself tomorrow. Then she decided that she would be too tired to get up so early. She speculated on what old Lacy would do when he found she was not there to play that night, but dismissed the idea as unimportant. She wondered what Dick was doing, and rather hoped he was having a good time. A man ought to, his last day. Why had he left her? Wasn't she always doing everything she could to please him? He'd get all that was coming to him, and it was good enough for him. She wouldn't have gone back on him that way for a million dollars. She began to cry behind her veil, and then thought she had better get something to eat, but when she found a restaurant down Sixth street the odor of the food made her ill, and she ordered only a glass of beer.

When she returned to the station it was six o'clock, and there was a crowd of people going home from work. She noticed particularly a young man and woman and a baby. The little fellow, about two years old, was holding tightly the string of a red toy balloon. Like a photograph she saw her old home in the country; the young blacksmith who wanted to marry her; the little cottage he had bought and which was to be furnished to suit her. If she had married him they might have been going home together now—she might have had a baby boy like this one. But she had not married him, and what was the use of thinking of what might have been? She went out and found another saloon farther down Broadway, and drank a gin fizz.

Seven o'clock. She started slowly down towards the tent. The "speiler" was just mounting the platform at the door. Seeing Rose, he began at once. "This way for your tickets. Only ten cents, one dime, to see the greatest aggregation of wonders ever collected under one tent. Don't fail to see the living skeleton. Six feet high and weighs but seventy pounds. This way for the hair-raising, blood-curdling snake charming act, where a lady and gent enter a cage full of fierce serpents."

His high, metallic voice kept on like a phonograph, but Rose did not hear it. After a few persons had entered the tent she handed the man a dime, took her ticket and followed them. The tent was not large, and the space unoccupied by the various platforms and cages was very small. Next to the door on the left stood a large glass box and inside it sat the girl Rose remembered as Kate Daly, dressed in a short skirt and low cut bodice, and holding in her lap a coiled snake.

Lascelles was just coming from the dressing room and Rose met him. He started with surprise, and made as if to pass her, but she held out her hand and spoke to him.

"Hello, Rose! How did you get over here?" he said, shaking hands, and looking uneasy. "Going to stay to see my act?"

"Sure, I am. You don't seem very glad to see me. Ain't we friends any more? My gentleman friend is outside waiting for me." She gave a hysterical little laugh. "I wanted to see how you looked when you had snakes. Ain't you afraid of them?" She put her hand up to her throat, and he noticed the turquoise pin he had given her.

"No," he said, with a sigh of relief that she was taking it so sensibly, "there's no danger. The snakes are stupid and half asleep anyway. I only handle one big boa constrictor that don't know whether he's alive or not. If we're easy with 'em and don't hurt 'em they're as harmless as kittens. How do you like my suit?"

He was dressed in tights, as in the picture she had in her room, and looked in the dim light just like it.

Her lip quivered. "Fine," she said, "but there's a rip on your shoulder—turn around a little—no, it's only a loose thread. Wait and I'll fix it—there, that's all right."

She held her hand to her throat as he turned away.

"So long. I must go now. Will you be around after my turn?"

"Yes, I'll stay till you're off. Goodbye."

As he started to go she took one step after him, hesitatingly, but the music struck up for the great act of Signor D'Alverez and Madamoiselle Ninon, and she stopped.

Lascelles took his place in the box and lifted the largest snake from the floor. It was inert and seemed almost lifeless. He looped one heavy fold about his waist

and lifted the reptile's head and neck over his shoulders. It slipped back, and he pulled the cold body closer to his neck. Suddenly it raised its head, darted out its tongue and moved its body a little, coiling itself around Lascelle's legs. Another movement, and its coils tightened convulsively.

The man raised his arm to free himself, and the act seemed to madden the reptile. Almost before Dick realized his peril the serpent was crushing his life out. He could not scream. The folds tightened around his throat and his chest. His legs were pinioned. He fell.

Rose had pushed herself close to the cage at the beginning of the tragedy. Lascelle's eyes met hers for a moment, comprehendingly. During the fleeting fraction of a second their meagre souls stepped out and communed together with appeal and recrimination. She felt glad that he knew who had done him to death. There was as yet no regret in the wide gaze with which she regarded him, only horror, mingled with amazement that he could die so soon and be so changed. It was but five minutes since he had talked with her—strong, well and handsome—exultant over her, she fancied, with the red haired woman who now stood helplessly shrieking beside the blackened, shapeless thing that the infuriated snake was curiously bending and twisting in its remorseless embrace.

Meanwhile confusion reigned in the tent. Women screamed and fainted, while the speiler and the manager struggled with the writhing, angry serpent. Rose still stood close to the glass box and watched. She was white and trembling, but she waited until the men had succeeded in pulling and beating and proding the snake from its victim. Then she lurched heavily away with the rest of the throng, and went swiftly, unseeing, but with sure instinct, to the nearest swinging doors, behind which oblivion could be purchased for money, and drank until that pulpy, hideous mass of flesh and broken bones faded from her blurred vision.

The show men never knew what had so excited the boa. On the floor was a bent and broken forget-me-not turquoise pin, but it was swept out with the straw, and the mute and unseen witness to one woman's idea of the love that is strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave, was never found.

The Judgment of Kaiulani

By Koolau Ii

THE County Attorney for Oahu came briskly down the stairs of his office into the hot street. In his right hand he carried a bundle of papers which he constantly raised a little as if to assure himself of their character. At the corner of King Street he met his assistant. "That murder case is on before Judge Smith this afternoon," said the county attorney. "Have you looked it up?"

The assistant mopped his forehead. "There's nothing to it," he responded. "Plain case and no possible defense."

"All right," the county attorney said with a sudden briskness. "That will let me off early. This Honolulu weather is very trying these days and I'm going to take the train to Waialua and rest a couple of days."

Both men fell silent after this remark and walked together down toward the old palace where the justice afforded by the Territory of Hawaii is dispensed. As they crossed the well trodden sod beside the statue of Kamehameha the assistant took off his wide hat and fanned himself. "I wonder who will defend the woman," he inquired idly. "She can always raise a lawyer's fees, like all these natives. But I doubt if the relatives will think it worth while to put up much for so little a murder." He grinned at his jest and lit a cigarette, nodding over the match at the High Sheriff who strolled by holding a young native woman by the arm. "That's the defendant," he explained to his superior.

The county attorney looked at her with interest. He watched the easy swing of her body, the delicacy of the bare foot that showed under the hem of her *holoku*. "She's no plantation girl, that," he said. "She looks like a girl of pretty good stock. Just catch the sheen of her cheeks!" A slight flush came into his own face and he quickened his pace so as not to lose sight of her.

In the court-room a few attaches lounged on the desks and the clerk busily slapped at the day mosquitoes with a long piece of blotting paper. A native interpreter dozed in a chair against the rail of the jury box. At the entrance of the sheriff and his prisoner, immediately followed by the county attorney, the clerk flung his blotting paper across his register and departed for the judge's chambers to announce that the parties to the trial were present.

Before the arrival of the judge the county attorney found nothing to do but watch the young woman who had taken her seat on the bench by the side of the sheriff. He thought of a good many things, evidently, for his colorless face warmed gradually and he unconsciously fell a little forward, his thin lips tightening judicially. Then he opened up the papers in his hand and studied them, frowning occasionally. A breath of *maile* blossom that came in at the window detached his attention. He leaned back and gazed at the ceiling. He did not notice that the defendant pulled the neck of her *holoku* up around her throat and tucked it in carefully, spite of the heat.

The judge entered briskly, buttoning the upper button of his white jacket. The bailiff pounded on his desk and court was opened.

"The case of the Territory of Hawaii against Kaiulani *Wahine*," said the judge. "Is the county attorney ready to proceed?"

"I am," said the county attorney.

"Who appears for the defense?" inquired the court.

There was no answer. The court looked sharply around and frowned at the sheriff. "What is the matter, Mr. Sheriff?" he demanded. "Hasn't the prisoner been instructed in her rights? Why has she no attorney?"

The sheriff rose to his feet to explain. "She says she doesn't want any lawyer," he replied hesitatingly. "She says her people are poor. She says she has noth-

ing to say that she can't say herself to the court."

"Does she speak English?" the court continued after a pause.

The prisoner caught the judge's eye and nodded gently. Then she pulled again at the neck of her scanty gown where it had dropped over her bosom.

"The case is very simply stated and simply tried," the county attorney began. The court interrupted him. "Proceed with the choosing of a jury."

During the brief and formal picking out of 12 men, there was silence but for the questions of the clerk and the low answers of the jurymen. Then the jury was sworn, the judge leaned back in his chair and the county attorney rose.

"As I stated to the honorable court before, this is a very simple case," he began to the jury. "This woman, Kaiulani, is charged with the murder of her child, a male child two months old. These cases, as we all know, are too frequent in this territory. The present instance is one without redeeming features. Kaiulani took her first born and smothered it, afterwards taking the body and burying it in the cemetery at Kawaiahao. The evidence is conclusive, gentlemen, and we shall not be long in presenting it."

Within half an hour three witnesses had testified and it was fully established that the prisoner at the bar had given birth to a male child which had been perfectly healthy and had thrived for two months until one afternoon the said Kaiulani had taken it to a retired spot on Punchbowl and had there smothered it, after feeding it for the last time at her breast. One witness had seen the whole proceeding from the *lanai* of his cottage not a hundred feet away. The young woman had then taken the body into her arms and walked down the hill to the Palace grounds where she sat for some time on a bench with the babe in her arms and covered by a large colored handkerchief. The first witness had then been joined by the second, and together they had seen the prisoner start down King Street toward Waikiki. The day being hot they had not followed her far.

The third witness, a conductor on the street railway, testified that on getting off his car in Kapiolani Park he had been addressed by a woman whom he now identified as the prisoner who asked him whether he would take her to Kawaiahao. She stated that she had no money. Seeing that she had a babe in her arms and recognizing that she was not a plantation woman, he had allowed her to ride free to the cemetery, where she got off. He had noticed nothing unusual in her actions, except that she had not spoken all the way, though he had several times addressed her.

There was some delay in calling the fourth witness. When he got on the stand he proved to be the missionary in charge of the Kawaiahao church.

After the formal questions, the county attorney asked the missionary to tell what had occurred on a certain day in August in the afternoon.

"I was asleep in my house on that day," said the missionary, "when a woman—the woman now charged with this murder—told my Japanese servant that she wished to see me. I went out and met her on the *lanai*. She then had a bundle in her arms. 'I want to bury my baby,' she told me. After some little talk with her I agreed, in view of her poverty, to take charge of the body and see that it was placed in a grave elsewhere, the law prohibiting further burials in Kawaiahao. The sexton then took charge of the body and the woman left."

"What happened then?" the county attorney demanded.

"I found that the child had been murdered," said the missionary.

"How did you find this out?"

"By opening the handkerchief in which the body was wrapped."

There was a sudden silence and the spectators looked over at the prisoner. She sat perfectly rigid, her face turned imploringly upon the witness. The missionary stared out of the window, his whole aspect being one of extreme discomfort. The judge broke the silence with a formal question. "What did the accused plead when first arranged?"

The sheriff rose awkwardly. "She refused to plead anything. She said that she did not know what to plead. I entered a plea of not guilty for her, your honor."

The witness gave a few more details and the county attorney rose to state

that the case for the territory was closed.

There followed some debate between the sheriff and the court as to who should appear for the defense. It ended by an order for the prisoner to take the stand.

She walked to the chair on the little raised platform and stood while the clerk softly administered the oath. Then she sat down, her dark and beautiful face turned serenely to the judge. The county attorney fumbled over his papers. He half rose and then subsided. A deep and amazing silence fell over the now crowded courtroom and in the midst of it all Kaiulani sat immobile, her hands folded gently in her lap, her eyes upon the judge.

Quietly, almost with deference, the judge began to question her. She answered him readily until he came to the question, "What have you to say in your own defense?"

With a quick indrawing of the breath she broke forth. Her words tumbled over one another, the impetuosity of her speech rolled like a torrent. The county attorney strove to listen, to understand, to comprehend this surprising eloquence of a woman who had killed her child. Her words died away. The silence fell again. The matter was still dark, she had not explained, she had said nothing. No one knew what her words had meant.

The judge sat puzzled. He began again. He told her of what she had been accused. He recited carefully the testimony that had been given. He commanded her to answer what she knew.

Again she broke out into speech. Her cheeks took on the slow color of agony. Her convulsive hands seemed to press upon her bosom and force the words out. Still it was incomprehensible. She spoke of nothing that pertained to the charge.

In the midst of her garrulity the judge silenced her. His question forced the issue. "Did you kill your child?"

The prisoner stared as if she had suddenly been confronted with an impossible fact. She pushed it away by a movement of her arms. Her whole attitude was that of one who had not expected such a demand. Her face whitened. She drew her breath in sharply.

"Did you kill your child?" demanded the court sternly.

The question reverberated in the hot courtroom. It rang out as if it were a final sentence. And in the silence that followed the woman gasped and fell back into her chair. Then, as if a great resolve had come over her, she rose and faced her judge. It seemed that she could only plead by a gesture; her tall and womanly figure lacked a tongue. She threw out her little hands. Then she bowed her head.

"Why did you kill your son?" the judge said when the county attorney rose also.

She looked from the judge to her accuser, from the accuser to her judge. The jurymen followed her eyes, their perspiring faces drawn and white. For in her strange and wild loveliness she bore an imperial air.

The county attorney suddenly sat down. He felt that to stand and face this woman was not part of his duty to the territory. She had admitted her crime. Nothing she could say could alter the awful fact. He cast his eyes down upon his papers.

But in the tense quiet of the courtroom he knew that there was some element he had not reckoned upon. He raised his eyes, amazed that the routine of a bar of justice should allow such an incongruity.

When he finally looked at the prisoner he caught his breath. She had pulled the handkerchief from her throat and her hand fumbled with the brooch that fastened her *holoku*.

Before his eyes the gown parted over her bosom. It slipped down, rippling gently over the fullness of her breasts. With a slight brush of her brown hand the prisoner released it wholly and it fell almost to her waist.

With a gesture of infinite tenderness, she laid her hand on one swelling breast. The judge leaned over his desk and gazed, one hand shading his eyes. And as the courtroom followed her gesture and marked its import a vast sigh filled the air. Apparently she did not hear it. She stood motionless, her bosom lifting almost imperceptibly as she breathed, her imperious and serene countenance turned upon her judge.

Suddenly from the jury-box there came a low cry. A native thrust himself forward over its rail and repeated his sudden verdict, verdict of justification, of

pity, of final and irrevocable judgment, *"Mai pake!"*

The prisoner's face showed no sign that she had heard. But she spoke. *"Mai pake;* and my son drank at this breast. I did not know. One night I saw this and so I took him out that he might not become a leper, even as I am a leper, and die." Her hand fell away from her breast and white on its soft velvet all saw the spot.

The county attorney rose. He dropped his papers on the floor. He gazed at the judge as if asking to be relieved from a penalty. Then he found his voice. "May it please the court—" he began, and stopped.

The judge bent over his desk and wrote a line. "The jury is discharged," he mumbled. "The prisoner at the bar will go on her own recognizance—" There was a long and profound pause. Then, as if pronouncing sentence, the judge continued. It was a single word, falling like a judgment, beating down upon the prisoner—"Molokai."

As if struck, the woman shrank into her seat, her face changed with terror, her eyes wide with agony. Then, as her sobs rose, the judge got to his feet and passed out.

And as the county attorney went down the hall from the courtroom he heard the sobs still, the heavy breathing of the prisoner behind him weaken. As he reached the head of the stairs he turned. She walked beside the sheriff, bare bosomed, stolid, all light and youth and beauty and passion departed from her—a leper.

The Roman Coil

By Rose Eytinge

AH! think of it—think of it! The Thirteenth Hussars are going to give a ball. We are sure to be invited, and, —look at me!"

To comply with this request was not nearly so unpleasant a task as the tone in which it was made would have seemed to imply, for the speaker was surely a most lovely creature to look upon—a girl, somewhere between eighteen and twenty; beautiful in face and form, although the face was thin and a trifle pale, and the form slight, as though their owner were recovering from an illness.

But the particular point to which the speaker evidently wished to call attention was her hair or, rather, the absence of it, for her head was covered with only a close crop of dark brown curls about an inch long.

The girl sat on the side of the bed in a luxuriously furnished bedroom, her feet thrust into prettily knitted light-blue worsted slippers, a soft, warm dressing-gown of the same color, wrapped about her slender form, and a newspaper, apparently just flung from her hands, lying on the bed beside her.

Her arms were raised, her fingers apart, the two forefingers pointing to each side of her head, while she looked with an expression half-rueful, half-quizzical at a woman of three or four-and-twenty who was sitting in a cozy, low chair, near the bright wood fire that spit and sparkled on the hearth, sending rosy reflections and distorted images of itself into the white tiles which surrounded it, and into the brass andirons which supported it.

The woman so addressed laughed a half-amused, half-sympathetic laugh, and replied, "Yes, I knew that intelligence would stir you, you lazy girl. If you had taken the advice of all of us, and gone off to Italy with your God-mother Joan, as we all wanted you to do, you would have known nothing about it; or," as the girl who was sitting upon the bed was about to vehemently interrupt her, "if you had heard of it you would have been safe

away where you need not have fretted yourself with needless longings."

"Thank you for nothing, ma'am! Go to Italy with God-mama Joan! Not if I know it! To be dragged about from shop to shop, buying mob-caps, heelless slippers, and health-food in the mornings, and to pious tea-fights in the afternoons, and then wind up a day filled with these frivolities and wild excitements by being marched off supperless to bed, like a naughty child, every night at nine o'clock, with the aggravating addition of a tea-cup of hot water to soothe my starvation and improve my complexion."

"As to fruitless?—Oh! I don't know!" reaching out for a hand-glass from the dressing-table, which stood near the bed, and, by its aid, critically examining her appearance. "There are ways and means, there are also, wigs." The examination had lasted but a minute or two when the girl suddenly cried out, "Peggy!"

The lady thus familiarly addressed was Joan's sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Ruthven. She had all her life felt that the bestowal upon her of the old-fashioned name of Margaret was a serious mistake, and a mistake which could never have been made if she had been consulted.

However, she had long ago compounded with fate by insisting upon simple Margaret being transformed into the more elaborate "Marguerite." "Daisy," she had been known to accept on infrequent and special occasions, but "Peggy" she resolutely repudiated.

Therefore, it was that instead of replying she merely raised her eye-brows and glanced disapprovingly at her sister-in-law.

But Joan was far too deeply interested in examining her own face to note the expression upon any other person's—

"Peggy," she repeated, "my new crop is —I really believe—it is the exact shade of 'the Roman coil'."

"Not really," said Mrs. Ruthven, rising hastily, and in her keenly-awakened interest, quite forgetting that she was replying to the forbidden name—she approached Joan, and leaning over her examined critically the nest of brown curls which thickly covered Joan's bonny head, as if to verify with her own eyes Joan's statement.

Joan Ruthven was the only girl in a family of seven, and her half-dozen brothers quarreled as to which one of them should most pet and spoil her; and anything in that way which they might have left undone was more than completed by her father and mother.

Best of all this love and watchful tenderness had not been able to shield her from Typhus, the arch-fiend of fever. She had escaped narrowly from its clutches and was now quite recovered, with no worse consequences to deplore than the loss of her bonny, sunny locks, which, in the early days of her illness had, at the relentless bidding of the old family physician, been remorselessly shorn, and the new crop of curls that mother-nature had sent in their stead was, as is usual, much darker than their predecessors had been.

"Yes, Joan, dear," said Mrs. Ruthven, "I think you are right, of course I cannot say as to the exact shade"—

"Of course not," said Joan, still scrutinizing, hand-glass in hand, her hair, "but"—and there came over her face, a delicious glance of sly mischief—then ing on the plan that language is given us suddenly breaking off, and evidently act- to conceal thought, she looked suddenly up into her sister's face, and said demurely, "That is not precisely the coffure for a ball-room, is it? I think I will borrow God-mama Joan's turban with the bird of Paradise."

"Joan, how can you be so absurd! 'Col' was saying this morning, when we were talking over the matter at breakfast, that we would decline in a body, because if we all stopped away, you would feel more encouraged."

"Col" was the family abreviation for Collingwood, the particular Ruthven brother who claimed Margaret as his own.

"That is just like dear old 'Col,'" with a suspicion of tears in her voice, "but I would be a selfish beast if I permitted that. No, no! my dear," she said complacently, as she rose and walked nervously about the room, we will all go to the Hussar's ball, you will see—and the 'Roman Coil,' shall go, too."

York was Joan's birthplace, and save an occasional visit to the seaside and at rare intervals a brief visit to London,

the young lady had never known any other home.

The grand old Minster, rearing its white spires and stately walls to the sky, conveyed no thought of gloom to her mind. The solemn stillness of its close carried to her no touch of austerity, the Minster-close had been her play-ground, and many times her fancy had filled the choisters and its grand old organ-loft with fairies and gnomes; and when she was a mite of a girl, if she was missed from her play, they always knew where to look for her, she would be found coiled up in a corner of one of the great, high-backed pews, fast asleep.

And the stately Minster, and its neighbor, the museum, the two great edifices, which are the pride and glory of the City of York, were, to Joan Kuthven, just play-grounds.

That museum is indeed a wonderful old place. It is really built upon and is within the walls of what was once a cathedral.

When, eight hundred years ago, the good monks dug deep into the ground to lay the foundation of the Abbey, which now lies a lovely ruin, lo! their spades spread before their astonished eyes fragments of beautiful tesselated pavement and a Roman wall.

Deeper and deeper, they delved! Here, indeed, was treasure trove. And the further they pushed their investigations, the richer was the treasure which repaid their search. Jewels, coins, armor, weapons—in short, there lay revealed all the wealth of a richly endowed Roman temple. The investigation, as it proceeded, proved beyond peradventure that the priests, in their work of rearing a temple for the worship of the Christian's God, had laid bare the spot where, "in the diamond morning of long ago," the Romans had reared a temple for the worship of their gods.

And among the bones and relics which had thus been brought to light was that same "Roman Coil." Now in these twentieth century days, the Christian's fame reared upon the ruins of Rome's temple, has, in its turn, fallen into ruin, but not into oblivion.

Upon the old Abbey grounds surrounded on all sides by the remains of an edifice, which is beautiful even in its decay, there is a museum within whose walls are treasured and preserved the relics of both the Christian and the Pagan temples.

The "Roman Coil" is just a coil of soft, dark-brown hair, the smooth bands held in their place by hairpins which prove pretty conclusively that, in the matter of hairpins, at least, we have not improved upon the ancients, for these hairpins which have lain in the earth some two thousand years, are precisely like those with which the modern girl fastens up her braids. As long as Joan could remember, and for many a year before, the "Coil" had lain on its cushion of purple velvet sheltered from rude touch by a glass shade.

All Joan's life, this museum had been her favorite retreat and lounging-place. When other children found their pleasure in the old Abbey grounds, Joan would steal off into the museum; sometimes she would sit and chat with old Simon Penny-come-quick, the berger; he had known her all her young life, and, of course, loved her; sometimes she would spend hours, wandering in and out, among the cases looking down upon their contents, all of which seemed to her like the faces of old friends.

The "Roman Coil" had always been one of the favorite objects of her speculative reveries. Who had that Roman girl—she always thought of her as a girl—been? Whose head that coil had graced?

What had been her name?

Where—how, had she lived?

Had she been a bit of a flirt?

Had she a lover?

Had he been a soldier?

Had he held a commission in the Thirteenth Legion?

Had he been a dear, handsome, gallant fellow, but—with no earthly possessions except his commission and his pay? And did that Roman girl's father—a stern Roman Senator, solemnly shake his head like her papa, Judge Ruthven, did when Captain Hargreases of the Thirteenth Hussars, now stationed at York, came in to afternoon tea every day, or walked home from church, or, asked Miss Joan for first dances, or—or—

Well! In due course, the invitation to the ball to be given by the Thirteenth Hussars came to the Ruthven family, and

according to the diction of the queen of the house-hold, Joan was accepted, and they all attended that function.

Joan chose as her costume, the severe drapery of a Roman vestal, and very beautiful she looked, and her head was like the head on a Roman Coil, or, in sculptured marble, her rich, brown curls banded close to her head, with the fillet of white ribbon, and serenely fastened at the back by a rich, beautiful coil.

But, for some reason, Joan did not seem to be herself, that evening; she was not precisely sad, but she appeared quiet, unusually quiet, and pre-occupied; she had a sort of listening expectant manner as though awaiting the arrival of some one, and, from time to time, she caught herself turning, as if to some one standing or walking beside her; this action was so marked and so often repeated, that several times, during the progress of the ball, she was asked by members of her family and, sometimes by her partners, if she were expecting some friend, who had, thus far, failed to put in an appearance.

These inquiries were met by an answer so sharp and a manner so brusque and irritable, as to be quite unlike our light-hearted, amiable Joan. But no one guessed the cause. How could they?

On the day of the ball, Joan visited the museum, and watching her opportunity, when her old friend Simon was not near, and no visitors thereabout, who might observe her, she carefully lifted the glass shade which protected the Roman Coil, abstracted it from the velvet cushion, where, for so long it had rested, replaced the shade, and moved swiftly from that vicinity, and, with all the rapidity which she dared to exercise, without attracting attention, she left the museum and returned home.

But, a strange, and unaccountable change of mood, came over her. She had planned and carried out abstraction of the Roman Coil, in a spirit of fun, girlish—almost—childish mischief, intending to make her sister Margaret, and, maybe, her mother, *"particeps criminis"* in her act; but, from the moment when her fingers closed over those soft strands, a solemn, serious, almost weird, mood took possession of her. It was not fear, it was rather awe. But, over and above every other sensation, was an overwhelming sense of the impossibility of speaking of the incident. She simply could not do it. She felt that she had come into possession of a secret. She would have done anything to be free from this sense of secrecy, to be free of the coil, but no power on earth could have induced her to return to the museum and replace it. But, the fact of its possession seemed to have removed her from the sweet, warm intimacy of the home-life, and the dear ones there. There seemed to have come a chasm, a great rift of silence, separating her from them. She went at once to her room, and her separation from the usual afternoon gathering in the great cozy drawing-room was not only accepted with equanimity, but, applauded, as indicating a laudable wish on her part to nurse her strength, for this, her first social activity since her convalescence.

In the same ways and for the same reason, her absence from dinner was excused, and a dainty meal was sent to her room.

Lo, Joan was unseen by her family until she descended the stairs, cloaked and hooded, and took her place in the family carriage. Even then, while everybody was chattering, everybody was talking at once, and nobody waiting for an answer, Joan could not join in their talk, could not fall into their mood. She was with them, not of them.

She felt strangely, and easily aloof from her family, and yet she felt that she was not alone.

—*"A footstep seemed to fall beside her path.*
She knew not whence.
"A whisper in her ear;
She knew not what."

And she could not throw this uncanny feeling off. When she stood up to take her place in the dance, it seemed to her that a sort of shadowy, double of herself stood up beside her. When she seated herself, she had a dreamy sort of feeling that this shadow dropped down beside her, and once or twice she could have declared that she heard, at such a moment, a faint, low sigh.

But, most extraordinary of all, several times during the evening there came to her, friends, and members of her fam-

ily, once Captain Hargreaves; they all spoke of having seen her in the grounds, in some remote spot, and they were all a little bewildered at her presence here and now, but when they referred to this it might have been observed that Joan turned abruptly from them, and hurried away.

But all things come to an end at last, and when one of Joan's brothers hunted her up to summon her to join her family and depart, she received the mandate with a sense of relief, entirely new to her. Once there, she at once took her bed-room candle, and with a brief complaint of being very weary, she went directly to her room. Once there, she pettishly and hastily threw off her ball costume and hurried to her dressing-table, removed the ribbon that was wound about her head, detached the coil, and with a faint shudder, laid it upon the dressing-table, and with a sigh, partly of weariness, but more of relief, she flung herself upon her knees at the bedside.

But here another shock awaited her. She could not remember her prayers. Her prayers!—that she had repeated, morning and evening, since a little, lisping baby, she had learned them, while being held and "cuddled" in her mother's arms. Not one word of them could she remember. After vainly, even with tears, trying again and again, to recall even a fragment, a word or two of those prayers, which for years had been so familiar to her, she extinguished her bed-room candle, and still with that vague eerie feeling of a sort of shadowy presence about her, she sought her pillow, a sad, soul-oppressed girl, and, as it seemed to her, she fell at once into a deep, dreamless sleep.

How long she slept, she did not know, but she was awakened by a light—not the light of her bed-room candle re-illuminated, not the fierce light of reflected flames, but a soft, shadowy, pale light, grey rather than blue, which filled every niche and recess of the room, and a cold, strange air seemed to pervade it also. Awed, rather than terrified, watchful, rather than paralyzed, Joan sat up in her bed, and looked about her.

There! Standing in front of the dressing-table, dressed in the vestal's robes, as she had appeared in the ball-room, stood—herself! Yes, she, herself! She was here, and she was there! And as she, lying in her bed, looked, she, standing in front of the glass, took up the Roman Coil, held it to her head, and with a caressing pat, replaced it upon the table, and with a swift, gliding action crossed the room and dropped down upon the bedside, beside Joan.

And there ensued then, to Joan, a most awful experience; she was conscious that this counterpart of herself was addressing her, and her speech was perfectly clear to Joan's understanding though no word was uttered, not a sound broke the stillness.

"You Christian maiden! Will nothing, no space, no time, assuage the cold, keen hate with which you, and all your race, pursue me and mine? Where is our great Rome, that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty, ruled the world? Gone, all gone. Your savage hordes have destroyed it. My lover, he who led his legions upon you, my Arbaus, the Centurion of the Thirteenth Legion, his bones have bleached, and rotted in your land, and I—when I followed him, and, in my turn, laid my dust in your church-house, could ye not let me rest? No! Our arms, our weapons, our little house-hold gods must all be gathered up to grace your museums.

"Even our bones, nay! the hairs of our head are not sacred from your vandal-touch,"—

Joan was as if stricken into a state of utter helplessness. She was not terrified, and the realization of this fact was inexplicable to herself—but she was as if helpless to resist this influence that seemed to her to be sweeping herself, her old, cheery, happy self, into oblivion; she seemed to be drifting out into a new world—a world of shadowy sensation, in which all warmth, and love, and life, were dead, and there was only left—What?

One thought, one hope, came to her. If she could only pray! Only remember! With a tremulous, almost a superhuman effort, she muttered, through closed lips and chattering teeth, the words, "Our Father who art in Heaven"— Like a flash, the light which had filled her room faded, and in the same instant, the presence, her counterpart, her other self, whatever, whoever it was, disappeared. Joan felt her old self come back; she found

herself as it were. The soothing darkness of her bed-room, with just the shadows of the night coming in at the windows, was as the touch of a friendly hand. But her sense of freedom from the bondage that had held her, called for expression, and she cried aloud; shriek after shriek rent the air. The old Ruthven house rang with these cries that pierced the nights.

Doors sprung open, voices were raised, foot-steps sounded every where—all making for Joan's room, and soon the doorway was crowded with the whole household, the air was rent with exclamations, and inquiries foremost among them; the first to reach Joan's bedside, and to clutch her close and safe in her sheltering arms, was Joan's mother. That was a fine thought of him who wrote—

"God found that he could not be everywhere, so he made mothers."

And in those warm, sheltering arms, Joan just cried and sobbed herself to sleep, after saying, together with her mother her prayers which now she no longer had any difficulty in remembering.

The explanation of Joan's apparently unaccountable conduct was supplied in their own language, by each and every member of the family in turn. Who, which asking for its cause, supplied it by pointing out its effect, as "She ought not to have gone to the ball." "It was too much for her, after her long illness." "She must be packed off to the sea-shore, to get her strength back." "She must have a stiff gallop over the fields every morning, with him! to get back her rosy cheeks." This from "Col," and so on, *ad infinitum,* as they all trailed back to their beds.

When, after a long, wholesome sleep, Joan rose, she was, to quote her own words, "As fit as a fiddle," but, gradually, there came back to her, spread out before her mind's eye the marvellous experience which she had been submitted to, ever since the moment when she had committed that theft of the Roman Coil.

Oh! That dreadful Roman Coil! Back it should go at once to its safe retreat on its beloved cushion, and with this thought, she went hastily, but with a little trepidation, to the dressing-table. The Roman Coil was gone. Yes, the Roman Coil was certainly gone.

The most exhaustive search for it proved fruitless, it was gone.

The Roman Coil was never seen again.



The Craft of Carmelita

By Herman Whitaker



T was in Petatlan, a villainous Indian town in the purlieus of the Mexican State, Guerrera, that Hiram reappeared like an eccentric comet returning upon an uncertain parabola. I was then living in the abode of Senor Canderlarie Guadaloupe, a reformed bandit who cursed in private the rurales who had made his ancient and honorable trade more precarious than profitable. Said abode was a corn stalk hut which Isalse shared with the Senora Guadaloupe, a lady very slack in hair and habits, six children, all brown and dirty, a goat that would form the piece de resistance at the next fiesta, and five million fleas of such size and modesty that they extinguished the candle before crawling of nights into bed. I make no mention of scorpions, tarantulas, cockroaches, or other small fry, and lay no stress on an occasional foray of the town's pigs.

Guerrera itself is the last country; crazy, positively crazy as to its scenery, which is turned on edge and has drunken mountains wandering loose over its features. It is celebrated principally for the fact that nobody goes there. The immediate cause of my own presence was a sheep dip that killed the ticks on a thousand haciendas and would have made me a fortune if, along with the sheep, it had not turned up an haciendado and several peons who privately tried its virtues. The peons didn't count, but the haciendado? His mother's brother's sister had a distant relation who was married to a fifty-fifth cousin of the government, and he loosed Diaz's police and drove me forth from the delights of Cindad Mexico, to the tortillas, frijoles and chili of Senor Candelarie Guadaloupe.

I was doing my best with said viands at the mid-day meal when Hiram Schoonmaker's voice floated in at the door. "Better a dish of beans with a Greaser, Jake, than a stalled ox in Belem." Belem, you must understand, is Mexican for Sing Sing. "How goes it?"

Surprise really doesn't express my feeling. The last I saw of Hiram he had just stepped from a cattle car on a tropical railway several hundred miles away, leaving me to hold down the section while he nosed out something eatable. That was just after we had gone broke on rubber, and though I do not like to resurrect ancient history—especially a chapter so painful as this—it is necessary because the deal procured us the honor of Don Julian's acquaintance and explains his relation to the events which follow.

You see when the rubber craze broke out like a nettle rash on the United States, Hiram and I had made a big stake "spotting" on a Mexican trunk line; and looking about for an investment, we saw, or thought we saw an opportunity in rubber. I need not go into details. Sufficient, that our scheme differed from that of the orthodox rubber companies rather in method than in quality. While their prospectuses could give ours points in the gentle art of equivocation, we aimed at quick results rather than great gains. Purchasing a sand lot in the steamy Chiapas jungle five hundred miles from nowhere, we rented a plantation of two-year-old rubber from Don Julian, Jefe-Politico of the district, for show purposes, and made him honorable president of the company in order that there should be some one to show our purchasers the sand lot when they tried to file on the plantation.

Don Julian's appearance fitted him beautifully for the part. Very brown, very fat, complacently innocent, his naivete during the negotiations kept our risibility under heavy strain, while his kindness in the matter of the peon, whom Hiram spoiled for keeps, almost added remorse to the burdens of a pestilential climate. The peon had tried to hold an ante-mortem on Hiram with a yard-long machete because his action had been quickened by the old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon method with a boot. It was a clear case of self-defence under assault of a

lethal; at least we thought so, until the very day that Hiram's committee of grangers came down from the States to view our properties. Then the Jefe haled us before him; blandly pronounced the machete an agricultural implement under the law; cast Hiram guilty of murder, me as accessory to the fact, and threw the pair of us into his fleay carcel. The remainder is too painful to be told in detail. Sufficient that, next morning, we lent the Jefe a thousand of our hard-earned pesos to escape being handed over to Hiram's committee, which was parading a rope in front of the carcel. He borrowed, borrowed, borrowed, always with bland assurances of esteem, regard, and prompt repayment unto the last peso. Then he let us out by night through the back door, while the committee camped in front.

In the cattle car that bore away our broken fortunes, Hiram reconstructed his opinion of the Jefe. "And I mean to say, Jake, that for his opportunities Don Julian towers above Popocatapetl. Born under the virtuous stars of our own national banner, he would have put Armour up in cans, have skinned the Gould-Vanderbilt combination, and have rendered John D. down to a Standard Oil dip."

While he was speaking the train slowed down for a station. We had eaten nothing for two days, so he went on, "We are scheduled to eat here, Jake. It is true that the unspeakable tourist don't frequent these jungles, but there's pretty sure to be some railway Gringo hanging around the station. So if you'll just hold down this section I'll step out and see if he can be persuaded to relieve the necessities of a broken-down missionary from Yucatan." He always spoke that way, for, before the devil headed him off, his folks had him pointed at the ministry, and he has never recovered from the effects of early training. Also he looked the part. Tall, thin, mournful of expression, with steel-rimmed specs, he could have passed anywhere for a Methodist conference. "Yes," he added, as he jumped, "My efforts on behalf of the heathen make me an interesting as well as worthy subject of charity. The possible Gringo ought to be good for a square for me and a handout for you, Jake."

He had intended to come into the station the back way in strict keeping with his part of footsore wanderer from the jungle. Unfortunately, the train had only slowed for a grade twenty weary miles on the wrong side of the eating station; so, as aforesaid, I did not see Hiram again until six months later he thus accosted me in the abode of Senor Candelarie.

He was ragged. His areas of brown skin, indeed, exceeded those that were covered. Yet that and a hedgehog beard failed to quite abolish his ministerial appearance. Hungry? After regarding his onslaught on the chili and frijoles the Senora Candelarie appealed to her saints if this was not the most astonishing appetite of her great experience.

"Been prospecting, Jake," he answered my questions between mouthfuls. "Since I left you—more correctly, since you left me—I've done lots of things. Made a half success manufacturing Aztec relics of sand and rubber for the Gringo tourist trade, and would have made a whole one if certain disreputable peons hadn't violated my copyright and issued fraudulent imitations of my high-class goods. Man, Jake, but I had the prettiest little Aztec god. You had to smell him before you could tell the difference between him and the regular article in lava stone. But they cut the price from ten gold, to twenty-five cents Mex, and drove me clean out of the business. Then I had a little misunderstanding about a check. A fool of a bank cashier maintained that he didn't know and had never heard of a man on whom I drew a check. Well, you know my penchant for peace? Sooner than have a row I came away. Content on a housetop is better than strife in a bread house, Jake. I went prospecting and I've struck it rich; sure thing, no fake mining scheme like we worked on the railway, but a straight gold mining proposition."

Now every one knows that while Guerrera ores are rich, they are inaccessible, so far from railways that transportation eats up the profits. Wherefore, I incredulously tapped the side of my nose. "I haven't any money. If I had I wouldn't—"

Hiram regarded me contemptuously. "Think I'd waste time on you? Listen. A British Johnny staked out the mine for a Mexican company before he'd figured on five days' mule freight to the railway. In fact he mined over a thousand tons. He was an inventive Johnny, and before

the company rose in its wrath and gave him a public funeral, he had a Welsh brick smelter half built to roast his own ore. But we don't need it. Since then the M. C. has run its Tlacatlan branch across the Balsas, which actually washes our dumps." His accent on the *our* was superb. "The station is a hundred miles down from the mine and there's a rapid. But half a ton of dynamite will blow that out, and we lighter down the ore on rafts and sell to the United Metals Company at the station. It's simple as saying your prayers."

"Half a ton of dynamite?" I questioned, ironically. "Peons to build and man the rafts? Implements and supplies? That calls for capital."

"Exactly," Hiram mused. "You see, Jake, considering the strained relations existing between ourselves and owners of the American article, they wouldn't furnish more than was necessary to buy a rope. We must have a Mexican company, and it occurred to me that Don Julian—" I shook my head, but he went on—"he has three thousand pesos of ours besides the price of the plantation he sold to my grangers. That would put this job through in great shape."

"Bosh! he wouldn't listen to it."

"That ore, Jake, assays a hundred and twenty, gold, to the ton. Five Mex., a ton will put it down to Tlacatlan. Iron chains wouldn't hold that frank soul from so much wealth. All you have to do, Jake, is to put the matter properly before him."

"Me?"

Hiram nodded. "Between partners there should be no reservations or false modesty. Frankly, Jake, he regards you as much the greater fool of the two. He might shy at the pair of us, but you—with your expression of innocence? He'll come like a snake on the trail of a frog, and he don't need to know that I'm alive till he's tucked away in the donjon."

"The donjon?"

Hiram grinned. "A powder chamber with an iron grill door, hewn out of rock before death took the British Johnny's assay. It's all ready, all you have to do is just to bring the Jefe along. Now let's go into committee on ways and means. How much cash can you add to these three nuggets?"

"But he won't come," I repeated when the committee reported funds sufficient to bring the Jefe from his native jungles.

"He will," Hiram confidently affirmed—and he did, or rather, they did, the Jefe and Carmelita, his daughter. She wouldn't let him budge without her; her determination inhering in economic reasons rather than in natural affection.

"For see you, Don Jacob," she said when I enlarged on the roughness of the journey, "if it is that he makes to go sick and die then from where shall come my tortillas?" Such reasoning was beyond answer, so she came; she and her oblique vision, and the two hundred pounds of brown flesh that confused her hips with her shoulders. She was a lady of most uncertain outline. Her jelly-like quiverings added to the horrors of that five-day mule journey under a tropical sun. But I will pass over the discomforts of the trip, the heat, bugs, insects, the Jefe's grumblings, Carmelita's shrill complaints, and come to the time that the former's brown fat face peered out at us from behind the donjon bars.

"You are now," Hiram told him, in bad Spanish, "in a position to understand the deal in real estate that Father Jacob sawed off on Brother Esau. The price of a square meal in this caravansary is seven thousand pesos. When you feel like eating, touch the button and the bell-hop will bring you pens and paper."

"But Senor," the Jefe protested, "I have of money none!"

We had expected some such denial; had counted in fact, on three, four, perhaps even five days' obstinacy, and I must confess that the Jefe dropped a note in our estimation by yielding at the first meal. It is, however, only fair to state that the Senora Candelarie, who had removed her menage out to the mine, had built her fire close to the donjon door; just where, in fact, the odors of her cookery might easiest assail the Jefe's hungry nostrils. The sight of Carmelita, calmly partaking of goat, chili and frijoles, also helped to break the back of his resolution. Omitting his reproaches to her, his curses on us, I simply record that, after subpoenaing the entire calendar of Roman saints to witness to his poverty, he signed a check to bearer.

"If expensive, it was good," he sighed when, like good landlords, we asked how

he had fared at the close of his meal. "Now—if one only had a cigarro?"

"One hundred pesos," Hiram promptly answered.

The Jefe shrugged and sighed. "Tobacco, too, is expensive." But he signed, and the ice thus broken, he signed, signed, signed till it became a habit; signed until the Senora Candelarie demanded higher wages for ministering to such an appetite while her husband mutinied because he was required to find and pick wild strawberries for the Jefe's breakfast. He signed until even Hiram grew suspicious.

"This person's zeal with the pen," he said to me on the fifth day, "beats anything outside of an Indian pot-latch. "You'd better put him on short rations while I go out and see about these checks."

"We'll amend that," I answered, "that you are to see that the Jefe doesn't overeat while I go out with the checks?"

Hiram sighed. "A suspicious disposition is most lamentable in a young man, Jake. You grieve me. However, we'll go together.

So we did, and four days later the pair of us might have been seen shaking our heads over a telegram, "No effects!" from the bank on which the Jefe had drawn his checks.

"Hum!" Hiram mused. "The ease with which he shed his plunder would have put a sick hen to shame in the moulting season. I allow to dine off his liver when we get back to the mine."

Four days under a broiling sun, however, called our righteous indignation out through the pores. We even interfered with Senor Candelarie, who, when he heard the news, reverted to his bandit habits and voted for an immediate obsequies with the subsequent addition of Carmelita to his own household. We listened, quietly, to the tale of the Jefe's impoverishment.

It wasn't long. After our passing, he had taken a little jaunt to the City of Mexico, where a cousin had introduced him to the fashionable Americano diversion yclept "Studhorse with the roof off." His description of the cousin proved more interesting. He was rich, *"rico, muy rico, ricissimo,"* yet not so wealthy as to have stultified the love of gain. If properly approached, Don Julian was of the opinion that he might be induced to finance a worthy enterprise such as ours. He said much more, but this all to the purpose—on the spot the Las Virgines Mining and Improvement Company was organized with Don Julian, Jefe-Politico of San Juan, Chiapas, late president of the Las Glorias Rubber Company as its first president. The story goes on from the moment that the cousin, Senor Don Roderigo Rosales, arrived at the mine.

In appearance he was twin to the Jefe while a decided squint established his relationship with Carmelita, conveying at the same time a perpetual impression that he was peering at one around a corner. The exchequer was drained to bring him out, but the money was well spent. Though he was never permitted to set eyes on the British Johnny's dumps, Don Roderigo enthused over a broad vein which he had uncovered, enthused to the extent of sending out peons and supplies for development work. We liked him—first for his beautiful trustfulness in placing Don Julian in charge of active operations; secondly, because of the acumen reflected in the documents we signed.

"This instrument," Hiram remarked as he re-perused the articles of incorporation after Cousin had left for the station under escort of Carmelita and Senor Candelarie, "This document would reflect glory on a Yankee corporation counsel. Stripped of whereases, provisos, and other legal metaphors, it cedes the mine and its products to him, our labor to us. Well—perseverance has its own reward and capital is deserving of its earnings." He's welcome to the mine if he stays away till we move the Johnny's dumps."

The chance that he would not somewhat hampered our operations, for half of our force had to be kept at development work on the vein we had shown him. Instead of six weeks, three months were consumed in rafting the Johnny's dumps down stream, which delay put me in mind to finish building the smelter. This was after Carmelita and I had come to our understanding.

According to plan Carmelita and Hiram went down with the first load and stayed to care, respectively for ours and the Jefe's interests. There was no suspicion in this. When the Jefe hinted that Carmelita was well able to take care, alone, of that end of the business, we as-

sured him of our unwavering belief in his fidelity, yet stood out for the observance of good business principles. For the same reason I linked up with Carmelita. When one closed their eyes, the girl was endurable to the point of love-making, and the night before her departure she promised to become Mrs. Jacob Smith. Also she showed me an order from her father, a beautiful piece of work which caused me to blush for the credulity of our own plan, which had the return of the Jefe to the donjon for its basis. The order, when Hiram and I signed it, had been merely a requisition upon the store at Tlacatlan for certain supplies. Now it called upon the United Metals Company to deliver all moneys due the Las Virgines Mining Company to Don Julian, or his authorized agent; just before the last raft came down the river she was to use it and fly with the cash to the ancestral home in Chiapas. As I say, it was a beautiful piece of work. The Jefe had wrought well, failing only in that he had not taken into account Carmelita's thirst for honorable marriage.

"Thou knowest, Carissima, that I love thee," I cooed when she made objection to my pocketing the order. "Yes, I would leave it with thee, but the Don Hiram? He is mucho unscrupuloso, a man without honor, conscience, and a very great thief. He would steal this from my little singing bird, then where would be our little palace in Gringo Land?" So between kisses, we had made our little arrangement. While Hiram was journeying up to help put the screws on the Jefe to sign away his interest, I was to slip down, join her, and cash the forged order.

The smelter idea came later. I have always believed in the business maxim that warns one against putting all of his eggs in one basket. A gold brick or two, run from the pick of the ore would never be missed. Snugly cashed, it would insure against the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip; the most likely being a sudden irruption of the Cousin.

Don Julian, I must say, rose to the idea like a trout at a Mayfly. There was but one objection. The work had to be done by stealth, between rafts, lest Hiram hear of it from the peons; so had Cousin's peonage boasted a bricklayer we could not have used him. Luckily, during a period of seclusion at home in the States, a hard-hearted prison warden had cast me as understudy to a man of the craft. Now I reversed the position and for many weary days the Jefe played hod carrier to my mechanic.

My spinal cord still twitches at the memory of that labor. Under that Mexican sun we ran amuck of union rules and hours; wetting the bricks with our sweat as we toiled, sizzled the mortar, affronted the brazen skies with our language. After a week of it one might have taken me for my own astral body; a bowline could easily have been tied in the slack of the Jefe's bolero jacket.

As a hod carrier he was not a success. "To think, Senor," he would groan a thousand times a day, extending blistered fingers. "To think that my ancestors were all priests and soldiers." If I comforted him with the assurance that my own forbears had been worse than that, he would waste valuable time, reviling their memory for seven generations back and forward. Remembering the donjon which he was so soon to occupy again, I let him talk; made no reply up to the day that we, irritable spooks of ourselves, gazed upon the finished smelter.

It was a small affair, hardly larger than a big retort, but it loomed in our eyes like a million dollar plant. As we loaded her up with picked specimens of ore, I could see the gold solidifying in bricks. Watching the fires that night, I fell asleep, and dreamed that she was spouting ingots, and awoke to find that five tons of melted ore had burst through upon the fire. Too mad even to swear, I watched the smoking ruins all next day, my gaze alternating between them and my own emaciated shadow; my ears deaf to the calumnies which the Jefe heaped upon me and my brick laying. Them and a few leftovers from the hod-carrying I filed away until we should again parley through the donjon door. I saved them all, filing and polishing my replies against the time while the rafts went steadily down the river and the dumps decreased.

Luckily I had not specified our positions as to the door. So there was nothing to take back when, waking up one morning when the dumps were almost gone, I perceived through a laudanum headache, the Senor Candelarie Guada-

loupe on guard without the iron grill door. The earnest creature had been suborned.

Seeing me awake, he called the Jefe, who addressed me with regretful politeness. "It is not so comfortable as the little carcel of San Juan. You find it lonely?" Here he consulted a letter which I had long been expecting from Hiram. "Then manana you shall have company of the dignified and desirable Don Hiram. He is the philosopher and shall tell you further of the Patriarch Jacob who—*carajo,* what is the term?—sawed off? *bueno,* sawed off the real estate on the Brother Esau. Then I shall bid you adios, and if there be messages, farewells, I shall deliver them to Carmelita, eh?"

I gave him a few then and there, and thereby wronged the dear creature. Her genius soared above a vulgar double-cross as I learned, when, next morning, the Jefe threw wide the donjon and dissolved in tears upon my neck. "It is," he exclaimed, "that we are both ruin, Don Jacob! And I—by my own child! She is traidor, this despicable Carmelita!" He said other things more forcible than complimentary and which, if traced to their derivation, reflected somewhat upon himself. He was so agitated that I had to seek explanation in a second letter brought into camp by a peon that morning.

It was from Hiram. After informing me that his native dignity and strength of character had erased my image from Carmelita's soft heart, he went on, "We were sorry to hear, through Senor Candelarie of the bursting of the smelter, yet your labor was not all lost in that it points a moral. I am now convinced, Jake, that honesty is the best policy—when you are in position to afford it. That I now am. I find that our account with the smelting company tots close on thirty thousand; enough to buy and stock a pleasant ranch. Carmelita bids me say that she will always remember you in our prayers, to which let me add a hope that you, also, may soon be convinced of the error of your ways."

One error I saw, right then, and while under conviction thereof, I proceeded also to convince Senor Candelarie, the thrice suborned, that the wages of sin is death; in which demonstration I had the able advice and assistance of Don Julian, Jefe-Politico of San Juan, Chiapas. We really did not kill him. Time didn't permit. You see there was always the possibility of Cousin's reappearance and Mexican jailers still adhere to the obsolete theory that prisons are places of punishment. Moreover, if we did not dispose of the last raft of ore without interference, we were stranded; which required Candelarie to help with the shoveling.

The horrors of that shoveling! Ore also makes an uncomfortable bed, thrusting nobby pieces into the softest places. Going down stream, too, the Jefe made lamentations over his daughter, as though he had not been trying to give, lend, throw her away these dozen years. These he varied with expression of his vehement desire to have Hiram once more in the little carcel of San Juan where he might feast his eyes upon those dignified lineaments forever and a day. But I pass from his Jeremiads to the affecting moment when the said Hiram greeted us at the landing.

He was wearing an expression of gentle melancholy, becoming to his condition. "Brothers," he addressed us, "brothers in misfortune, say nothing until you have heard me. It is up to me to break unpleasant news, but let me do it gently as I may. We are debarred—" I was looking him squarely in the face but he didn't even blink—"we are debarred from a fair division of our profits. Cousin has annexed the rock pile, a fact I discovered after I had dispatched my last favor to you. In other words he has served an injunction—or the Mexican equivalent of the same which is ten times as deadly as the Americano article, upon the Smelting Company on behalf of the Las Virgines Mining and Improvement Company, by the terms of whose charter, you will remember, he is—"

"—IT!" I finished.

"Very much so," Hiram bowed. "Thank you."

"But my daughter," Don Julian wailed. "She is where?"

"Yes," I added, "Carmelita? You at least have pulled happiness out of the situation. Her smiles, her glances—when they don't miss you. The pursuit of honesty in her company—"

Hiram stopped me with a solemn hand. "A dream! My hopes are blasted."

Don Julian's face was a study in per-

plexed chagrin. "She is not—" he faltered.

"—married?" Hiram finished. "Oh, yes, she is, and despite a natural bitterness I bow to the young lady as having more strings to her bow than any other married lady of my acquaintance."

"Married—to whom?" The Jefe and I chorussed the question.

"To Cousin," Hiram grinned. "From our camp she steered that lovely character straight to the altar. All the while she was keeping tab on us for him."

It was wonderful to see the Jefe brighten. "There is still San Juan," he murmured, "and the dear people? There will be much litigation during this long absence."

"And you, Jake?" Hiram questioned, after a minute's musing. And after I had expressed a preference for ten per, clerking in a northern dry goods store he went on, "I also contemplate a return to the devious paths of rectitude. Gotten up as a colporteur of a Boston Bible house, I shall take five cases of Holy Writ and therewith do excess baggage once more. I shall carry honesty to the baggage smashers of this and our own great country."

The Reckoning

By Grace G. Bostwick

I gather up my faded hopes—
    Poor shrivelled flowers—one by one,
And count the things that I have lost
    Against the things that I have won.

And here was life: a brimming bowl
    Of magic wine, to drink or spill;
I sipped the bubbles and the bloom
    Was lost before I felt its thrill.

And here was honor tried and true,
    If I but kept the upward way;
I dared to shirk the sacred trust
    And lost what I must rue for aye.

Love came at last! I gladly turned
    To welcome her, fond lover-wise;
With yearning heart and outstretched arms,
    And Lo! she passed with downcast eyes.

I gather up my faded hopes—
    Poor shrivelled flowers—one by one,
And count the things that I have lost
    Against the things that I have won.



Panama at low tide.

The Youngest Republic

By Lindon W. Bates, Junior

STEAMING cautiously through the heavy, tropic mist we are nearing port just as dawn is breaking. On deck half a dozen passengers chat together over a weather beaten placard that a dark, nervous little man is exhibiting with absorbed pride. A couple of us stroll idly over. At the top in imposing type stands out the slogan "Viva el Istmo;" at the bottom is a muster roll of euphonius Castilian names. The text is a recital in flowery Spanish of the woes of the Isthmians under the oppression of the Colombians, and the vehement assertion follows that these things will not be longer borne. It is one of the original independence proclamations of the Panama Republic, signed by the leading revolutionists, and stamped with the imprint of a flag—four squares with stars in opposite corners—the banner of the world's youngest republic. It now waves our first greeting from a high staff on the seaward point of Manzanillo Island when all else is concealed by the low lying morning fog. Then as the *Honduras* steams slowly into Limon Bay, the white stretch of coral reef backed by the vague outline of palm trees, detaches itself from the mists, and soon the docks can be seen dotted with people.

Sallow faced Panamenos are on the wharf conversing in voluble Spanish with many gestures. A crew of dark skinned stevedores, whose nationalities one could not hit in ten guesses, stand waiting ready to run the gang plank aboard. In a group apart are half a dozen local notables, preparing to receive the members of the Panama Commission. A couple of smart looking naval officers who have been stationed for six months in Colon Harbor, are down to see if the ship from New York has brought anything of interest. Engineers in khaki, fresh from the Canal

surveys, Jamaica negroes and here and there a marine, mix in the little crowd assembled to watch the *Honduras* worked slowly into her berth.

If one happens to be a member of the Panama Commission he is, upon landing, rushed abroad a special car and is not given a chance to see much of the flourishing city of Colon. If, however, one is just a plain citizen, he allows a tatterdemalion negro to seize his baggage, help him into the most delapidated carriage ever mortal beheld, drawn by a horse that he shrewdly suspects is a hornless goat with its ears trimmed, and starts off to the only hotel in town. He holds on carefully to any projection which offers a good grip, to avoid being shot out as from a catapult when the carriage hurdles the ruts. Thus circumstanced he may study en route the artistic quality and picturesqueness of the city.

It is by virtue of the doctrine "the highest simplicity is the highest art" that Colon claims to rank architecturally with Paris and Vienna. The buildings are constructed on the plan of the right cube, with holes left for windows and doors, just to show that the structures are houses and are not grown up packing cases. Piles of cocoanut husks, tin cans and banana stalks amid which turkey buzzards dispute a meal with pigs and stray dogs relieve the barrenness of the ground around, while here and there a mud puddle affords the ideal playground for little Jamaican picaninnies. Far down in one corner of the city where the American sanitary brigade has made some clearing, the houses look almost lonesome denuded of all these natural ornamentations.

There are two features of interest in Colon which no stranger should, or indeed can miss. One is a series of blood curdling pictures depicting the trial and execution of a revolutionist which confronts him in the window of the first shop he runs into after leaving the ship. The other is the marvelous alligator that—so they say—comes every day to the stock yard and, after eating everything in sight, turns and, like Leander, swims back across the Bay. This tale awoke all the sleeping Nimrod in the youngest of our party. He started at once to scour Colon for a rifle. Twenty minutes past dinner time he returned, and after he had taken the first keen edge off his appetite, condescended to tell his experiences.

"I chased around to half the men in



The President's Palace. Panama.



Troops of the Republic.

town asking where I could get a gun. Finally I found someone who had heard once that the Station Agent possessed a weapon. He sent me to a Spaniard half way down the track. In the course of time I found him, and what do you think he said?"

"'*Caramba*,'" suggested our frivolous member.

"No, he knew more than one word of Spanish," Nimrod retorted brutally.

"Well, what did he say?"

"'Ah, you want a gun; I have him once, but a friend borrow him to go to a revolution and not return him yet.'"

Our mighty hunter was, however, not the type to be discouraged by revolutions, nor other such incidents, and, after spending the rest of the day canvassing in all kinds of out-of-the-way quarters, he finally secured a rifle from the proprietor of the hotel he had started from. Next morning two of us set out to find something to carry us to the haunts of the legendary "Caiman." We arranged to have him stuffed on our return. On the further side of the Island upon which Colon stands we found a line of dugouts, "Cayuca" the natives call them. At the end of an hour's bargaining we secured one of these together with a couple of natives to paddle, for a sum somewhat over ten times their regular day's earnings at fishing. In about another hour they had paddled across Manzanillo Bay to the mouth of a creek, where we disturbed a group of native women settling down to the week's washing.

"You want Caiman," said the oldest in answer to our query about alligators. "You go up river. One big, like boat, eat our dog one bit, like I eat banan."

I don't know whether we were more impressed with the magnitude of the Caiman or the size of our informant's mouth. We started up the creek, however, Nimrod at the bow with his rifle, I at the stern with a camera, and we paddled for a time experiencing half a dozen alarms that turned out to be floating logs. Then I heard a terrific splashing right behind me and turned just in time to see an eight-foot 'gator flop into the water. Of course, the mighty hunter was unprepared and in no position to shoot. From this time, however, he crouched in the bow of the "cayuca" looking desperately for signs of prey. One of our paddlers knew his business but the other had become tremendously excited, and mistook every log or leaf for a Caiman.

"Dere! dere! see! see!" he whimpered in the greatest eagerness as we rounded a point. But Nimrod in the bow only looked at him pityingly.

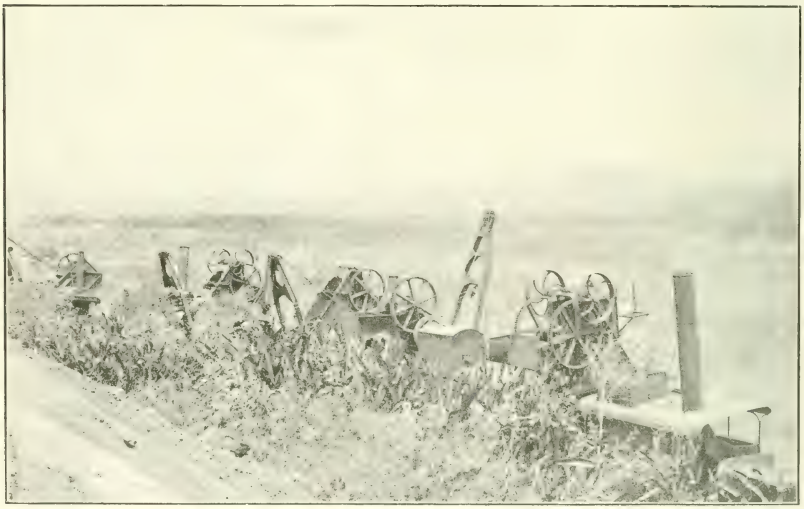
"It does look like an alligator," he said with withering irony, "anybody who wasn't used to seeing alligators might mistake it easily. That knot looks so like an eye end that—" just then it dived. The speaker's jaw dropped. "I'm blowed!" was all he remarked.

We returned at night with a humble and profound respect for alligators. These creatures have the knack of being invisible till they start to move and then of going so fast that no one could possibly hit them. The pride of the Isthmus will have nothing to fear from us in the future. He had nothing to fear from us in the past either!

Near Colon a statue of Columbus marks the entrance to the twenty-mile cut, made by the old "Compagnie Universelle du Canal de Panama." When it was erected all France was rushing to buy the 300,000,000 francs worth of Canal Company stock. Every ship carried French engineers to Colon. Ferdinand de Lesseps himself, the laurels of Suez fresh upon his brow, had sailed to the Isthmus to

inaugurate work upon the Canal that was to do for the Western Hemisphere what had so recently been accomplished for the Eastern. The statue of Columbus at the entrance of the Canal seemed to beckon on to El Dorado. In 1884, the Canal work was started with great formality. Hospitals were founded, de Lesseps' palace at Christobal was erected, waterworks were installed leading to the headquarters at Colon, machine shops rose along the line. Hundreds of miles of rails, dredges by the dozen, dumpcars literally by the thousand were ordered. Everywhere reigned the most lavish profusion. Each day brought shiploads of negroes from Jamaica. The whole Isthmus was alive with men. Dredges were put to work near Colon and others were shipped in sections to be erected at Panama. At Obispo, at Culebra, at Emperador, noisy "excavateurs" were busy shoveling material into cars which little, puffing Belgian engines drew far out to one side to deposit their loads.

The two weekly bulletins issued by the company reported in rosy colors the advance of the work. But when the year had passed, mutterings were heard in France. Panama was far, and no one knew just what was going on. Suspicion and uncertainty began to palpitate in the air. The problem of the Chagres flood has not been settled, the slipping clays of the Culebra were falling down upon the "excavateurs" as they worked; the men digging the Atlantic section were dying like flies, and the cemetery at Monkey Hill spread every day over more territory. Then followed the crash in 1887, and all the history of the Company was exposed —the stuffed payrolls, the prepayment for materials never delivered, the agreements with contractors; a purchasing department utterly lawless, which had run riot into destruction. The Panama scandal



French Machinery at Emperador.

was on every tongue and the curses of hundreds of thousands of stockholders crushed the men in charge. Then followed the reorganization in which one man alone was made to disgorge not less than 10,000,000 francs.

The final bankruptcy came in 1889, after which the "New Company," formed on the ruins of the old, acquired its rights. Only a small amount of work was ever undertaken by the later organization and less and less was accomplished every year. The plant lay idle, the houses were deserted. The Company kept itself in existence only to secure a purchaser. Such was the history of the "Panama" Canal



The Cathedral, Panama.

until the Hay-Banau-Varilla treaty gave the United States the right to buy out the French Company and to build an American Canal on American territory.

The work stands today practically where it was left in 1889. On entering the cut one comes first upon a line of dredges and selfpropelling barges, moored beside a rotting wharf exactly where they chanced to be when the Company collapsed in the greatest scandal of modern times. Their hulls are now coated thick with barnacles, the paint on the iron work has long since peeled off, leaving everything red with rust; the woodwork has rotted away in rails and planking and the rusty bolts and nails alone show where once it was. Further up the Canal great caisson sections line the banks. In one place there is a solid quarter mile of iron ship lifts piled up in pieces, marked and numbered for erection—a memento of the retrenchment attempted by the New Company when the sea level plan was abandoned.

In one of the machine shops at Culebra recently brought into service by the Panama Commission, we heard a vigorous whistling of "Annie Rooney," and we picked up an acquaintance with the musician. He was an old Yankee engineer who had left the United States about the



A Landlady of the Tropics.

time that crinolines were yielding to bustles, and had worked in the tropics ever since. When the last Panama revolution established the republic, he was near Bogota railroading. Being an American he was run out of the country by Colombian patriots.

Did he like the Isthmus? Well, he was used to the Strip; he had been there in the old French days. "There were great times then," he assured us. "You saw them little scows," 'clapets' they call them? Well, the French dredges down Colon way, used to work at night and put their dirt into those little scows. They'd take them down the cut and have them counted; then instead of dumping out to sea, they'd just dump in the middle of the canal and go load up again. Yes, they dug that same stuff five and six times over and got paid each time. Those were great days." We left him chuckling over the craftiness of the French contractors.

His story is an extreme case, but it is typical of the fraud and mismanagement that wrecked one of the greatest enterprises of any age. Every rotting tool shed and sunken machine bears witness to the corruption that crippled the efforts of the engineers, to the fraud run mad, to the knavery that embezzled a large part of the billion francs of capital sunk on the work by the first company.

Thirty odd miles from Colon can still be seen on the shore the hulk of one of Morgan's ships left stranded when he started across the Isthmus to the sack of old Panama. But the wreckage that lines the banks of the Chagres and fills the forests on either side of Chispo and Culebra, is a monument to a greater piracy than Morgan's. The miscreants of 1885 worked vastly greater injury to civilization than did the luckless Buccaneer.

The famous Culebra cut through the backbone of the Isthmus, which de Lesseps tried in vain to break, looks like a great bite in the crest of the hill. On the western side is a fresh slide, a veritable earth glacier like those that broke away overnight and tumbled into the excavations of the French. Nature has not changed her tricks for the new administrator.

The force of 700 men which the French Company has been keeping at work to preserve their franchise has been augmented by the Commission. The traditions which they have inherited from the French regime are, however, very irritating to the American engineers. It began to rain one morning that we were there and for half an hour it poured as it can pour only in these tropic lands. Then forthwith, as usual, the sun came out, and everything was bright and fine again. But not a man was to be seen on the work; they had all gone home.



Native Market-women of Panama.

The white engineers started out to recollect the force. One shoveler was found smoking his pipe in the greatest content before his house.

"Hey there, you, why the deuce don't you get to work?"

"It been rainin', massa," said the darky without moving.

"Aren't you going to do any more work all day because it's been raining?"

"No, sir," very earnestly. "We don't never work no more when it's done been rainin'." We leave the engineers some hours later with about thirty men out of a possible seven hundred. They are still vainly trying to reassemble the rest. We hear one of the gang say as we passed:

"I doan like dis way doin' things 'tall. Dem Yanks make us work Saturday and Sunday and Monday and after de rain—all de time." We take the train leaving the Yankee surveyors to their troubles.

At Panama the same swarm of dilapidated hacks and goat-shaped horses await one. For some reason unknown to me the railway station was built as far away as possible from anywhere that anybody could want to go. At one time there was an electric car line in Panama but now only the track remains. A facetious drummer informed us that the cars got lost so often trying to thread their course through the crooked ways, people were afraid to ride in them. One again takes a cab perforce, and after a tumultuous voyage of half an hour, has come from the station to Cathedral Square and the Hotel Central. Here it is wise to sit down in an armchair and make oneself comfortable while he scraps with the cabby about the fare. In the course of an hour or so, with the help of everybody seated any where about, he will probably have settled this matter to his satisfaction or otherwise—and can go in and register with the proud satisfaction that by so doing he will find his name in the Panama *Star and Herald* next morning. A sage has reported that everybody at some period of life gets his name in the papers. Our chance has come—we snatch it eagerly, we register at the Hotel Central.

Spanish is still the ruling tongue in the capitol of the young Republic. The streets the cab has traversed have such



A Lavenderia or Laundry.

names as Calle de Salasiped and Calle de Padilla, which latter is the main business thoroughfare. But American patent medicines keep the place from seeming entirely foreign. It is like meeting an old friend at a mask ball to read "las pildoras de Dr. Ayer," and to be bidden "Curese Vd. mismo con el Painkiller Perry Davies."

In Panama the grip of Chinese merchants upon the retail trade is surprising. Kum Sin Chang, Hong, Kee & Co., are reputed to have $1,000,000 worth of stock. Chinamen have, of course, that traditional heritage of the Celestial, the "Lavanderias," but it looks curious to see the Orientals bustling around in the dry goods shops, dealing out groceries and meat in the "Carnicerias," compounding drugs in the "Droguerias" and "Farmasias" and standing behind the bar in half the "Cantinas" in town.

The train lands passengers as a rule about the hour for lunch. It is advisable, however, first to dig into the baggage and secure a pair of gaiters, not primarily to draw attention to the beauty of your feet, but for a strictly utilitarian purpose. Instead of coming up frankly, humming a pleasant air and meeting one face to face as do our honest Jersey stingers, those of the Isthmus sneak in the deadest silence



Entrance to Ancon Hospital.

under the table and without a single warning buzz, dig deep into the quivering ankle. After one has vainly impregnated himself with pennyroyal, or castor oil, Worcestershire sauce or whatever is his favorite mosquito remedy, and has tried to shield himself by tying table napkins around his legs, he will come round to the dudish spats of the comic weekly and will thank heaven for them. One of our party had a bottle of lemonoleum or some such stuff, which he swore by. He would rub it in his hair, pour it over his shoes, sprinkle it along the pillow, and plaster it upon all sorts of impossible places. One morning while this operation was engaging him he chanced to leave the bottle with the moist cork on the dressing table. When he went to pick it up there sat a fine big Panama mosquito perched on the cork, sucking in the exterminator with great relish. Without a word our victim picked up the bottle and hurled it out of the window. Then he announced, "I am going out to buy a pair of spats."

The pile of plates before each guest does not indicate that an auction is at hand, it signifies only that there are going to be seven courses. The first will be soup brought on in a lordly dish; every other will be meat. If one calls into consultation the maitre d'hotel, the cook and half a dozen waiters, he may induce them to bring a teaspoonful of canned corn. Around the corner can be bought the finest pineapples ever tasted for five cents silver and splendid big bananas at four for one cent, but not all the gold in Mexico could lure such things onto the table of the Central.

After dinner a pretty arithmetical problem can be unearthed by going into the hotel club just across the hall from the dining room, and figuring out the chances against the prospective victim of Ruleta. There are several Panamenos making practical tests with the object of ascertaining this formula. Some of the players pin their faith to numbers which they may or may not have dreamed about. Some have persuaded themselves that "chicos" below, come up oftener than "grandes" above number 19. A minority, whose scientific methods of analysis are not so well systematized, throw their silver on haphazard, and trust to a lucky discovery.

Experiments in this branch of applied science, however, involve a certain sacrifice which only the most ardent are willing to endure. A theoretical demonstration will satisfy most. There are, as the



His Revolution Failed.

first element, 36 numbers and two blanks. The various side plays with double bets —"Colorado" and "negro," "Chicos" and "grandes," "pares and nones" and the column plays, do not enter into the main equation except as constants and so cancel out. On the 36 numbers, paying 35 times, the bank pays the winner in the long run out of the losers' pockets. So averaging the ups and downs it comes out after an infinite number turns of the wheel exactly even. But the two blanks on the wheel come up also every 38 turns, so that the bank wins absolutely an average of twice out of thirty-eight times— 5¼ per cent on every turn of the wheel— that is, 1-19 of the money on the table every half minute. Thus on the average one will have lost his betting unit, whatever it is, in nineteen turns. If it be a dollar that is bet each time, about six dollars an hour will be lost. Such is the theoretical solution of the problem. The experimenters at the Hotel Club, however, will not accept any Q. E. D., for each is bound to confirm his own theory in practice. They are all true martyrs to science.

When one has watched the sporty Panamenos buck the tiger for half an hour or so it is time to walk over to the Plaza St. Anna where the Republican band plays at eight o'clock. They are hammering away at a march now and half the population of Panama is walking around the square. For some undiscovered reason the inhabitants promenade always in a counter clockwise direction. At none of the band concerts of Panama have we known this law to be reversed. The roulette wheel is turned in the same way. That "new Psychology" which is saying so much about itself may detect the occult cause.

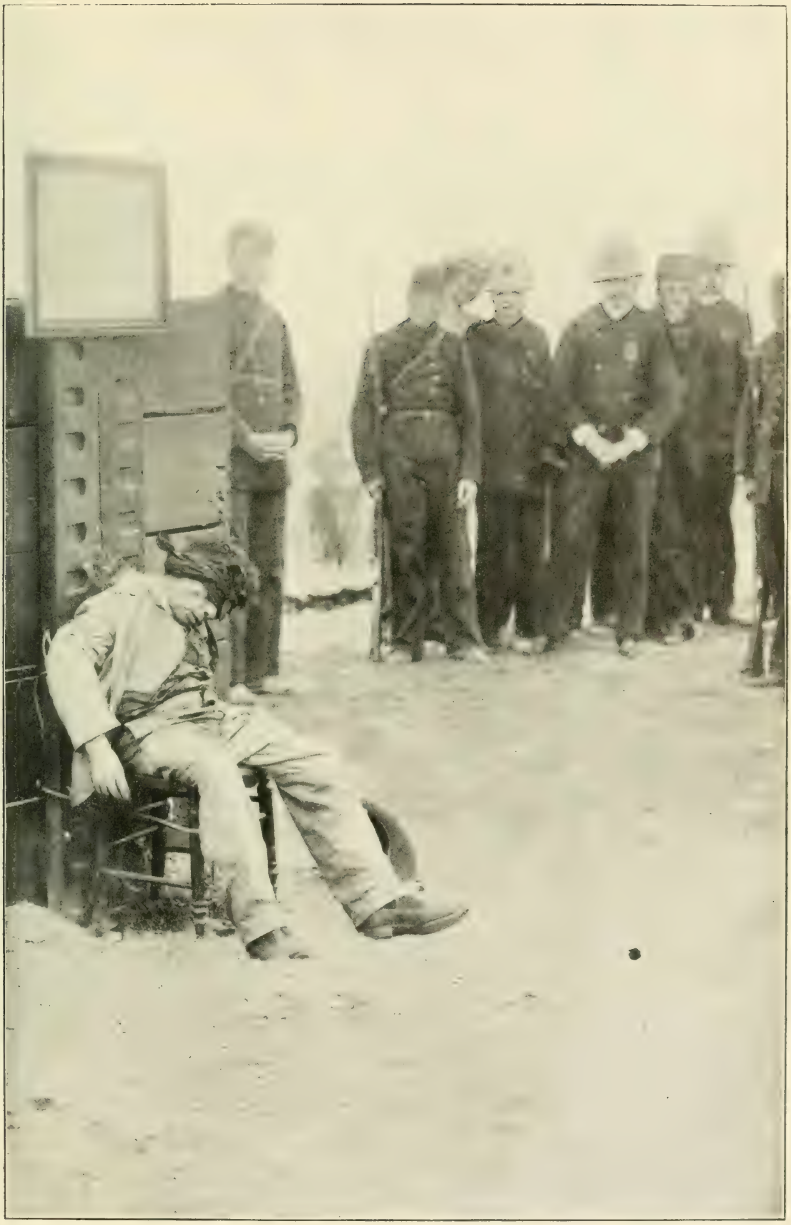
Another custom of the upper crust Panamenos is to send all the young ladies to Baltimore to be educated. A good view of these brunette buds can be secured by picking out a place under one of the sputtering electric lights of the plaza. And the sight is not disappointing. Furthermore, when one has picked out the belle that pleased him most he can calculate to the second, the time of her next passing his station. The cycle of my choice was 3½ minutes. She was of the dark Spanish type, with great lustrous eyes and jet black hair. She made so many complete orbits during the hour I devoted to her that I felt almost as dizzy as if I had been waltzing with a German.

Be sure and take in the band concert at Panama.

Sunday is the great day at the Isthmus. If the bells of the Cathedral do not wake you at 7 a. m., the march past of the Primo Batallion del Isthmo headed by the band, never fails to do so at 7:30. It is worth while getting dressed in a hurry and postponing breakfast just to follow the army to the Cathedral and hear mass, officiated over by the Bishop of Panama.

The great Cathedral, constructed soon after the city was rebuilt, on the present site, seems doubly dark in contrast to the blaze of sunlight outside. A row of white uniformed soldiers line each side of the church, their arms at rest and their red caps set upon the floor before them. Occupying the church benches are the civilians, the women in white, the men in black, all with heads bowed, while high above on the walls, looking almost human, are the brilliantly colored statues of saints, hung with votive offerings. Far at the end of the nave and flanked with silver vessels, stands the gilded high altar, before which, with the censor boys by his side, kneels the bishop in his richly bordered robes. The whole vast building is hushed. Finally the bishop rises and begins the services. It proceeds in the deepest solemnity. The "Miserere nos" is a dirge—almost a wail. The three echoing notes of the bell at the raising of the host strike across the tense stillness of souls contemplating the presence of a living transmutation. The choir takes up a chant; it intones its monotonous psalm. Then comes prayer and then—can one believe his ears—a lively march by the regimental band. To the American it seems not alone incongruous, but immeasurably sacriligious, this solemn ceremonial broken by the March Lorraine. But after it the service is resumed and is finished at last in the benediction. The soldiers face about to the tuck of drum, and the congregation comes back into the glare and bustle of the square, and walks soberly home—and one remembers that he has not yet breakfasted.

After lunch, the first duty of all good



The Curtain Falls.

Panamenos, which the stranger within the gates adopts cheerfully, is to go and see the lottery drawing. Thirty paces from the Cathedral is the building of the Loteria de Panama. As one o'clock approaches, a mixed crowd of soldiers, negroes, Chinese, proud Castilians and curious Yankees, begins to gather at the square. Throughout the Isthmus, this drawing is the leading event, and there is hardly a family that does not possess a quarter ticket at least. Even the laborers whom we saw paid off on our way up from Colon, straightway invested in tickets as their first essential.

Promptly as the great clock in the Cathedral booms out the hour, a little girl is lifted to the platform in the lottery office and is placed close beside a machine looking like the wheel in a squirrel cage. The wheel is turned around and then is opened at the top; the child reaches in and pulls out a wooden ball. This is unscrewed and the number is shown to the waiting excited crowd—3. The ball is put back and the wheel is revolved again—8 comes up next, then 9. One digit more is to be drawn and everybody is tense with excitement. The girl reaches with her pudgy hand, the ball is opened and 6 is exhibited.

"Seise, seise," the nearest call out. One can hear the sharp exhaling of the breath as the full number 3896 is hung up against the wall. The holder of this will receive 5,000 dollars silver. Those having the nearest approximations above and below get from $250 to $50 apiece, and there are prizes graduating down to $4 each for the tickets whose terminal digits correspond to those of the number drawn. The crowd at once cashes in and next day begins the sale of tickets for next Sunday's drawing, with everybody again paying his tribute to the goddess of chance and to the Concessionaire of the Lottery Monopoly.

There is just about time to smoke a "tropical" between the lottery drawing and the cockfight in the Calle San Fernando. We puff our measure in the grateful shade and are off to the next diversion. There is no trouble finding it, for half the people on the street are heading to the court yard, wherein is a building looking exactly like a parrot cage and a motley crowd is loafing by the gateway.

For 40 cents silver one gets a ticket that gives him, very appropriately, a bird's-eye view of the game. The many chattering voices keep the air humming as from a swarm of bees. Everybody is talking and as rapidly as possible. Some are shaking their fists at each other; all are waving and gesticulating with their hands as only Latins can. A couple of tame looking cocks walk around the main, picking up edibles, not showing the least disposition to attack each other. Every five minutes or so the umpire in charge rings a bell in a hopeless sort of way, but no one pays any attention whatever to him. For half an hour one sits and waits for something to happen. Two or three times hopes are raised that there will be a man fight, but the Spaniard installed in the next seat explains that the citizens who seemed preparing to exterminate each other are simply discussing the merits of their favorite chicken food.

Two men, with the cocks under their arms, finally separate from the rack and speak with the umpire. He hands them out each a canvas bag into which are stuffed the unfortunate roosters squirming and cackling their vigorous protests. The bags are hung on opposite ends of a balance. Pebbles are poured in on top of the featherweight until the counterpoise is perfect. Then the roosters are dumped out of the bags again, at which they look visibly relieved and their owners begin to dispute anew—about chicken food we suppose. But this time we are mistaken. "Dey fix de bet," our Spanish neighbor informs us. The pow-wow spreads and threatens to become general, but it gets rescued someway and centers back into the two owners, who presently announce themselves ready. The bell is rung and the spectators climb slowly into their seats.

Noting the next process in the treatment of the chickens one would infer that the game consisted in cooking them, rather than fighting them. One of the owners sprinkles a potful of pepper on his cock's back and sets everybody sneezing. Then both men squeeze lemon juice on the spurs and rub some liquid like oil on the birds' necks. As a final preparation tobacco smoke is blown into their



A Native "House" near Panama.

eyes. Now they are ready and are dropped into the ring.

It is hard to see how the victory is won. Not much of any visible damage is done, but both roosters seem to get tired doing it. After ten minutes or so of flying at each other in what seems a perfunctory display, though it rouses the greatest enthusiasm in the audience, one cock runs away and the other stands in the center and crows.

Pandemonium then breaks loose, the spectators howl, and shake their fists and stamp on the floors till it seems as if the rude building must surely settle. The owner of the winning cock grabs it up and kisses it and then, as an extra touch of endearment, blows some more cigarette smoke in its eyes. It is said that many of the combats are bloody, and fiercely fought, but certainly this one gave less reason for excitement than a cat on a Harlem fence.

Another unique feature of Panama is its cemetery. The rich people have tombs and monuments, the very poor have simple graves with wooden crosses, but the middle class possess an institution all their own. The rear enclosure of the burying ground has in it a number of exposed holes about two feet square, giving it the appearance of a honeycomb. When a man dies his relatives hire one of these holes by the year. So long as the rent is paid, occupancy continues, but if by any chance the fee fails, the bones are unceremoniously shovelled out over the fence where a good sized pile can be seen at any time by walking around for a rear inspection. This, we were told, happens regularly at the end of the year. So soon are we forgotten.

It is with genuine regret at leaving the band concerts, and genuine joy at parting from the mosquitos, that one takes his last drive in the perilous Panama fiacre and arrives at the distant station. The dank vegetation, the pulsing heat, the turkey buzzards wheeling far up in the air, the tiny soldiers at their drill, naked piccanninies, dapper Spaniards and hulking Jamaicans, all are part of a sensuous tropic picture, vividly distinct, yet strangely unreal in one's memories of the quaint republic that holds the key to the Pacific.

The Passing of Yankee Jim

An Episode of Early Days at San Diego

By Millard F. Hudson



EVERE penalties for trival offenses disappeared, in most places, years ago, along with imprisonment for debt. But within the memory of men now living, California had a law which allowed a jury to fix the penalty of larceny at death, and a man was hanged at San Diego under this law, in 1852, for the crime of stealing a boat.

It was early in August of the year named that the steamer *Northerner,* from San Francisco, rounded Point Loma and came to off La Playa, which was at that time the outport of San Diego and the most important shipping point in the the Southwest. The steamer tied up alongside the coal hulk *Clarissa Andrews,* and the passengers were taken ashore in a small boat.

Among the first to land was a man of about 35, whose "old school" manners and antiquated dress attracted much attention. He wore a ruffled shirt-front, buff vest and pantaloons, and a blue coat with brass buttons, and his rather handsome face bore the marks of dissipation. This was John McDougal, late Governor of California and afterward United States Senator, influential politician, and "gentlemanly drunkard." He was warmly greeted by a number of friends, among whom John Judson Ames, the gigantic editor of the *San Diego Herald,* was conspicuous. McDougal beamed and chatted, and soon rolled away in a carriage to put up at the best hotel in San Diego, first glancing over his shoulder at another passenger who stood watching him furtively.

This was a man of very different appearance, over six feet high, with an evil countenance. His name was Joseph Randolph, alias James Robinson, alias Yankee Jim, pirate, highwayman, and "all 'round bad man," in search of new fields of activity. With him were Grayson Loring and William Harris, of no particular description, but ready to obey orders and follow their leader.

Having noted which way McDougal went, Robinson and his companions strolled off in the opposite direction. In the next few days they all managed to keep themselves employed, each in the way that pleased him best. McDougal did not forget the tall man, but during his frequent visits to the saloons took pains to impress the San Diegans with the belief that he was a very bad man, indeed. The people of San Diego were used to the visits of desperados and on a few occasions had shown that they knew how to deal with them; but McDougal's smooth tongue soon caused Robinson to be regarded with more than the aversion ordinarily attaching to strange and suspicious characters. After a few days, when the only small boat on the bay disappeared, it was at once conjectured that he had taken it.

This surmise proved only too true. Robinson was anxious, for a number of reasons, to make a trip down the coast and, having laid covetous eyes on the pilot boat, but lacking the means to buy it, determined to appropriate it. This would provide him with the means of travel and at the same time prevent pursuit. Accordingly, he took the small boat at night and, with his companions, rowed out to the pilot boat. This was lying idle and, as they thought, unguarded; but upon arriving, they found to their surprise, some men on board of her. They were therefore obliged to abandon the enterprise for the time being and rowed ashore at La Playa with the intention of sleeping in one of the hide houses. Had they then returned the small boat to its place, it is possible no harm would have come of their attempt; but the nemesis which pursues evil-doers caused them either maliciously to set it adrift or carelessly to leave it where the tide soon floated it off and carried it away. Next day the boat

was missed, suspicion fell upon them at once, the hunt began, and in a few hours Loring and Harris were under arrest and Robinson a hunted fugitive.

A day or two before the disappearance of the boat, a tall man rode up to the house of a man named Cota, living a short distance north of San Diego, and asked permission to leave his horse in the corral a few days, adding that if he did not call for the animal within a specified time, Cota might keep it. The tall man did not take the horse away, but was seen again in the neighborhood, and when Deputy Sheriff Phil Crosthwaite came hunting for Robinson, Cota knew where he could be found. Upon finding and attempting to arrest Robinson, however, the latter made a murderous assault upon him. But Cota proved plucky; he knocked Robinson down with a club, carried him to San Diego, and delivered him to the authorities.

At that period, San Diego was without a place to keep prisoners safely, its famous cobblestone jail having proven a failure and the iron-barred cage used in later years not having been procured, as yet. The prisoner was therefore kept in irons and the citizens took turns at guarding him. As he was considered a desperate charcter and, it was said, could easily remove any ordinary handcuffs, a blacksmith was called in, who placed an iron bar between a pair of cuffs and riveted one cuff to each end of the bar, so that the prisoner could not possibly get his hands together. Robinson watched this proceeding with interest and remarked to the smith, with grim humor, that all he need do, to make his fortune was to go to South America and make handcuffs.

The trial was held on August 17—two days after the arrest. The court was known as the court of sessions, and the judges consisted of the county judge, John Hays, and two justices of the peace, J. Judson Ames and Wm. T. Conlon. The district attorney was James W. Robinson, one time governor of Texas, and an able lawyer. The jury consisted of Cave J. Couts, foreman, Albert B. Smith, Thomas Fox, William Conroy, Philip H. Hoof, Abel Watkinson, John C. Stewart, Enos A. Wall, George Wasson, James Donahue, Charles C. Varney, and Charles Lloyd. Strangely enough, two of these jurors, Stewart and Wall, were the owners of the stolen boat and therefore clearly disqualified to act as jurors. But, although he was given an opportunity to make challenges, Robinson failed to do so. The boat had in the meantime washed up on the shore of the peninsula now known as Coronado and it is probable Robinson thought, as they had recovered their property, these men would not bear him any ill will. If so, his faith was jutified, for they were the only members of the jury who voted for acquittal. His accomplices had confessed and the prisoner made no defense, so there was no doubt of his guilt; but Stewart and Wall had scruples aganist hanging a man for theft. The other jurors prevailed upon them, however, to join in a verdict of guilty, with the extreme penalty. The verdict read:

"Your jurors in the within case of James Robinson have the honor to return a verdict of 'guilty,' and do therefore sentence him, James Robinson, to be hanged by the neck till he is dead."

Judge Hays accordingly pronounced sentence, setting the date for the execution on Friday, September 18.

At this stage of the proceedings McDougal, who had been watching events with interest and meditating a scheme of his own, thought it time to act. He visited the condemned man and a singular interview took place. After condoling with him on his unfortunate plight and hinting that there had been a miscarriage of justice, he led up to a dissertation upon his own influence with the man who was then governor and hinted that that influence might even be sufficient to secure a full pardon. In fact, he might say plainly, the thing could be done—upon one condition, a very slight one, to be sure, considering the desperate plight Robinson was in. On an island down the coast Robinson had a treasure buried, one that was likely never to do him any good, because he would find it awkward and difficult to claim it, himself, even if set free. But there was time enough to go to Sacramento and get back with a pardon before the 18th, and he would undertake to do it if given a correct chart showing where the treasure was concealed.

Robinson listened grimly, watching Mc-

Dougal out of the corners of his eyes. He was by nature suspicious, he disliked to part with the gains of his piracies, and he did not believe he would be hanged, anyway. He therefore temporized, haggled about terms, and finally made a counter-propositon. He would go with McDougal and a guard, he said, as a prisoner, and guide them to the spot. If they did not find the treasure where he told them to dig, they might hang him, then and there. But McDougal was suspicious, too, and, after some further talk, the interview came to an end without their reaching an understanding. There were those who said that the wily politician had no intention of trying to secure the pardon, but was merely scheming to get Robinson's money. At any rate, he left for San Francisco on the next steamer, to the grief of the saloonkeepers, and took no further interest in the affair.

As the day set for the execution drew near, Robinson assured his guards that he would never be hanged; that McDougal had gone to get him a pardon, which would surely arrive by the next steamer. He could not refrain from boasting a little, withal, and gave them to understand that he knew things about McDougal which the latter could not afford to have come to light; and that he held McDougal in his power and had extorted the pardon as the price of silence. But if he really knew anything of the kind, he never told it, and if McDougal feared him, his conduct did not show it.

The last steamer before the 18th came in without bringing the pardon, yet Robinson could not realize that he would be hanged, and did not give up hope. He was carried to the place of execution in a cart and given permisison to say a few words. He then began, in Crosthwaite's words, to "talk against time," apparently under the delusion that, if he could only postpone the end long enough, something would happen to save him. But the deputy sheriff at last lost patience, drove the cart from beneath his feet, and the rope literally cut short his words.

The statute whose extreme penalty Robinson suffered was a barbarous one, passed at an exceptional time to meet exceptional conditions, and was soon repealed. It is probable, too, that he would not have been hanged but for his assault upon Cota and the bad character given him by McDougal. Loring and Harris were sentenced to one year each in the state prison, and never returned to San Diego. If the ghost of Yankee Jim ever returned to haunt the actors in this grim drama, they made no complaint about it.



Looking West along the First Grading Done on the Valdez-Yukon Railway.



Looking Northeast from Station 47, Valdez-Yukon Railway.

The Connecting Link of the World's Railroads

By George Sherman

FOR more than twenty years past imaginative minds have dilated upon the probable commercial value of a great railway system to connect the two hemispheres. The idea assumed concrete form about ten years ago when a French syndicate was organized to exploit the project. It was a mere speculative venture and the aspirations of the promoters were not based upon authentic knowledge of the feasibility or the practical commercial value of such a vast undertaking. The idea of building a line of railroads, thousands of miles in extent, over the vast territory of Siberia and through the uninhabited arctic tundra of the Chukotsk Peninsula; the construction of a submarine tunnel, forty miles long, under Behring Strait, and the continuation of this line through Alaska and British Columbia to connect with existing railroads on the American continent, for the mere purpose of creating a novel overland route from New York to Paris, was too vague and the very absurdity of the undertaking caused the failure of the syndicate even as a "wild-cat" stock-jobbing enterprise. But by the later development of the resources of the territory along the logical route of such a trunk line we are presented with an intelligent answer to the question "Would it pay?" A continuous railway operated by one company, with the sole object of establishing overland commercial relations between the inhabitants of two hemispheres, is out of the question.

And yet, after carefully reviewing the actual railway construction in Arctic and sub-Arctic regions within the past year, and considering the extensive surveys of proposed lines, it is logical to assume that the completion of the connecting link of the world's railroads will be coincident with the opening of the isthmian canal to the commerce of the world. Thus far the progress of the work has been conducted by individual companies, each seeking to develop the respective resources of contiguous territory. In this way the work promises to reach its completion.

Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal, will be the reasonable Siberian terminus, while the eastern connection with existing lines will be at Edmonton, Alberta, in the Dominion of Canada, as will be shown. More than one-half the entire distance has been surveyed, and about one-third of this work was done during the past three years. Actual construction has begun at a number of widely separated points in Siberia, Alaska and Canada.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which was incorporated by act of the Dominion Parliament, in 1903, will be the Eastern American division of this colossal overland system. This line in itself will surpass in magnitude and importance any plan of railway construction hitherto conceived, being even greater in extent than the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The company is under agreement with the Canadian Government for the construction and operation of this road from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, with a main line 3,600 miles in length. In addition there will be a number of branch lines. The most important of these will be the Great-Lakes Division, 220 miles long, to Port William and Port Arthur, on Lake Superior; another to North Bay, in the Province of Ontario, 250 miles in length; and a branch connecting the main line with Montreal. In Western Canada branch lines will be extended to Brandon, Regina, Prince Albert and Calgary. The proposed extensions from Edmonton, Alberta, to Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory, will not only close a wide gap in the scheme of connecting North America with Asia by rail, but it will also make the remainder of the undertaking a perfectly sane and an altogether feasible project from a commercial standpoint.

As suggested in a report to the gov-



Beach Camp on the Railway.

ernment on the project, "It will meet the pressing demand for transportation facilities in British North America, caused by the large tide of immigration which is now flowing into that country from Great Britian, Northern Europe, and still more extensively from the Western States of the United States, seeking the rich lands which lie so abundantly in the Province of Manitoba and the Territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca, comprising the Northwest Territories."

Three alternate routes have been surveyed from Edmonton, the present most northerly terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, to Port Simpson, on Hecate Strait. One of these is along the Fraser River, the second far to the north of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, to connect with the previous survey by way of Wapiti Pass, and the third still farther north, to connect with the original survey at Hazleton, British Columbia. Either one of these routes passes through the heart of the country which produced 28 per cent of the mineral output of Canada in 1904. During the past six years the gold mining industry of this district has yielded nearly $1,000,000 annually.

The agreements between the company and the government will combine a railway constructed at the expense of the government, with the lines of a private corporation, into one system, under the entire control, management and operation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company.

The estimated cost of the entire main line is $123,500,000.

"Will it pay?" is no longer answered with a shrug when the question applies to the practical commercial value of a railroad from Dawson City to Nome, which is but 160 miles from Cape Prince of Wales, on Bering Strait. We are confronted with conditions which guarantee the completion of railroad connections between these two cities within the next ten years. Chief among these is the discovery of immense deposits of anthracite coal on the Matanuska River, which flows into the Knik Arm, at the head of Cook Inlet. From the reports of the collector of United States Customs at Juneau it is ascertained that there are about 100,000 tons of coal shipped annually from the United States to ports of Alaska for steam uses, not counting the coal required on the steamers plying between Alaska ports and Seattle, Tacoma and southward. The city of Nome consumes 10,000 tons a year and Dawson City and vicinity use a much greater quantity. By the introduction of proper facilities for the distribution of the Matanuska product the consumption in these districts would increase tenfold in a very short time. The Alaska Central Railroad, now building from Seward, Resurrection Bay, on the Kenai Peninsula, to Fairbanks, near the Tanana River, a tributary of the Yukon, was begun chiefly for the purpose of developing these immense coal fields. Actual work on the line, which is to be 500 miles long, was commenced in April, 1904. Fifty-one miles of the road are now completed and in operation, and there is enough material on hand to complete an additional 100 miles during 1906. This will complete the most difficult portion of the road, through the precipitous mountains of the peninsula and around Turnagain Arm. Seven rock tunnels and a number of deep cuts were necessary to the completion of this first stage of the road. The greater portion of the remainder of the line will be along the Shushitna River toward its source.

It will be of interest to note that the entire territory along the Shushitna River was unexplored up to about ten years ago. School geographies issued as late as four and five years ago do not show or even make mention of Mt. McKinley, 20,464 feet, or Mt. Foraker, 20,000 feet, the highest peaks on the American continent, both of which are visible from the surveyed line of the Alaska Central Railroad. Even today school children are taught that Mt. St. Elias, 18,024 feet, is the highest peak in North America. This is even more remarkable when we consider the climate of this region, which makes it extremely favorable for exploration, chiefly due to the Japan current, which bathes the shores of Southern Alaska, tempering the climate and rendering it healthful and pleasant during the summer and very moderate in the winter, as compared with the severe climate to the north of the Talkeetna range. For about three months the temperature ranges from 70 to 85 degrees in mid-day and from 40 to 70 at night. Spring



The Town of Skagway, Alaska.

opens during the month of April and the first frosts appear about the early part of September. The writer met a party of Tennessee prospectors in 1897, who had just returned from a trip up the Shushitna River. They reported the vegetation so luxuriant and the brush so dense along the shores that it became necessary to cut a way through in venturing a few miles into the interior.

At Fairbanks, a growing city of 3,500, the Alaska Central Railroad will connect with a 26-mile railroad of the Tanana Mining Company. The latter road connects the rich placer diggings of Fairbanks, Ghel, Gilmore and Golden with Chena on the Tanana River.

About 200 miles east of the Shushitna line we cross another proposed road which was surveyed during the summer of 1905 from Valdes, on Prince William Sound, for a distance of more than 400 miles along the upper course of the Copper River to Chena. The completion of these roads will make the Tanana district a great railway center, with three outlets by rail, and excellent water communication. These roads are ultimately destined to extend their lines to Dawson City, by way of the Forty-mile River to the Yukon at Forty-mile City.

Four hundred and fifty miles to the southeast of Valdes, as the crow flies, is Skagway, the southern terminus of the White Pass & Yukon Route, which is now operating 111 miles of track to White Horse, on the west bank of the Fifty-mile River, a tributary of the Yukon, and connected with Dawson City by an efficient line of modern steamers. Although this road was built under almost insurmountable difficulties, it is now well established and operating on a paying basis. Work on this pioneer railway of Alaska was begun May 28, 1898, and from then until the completion of the through line to White Horse, July 29, 1900, was carried forward night and day, through summer and winter. At times the men preparing the roadbed worked on mountain sides so precipitous that they had to be suspended by ropes while cutting the grade. The first 20 miles out of Skagway cost $2,000,000. That is at the rate of $100,000 a mile, but at places along the shore of Lake Bennett the cost was even higher. While this road carries a considerable amount of freight between the coast and Dawson City, in addition the company has provided an excellent and comfortable passenger service. Hundreds of tourists have taken advantage of this service during the past few years, and it is indeed one of the most charming routes of travel in all the world. There is no doubt that this line will be continued to Dawson City even before the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Way to the north and far to the west of these lines and proposed lines we are confronted with the chrysalis of what promises to be an even greater factor than all of these toward the actual completion of the connecting link of the world's railroads. A company is now forming in Chicago with the ultimate object of building a road from Iliamna, on Cook Inlet, north to the Kuskokwim River, thence along its upper course and across the divide to Nulato, at the point where the Koyukuk flows into the Lower Yukon. The distance from Tanana, the nearest Yukon terminus of two of the roads previously mentioned, to Nulato is about 200 miles. The completion of a railroad between these two points, along the Yukon, is but a natural consequence of the construction of the other lines, already under consideration. From Nulato it is proposed to continue the Iliamna line 350 miles to Nome.

The greater portion of the remaining 160 miles between Nome and Cape Prince of Wales has been surveyed by the Council City & Solomon River Railroad Company. This road is completed for a distance of about 25 miles to John's Creek, including a 927-foot bridge across the Solomon River at Right Branch. This portion of the line was opened for service June 1, 1906. The projected terminus is on Grantley Harbor.

Only about 60 miles of American territory, lying between Grantley Harbor and Cape Prince of Wales, remain to be considered in completing this scheme of connecting railroad, to Behring Strait. The territory in the immediate vicinity of the cape is rich in tin and copper. Several tin mines are now operated within a few miles of the cape, and these offer inducements for the extension of the Council City line.

At this point in the chapter treating



Looking Down a Lane in the Northern Wilderness.

on Arctic and sub-Arctic railroads, the reader naturally is anxious to know whether the present known resources of Siberia promise the completion of Asiatic connections from East Cape to the Trans-Siberian Railroad. As previously stated the logical connection with existing lines in Siberia will be at Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal. Irkutsk is the second city in Siberia, with a population of 51,482 in 1897. It is a well-built town, with many fine stone buildings, electric lights, telephones and some paved streets. Lake Baikal is the largest body of fresh water in the Old World. Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron, and Nyanza in Africa, alone surpass it in size.

A French-Russian-American company, headed by Loug de Lobel, a noted French engineer, has obtained concessions from the Russian Government for the completion of a line from Irkutsk, across the divide, to Yakutsk, on the Lena River. Surveying and preliminary work on this route was begun several years ago. It is sure to be a profitable undertaking from a commercial standpoint, as gold and other minerals abound in all the tributaries of the Lena. In 1905 the gold output of the Vitimsk district, located midway between Irkutsk and Yakutsk, amounted to over $1,000,000. Iron, coal, lead, silver and platinum are also produced in large quantities.

Harry DeWindt, F. R. G. S., the first man to make the trip from Paris to New York by land, speaks of the commercial value of a railroad through this territory. The following quotation is taken from his book, "New York to Paris by Land."

"In the face of the natural resources of this country it is satisfactory to note that a line from Irkutsk to Yakutsk could be laid with little difficulty."

The concession to Loug de Lobel's company further permits a survey in continuation of this line to East Cape. The natural resources of the country suggest the following as the most probable route.

From Yakutsk in a southeasterly direction, across the tributaries of the Lena River, to Nelkan, in the Stenovoi mountains. All the territory within several hundred miles of Nelkan is extremely rich in gold, silver and platinum. The mines in the Nelkan district produced a greater output in 1905 than any other mining camp in the Russian Empire. A railroad, 230 miles long, across the Stanovoi mountains, to Port Ayan, on the Okhotsk Sea, is now building, and will be completed sometime during the coming fall.

In 1894, the Trans-Baikal expedition, which explored the coast of the Okhotsk Sea, and the Shantar Islands, ascertained the presence of gold throughout the Udsk region, from the Togur River to Port Ayan. This data served as an inducement to organize a special Okhotsk-Kamchatka expedition, sent out in 1895, for three years, to conduct surveys and prospecting for gold and other minerals along the coast of the Okhotsk Sea, on the Shantar Mountains and on the Kamchatka Peninsula. The work done by the expedition showed the presence of gold at many places on the coast of the Okhotsk Sea, containing a proportion of three to ten zolotniks (about 190 to 660 grains) of gold to 100 puds (3600 pounds) of gravel. This information, in conjunction with the fact that rich deposits of coal have been found on Ghijinsk Bay, would assure the extension of the road to Ghijiga on the northeastern arm of the Okhotsk Sea. This town is also the main port of entry for the American whaling and sealing vessels in the Okhotsk and Behring Seas.

The following caustic paragraph in relation to American sealing and whaling in these waters is taken from a late Russian Government report:

"On this eastern borderland, which as yet is not sufficiently protected by the government, whale fishing has been carried on a long time in a rapacious fashion, mainly by American smugglers, who demoralize the natives of the coast and islands—the Chukches and Aleuts—furnishing them with brandy. The whale fishing carried on by American schooners has been particularly extensive since 1847. Whole fleets of schooners leave New Bedford, and, according to the testimony of American ship-owners, the blubber and whale-bone exported by them during a period of fourteen years, amounted to $130,000,000 in value. This robbery much reduced the number of whales in the Okhotsk Sea. According to the information annually published in the Whalers' Shipping List, New Bedford, it may be supposed that the foreign whalers export annually from the Pacific Coast to Siberia, from 100,000 to 150,000 pounds of whalebone, about 360,000 pounds of blubber, 100,000 pounds of walrus teeth, and other products of this kind. This industry, with a value of 1,500,000 rubles annually, escapes regular control, being constantly carried on by smuggling."

These assertions, in an official report, offer reasons to assume that the Russian

Government will urge the completion of any project that promises railway communication with this territory.

The next stage of the road would be to Anadirskoi, on the Anadir River. This country has been carefully explored by N. L. Condatta, acting for the Russian Government. The entire Anadir Valley and a good portion of the Chukotsk Peninsula abound with rich deposits of native copper, magnetic iron, native sulphur and amber.

To the north of the mountains the country presents a continuous arctic tundra, intersected by numerous rivers. These vast areas have the character of an immense dismal swamp, which freezes solid eight months of the year and offers a very unsuitable foundation for railroad construction. This fact makes the northern route, suggested by some, entirely impractical. On the south the Stanovoi ridge, with an average height of 3,000 feet, separates the Okhotsk-Kamchatka region from the Yakutsk territory, sending out spurs which abruptly fall in steep cliffs to the sea. It is reasonable to conclude that the final stage of the Siberian line to East Cape will be from Anadirskoi along the southern slope of the Stanovoi Mountains.

Upon the completion of the proposed lines, the surveyed lines and the lines now under construction, the herculean task of tunneling Behring Strait is sure to be commenced as an international project. While such a scheme may not seem feasable or practical at this time, yet a careful study of the character of both shores, the islands in the strait, the distance between shores and the soundings, presents ample evidence that the undertaking would be little more difficult or expensive than similar projects which have been brought to successful completion within the past few years. The ultimate beginning of this work will depend upon its commercial necessity rather than upon the magnitude of the undertaking.

Cape Prince of Wales, on the American side, is a rocky promontory. Kingigamoot, an Alaskan Esquimaux village of about 400 inhabitants is situated at its foot. The distance from the American shore to the most easterly point of Asia is about 40 miles, and the opposite points may be easily seen on a clear day. The Big and Little Diomedes, which are separated by about two miles, and Fairway Rock, are situated in the strait, about midway between the two capes. To be more exact, the distance from the most westerly point of Alaska to the most easterly point of the Little Diomede is fourteen and one-half miles, and from the most easterly point of Siberia to the most westerly point of the Big Diomede the distance is 21 miles. Both islands are inhabited. The Russian island contains a village of about 150 Mazinkas and the same number of Alaskan Esquimaux, or Nakooruks, inhabit the American island. Cape Tohaplin is one of the largest settlements on the Siberian side. The village which is some distance south of the cape, contained 41 huts in 1904, and it has considerable importance as a trading point for whalemen. Oo-aylin is another settlement of 33 huts, a few miles west of East Cape, on the Arctic Ocean.

The maximum depth of the strait at any one point is 29 fathoms. This would permit of bridging such a channel in a temperate climate, but the constant and tremendous crush of ice through the strait makes an engineering feat of this kind impossible, and no pier within the power of man to build could withstand the strain.

California Spring

By Alyse Hunt

The year has turned, no more the skies low lying
  Trail damp cloud-tresses along the lonely hills.
  Each day dawns clear, and all the morning trills
The meadow lark along the fence-rows flying.
In deep ravine, through laurel copses hieing
  In flush of its fair morning, yet the same
  Sad memories wake within my heart and cling
To other days, since you departed, dear!

A little brook with liquid music fills
  The shadowy dells, and on the upland thrills
  The wind through gnarled oak trees sighing.
Far up the slope the red-gold poppies flame
  Like votive fires on altars of the Spring
New-kindled! Wondrous! Lovely is the year!
      California Spring!

The Dusty Trail of Balleray's Sheep

By Colin V. Dyment



"E were fools," said Cattle King McCoy savagely. "We should never have let that claim lie there."

Dave Elder, foreman for the Crooked Fork, assented: "Yeh."

"I thought one of your men was going to file on it," persisted McCoy, more loth to drop the subject the more it irritated him.

"Jake was," admitted the foreman, "but las' minute the boss switched him t' the Springs quarter, so's he c'd cinch all the water'n range in township 9. After thet, nobody wasn't handy t' file up above, 'n the claim jist laid 'round waitin' till Tanner come."

"That Springs quarter gives the Crooked Fork a lot bigger run," commented McCoy enviously. "And that damned Tanner's cut me out of near as much," he added, snarling.

"Yeh, you bet!" said the foreman, secretly delighted, for even his fellows in the cattle business disliked hard, selfish Anson McCoy. "The claim Jake got 'round the Springs, the one Dunk Hill took 'n fenced up in Deep Coulee 'n the one the boss got thet 'lunger' t' file on, 'long Hell-to-pay trail, 'll keep anybody from locatin' in Nine. Yeh, the Crooked Fork tied up 'bout six thousand acres of good winter grass on them deals."

"Didn't cost 'em a cent, either," grumbled the cattle king.

"Didn't cost hardly nothin'," conceded Elder, joyfully nursing along the other's patent envy. "Jake 'n Dunk got five hundred apiece 'n their commutin' fees, soon's they'd proved up, and the 'lunger' was so bad when he made final proof 'n got his right thet he was glad to let go fer two hundred, so's to have 'nough to get back East."

"A few measly hundred for six thousand acres of the best winter range in Lake County," exclaimed McCoy, jerking up his cayuse angrily. "Why didn't you people let me know, and I'd have had Sykes take the Tanner quarter, 'stead of going over on Cottonwood."

"Sykes 'r somebody's likely to get it yet, ain't they?" queried the Crooked Fork foreman with a quizzical glance.

"Oh, I hear there's some little things been done," admitted McCoy reluctantly, "but I haven't seen any signs of Tanner throwing up his hands, if the men did run on him a little bit," and the cattle king rode on in poorly hidden wrath, casting menacing looks up the Chewaucan bottom, where, three or four miles above, a patch of green and a small shack denoted the Tanner homestead.

Sixteen months before, the scattered outfits of the South Central Oregon cattle country saw with indifference a prairie schooner dragging its slow way across the desert. The discouraged-looking man in front, urging along an equally discouraged team of mules, was Martin Tanner. The tired face that looked out under the schooner cover into the winding trail behind belonged to Bessie Tanner, aged fifteen. There were no other Tanners, contrary to the usual population of the prairie schooner. But it was spring round-up time and the cattlemen paid no attention. Other schooners had passed through from time to time, bound for the Klamath, or still farther west, and none had ever halted long.

It was May, however, and still fresh and green, when Tanner got to the Chewaucan bottom. The seeming oasis allured him. A cool, sparkling watercourse babbled through the narrow vale, where bunchgrass rose knee-high. The gaunt mules rolled and reveled. It was an exhilerating contrast to the endless desert stretch behind.

"Like this all year 'round hyar?" he asked the half-contemptuous puncher

from Little Silver Creek, who paused a moment on his way across the desert to take in the details of the Tanner camp.

"Oh Gawd, yes," sarcastically said that lofty individual. "May's the worst lookin' month they have on the Chewaucan."

So Tanner, without further question, squatted.

In early June the herds of the great Lake County cattle ranches went to summer range in various mountain frills around the sand plateau. On the various creeks meandering along the desert's edge, where the cattle kings headquartered, only a few men were left. Thus it was weeks before the news spread that Tanner had not gone on. Meanwhile, he had ridden one of the mules forty miles to the district land office to make his filing, had invested the tiny all left from the wreck of his Nebraska farm in a small bunch of longhorns, bought from a passing Klamath cattleman, and had put up a two-room homestead shack with poles cut from the sparse growth along Chewaucan bottom.

When the cattle kings discovered him, first settler in the whole Chewaucan country, the rashness of the man amazed them. It was no place for a poor man—Tanner should have known that, they said. They did not understand how he could hope to hold his own.

Poor Tanner! What he really did hope was something very different. The face of the Chewaucan had been changing during these few weeks. The bunchgrass, luxuriant, sweet and juicy when he came, was growing brown and dry. The longhorns began to stand around and bawl, like a domestic herd. The creek itself had lowered till a man could jump across it, and the desert seemed to have crept up to its very edge. Against the shack, sandbanks had drifted—the newcomer began to wear a troubled look.

"Bess," he said, "I cal'late I'll ride one of the mules over and kind a get 'quainted. Mebbe them cattlemen'll think I ain't tryin' to neighbor, ef I don't go over 'n tell 'em who we are. I want t' borry some hay, too, 'n get 'em t' tell me somethin' 'bout this hyar funny country."

The taint of a settler's newly discovered presence in a stockman's country was strong when Tanner met the first rider, four miles over the ridge. It was Chucky Morton, of the Nealy outfit.

"Whar y' from?" he asked, reining in his mule in friendly fashion.

"None a yer d—d business. See?" responded Chucky, riding past.

The homeseeker gazed after him in wonder. "Funny country—funny folks," was his soliloquy.

"Jist moved in on the creek over thar," he explained by way of introduction at the Lone Butte ranch, reached after half a day's hard ride. "C'n I borry a load of hay till I get started up? I'm willin' t' come over after 't 'n fetch 't back, too, soon's I c'n raise some."

"See hyar, fellah, we hain't raisin' hay 'round these parts fer no settlers," roughly replied the puncher left in charge at the Lone Butte, and over Tanner a great light broke for the first time.

Slowly he rode back to the Chewaucan.

"Get the hay, pa?" asked Bessie.

"No, little gal," he said, "Reckon these folks ain't wantin' to neighbor much."

The remainder of the season was a nightmare to the immigrant. Whichever way he turned for summer range, minions of the cattle kings harshly turned him back. There was pasture in the distant mountains, free for all. But the trails seemed closed to a man ignorant of the country. He tried one route, only to run against a hireling homesteader's fence across the only passage up the coulee. He tried another; the only intervening watering place was fenced and guarded, and before he could get back to the Chewaucan, half a dozen longhorns had dropped out and died. There his stock lingered around a half-dry pool, while he broke branches from the cottonwoods, that the gaunt brutes might eat the leaves.

When Tanner rose at dawn next day, the carcasses of two more steers lay among the gnawed limbs of cottonwood. By night, weakness and starvation had overcome another, and the helpless settler looked in dismay on the decreasing herd that represented all he had.

Scarcely once in a decade do summer showers fall on the desert plateau, but like a relief caravan to Tanner came a rain that brought grass leaping up on the open range around his homestead. The longhorns, now reduced to forty, once more thrived. Fall range was good and

the winter was an open one, when cattle foraged for themselves. Had it been severe—well, the settler had no hay put up.

Thus passed the first year, and through it all the cattleman's relentless hand had been against him. Sometimes, at night, his longhorns were stampeded, and when he trailed the men who did it, the horses' tracks would lead toward the Lone Butte, McCoy's or some other cattle stronghold. The big herds of the cattle kings were pushed into his neighborhood, to graze off the supply he was depending on. Once or twice he found his brand on a cow's carcass in the desert, and knew that not disease nor accident, but a bullet from some puncher's gun had caused its death. The first spring, almost before they were able to lift their tiny bawls for milk, half his calves were whisked away, to bawl more lustily as the branding iron of one of the nearby ranches sizzled its mark on them.

Wisely Tanner said nothing. He tried no reprisals, even when his stubborn blood boiled most. He could not be with his longhorns all the time; they had to take their chances. After the spring roundups of the cattle kings, when their herds had again gone to the mountain frills, he found pasture for the longhorns in the Marsh country, forty miles from the homestead, where the big stockmen scorned to go and where scant sustenance made it dubious whether even Tanner's much-tried animals would pull through.

In spite of all, even his hidden foes had to admit he had made distinct progress by the second summer. With infinite toil he cleared and "broke out" ten acres through the winter, then laboriously led ditches from the Chewaucan to keep it irrigated. He sowed alfalfa seed, to which the spring high water gave a splendid start. It was a summer to try the stoutest's heart, but in July the settler had the one spot of green in the whole country.

"I'll scythe that off soon," he whispered to himself. "It'll let me 'feed' this winter, 'n I'll turn off thirty cattle in the spring. Stock's goin' up'n it'll give Bess 'n me a jo-dandy start. I'll watch them calves another time, you bet, 'n after I've turned the thirty off, I'll have as many head's I've got now."

It had been hard, hard, but the settler whistled at his work.

"Bess," said Tanner, halting a "half-busted" cayuse before the shack, "I've jist gotter ride over t' the Marsh 'n round up them cattle. Gawd knows what's happened 'em last three weeks. They looked like all-git aout before, 'n I'm scairt if short grass 'n skeeters hain't finished 'em, them cowboys hev."

Girl and man gazed anxiously toward the distant Marsh.

"'N whatever y' do, Bess, see nothin' comes to thet alfalfy patch. I feel s'f there's somethin' in th' air 'bout them fellers agin. They hain't a-goin' t' meddle with you, of coss, but ef they try any didoes 'round the place, try 'n keep 'em off the alfalfy. Ef y' don't the stock's all done fer the winter, 'n y' know what thet means t' us, Bess."

Brown hands idly drumming on the sill, Bessie Tanner sat by the open window after he had gone, trying to drink in a few breaths of cool air before the day's agony of heat and dust. She knew full well what the ten-acre irrigated field meant to the family; she knew it stood between them and utter ruin. She dimly realized the vastness of her responsibility, with Tanner off for the Marsh and none to help her if the worst came. She wondered vaguely what could happen and what she would do.

All day she worked feverishly over the alfalfa patch, dragging pails of greenish water to it from the creek. Her strong arms grew tired and weak under the pelt, pelt from a hot heaven. Her calico dress clung to her figure, gummed by dust and sweat, and on the coil of sandy hair, half hanging down her neck, alkali stood thickly. Where she dipped the wooden pail had been a sparkling watercourse in spring; now sticky pools oozed one into another. Birds had left the country, beasts were in retirement, while in the repulsive creek bed trout had long since died. Most of the claim was a sand bed, drifting at the least hint of the wind. At dusk she sat again beside the window sill, hands idly drumming. There was no lamp nor oil in Tanner's home. There was no book nor paper—Bessie could scarcely have spelled one out, anyway. No dream of anything better passed her mind. This was all she knew.

The girl looked out among the buttes that overtopped each other, far to the

west. They dimly reminded her in the half light of the dunes that stretched away from her old Nebraska home. A tear left a wavering course through the unwashed dust upon her face. She wished her mother had not died.

The longing that comes to every heart the world round—that strange reaching out in subjective struggle—oppressed the child. It grew hard to breathe and the contracting vista dimmed. The brown hands stopped their listless drumming on the sill. Her head fell on them.

"Oh, ma," she moaned. "If you was only here."

* * *

Long, low-lying banks of dust, that aimlessly settled back into the trail, had marked the advance of Balleray's sheep along the trodden range of the Chewaucan all that day. It was early for Balleray's men to move their scabby flocks toward winter range, but summer pasture in the Paulina hills had given out before its time, and the herders had to move the bands or watch them die. So on this stifling afternoon, a long, white line of panting thousands dragged itself slowly up the bottom.

Mud Matthews, head herder, looked up suspiciously when Anson McCoy came riding down a coulee into the Chewaucan. Usually when the hard cattle king condescended to hail a man with sheep, it was to issue a rough warning not to let the band across the established deadline.

But McCoy was cordial this day.

"Hello, Mud," he said. "Drivin' over to the Middle Fork hills?"

"P'raps thet way; p'raps ont' Upper Cottonwood," responded the herder, without warmth.

"Looks like your bands needed some good grass," commented McCoy.

A grunt was the reply.

"Pretty good bite for 'em up above a bit, Mud," insinuated the cattleman, even unbending enough to wink.

"What's th' game," spoke up the latter. "Ef it'll do th' sheep any good, I'm in on't. Gawd knows they need somethin' t' eat'n drink 'sides alkali dust 'n this here creek slime."

"Well, there's a homesteader up the creek a little way, Mud," McCoy said confidently, watching keenly for the effect, "and you fellows don't want 'em cuttin' up the country any more'n we do."

"What y' mean?"

"Why, this maverick's got a nice ten-acres of alfalfa there that looks as green as if spring water'd been running through it since May, and some of it might help those saggy sheep get over to the Cottonwood, Mud."

"Who is he and where is he?" queried the herder meditatively.

"I believe his name's Tanner, or something," answered McCoy, growing reluctant lest he involve himself too deeply in the conspiracy, "and I hear one of the boys say this morning he'd seen him ridin' over toward the Marsh to round up his longhorns. That means three days.

"Who's watchin' th' place?" The sheepherder turned sharply on his tempter, half suspecting a ruse.

"Only a sixteen-year-old gal"—the cattle king laughed uneasily—"and it'll be dark anyway when you get the sheep that far."

"Barb wire fence?" asked Matthews.

"Lord, no," quickly replied McCoy. "Tanner never had enough stake to fence his shack, let alone his alfalfa or his claim. He's just tryin' to get a start, and if he ain't nipped now," the cattleman broke out bitterly, "he'll get rooted down there so we never *will* get him loose."

A momentary qualm came to the herder. Perhaps the settler's side struck him.

"Mebbe you've got feelin's about the gal," sneered the other.

"Hell with the gal," the herder roughly said—"Balleray's sheep need grass.

"I'll show you there's no game, Mud," cried McCoy happily. "I'll go up with you, too."

Dark banks of clouds began to roll up from the south after darkness fell on the Chewaucan. The heated air grew heavier; the rising wind was blowing a steady storm of dust over Balleray's fleecy horde. Every ray of light seemed to have disappeared. Sheep straying off the beaten trail, stumbled into sagebrush, and the weary dogs, rushing out to bring them back, whined pitifully as they ran through cactus beds they could not see.

"Hadn't we better quit 'n camp?" complained Matthews, limping beside McCoy's stirrup.

"It can't be over a quarter of a mile

now, Mud," argued McCoy. "Then it's so blamed dark your sheep can eat all night, get over the ridge by sun-up and nobody'll ever know who did it. The girl's asleep by this time sure. Balleray ought to raise your wages, Mud, for gettin' the bands through so fine."

"I guess they're smellin' th' alfalfy all right, darned ef they ain't," admitted Matthews. The bands were beginning to bleat wildly and their pace was quickening.

"Shoo, shoo," cried the herders.

The leaders of the frantic flocks had reached the outer irrigation ditch.

"There! Go it, you devils," and the head herder, on whose shoulders had fallen weeks of worry over barren range and starving bands, laughed in the darkness like some fiend.

Dust clouds swirled in the hot gale; the night felt positively heavy. Holding their heads low, McCoy and the herder hurried on till they were knee-deep in alfalfa. Both, hot, dust-laden and exhausted, were yet glowing-happy—one at the sound of his boss's starving host fairly tearing at the alfalfa; the other because he saw total ruin for the settler close at hand.

"What's that?" shouted Matthews sharply.

The wind was blowing noisily. A thousand sheep were struggling to climb over the leaders into the grass-Eden, but were held back by the vanguard, which halted instantly it reached the feast. So the frustrated ones were bleating madly.

"I don't hear anything," shouted back McCoy.

But the herder, senses made keen by years out on the range, was still apprehensive.

"Thet poundin' ain't sheep—its hosses," he called into McCoy's ear. "Y' dead sure nobody's 'round?"

"Sure," yelled McCoy above the din. "Nobody but the gal."

"What in hell's th' matter? Sheep all comin' back," shrieked Matthews.

A terrified horned ram, in flight, leaped head first into the cattle king's stomach as the herder spoke, and he went down limply, the sharp hoofs scratching his face as the animal sprang on.

The pounding of horses' hoofs, apparently racing back and forth across the patch, grew heavier. The very ground was shaking. Balleray's range-destroyers were turned in wild stampede, the fugitives in front piling up with the horde behind, which had not stopped trying to press forward into the clover.

"Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi! Bang! Bang!" came from in front.

"Curse you," groaned the herder, turning helplessly toward the cattle baron and stumbling over his prostrate body in the dark. "Ye've fooled us. Tanner's home."

McCoy, with wind knocked out, made no response.

Matthews kicked his body and ran back with the sheep.

McCoy sat up weakly among the trampled grass, wondering what was coming next. A score or two of sheep had run over him, in frantic haste to reach the safety of the desert, and with returning breath, he realized his head and face were scratched and bleeding. The pound, pound of galloping horses had also passed him. The wind and dust storm, as is the way out on the desert plateau, had died down as suddenly as it rose. From half a dozen quarters in the distance the bands' dry bleating could be heard, and McCoy dreamily wondered how Balleray's men would get them rounded up again that night. The "Shoo, shoo" of the herders and the short yelps of the sheep dogs were also strangely missing. "Scared out," thought the cattleman, trying to rise. In pain that almost made him faint, he sank back among the clover. The dizzy, cut head, the faint stomach, where the horns of Balleray's plunging ram had struck, were outweighed by the keen agony in his ankle. Then it came back to the range baron. He had tried to rise and run when Matthews had cursed, kicked and deserted him. He remembered trying to pull his gun, then a harsh impact with a horse's body, then—a blank.

Ah! the trample of horses' feet was coming back. But McCoy, lying with eyes closed and hands clenched in misery, did not care now. Let them run over him if they liked. He vaguely speculated what Tanner would do to him, if he found him; he knew what he would do to Tanner. The rider was almost on him. A mule's snort and a sound of shying.

"Help! Don't run on me," McCoy call-

ed feebly. The instinct of preservation got the better of him.

"Whar air you? Ye hurt?" came the response in a girl's voice. Someone dismounted and came feeling among the alfalfa for the cattleman. A hand found his face and stole over it.

"What's this? Good God, who are you?" cried the cattleman.

"Me? Just Bessie Tanner. Who air you?"

* * * * *

"But how in all git-aout'd she do it?" The speaker was Chucky Morton, of the Nealy outfit. A dozen punchers from as many miles around and from nearly as many ranches, had gathered at McCoy's for the usual Sunday cowboy session. McCoy limped painfully with a cane, and his audience gazed fascinated at the half-healed, mysterious scratches over his face and head.

"How'd she do it?" said the cattle baron enthusiastically. "Why, she throws bridle and saddle on one of Tanner's mules, one of the pair that dragged their schooner into the Chewaucan. He had four or five wild cayuses he'd picked up on the range somewhere in the same corral, and some way she gets a rope around one of their necks and ties the other end to the mule's saddlehorn. Then she catches another the same way, climbs aboard that mule, hits him a lick and rides across the alfalfa patch into Balleray's sheep.

"The cayuses, of course, pull out each side, far as the rope'll let 'em, and run like blazes to keep up with the mule, with her playing the quirt around him, ki-yi-ing like a coyote and shooting off her pap's horse pistol a couple times by way of emphasis. When she strikes that bunch of sheep, the mule starts kicking and the cayuses bucking, and the lot naturally stampedes, most of 'em over me."

"Wal, where've ye been? Thet's what we're hungerin' to' know," broke in Chucky.

"Well, what do you 'spose that gal does, boys?" resumed the cattle king. "After I'd got lamed trying to run her pap out of the country, 'stead of hitting me over the head and leaving me to the wolves, like she ought to, she hurries to the shack, hitches the mule to an old stoneboat of Tanner's and drags me where she can half carry me into her pap's bed.

"That was ten days ago, boys, and that gal and that settler haven't been able to do enough for me since, bathing my leg and rubbing on liniment.

"And I want to say right here"—McCoy straightened up menacingly—"that that's a mighty fine gal of Tanner's and I don't want any of you fellows fooling around or bothering that outfit any more. If you do, you'll have to see Anson McCoy."

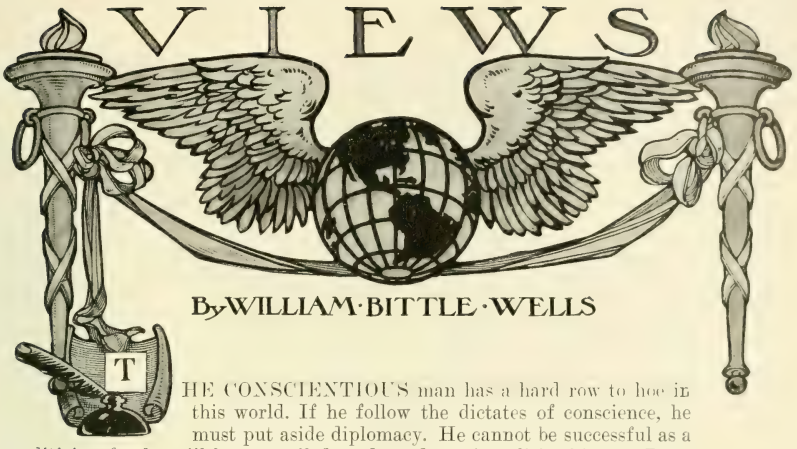
"Boss," said one of the punchers, "'d'y' know them yaps of Balleray's drove over this way next day, found nobody 'round, threw out one of your biggest alfalfa stacks to them sheep 'n skinned over onto Cottonwood 'fore we c'd catch 'em?"

"Let 'em have it," said McCoy, "and you get two teams tomorrow early and begin hauling the biggest stack that's left over to Tanner's."

Verity

By Lischen M. Miller

There are three things that move the human heart,
Life, love and death. And yet these are a part
Each of the other, and no man may say:
"I will choose life, or love, and put grim death away."
Aye, they are one, these three. With his first breath
Man enters into life and love and death.



By WILLIAM·BITTLE·WELLS

THE CONSCIENTIOUS man has a hard row to hoe in this world. If he follow the dictates of conscience, he must put aside diplomacy. He cannot be successful as a politician for he will be compelled to do and say impolitic things. Bryan is not a politician. He is in that class of men who must have the approval of conscience. There seems to be little doubt that Bryan could have carried the country almost by storm if he had taken a "conservative" stand when he returned from his extensive trip abroad, and if he had not advocated, among other things, Government ownership of railroads. Dewey, it seems, could have been President if he had only said the word when he returned to New York in triumph after the victory of Manila Bay. There is no duty, however, that a man owes that is greater than the duty he owes to himself. But for this fact, there could have been no Martin Luther, who, against almost all the world and prompted by conscience, said: "Here I stand. I can do no other." But for this fact, there could have been no Patrick Henry, no Washington, no Lincoln. Conscience is the leader of thought, the controller of men, the divine guide which rules the destinies of mankind. As a man, Bryan is greater today than ever before. He may lose the Presidency. It looks, indeed, from one standpoint, as if he had thrown away the opportunity of a lifetime. Like Garfield, however, he would "rather be right than be President," and whether fundamentally right or wrong in his opinions, he has retained his self-respect. Whatever, therefore, any honest man may think of Bryan heretofore, he must recognize in him that nobility of character which is the essential element of national greatness.

SOME time ago the newspapers contained the following press dispatch:

"John D. Rockefeller yesterday drew $5,000,000 as his share of a dividend of $10 a share declared last month by the Standard Oil Company. This is the last quarterly dividend of the year, and brings the total up to 40 per cent, or $40,000,000. Of this, Mr. Rockefeller's share is $20,000,000. It is estimated that his income from his railway, gas, subsidiary oil companies, and other investments will be at least $20,000,000 more, so that his income for the year, on the most conservative estimate, reaches the enormous total of $40,000,000."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to advance a stronger argument for Government ownership of natural monopolies than that contained in the above statement. Mr. Rockefeller has accomplished his great work by practically eliminating competition, and it is simply a question whether he is going to run the oil business for the United States or whether the people will run it themselves. It may be better for the Nation to avoid the evils of Government ownership; but, whether this is so or not, the tendency of the times is toward consolidation, the elimination of competition, Government ownership, or some form of Government supervision. Society has not reached its ultimate form, and law and congressional enactments, unless in the line of progress, will not change the ultimate outcome, though they may retard it. The trust is economic progress. It marks a distinct and an essential step, and, unless all signs fail, the movement is in its infancy.



Where rolls the Umpqua.



Bandon Rocks from the Jetty.

Ramblings in Coos County

By Hazen T. Murray

THE finding of a new harbor on the Pacific Coast today is a matter of more direct value to the present day than were the romantic discoveries of Magellan or Salba to their times. Their discoveries tended to the political greatness of an Old World power, while such acquisitions as may come to our generation are strictly utilitarian. We may not be able to add anything to the outline of the navigator's map, but we can point the commerce of the North Pacific to a large and commodious haven, whose use will develop a region of inexhaustible natural resources and great possibilities. When the morning mists lift up from the coast of Southern Oregon that haven is revealed; the name it bears is Coos Bay.

This inlet and the region adjacent to it has, until the present, been relatively little known. Few people know that midway between the great port of Portland and San Francisco there is a splendid, landlocked sheet of water extending inland for some sixteen miles, which has already become a considerable port for the output of coal, lumber, fish and agricultural products. Yet, though this district is even now relatively little known by the commercial interests of Portland, or the cities of the Sound and those about San Francisco Bay, it has local chronicles that carry it back into the fifties of the last century. In the days when Oregon had no railways and all the Far West was, except in the gold districts, *terra incognita,* the trade of the interior used to plod its laborious way from the Coast east, by way of Scottsburg and the Umpqua river, to reach the interior valleys now fed by the Southern Pacific Railway. The packhorse and the stage coach were there then and have held their place ever since. When old timers gather now in the ruddy glow of the evening fire, very wonderful and interesting are some of these tales of the road.

Perhaps the lack of knowledge regarding the Coos Bay country was largely

owing to the difficulty in reaching that district. There was a choice of ways by which to enter, but the inducements offered were not large from either side. Down somewhere along Oakland Creek lies an old steamer that for many years made the sole link with the property of the Oregon Coal & Navigation people, and has the name *Arcata* printed on her bow. The *Arcata* was as slow a steamer as ever glided over quiet seas, and was noted for her uncertain disposition in stormy weather. For years she faithfully kept on the San Francisco and Marshfield run.

Regarding the other way—well the writer has memories. Landed at Drain station from an express train in the cold moonlight at 1 a. m. on an April night, then stowed away in a springless stage, we set out to seek daylight and Coos Bay. We easily found the first and also a wind that threatened to engulf the whole expedition; also we encountered hills, up whose steep and seemingly endless ascent we were invited to walk. Through wild land to Elkton, on the hill, where mine host Robertson alleviated the cravings of the hungry traveler, and then on around the mountains till the road met and paralleled the broad flood of the Umpqua River, and the scattered lights of Scottsburg peered at you through the night. By steamer down to Gardiner and on the second day, again the stage for a morning ride down nature's best boulevard, the ocean beach. When you have acquired all the aches and joltings of a seventy-mile trip, the stage house at Jarve's Landing lifts its head above the sand that is burying it, and lo! the change. There before you is the broad



Loaded Lumber Schooner in Tow.



Old Mill on Stage-road from Drain.

sweep of the bay. Down to the west the mist of high flung spray shows where the Pacific is pounding against the bar, and east and south the timbered hills form the background of the scene. A gasoline launch is waiting—all Coos Bay people travel by gasoline—and we are speeding toward North Bend and Marshfield, the cities of this region.

North Bend is a city of magic growth. It has at present probably eighteen hundred people where five years ago one hundred would have been a generous estimate. Its situation on the elbow of the peninsula is ideal, as the city has spread from water to water and left, with a wise thought to the future, a good acreage at the point of the headland to be beautified as a park. One cannot but be impressed with the array of industries along the waterfront of this town. Three large lumber mills, at the piers of which ocean-bound schooners may be seen waiting at any time, speak for the product which at present is most in evidence, while a large furniture factory is in active operation. There is also a shingle mill, a woolen factory and a condensed-milk factory. North Bend is well built and possesses a fine public school, a Catholic hospital, and an opera house that would do credit to a larger city; good bank and post office buildings, along with Presbyterian, Methodist and United Brethern churches. But what most impresses the observer is the unexcelled harbor advantages. The Simpsons, father and son, to whom the town owes its existence, have preserved the water front for factories and warehouses in a way unexcelled in city building. Louis Simpson, it may be explained, is the local repre-



At the Fork of Coos River.

sentative of the Simpson Lumber Co., the founder and Mayor of the city.

Three miles of steaming up this magnificent bay, and another sudden turn of the land reveals Marshfield, the metropolis of this whole region and the home of fully three thousand people. Very pleasant homes they are, as you see them on the hills which rise from the harbor. But that waterfront itself leaves no very classic impression on the mind. Marshfield lacked the guidance of one controlling mind in its early days and men builded according to their own fancied convenience, with the result that a not very choice assortment of disreputable looking shacks spoil the aesthetic effect as well as the usefulness of a good part of the water front. But the citizens propose to remedy this, and it will not be permitted to remain much longer. Marshfield is the port for the steamers running to San Francisco and Portland, and is also the terminus of a railway leading to Myrtle Point and other interior towns.

The rasping of saws does not disturb this locality, but the big coal bunkers speak of the more lasting and truly inexhaustible resources of Coos. Nearby are the Beaver Hill and Libby mines, with any number of smaller but promising enterpises to get at nature's inexhaustible magazine of fuel. Mashfield has churches, newspapers, banks and some splendid streets, ranking in this last particular ahead of any other city in Southern Oregon. The Marshfield people are pleasure seekers, with a bewildering lot of resorts to choose between. Coos Bay is like an octopus in that it sends out arms in every direction. Coos River empties opposite the lower part of the city, and this stream is the delight of the angler and camper, as well as the agriculturist. It is perfection on a summer's day to follow its course in a speedy gasoline launch. The mountains so hide the stream that every bend reveals the pleasing unexpected.

Fortunate are those who farm the river bottoms, and their comfortable surroundings speak of contentment. The upper waters are a sportsman's paradise and salmon fishing is a profitable occupation anywhere along the river. But the scenery surpasses all as one breasts the cur-



View of City of Marshfield.

rent between green carpeted open spaces and precipitous wooded hills.

Like a Chinese wall the mountains covered with timber form the Coos Bay region boundary on the east. There is nothing more scenic in broad America than this section; and as for timber, tall, straight and thick, the region is a continual surprise and delight. If you have to leave the Coos country there are two ways of exit other than the Drain route. One by way of Sumner and the other from Myrtle Point to Roseburg. Concerning the quality of these roads you may accept the saying, "Whichever route you go you will wish you had selected the other."

The people of Coos do not travel very much. They are waiting for the Southern Pacific Railway to reach them with a branch road from Drain along the Umpqua River. Steamers go considerably above Marshfield, when they are of light draft, in the direction of Coquelle. There is only a narrow watershed separating the a connecting link.

Coquelle, which is the county seat, is a pretty town of a thousand or more people, situated in a fine farming district. The railway from Marshfield goes through the town, and on to Myrtle Point. Small steamers navigate the Coquelle River from Bandon, at the mouth of Coquelle. This same Bandon has a lovely situation and is even now a considerable place, with a large woolen mill and several smaller industries to give it a busy life. But Bandon will not come to its own until its merits as a summer resort are known and appreciated. It has one of the best ocean beaches conceivable, and the scenery of the coast at this point is sublime.

Rock oysters, mussels, and clams of delicious flavor are found all along the Coos coast. "Whenever the tide is out the table is spread." Bandon has many attractions and when they are once known people will flock to them. Southwestern Oregon is a royal kingdom in itself. Many a European potentate had a poorer one. But there it is, fields, forests, coal areas and unexploited uplands. It needs many things, but the principal need is more population. Coos Bay needs government help to dredge its channel to a depth of forty feet on the entrance bar, and a thirty-six foot channel to Marshfield. That done, and the branch from the Southern Pacific Railway completed, and its utility and resources will be demonstrated to the world.

Finale

By Valerie De Mude Kelsey

The weary searching eyes are closed,
The restless feet are still;
Upon his breast the hands are clasped—
'Neath which no heart-beats thrill.

"Lord, I have struggled long," he said;
"I've fought and hoped and prayed.
And though I tried to live by faith,
Yet with my dreams I strayed.

"Oft have I warmed with impulse high,
To chill 'neath doubt instead;
And now that I must leave this life,
How shall I know if dead?"

Here in the vaulted room he lies
With lilies at his feet,
And o'er the marbled length of limb
The sculptured burial-sheet.

"And does he know, O God?" I cry:
"He strove not as he should,
But he had noble instincts—yes,
And much that was of good."

Though no voice answers me this day,
As faint the candles glare,
Yet in this high and shadowed room
Something there comes like prayer.

And on that face majestic peace
In solemn import rests—
As though one gone from home had left
His house alight for guests.

I, listening, seem to hear such sounds,
So cadenced and so rare,
That all my soul keeps rythm, glad
Beyond mere words' compare.

'Tis not finale, after all,
But only prelude, when,
Freed of your earthly house, O friend,
You pass from out my ken.



David Warfield.

DRAMA



The New York Stage

Events and Prospects of the New Season

By William Winter

THE dramatic season of 1906-1907 has begun. About fifty theatres, of various kinds, are open, in New York and Brooklyn. The array of things present and the proclamation of things to come indicates prodigious activity. The display of competitive enterprise is almost bewildering. Several weeks of continuous play-going would be necessary, for any person who should undertake to see all the dramatic representations now current. In all of this pother there is more of business than of dramatic art. Many of the theatres are only shops, and, with them, the opening of the season only means that the shopkeepers have taken down the shutters. The period is one of trade and advertisement, and there is a prevalent custom of "thundering in the index" at this period of the year. After a while several exhibitions now pretentious will disappear, while others will subside into comparative obscurity, and so the aspect of the theatrical field will become tranquil. Nothing of vital importance to the public has, thus far, been revealed. The first crop of plays that has been harvested is one of musical farces,—that is to say, vacuous medleys of song, dance and frolic,—and coarse melodrama. The more pretentious productions are, a comedy, called "The Hypocrites," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and a comedy, called "His House in Order," by Mr. Arthur W. Pinero. The former was presented at the Hudson Theatre, on August 30, for the first time on any stage. The latter was first presented in London, last season, with Mr. George Alexander in the chief part—acted here by Mr. Drew.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a dramatist of great ability,—as conclusively shown in his plays of "The Middleman," "Judah," "The Tempter," and "The Silver King." His comedy of "The Hypocrites" contains sonorous speeches and effective points, but it is didactic rather than dramatic, and therefore less admirable than some of his earlier productions. He strikes again the moral note that long ago he struck in "Saints and Sinners." The new piece seems intended to be admonitory and regulative. Its author has observed that there are persons extant who, maintaining a show of rectitude, are willing to sacrifice, and do continually sacrifice, justice, honor, truth, right,—in short, every virtue,—rather than incur social disadvantage. Those persons are, he thinks, hypocrites, and, in this comedy, he depicts them at length and denounces them with vigor. His story relates to the theme of seduction. A young man of social rank has misled a young woman, and that unfortunate female has become a mother without having become a wife. The relatives of the young man have arranged that he shall marry a rich woman of his own station, and so redeem his father's mortgaged estate, and they are not only willing, but eagerly desirous that

he should repudiate the girl whom he has wronged. His paramour is devoted to him and submissive to sacrifice herself for his advantage. A clergyman, however, intervenes, with passionate exhortation in favor of just and manly conduct. The youth, who has hesitated, eventually declares that he will do right—that he will marry his victimized sweetheart and take care of his wife and child; and so the hypocrites are discomfited and put to shame. The didactic burden of the play is obvious. Mr. Jones, as a dramatist, has always been solicitous as to the public morals. "Charles," said Coleridge, addressing Lamb, "did you ever hear me *preach?*" To which his friend answered: "I never heard you do *anything else.*"

Mr. Pinero's comedy, "His House in Order," is ingeniously constructed and smoothly written, and, because of its utility as a vehicle of acting, it will have a temporary vogue; but as soon as its novelty has worn away it will vanish. It possesses no intrinsic, permanent value,—for the reason that it does not, in any way, impinge upon the general experience of mankind. Its story is fruitlessly painful. It relates the particulars of an exceptional case of matrimonial duplicity and domestic broil. In so far as it declares anything it declares that human nature is weak, corrupt and treacherous. Its effect upon the mind is that of disgust and depression. The most that it accomplishes is to intimate that Mr. Pinero is an expert dramatist; and that fact, which was known before, is of no public consequence. In the earlier part of his professional career Mr. Pinero wrote several charming plays, such as "Sweet Lavender," "The Magistrate," and "Trelawney of the Wells." His later plays have exhibited a singular and melancholy propensity to descant on "the seamy side" of social life, and to wash dirty linen in public. There is trouble enough in this world, for most people, without going to the theatre to get more of it. Spectators of "His House in Order" will be apprized of the distressing experience of a ponderous English prig who, having married a second wife and made her miserable by iteration of the angelic virtues of his sainted first, presently discovers that the lamented deceased was, in fact, an adulteress, the secret paramour of one of his friends. Smug English respectability, formal, dull and tiresome, has long been a source of annoyance to Mr. Pinero, and he seldom loses an opportunity to cover it with ridicule. In this comedy his scorn of it, together with his apparent conviction that everything is corrupt in the social system, finds a liberal utterance. It seems strange that, in a world so full of natural beauty, and amid conditions of civilization which require the greatest possible accession of patience, hope, and cheerful and confident effort, writers for the stage should so generally be occupied with laborious endeavors to drench the minds of the people, everywhere, with bitter contempt for human nature and cynical belief in the hopeless corruption of all human affairs. The sole advantage provided by such plays as "The Hypocrites" and "His House in Order" is that the play-goer can pay for the opportunity of spending an evening in the company of several more or less offensive persons (whom, in actual life, he would avoid as bores), and listening to ill-bred talk about an indelicate and obnoxious subject.

Mr. Warfield has acted for four weeks, September 1 to 29, in "The Music Master," showing a fine spirit and pleasing everybody, and has set forth on a long tour of the country. The opportunity of seeing him should be improved, wherever it occurs, for that comedian is in the true way; without preachment, he stimulates exalted feeling, and without didacticism, he teaches virtue by showing beauty. Miss Blanche Bates, having resumed acting, in "The Girl of the Golden West," has continued, since August 6, to charm the audience at the Belasco Theatre, where now she occupies, without rivalry, the leading position. Mrs. Leslie Carter, long associated with that house, was married, on July 13, to an actor named William Louis Payne, and it is made known that hereafter she will act under another management. Miss Blanche Bates, it is hoped, will be provided with opportunity of acting in something higher and better than melodrama,—although, of course, a good melodrama is not a thing to be despised. That actress is notable for personal beauty, impetuous spirit, vigor and brilliancy of expressive action, noble freedom of demeanor and gesture, and command of both humor and pathos. Mr. C.

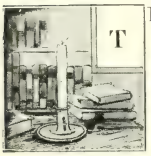
Klein's comedy of "The Lion and the Mouse" has been presented, continuously, at the Lyceum Theatre, since November 20, 1905, and it still holds the stage and pleases the community,—less for either its intrinsic worth or the skill with which it is acted than for the nature of its subject; it glances at the political working of the Money Power in this country, and in that subject the people are actively interested. Five companies are now acting "The Lion and the Mouse," on different circuits in the United States. Mr. W. H. Crane, who appeared at the Garrick Theatre on August 29, has been acting there ever since, in a comedy by Mr. Alfred Sutro, called "The Price of Money." Observation teaches that money can be acquired by any shrewd, selfish, hard-dealing man, who is absolutely unscrupulous as to the means he employs for its acquisition. Mr. Sutro's play contains a story relative to that truth. In the character of Joseph Tremblett, Mr. Crane impersonates a poor man of letters, who is tempted, by his rich, unscrupulous brother, to obtain emolument by mean, tricky, dishonorable conduct. In the end he retrieves himself. The story is not told in the crisp style of Mr. Sutro's "Fascinating Mr. Vanderfelt," yet it is told well. Mr. Crane gives an uncommonly strong, sympathetic performance, but, as he is usually expected to be comical, and nothing else, his touch of pathos, in depicting the mental perturbation of a good man sorely tempted, may not at once be accepted at its full value.

Among other prominent actors who have appeared here, in plays of an ambitious character, are Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in "The Dear Unfair Sex;" Miss Grace George, in "Clothes;" and Miss Blanche Walsh, in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Mr. Andrew Mack, a good Irish comedian, perhaps the best of that class now visible, has made his re-entrance in Dion Boucicault's drama of "Arrah-na-Pogue." A new theatre named The Astor has been opened, with a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"—Miss Annie Russell, an elderly performer for such a part, appearing in it, as Puck. Another of Shakespeare's plays, the historical romance of "Cymbeline," is underlined for presentment at the Astor Theatre on October 22, with Miss Viola Allen as Imogen. Mr. H. B. Irving, the eldest son of the illustrious and lamented Sir Henry Irving, makes his first appearance in America, on October 1, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, acting Malatesta, the deformed husband, in a play by Mr. Stephen Philips, on the old story of Francesca da Rimini. Dramatic enterprises "of great pith and moment" are promised by Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern, who will begin the season on October 15, at Philadelphia.

It is unfortunate that in some quarters there should exist an active purpose to obtrude plays of the carnal and tainted kind. Mme. Bertha Kallich, a Yiddish actress, who performed here last season, and displayed executive talent and the technical proficiency that comes of experience, has adopted the drama of "The Kreutzer Sonata," and that repulsive composition engages her efforts as well as those of Miss Blanche Walsh. Mme. Kallich's repertory likewise includes Mr. Maeterlinck's morbid, fantastic, indelicate play of "Monna Vanna" and Mr. Zola's nightmare of "Therese Raquin." In "The Kreutzer Sonata" the public attention is directed to the case of a young woman who has been seduced by a military officer, and whose rich father has, subsequently, bribed a blackguard to marry her,—that person knowing the truth but disregarding it, partly from cupidity and partly from licentiousness and depravity; in the sequel the contemptible husband intrigues with his wife's sister, and, thereupon, the wife goes crazy and kills both sister and husband. That mess of brutality and horror will, doubtless, be carted through the country, and people will be told that it is a reflex of truth. So is "The Newgate Calendar." A recent foreign paper records that, not long since, in Paris, at a wedding reception, the bride's mother, in prodigious agitation, suddenly declared, before all the guests, that she had been, for nearly a year, carrying on an amorous intrigue with her daughter's newly married husband; whereupon the assembly dispersed, "in most admired disorder;" the bride repudiated and repelled the bridegroom; and the bridegroom went away and hanged himself. Such occurrences, unhappily, find their way into the authentic chronicles of crime. It is an offence to public decency and a sin against good taste to display them on the stage.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON



THE Spoilers" is a big, fearless, splendid tale. It is full of action from the first line to the last. It is fresh and vivid in description and compelling in interest. The reader sees the low, surf-beaten beach at Nome, the lone, majestic beauty of Alaska, and tastes the salt spray of the sea once more upon his lips. The story has a powerful, even a rhythmic, swing that carries one along with it irresistibly.

Nome, straggling along the low beach, the moss-covered reaches of tundra, the mines back in the hills, the combination of saloon, variety theatre and dance-hall —all the wild life of the North—are described with telling effect.

It is very beautiful in some places; in others it is very terrible; in all it is unwaveringly true—as every one who knows the story of Alaska knows. Only an absolutely honest and fearless man would have dared to tell it. A great many honest men have known for years the injustice and the shameless abuses that have been Alaska's portion, but they have not been brave enough to speak it out to the world in plain language, so that he that runs may read it. They have been honest and they have recognized with regret the varied "grafts" that have been worked upon a splendid country; but they have not been distinguished by that "divine fire" of courage which exalts a man above his fellows and lights him on along the steep and lonely path to greatness.

The people of Alaska have looked to Congress—in vain—for the righting of their wrongs. Now they are looking to Rex Beach, the fearless—who, had he been a woman, might be said to have knitted into a stocking the names of the powerful men who have, for political reasons and political "swaps" of their own, held up justice to Alaska. At present, some of these names are only whispered—one, in particular, for two reasons.

But this name will not always be whispered. Alaska is far more necessary to the United States than was this man or any man associated with him.

The book is rich in quotable material. If the reader has any hair on his neck he will probably feel it "rise and bristle" when he comes to the scene in Cherry Malotte's house when Glenister alone, late on a stormy night, feels rather than hears behind him the approach of the man who is coming to kill him:

As he sealed the letter he paused, while he felt the hair on his neck rise and bristle and a chill race up his spine. His heart fluttered, then pounded onward till the blood thumped audibly at his ear-drums and he found himself swaying in rhythm to its beat. The muscles of his back cringed and rippled at the proximity of some hovering peril, and yet an irresistible feeling forbade him to turn. A sound came from close behind his chair—the drip, drip, drip of water. It was not from the eaves, nor yet from a faulty shingle. His back was to the kitchen door, through which he had come, and although there were no mirrors before him, he felt a menacing presence as surely as though it had touched him. His ears were tuned to the finest pin-pricks of sound, and he heard the faint, sodden "swish" of a sodden shoe upon which a weight had shifted. Still something chained him to his seat. It was as though his soul laid restraining hand upon his body, waiting for the instant.

"The Spoilers" is one of the six "best sellers" of the season; and both the book

and its author deserve their success—as all who read the book and all who meet the man will concede.

Rex Beach is as big and fearless and powerful as his novel. He is, in fact, a splendid specimen of manhood. His personality is absolutely irresistible, and his eyes, when he smiles, ought to make him a "living flame among women"—as he himself has said of the "Bronco Kid." I don't know exactly what it means, myself, but it has a fetching sound, so I pass it along.

Mr. Beach is big. He fills a big chair in the most beautifully satisfactory way. When he comes into a room, he seems to bring all outdoors with him; that is, all fresh, clean, rain-washed outdoors. An atmosphere made up of prairies, seas, mountains and glaciers seems to swim around him, and out of it he emerges, smiling, wholesome, clean-hearted, with a warm hand-clasp and a direct, human look in his fine eyes.

He has a keen sense of humor. He is modest about his work and himself. In conversation, he steps into a subject without ceremony and, when he has finished, steps out of it in the same way. He speaks at times with a faint, inimitable drawl, and his manner of uttering his favorite interjection—"My heavens"—is unique. It is so soft, gentle and humorously lingering that the expression cannot possibly be considered an expletive.

Mr. Beach sailed recently for Nome. Just before sailing he was lamenting the fact that he is always the most helpless victim of seasickness. As soon as he smells salt, he lays his big self down in his small berth and stays there, ill to heaven.

He courts the steward like a sweetheart, hoping for pity and relief, but all to no avail.

He was urged to try a mustard plaster. His eyes grew large.

"A mustard plaster!"

"Yes; put one on your arm."

His eyes grew larger.

"On my *arm!* Why, what shall I put one on my *arm* for?"

The new way of using the old mustard plaster—so the sting of it on one part of the body will draw the pain from another part—was explained to him. He listened patiently, wonder and joy growing upon his face. At last, said he:

"Why, *my heavens!* If mustard plasters would do any good, I would put them on every inch of my body. Why, I would *eat* a mustard plaster. Why, if it would do any good, I would eat a whole roll of mustard plasters three times a day!"

So many writers are disappointing prigs or colossal bulks of conceit—although the why of it is not apparent—that it is not easy to stop the pen when it gets started on a man like Rex Beach.



Two Views of One Apartment.

"The future, I believe, will see our hotels and private houses with every room adapted to living purposes, a sitting room by day and a bed room by night, and the old-fashioned space-wasting bed will be relegated to the past."



Apartment Life

By F. W. Marshall

TO one having an economic and progressive turn of mind, no subject can be of greater interest than the tendencies of the times toward the living customs of the people. The kind of a house a man lives in and the quality of furniture with which he surrounds himself speak largely for him, and tell what he is and what he is trying to be.

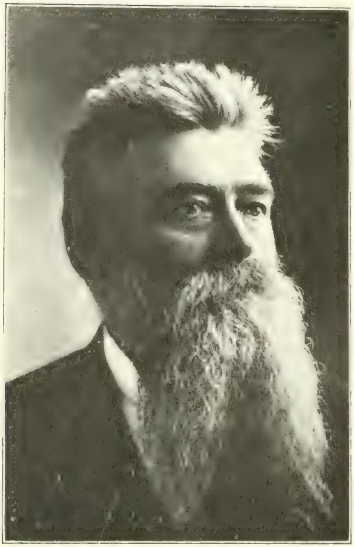
Ten years ago, apartments as we know them today, were practically unknown and such as were in existence contained six, seven and sometimes even more rooms. Inventive minds began to add conveniences to these apartments and as these conveniences increased the necessity for so large a number of rooms decreased. Gradually the number of rooms dwindled away until we now have the one room, sixteen feet square apartment, containing all the conveniences of a home necessary for the absolute comfortable living of a family of two.

As one supposed to be fairly familiar with the modern apartment house and the space-saving devices embodied therein, I have been requested to describe some of the inventions which have made the small apartment of recent date so popular with the renting public and so productive of large dividends to the investor.

Probably the most important of these space-saving devices are those which have been applied to the bed.

For years attempts have been made by manufacturers to supply a bed which would fold up and occupy the least possible space when not in use. These beds were made to represent various articles of furniture such as pianos, couches, etc., that their real identity might be concealed. While this style of bed was largely introduced and was well adapted to some of the purposes for which it was created, its advantages were so greatly in the minority of its disadvantages as to prohibit their permanent use. Their chief disadvantage was their lack of sanitation, and another serious drawback to their permanent introduction was their danger of closing up when occupied and snuffing out the existence of the innocent occupant. Still another drawback in the general use of beds of this character was the fact that no matter how good the imitation was of some other article of furniture, it stood out in the room and was readily recognized as an imitation.

The first inventor to take hold and seek to rectify the many disadvantages of the folding bed was Mr. W. C. James, a typical product of old New England who had distinguished himself by various important inventions on other economic lines. It was not alone to the bed that Mr. James applied his inventive mind, but to many other articles of furniture as



W. C. James.

well. All, however, being in the direction of which this article treats—that of space saving and combining increased comforts. Mr. James conceived the idea not only of improving the folding bed, but providing a bed which, from a sanitary point of view, was a great improvement over the regular bed. His invention practically proposed to take an ordinary bed, and when not required for use, to tilt it on end, having it tip back in a recess in the wall prepared for it.

Afterwards this recess was made a part of the closet of the room, and ventilation was provided for the closet by means of an outside window, or an opening into an airshaft. By a peculiar device of this bed, each article of bedding is suspended from the foot, hanging about two inches apart when the bed is not in use. Thus was done away with the objection of lack of sanitation of the old folding bed.

To do away with any possible danger of closing up while occupied, another ingenious device was invented by Mr. J. B. Eastman, another typical New Englander who had cast his lot in the good old State of California.

This invention consists of a shelf which becomes a rest for the bed as it is lowered, and which is hinged to the bed and on which the bed turns as it comes to its resting place on the floor. The bed turning on this shelf, changes the fulcrum further toward the end, thus making it impossible for the bed to tilt up when occupied, but very easy to lift when taken hold of at the proper place.

These beds were first introduced in Los Angeles, California, about three years ago and at once became very popular in apartment houses and cottages. At the present time nearly all of the apartment houses in Los Angeles are fitted with one pattern or another of these wall beds, and they are being rapidly adopted in San Francisco, New York and other cities, not only in apartments, but in cottages and private houses as well. Indeed, from the experience of the cities where this bed has been introduced, it looks as though the old-fashioned, space-wasting bed is doomed to go, and in its place will be the safe, sanitary wall bed, creating and fulfilling its double purposes in one-half the amount of space usually used—two rooms in one, a sitting-room by day, a bedroom by night.

These beds are made in a variety of patterns, but most of the fronts contain a large plate mirror, put in particularly



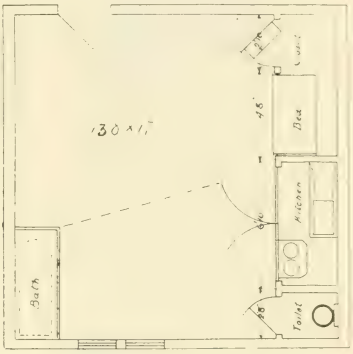
J. B. Eastman.



Bed Up.

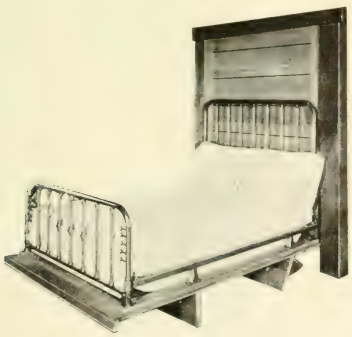
for the use of the ladies while preparing their toilettes.

Other inventions of Mr. James in this line consist of a combination sitting-room and dining table, a reversible door on which hangs a gas stove, a combination door in which is embodied a book case and a writing desk and a combination sink comprising an enamel kitchen sink and drain board, wash bowl and laundry tub, requiring only one trap and one set of plumbing for the three. Also a bath tub to be placed in any room and which, when not in use, is an ordinary upholstered couch, so arranged as to curtain off from the rest of the room when in use as a bath tub.

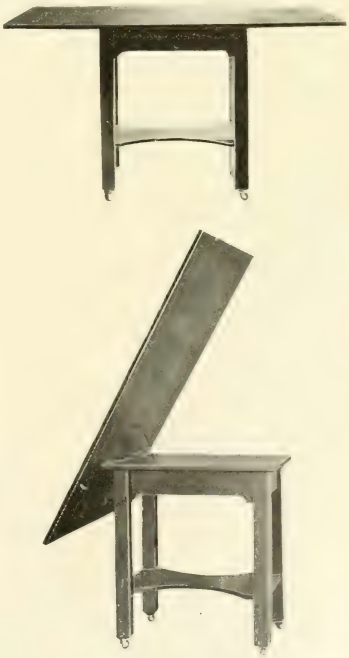


Complete Home in One Room.

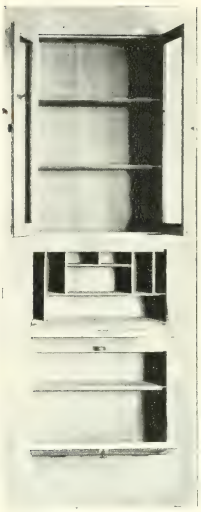
By the use of these inventions one room is made to do the work of several. For instance, under this system one room be-



Bed Down.



The Dining Table.



Book Case Door Open.



Book Case Door Shut.

comes a sitting-room, dining and a bed-room, and may even be carried farther and the bath room and kitchen included.

The dining table previously spoken of consists of a small sitting-room table with a large detachable top. This top when not in use as a dining table is made to hang on the door leading into the kitchen, and when wanted for use the little table is pushed up to it and quickly and easily picks off the top from the door. This table is capable of comfortably seating six people.

The combination writing desk and bookcase door is made to fit the opening of any ordinary door, and by its use two articles of furniture are eliminated from the floor space.

The patented door on which hangs the gas stove is hung between the dining-room and buffet kitchen, and when being used for cooking the stove is on the kitchen side. When the meal is cooked and ready to serve, the door, if desired, is reversed and the stove turned into the dining-room, where the meal is served direct from the stove to the table; thus, the housewife is saved from jumping up from the table and back and forth to the kitchen. From a sanitary point of view this arrangement is admirable, as there can be no accumulation of dust and dirt under the stove; all that is necessary to do to sweep under the stove is to reverse the door. This stove is connected with the gas by a brass swivel-joint.

By these illustrations and descriptive matter I have endeavored to make clear



Gas Range on Door.

the possibilities of space economy by this new system of building. By the use of this system, I see in the future the elimination of the servant-girl problem. I see in a city like New York a valuable piece of ground on which it is proposed to erect an apartment house of a certain number of apartments. By the use of the system described herein, I see this same piece of ground cut in half and an equal number of rooms built on one-half, with more conveniences and producing a larger dividend to the owner, who has one-half of his ground left.

The future, I believe, will see our hotels and private houses with every room adapted to living purposes, a sitting-room by day and a bedroom by night, and the old-fashioned, space-wasting bed will be relegated to the past. Would it be too great a stretch of the imagination to see in the future, in all cities, large houses built on the one-room plan as outlined above, with their rooms all finished in the finest woods, with all fittings and trimmings of the highest grade, and the best class of workmanship throughout; rooms in which the wealthiest and most exacting people may find either a temporary or permanent home? By the elimination of all the waste space, the owners of such houses will be able to receive a large per cent of interest on their investment and the tenant will be able to lease these rooms at a low rental and still receive an increased amount of comfort and convenience.

The system outlined above will, I believe, be able to accomplish all these things and much more.



F. W. Marshall.



Moonlight View of the Pacific Ocean from Brentwood Park near Los Angeles.



The Landscape Artist begins his work.

Country Seats in America

The Development of Beautiful California Estates

By Joseph M. LeRoy

A CELEBRATED French Abbe was once asked why he kept a country seat at Versailles.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I must have some place where I can go and be myself, my best and highest self, for my family, for my friends, and for my country?"

That was centuries or more ago—before the discovery of California, the Pacific Paradise, the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers—before it was known to civilization that there was a land where you could be happier than you ever were before, no difference how dear the old home from whence you came might seem to you. Had the abbe lived today, his country seat would have been in California.

There was an age and day and generation of this old world when it took shade trees a man's lifetime to mature to stately grandeur, when the setting of a lawn was a thing of patient years and seasons, —when the growth of vines was as a child's growth to manhood, and the annual resurrection and appearance of flowers and fruits and herbs upon the face of the earth were symbolical of birthdays and seasonal festivities.

I repeat, the French abbe lived before the conception of that sweet-tempered child of Nature—California—who buds and blooms and flowers and bears fruit and attains full stature and maturity in constant and perpetual growth of loveliness—continuously before our very eyes, today. I say it is as if the summers, falls and winters were all stricken from the calendar, simply cast out in the reckoning of her times and seasons, for here in truth, in one-fourth the time, full three-fourths more is added unto all things.

Southern California is the land of Life —plus. Here all life is that of joyous springtime—a perpetual growing, a forever becoming,—yes, my friend, the land of Life—plus. That is California.

The land of life plus love; work plus pleasure; busy city plus country seat; wealth plus culture;—and ever is the ratio of three times more of abundance, restfulness, and strenuousness attainable here than anywhere else upon the earth today.

Life plus—it's in the very air. Some will say, "Yes, it's only in the air." But



Brentwood Park.—"Comfortably drawn back

I tell you that this Life—plus of Southern California soon gets into *you,* and from you into your business, and then into the very ground, and manifests itself in those works of civilized man—steel skyscrapers and manufacturing plants, palatial hotels and country seats.

Southern California is the favored country seat of the people of the United States, and in a few short years there will not be enough choice estates left to go around amongst the American Abbes—those sane and successful people our civilization is producing, who are being graduated almost daily from every walk of life into appreciative country-seat owners in this land where the possibilties of ideal home life are made real.

One such estate situated upon a high plateau above the palisades which front the very ocean, is Brentwood Park, comfortably drawn back from the sea and flanked by the hills; and no ivy-clad manor of England, no chateau of Southern France, no romantic castle of Sunny Spain, no villa of fair Italy, was ever



The beginning of a series of beautiful



from the ocean and flanked by the mountains."

blessed with more stately drives mid shading trees—overlooked more pleasant, thrifty valleys—nor viewed more inspiring panorama of mountain scenery—nor yet faced a more placid bit of purple Southern sea, than this new place of country homes—Brentwood.

With typical Los Angeles energy it was decided to create here, practically at the front door of the city, in reality as well as name, a residence park, and with that object in view the co-operation of the great landscape engineer, Mr. John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was secured, and after months of labor his plans are now so far developed that he can say, "We will have the finest residence property in the country." These plans are in style and character similar to those of Golden Gate Park, and this beautiful park is considered one of the finest examples of landscape art extant.

Soon it will be unnecessary for people to maintain country seats in England, France, Spain, and Italy in order to en-



country estates at Brentwood Park.



An Historical Old Live Oak at Brentwood Park.

joy the varieties of scenery and pleasures afforded by and typical of each—only one residence is necessary, (if it is in Southern California, close to Los Angeles), for here are all combined.

Here is indeed the seat of the new and modern twentieth century civilization, which in its vast congregation of peoples of wealth and culture shall surpass that older cradle of nations, as rapidly as our automobile outstrips their post-chaise.

Here at Brentwood is attempted the first evidence of things hoped for—all the conveniences and luxuries of the city combined in a country seat one short half-hour from the very heart and center of the business district of a great city.

Here every-day business is combined with the pleasures of ideal home life. The railroad train, the palatial electric car, serve you every few minutes on fast schedule time; more probably your automobile whisks you quickly to "down town" from your own country seat which is nestled among the sixty-four parks stretched for three miles along Santa Monica canyon, interspersed throughout Brentwood, along the tree-lined, shrub- and flower-bordered gravel drives and boulevards, swinging into Sunset boulevard at Sawtelle, thence speeding onward, skirting the mountain's base through Hollywood, to your office in Los Angeles, the greatest metropolis west of the Rocky Mountains.

Twentieth century Americans (Southern Californians) are learning to love the life of unity—the simple life—the life of



Entrance to Santa Monica Canyon: one of the Features of Brentwood Park.

equal balance between work and pleasure. They are learning the law of life taught by the very climate of Southern California, which gives you a touch of winter every night and a taste of summer every day. They are learning that one can live close to nature, yet be every day in the vortex of the whirl of business activity, in the very heart of a city unrivaled for progress, culture, and wealth.

Other twentieth century Americans are coming here, and it is to meet the wants and wishes of these that Brentwood has been laid out with such magnificence and special appropriateness to the tastes of all those desiring to establish country seats in America.

Several beautiful residences, varying in cost from five to thirty thousand dollars, are already under construction, and others of equal beauty and magnificence are to be begun soon.





Looking up Second avenue in Seattle

Why Seattle Grows

By C. B. Yandell
Secretary Seattle Chamber of Commerce



UDE Nature made Seattle!

No man chose the site for the city. No corporation favored it. No accident of commercial life made it possible. It just had to be. Quietly, but stubbornly Seattle had to wait for the realization of the wisdom of Nature's choice, while all around men and millions wasted their energies in the booming of other sites as the location for the metropolis of Puget Sound.

It was weary waiting for two score years. Trade of the pioneer came to Seattle unasked and almost unwelcome. But it came to Seattle just as surely as the Siwash canoe, floating lazily with the tide out in the Sound, turns naturally in between the heads which mark Elliott Bay to the shelving, sloping city behind them. It came to Seattle just as naturally as the swirling logs in the converging streams settle into the eddies and drift ashore within touch of the city. The little supply steamers of the "mosquito fleet" converge there just as naturally as the men working their way out of the mountains to the east and the wilderness of tangled underbrush to the north find that the primitive paths of travel all center in one spot—Elliott Bay.

The railroads did not realize this. They had fought so hard with Nature in the battle with plains and mountains that they thought they had conquered when they reached the summits which gave view of the land to salt water. They thought that Nature lay quiescent behind them and that this remnant was theirs to do with as they would. So other cities were for a time favored. In early days Port Townsend had been chosen as the spot of land in all the intricate inlets and bays where the great buildings and fine residences and varied cosmopolitan life of a metropolis were to rise.

No one chose Seattle. When white men came cruising by, the present site of a great city presented an aspect as uncommunicative as the face of the Siwashes who sit in awe upon the doorsteps of its sky-scrapers today, and the early comers passed it by. Indeed, the very pioneers who in later years have made fortunes for their children out of the increase in the value of their real estate holdings, did the same and chose as a site for their little settlement Alki Point—now a mere pleasure resort for summer campers, around the head and facing the main channel of the Sound.

Finally Henry L. Yesler discovered there was a site for a sawmill on a little sand-spit which jutted out into the flow of the spreading delta of the Duwamish River as it curled out against Duwamish Head and spread itself into the waters of the Sound. It caught the logs which woodmen were already cutting in the forests behind and trundling down the hills into the streams which center there. Yesler built a mill on that sand-spit, where now stands the center of the business life of Seattle.

Other men built other sawmills about the Sound. Some of them were better mills and some of them were better business men and the race was equal. Some of the mills—enlarged, modernized, magnified a thousand times, still exist and still turn out the lumber used in a thousand ports of the world. So, not even to its first business man—to its first industry, can Seattle give credit for being as a city. Tacoma, Ballard, Port Blakely, Port Gamble and a dozen others had their mills and have them today. Seattle, as a lumber town is now relatively unimpor-

tant, but where the giant firs once stood, huge buildings of steel and stone tower to dwarf the smoke-stacks and refuse furnaces of the lumber mills which still remain the heritage of the others.

But just as the men in these early mills turned to the coming of the early steamboats for their supplies, so these steamboats, plying the inlets of the Sound to the whack of the axe and the creak of the cables on the skid roads, turned to Seattle as the supply center. And when the big ships from deep water, fresh from the commercial centers of the world from which practically all of the necessities of a new and distant community must come, arrived on Puget Sound, they passed by Port Townsend, only waiting for the customs and quarantine officers; they ignored Port Blakely and Port Gamble, unless they sought a cargo of lumber, and only the wheat carriers sought Tacoma. It was Seattle to which the pilots, drifting with Nature's tide took them. It was in the broad, deep sweep of Elliott Bay that they dropped their anchors, or along the many jutting wharves that they discharged their cargoes. And speeding to get their share of those cargoes, the little boats from the lumber camps and farming hamlets came steaming to the same spot—the junction of the new land with the old—just as they do now, though some of the camps which they supply have grown to be cities themselves.

And so it is commerce rather than timber which has made Seattle grow, for in the passing of the years it has outstripped its rival timber towns and built up a huge city, made up of another class than was those pioneers and of another type than that which still thrives cheerfully and mightily in most of the other towns of Puget Sound. Seattle's, until a few years ago, was a mercantile class—a colony of traders—of middlemen, jobbers, those necessary dealers in bulk in the commodities shipped from the great producing centers to the corners of the world for distribution among the toilers in the production of raw material, too busy to weave and to forge and to join for themselves.

This was the work of Nature which changed Seattle in a few years from the lumber town to the distributing center and made it first see in the mirror of bank clearings that it was to be a city. Nature's work it was, too, when the great fire of 1889 swept through the ramshackle business heart of it and, in the ashes which it left there, made room for the great buildings which rise almost every month of the present day.

All the world knows the story of the Klondike rush. All the world knows how the name of Seattle came to be on almost every tongue. From an outfitting center for lumber camps with their simple wants, it was transformed almost in a night into the shipping and supply point for 10,000 men — greenhorns mostly, "Cheechacos" they call them in the North —who wanted almost everything under the sun and mostly things they didn't need to equip and burden themselves in the mad, hazardous, often fatal race for the golden treasure, which after years of searching the old "sour-doughs" up there had discovered.

In the meantime, the railroads had been forced to recognize the natural facilities of Elliott Bay, and their belated engineers had spent thousands of dollars buying a way into the city which their pioneers had scorned as not being worth even a branch line, and the freight trains on those lines creaked under the burden of supplies rushed to meet the demand of the new jobbing center of the Coast. San Francisco got much of the trade, Tacoma got some, and even far distant Winnipeg and St. Paul profited, but it was to Seattle that the greater part of the eager multitude flocked, and it was in their wake that there came Eastern merchants with capital, experience, energy and resource to take the place of the easy-going pioneers who had dealt in their own old-time way with the logging camps and the fishermen to the north.

All that next year the rush to the Klondike kept up, and on every train came men with money—some eager to buy, others eager to sell. On every train came new stocks of goods requiring new buildings to house them and new, subsidiary industries to handle them. And thousand by thousand the city grew. In 1897 it had 66,000 people. In the fall of 1898 it had 78,000.

Hardly had the flood of treasure seekers stopped the first rush of its sweep to the creeks about Dawson, than the strike

was made at Nome and the old scenes were all acted overe again, with new actors in the parts, but with the same setting. And with every fresh wave of the rush Seattle grew. Money from the East and the South and the Middle West filled in its muddy beach. Treasures dropped by the tide were transformed into mammoth buildings. Derelicts, lost in the rush, remained there to swell its population and its army of wage-earners. Clerks, small merchants, mechanics, people of every sort, not daring enough to risk the battle with the hardships of the Alaska of that time still were caught by the glamor of gold and followed as far as Seattle in the wake of the more adventurous spirits.

The result was a city transformed. The little trading steamers still ploughed their flat wakes through the Sound to their accustomed wharves. The loggers still toiled in the wooded hills. The farms in the valleys broadened and prospered. But this humdrum commerce of which Seattle had once been proud, and with which it was satisfied, was practically forgotten in the face of the great new ships which steamed in to meet the commerce from the giant North and the excited rush of business caused by the influx of a doubling population.

Men came with money to invest and the investments they made developed new industries. New demands were created and new industries arose to meet them. With the new industries mechanics and skilled workmen were required and these came with their families. New houses were required to shelter them and carpenters came to build these. New hotels were needed to shelter the restless flood of transients which has kept up ever since with scarcely a day's cessation. The story of Alaska had spread all over the world, and, somehow with it there went abroad the idea that Seattle, too, was a mining camp and the easiest of access. This impression brought tourists and the swing around the circle, from Chicago to St. Paul, to Seattle, to San Francisco, that now attracts thousands each year was inaugurated. This tourist travel meant still further branching out in business and building. It meant new luxuries and new comforts which made the city more and more attractive and acted as a further magnet for intending residents of the Pacific Coast.

All these people left money behind them, and wherever there is money in circulation men will flock to gather a share of it. Those who came prospered and wrote back home to the friends and relatives left behind, until in five years Seattle has changed from a hive of busy, gambling bachelors to a city of homes, with roses in the yards about them up on the hills, and women and children to make a holiday of the crowds upon the downtown streets where once there was but the sight of an endless procession of stern, roughly clad, heavily shod men.

But Seattle's most wonderful and most substantial advance has been in the last two years. It has been a steady growth in which new industries have played the most important part. Almost every manufactured article which Seattle consumed had to be imported up to a few years ago. There was no manufacturing to speak of. Today, the lowlands south of the city have been filled in; hills have been cut down for the double purpose of supplying firm earth for the factory sites and providing level roadways for the heavy trucks which serve them, and a great cloud of black smoke marks a whole section of the city where the factory chimneys roll it out by day and by night. Seattle has become almost self-supporting, as was made evident on August 11, when a "Made in Seattle Day" brought forth a surprising display in the shop windows of goods which had come into being within the city limits.

These new industries with the workmen they brought along to operate them sent the population up by leaps. In 1900 it was 80,671. Today it is conservatively placed at 177,000 and is growing at the same rate.

The latest impetus to the growth of the city came with the announcement that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was extending its line across the continent to reach that junction between land and sea called tide-water on the Pacific. Shortly thereafter Mr. Harriman announced his intention of extending the Union Pacific north from Portland to Seattle and following this, reports—which are still only rumors—that the Canadian Pacific was to build south, seeking a junc-

tion over its own tracks with the American lines on the coast.

Real estate was the first to feel the effect of this news, but real estate prices act directly upon the population as an index of prosperity and the tremendous jumps which property of all classes immediately took brought a new flood of people to the city, together with the laborers attracted by the high prices paid for unskilled men.

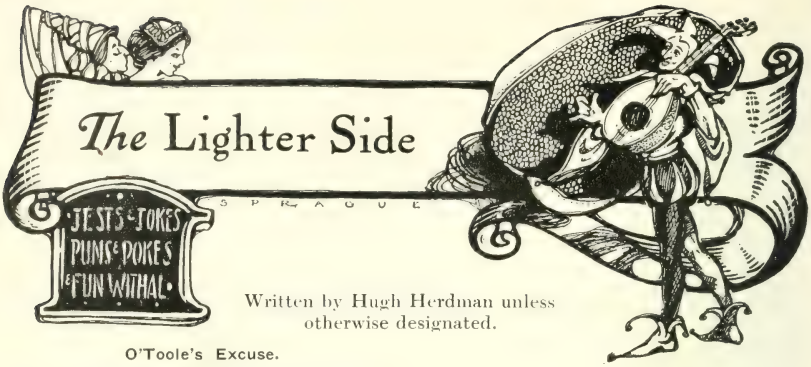
They came practically all together and evidently have come to stay. They seem to be making money and prospering as much as those who have lived on the Sound for a score of years. They have made of Seattle—these succeeding waves of newcomers—a busy, bustling, crowded city, and they have sent the tidings back home, just as the immigrant from Europe sends back the news of the new land he has found.

They have found the junction of the currents of the waters with the transportation valleys of the land. They have settled in the chosen spot. And after many years Nature has been vindicated.





Some of Oregon's Game Birds. Chinese Pheasants.



Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated.

O'Toole's Excuse.

O'Toole had been in court many times before for the same offense, so that the experience was nothing new for him. This time, however, the case was more complicated than usual, and he felt some trepidation about the outcome.

"O'Toole," said the judge, severely, "weren't you up here before me last month?"

"Yis, ye'er Anher," O'Toole replied.

"What for?"

"Bein' drunk, ye'er Anher."

"What's the charge this time, officer?"

"Drunk and disorderly," replied the officer. "I was goin' down through the Hollow, when I heard a big racket in O'Toole's house. It sounded like a scrap to me; so I went over, and there was O'Toole and his wife havin' a fight. O'Toole was drunk; so I run him in."

"What have you to say to this?" asked the judge, turning to O'Toole.

"Will, ye'er Anher," replied O'Toole, putting on as much of an air of candor as his bruised and swollen face would carry, "Oi'll till yez how it was. Yez ramimber whin I was here th' last toime, yez told me Oi must swear off, for Oi was gittin' to be a common drunk. That hurt me pride, ye'er Anher, and Oi made up me mind to t'ink it over. Oi t'ought and t'ought and yisterday Oi says to mesilf, says Oi, 'O'Toole, yez swear off, do yez hear?' 'Yes,' says Oi, 'Oi hear.' So Oi swore off, ye'er Anher, and said Oi'd niver git drunk agin. Will, on me way home, Oi passed Tommy Clancy's place, where I did most of me drinkin'. 'Now,' says Oi to mesilf, 'it's only fair to Tommy that Oi go in and till him of me resolution, so he'll know Oi ain't sick or mad or nothin', but only on the water wagon.'

"So Oi goes in, and Tommy was behind the bar. 'Hello, O'Toole!' says Tommy. 'Hello, Tommy,' says Oi. 'It's a foine day,' says Tommy. 'It is that,' says Oi, 'but Oi've swore off, Tommy.' 'Swore off,' says Tommy in surprise. 'What the divil do yez mean by swearin' off? This ain't New Years.' Then Oi told him 'bout how kind ye'er Anher was to me and 'bout the good advice yez give to me, and how Oi had made up me moind to do what yer Anher said.

"'Will,' says Tommy, 'Oi don't know as I can blame yez, O'Toole. The jedge is a foine mon, a mighty foine mon, a mon that's square as a string, and Oi reckon that's good advice.'

"'The jedge is indade a foine mon,' Oi says, 'and Oi'd jist like to see anny mon say he aint,' Oi says. 'And it is good advice, and Oi'm goin' to take it,' Oi says.

"'Will,' says Tommy, 'let's have jist wan drink because ye've swore off.'

"Oi t'ought jist wan wouldn't do anny harm; so Oi says all right. Thin after that Oi says, 'Let's have jist wan drink to the jedge.' And we did. And thin nothin' would do Tommy but we must have another to ye'er Anher. Jist thin some more of the b'ys come in, and—to make a short story long—whin Oi wint home, Biddy, me woife, said to me, says she:

"'O'Toole, ye're drunk agin.'

"'Excuse me, Biddy,' Oi says, noice and polite to her, 'cause Oi know she's got a timper and is aisy excited. 'Excuse me, Biddy,' Oi says, 'if yez will jist wait a minute, Oi'll till yez all about it. Oi was thinkin' today that it wa'nt right for me to be gittin' drunk and lavin' yez and the childer at home alone; so I swore off, and comin' home, Oi stopped into Tommy Clancy's to till him how it was, and we had wan or three drinks jist for old time's sake, yez know, and thin Oi came right straight home to the bosom of me family.'

"'Bosom of ye'er fut,' says Biddy, soakin' me over the eye with the mop. And thin Oi clinched to avoid further punishment.

"So that's how it happened, ye'er Anher. If Oi hadn't swore off, Oi wouldn't have got drunk. And Oi hopes yez will be aisy on me."

* * *

Those Girls.

Maude—So you are engaged to Freddie Saphead, are you, dear?

Sarah—Yes; he proposed to me last night.

Maude—Well, whatever faults Freddie has, he is a man of his word.

Sarah—In what way?

Maude—When he proposed to me night before last and I rejected him, he said he knew someone that would be glad to have him.

Profitable Investment Features of Life Insurance

By S. A. Nelson

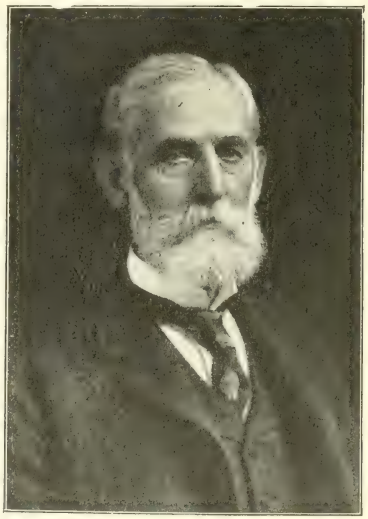
INVESTMENT is defined as "the act of investing or laying out money productively, or converting capital especially in a permanent manner; also the money or capital so invested, or the property invested in." Life insurance investments are in a distinct class of themselves. They differ from investments in real estate, railroad, industrial, and other securities and in business enterprises of one kind and another. They should always be differentiated and considered as in a separate class. Two of their important advantages are stability and permanency. Many ordinary investments accessible to the average investor are to be condemned, but when care is exercised in the selection of a company, the life insurance investment, principal considered, is as safe and stable as a deposit in a savings bank. The whole life insurance structure is based on its permanency. It is not attended by the risks that usually accompany the average investment. Yet another advantage is accessibility to every investor, no matter how large or small his resources may be. Life insurance appeals to the large as well as the small buyer, but it is more important to the latter. A life insurance investment presupposes that the investor in calculating the returns makes due allowance for the protection he receives in being insured. When this is done the advantages of such an investment, when made in a sound institution, The Prudential Insurance Company, Newark, N. J., for example, are apparent. The buyers of securities, whether they be stocks or bonds; or insurance, whether they be life or fire policies, are notoriously careless in investigating and understanding exactly what they buy. Recently convertible bonds of the St. Paul and Union Pacific railroad companies matured. Their owners had the option of convertibility into common stock or accepting a fixed cash return. The former was the more profitable operation and yet in one instance, holders of almost $1,000,000 in bonds, failed to take advantage of their opportunity, simply because they had failed to read and understand the text printed on the bond. The same statements apply to insurance and every buyer of a policy should investigate and understand exactly what he is buying.

In this country the path of the small investor is strewn with difficulties. Financial adventurers make elaborate plans to trap him with fraudulent schemes; the large dealers in investment securities ignore him, as do the municipalities which dispose of millions of bonds on "all or none" bids. Had the millions of dollars exchanged by small investors for worthless mining stocks and stocks in other bankrupt or unsuccessful industrial corporations been diverted to the purchase of life insurance, the sum total of national happiness would be much greater. The amateur speculator in shares on margin, the bucket shop proprietor and the fraudulent seller of sham investment securities, to say nothing of the promoters of get-rich-quick propositions, have wasted what in the aggregate must be a vast sum of money.

The small investor of today finds much trouble in making and caring for his investments; he is at a disadvantage when compared with the large investor whose investments may and often do cover a wide range, and almost invariably life insurance is included in the list. The highest grade bonds can be had by the average investor in a retail way on a retail price basis, which means that he must pay the highest market price. Large issues of such bonds are generally sold on "all or none bids" to syndicates which in turn sell them at an advance to estates and individuals. Sold "over the counter" the buyer of a $1,000 bond pays more when he buys and accepts less when he sells than the average large investor, because he trades in an "odd lot," and when in final possession the interest return is de-

cidedly small; and if it is large he has the questionable satisfaction of recalling the adage that "the greater the returns the greater the risk." As this becomes more of an investing country, which it is destined to do, it is probable that the best bonds will be sold in much smaller denominations than at the present; in the meantime the small investor finds that he receives scant attention from the leading dealers in prime investments which are above suspicion.

The savings bank, the building and loan association, the real estate venture, each has advantages and disadvantages for the small buyer. Large investments are based on stability and permanency; interest yield, and negotiability. The Prudential Insurance Company, just as a savings bank, is a very large investor. It buys securities of the highest grade in a wholesale way. The investor in a policy participates in those purchases to the extent of his policy, less the proportionate cost of the insurance operation of the company. Recent events have caused buyers of insurance to give more careful scrutiny to the cost of insurance, the form of policy and the strength of the company issuing the certificate. This is as it should be. It will lead to a better understanding between the principals to the transaction. There will be less sensationalism in the sale of investment insurance and a keener appreciation of the value of a small but safe interest return, when combined with insurance protection. The Prudential Insurance Company invites a careful scrutiny of its conditions, methods and plans of insurance.



U. S. Senator John F. Dryden
President, The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

It is essential to the welfare of the average small investor, although he does not always realize the fact, that he should be insured against his own weaknesses. Anyone with any Wall Street experience whatever knows that many men would be much better off in a financial sense if their investments were permanent. Possessing readily salable investments, they have been tempted to embark in speculation or to exchange a sound for an unsound investment. When a man invests in life insurance he regards that investment as a permanent trust fund. It is not something that he wishes to sell in order to get into something that is supposed to be better.

It is the best thing, under Prudential conditions, that he can buy. When a man invests in life insurance he begins to cultivate that most important habit, the saving habit. Saving becomes compulsory. Some of us have started at interesting periods in our career to insure ourselves and we know, too, that it is a simple and easy matter to divert this special saving fund into a channel of disbursement. A bill must be paid, there is a promising speculation, or a necessity arises which we have not considered, when behold, we have spent that which formed the basis of our most excellent resolutions. The holder of a life insurance policy, however, first of all, makes adequate provision for his payments, and having done so feels that his duty has been well performed, for he knows that his savings are safe. He knows that he has acquired protection for his family and a permanent investment and that is not to be dissipated to satisfy a caprice or a friend "with a tip."

Conservative bankers and brokers know that it requires courage and conviction to

recommend investments, especially for small investors; in fact nowadays it is easier to condemn than praise. It requires no courage to recommend life insurance, for one already has the conviction, many of us having had the experience that teaches us that in at least one sense it is the wisest of all financial investments. The average business man usually employs three plans of investment that he regards as safe, permanent and profitable. They are: (1) the ownership of his home; (2) the savings bank account, and (3) life insurance. He often differs regarding their order of merit or their relative importance. He may own one and not the others, and often the one he owns to the exclusion of the others is the insurance policy.

A moderately prosperous New York merchant has a number of small investments consisting chiefly of railroad stocks and bonds in lots of 10 to 50 shares and 1 to 5 bonds. He owns his own home, which is in Brooklyn. Not long ago he was obliged to remove from Brooklyn and he endeavored to sell his house, but could only do so at a substantial sacrifice. Commenting on the loss he said: "The only investment I have that never worries me is my life insurance. How about my stocks and bonds? Well, you rarely get through a year without worrying about them. Instead of selling my stocks in 1902, or simply keeping them, I bought more at the top and now my interest yield is very small. Recently I sold several bonds of a terminal company at a loss and so the reinvestment problem is always with you. You often act on the opinion of a man whose judgment of security values is as superficial as your own. Life insurance protects a man against himself and that is a factor that many of us do not consider at its actual value."

On another occasion a perplexed investor remarked: "When one considers the number of railroad collateral trust bonds and the security behind them, he feels that it requires an expert to determine their value. As far as the newer industrials are concerned, their future value is problematical. So many contingencies enter into the calculation that the buyer must reckon on more or less worry as part of the bargain. Before a new security ceases to be speculative it must pay regular dividends over a period of years that includes good times and bad. Having done that it sells on an investment basis and the interest yield is very small. The new shares and bonds which are based on prospective value and offered the investing public have no end and the investor of moderate means can employ no discrimination in considering them, but must reject them all."

"I never realized," said another New Yorker recently, "what a good investment a life insurance policy is until my application was rejected."

The Prudential Insurance Company offers buyers of life insurance a number of policies, including the whole life policy, the limited payment policy, the intermediate policy, the endowment policy, the guaranteed 5 per cent 20 year insurance endowment bond policy, and the 5 per cent gold insurance bond policy. Industrial insurance, children's endowments and annuities are also issued by The Prudential. Considered in their regular order as follows, each possesses an investment feature peculiar to itself:

(*a*) The whole life policy is life insurance in its simplest form. Premiums are paid during life and the amount insured is paid at death.

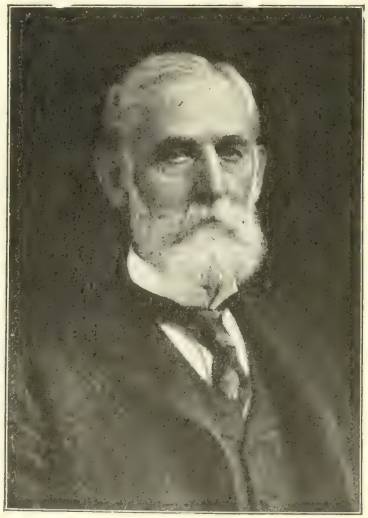
(*b*) The limited payment life policy is a popular form of insurance. Premiums are payable for a determined period of 10, 15 or 20 years, or until death, if it occurs within the period. If the insured survives the period the policy is continued in force without further payment by the policy holder, and the amount insured is paid at death.

(*c*) The endowment policy possesses an investment feature aside from the insurance. It enables a person to provide for old age; it inculcates the saving habit in young men, and when the policy matures gives him capital with which to embark in business. In the interval one is always insured and thus a two-fold object may be accomplished. It provides for the payment at the end of the endowment period to the person insured, of the sum named in the policy, or the amount of the policy, in the event of death, to the beneficiary.

All the foregoing policies may be obtained either on a non-participating basis or on the accumulative, Five Year or Annual Dividend plans.

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A moderately prosperous New York merchant has a number of small investments consisting chiefly of railroad stocks and bonds in lots of 10 to 50 shares and 1 to 5 bonds. He owns his own home, which is in Brooklyn. Not long ago he was obliged to remove from Brooklyn and he endeavored to sell his house, but could only do so at a substantial sacrifice. Commenting on the loss he said: "The only investment I have that never worries me is my life insurance. How about my stocks and bonds? Well, you rarely get through a year without worrying about them. Instead of selling my stocks in 1902, or simply keeping them, I bought more at the top and now my interest yield is very small. Recently I sold several bonds of a terminal company at a loss and so the reinvestment problem is always with you. You often act on the opinion of a man whose judgment of security values is as superficial as your own. Life insurance protects a man against himself and that is a factor that many of us do not consider at its actual value."

On another occasion a perplexed investor remarked: "When one considers the number of railroad collateral trust bonds and the security behind them, he feels that it requires an expert to determine their value. As far as the newer industrials are concerned, their future value is problematical. So many contingencies enter into the calculation that the buyer must reckon on more or less worry as part of the bargain. Before a new security ceases to be speculative it must pay regular dividends over a period of years that includes good times and bad. Having done that it sells on an investment basis and the interest yield is very small. The new shares and bonds which are based on prospective value and offered the investing public have no end and the investor of moderate means can employ no discrimination in considering them, but must reject them all."

"I never realized," said another New Yorker recently, "what a good investment a life insurance policy is until my application was rejected."

The Prudential Insurance Company offers buyers of life insurance a number of policies, including the whole life policy, the limited payment policy, the intermediate policy, the endowment policy, the guaranteed 5 per cent 20 year insurance endowment bond policy, and the 5 per cent gold insurance bond policy. Industrial insurance, children's endowments and annuities are also issued by The Prudential. Considered in their regular order as follows, each possesses an investment feature peculiar to itself:

(*a*) The whole life policy is life insurance in its simplest form. Premiums are paid during life and the amount insured is paid at death.

(*b*) The limited payment life policy is a popular form of insurance. Premiums are payable for a determined period of 10, 15 or 20 years, or until death, if it occurs within the period. If the insured survives the period the policy is continued in force without further payment by the policy holder, and the amount insured is paid at death.

(*c*) The endowment policy possesses an investment feature aside from the insurance. It enables a person to provide for old age; it inculcates the saving habit in young men, and when the policy matures gives him capital with which to embark in business. In the interval one is always insured and thus a two-fold object may be accomplished. It provides for the payment at the end of the endowment period to the person insured, of the sum named in the policy, or the amount of the policy, in the event of death, to the beneficiary.

All the foregoing policies may be obtained either on a non-participating basis or on the accumulative, Five Year or Annual Dividend plans.

(*d*) The guaranteed 5 per cent 20 year endowment policies also contain investment features aside from the insurance.

If the insured survive the endowment period of 20 years, the initial sum, together with the accumulated guaranteed additions becomes payable to him in cash. Under the policy the sum insured is increased each year by a guaranteed addition of 5 per cent. If the insured die within the endowment period, The Prudential will pay the full value of the bond together with $50 per $1000 of original insurance for each year's premium that has been paid; but if he survive the endowment period he will receive in cash twice the initial sum, and other methods of settlement are open to him.

(*e*) The 5 per cent gold insurance bond policy provides for bonds issued in the single denomination of $1000 and in numbers from 1 to 100. The terms of the contract are simple and cannot mystify any one of average intelligence. The title of the contract is not "gold bond," but "gold bond policy" prefixed by the name of the kind of policy it may be, such as whole life, endowment, etc. Its distinguishing feature is the method of settlement at maturity.

The gold bond policy provides for the issuance of interest bearing gold bonds in lieu of a cash payment. The bonds are issued in amounts of $1000 for each amount of $1313 of insurance and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent of their face value ($1000), payable semi-annually in advance. The bonds are 5 per cent bonds.

If a gold bond policy on the life plan be considered solely from an investment point of view, the question of net return on the money cannot as a matter of course, be determined until the policy matures by death. If the policy be on the endowment plan and mature as an endowment the cost of insurance protection should be allowed for in computing the net return.

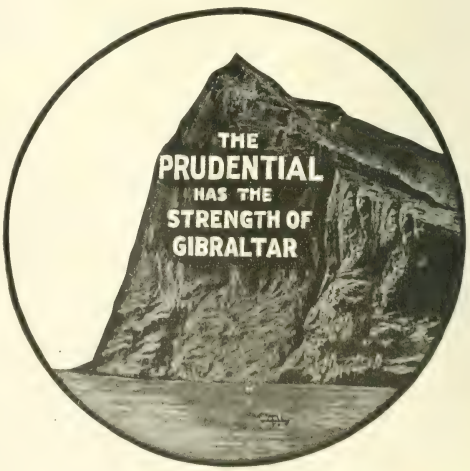
The method of settlement by the issue of bonds is one of several devised to meet a demand which, while of considerable proportions, is not comparable in volume to the demand for straight life insurance. The bonds after issue may be disposed of singly or en bloc at a minimum selling price to the company using them.

On all the foregoing policies cash loans, paid-up insurance and other values are provided for.

(*f*) Children's endowment policies are based on the desire to make adequate provision for the education of a youth, to provide capital to start a young man in business or to give a daughter a dowry at marriage.

(*g*) Life annuities, sometimes called income policies, are more popular in England than in the United States: A man, aged 65, for example can obtain from the Prudential for a single payment of $5000 an annual income for the remainder of his life of $563.05, or about 11 per cent per annum of the amount invested.

In conclusion it must be remembered that policies today are more liberal in their provisions than they were fifteen years ago. The writer is of the opinion, that the strongest views and the ones really worth having regarding the value and results of life insurance as an investment are those of policy holders in different parts of the country. Those interested, who care to pursue the subject further, can obtain from The Prudential, as did the writer, the testimony of satisfied policy holders of varying ages and conditions in widely separated communities.







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PEARS' SOAP

Matchless for the Complexion

ALL RIGHTS SECURED

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

Two Views.

Bangs—Oh, I say, old man, you ought to have been with us this summer. We had the greatest time you ever heard of.

Banks—That so? What did you do?

Bangs—We went camping. Lived out of doors all the time. Did our own cooking. Slept on the ground. Nothing but the sky above us. Got close to Nature. Lived the simple life. Oh, it was fine! There's nothing like it for fun and recuperation.

Banks—Yes, I know all about it. Here's the kind of time you had. You take a couple of blankets and, after finding the least rough place you can, you lie down and try to go to sleep. The next minute, "Zing—zip!" Slap! Mr. Skeeter comes to visit you, and like some other kinds of callers he doesn't know when to go. You slap and strike and blow and finally as a last resort pull the blankets up over your head.

Pretty soon you find that the level spot which you chose has become strangely full of hills and hollows, and that there are several sawlogs scattered over the surface of it. You would like to turn over and lie on your other side, but you are afraid you'll hear that "Zing—zip!" again. But at last you do uncover your head and turn over. The mosquitos have gone, and there is the beautiful, bright harvest moon smiling down at you. You lie there taking in the beauty of the summer night, bathed in the mellow moonlight. A few minutes of this seems to satisfy you because you are tired and would like to sleep. But you can't reach up, twist a button and turn off the moonlight. The smile with which pale Luna regarded you a short time before seems to have faded; now it becomes a smirk, and now a grin of fiendish glee over your unprotected condition. By this time you have 'em, you are moonstruck, and you lie there the rest of the night, vainly trying to catch that flea which is running footraces with himself up and down your back, and just as vainly seeking to avoid the overbold glances of Luna.

Somehow the night drags along, and when morning comes you haven't slept a wink, at least not more than one wink. Your hips are numb, your back is broken, and your shoulders are frozen. As soon as it is daylight, you get up, chattering and shaking with cold, start the fire and get breakfast. This you eat from tin plates with iron knives and forks and spoons, drink from a tin cup, and strive in vain to avoid devouring more than your share of dirt, ants, and winged beasts that seem curious to explore your inner workings. Your face is dirty, your hair is unkempt, you need a shave; in fact, you look and act like a real hobo. But you are having a glorious time, aren't you? Ha-ha! Aren't you, Jim? Aren't you, Tom? Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Oh, yes, a perfectly glorious time.

You see, I know all about it. I've been there. I've got close to Nature. I've lived the simple life. But no more of it for me.

PURE! CLEAN!

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Sugar..... Cups

Water (hot)..1 Cup

Mapleine..1 T'spoon

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SEND 35c for enough to make 2 gallons with copy of Mapleine Dainties.

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SAFE INVESTMENTS

Just give me a good hotel at the beach, where there are a lot of nice girls, and where I can get all the comforts of home. Down there, you know, you can go bathing, or strolling, or lie on the sand and read.

Bangs—Ah, that's all right. I know, I know. Say, what did you say her name is? Is that her real name? And have you found out which department store she works in? Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! You can't fool me, old foxy. Ha-ha-ha—haw!

* * *

No Respecter of Persons.

He had ridden ten miles out of his way to see a man whom he had known slightly years before in the old country, for in this part of the land which was strange to him, a fellow countryman seemed like a brother. Anyone who has ridden over the sands of Eastern Oregon knows that ten miles on a tired horse is no pleasure trip. But he finally arrived at the ranch. No one replied to his whoop, so he dismounted and tried the door. It was locked, but through the window he saw that there was nobody at home.

Being unused to the customs of the cow country, he remounted his horse and rode away, very much disappointed, for he had looked forward with pleasure to renewing this acquaintance. When he had gone about a mile back over his own trail, he met a cowboy. He inquired where the owner of the ranch was, and said that he had come a long way to see him, but had found him away from home and the door locked.

"Great yelpin' coyotes!" exclaimed the buckaroo. "Why didn't you go in and take possession?"

"Why, as I said, the door was locked."

"What in Sam Hill difference does that make? Why, I'd break into the house of the Almighty Himself, if I had rode over to see Him and He wasn't home. You come on back."

* * *

Advice to Housekeepers.

Be thankful for what you have, whether she can cook or not.

Don't scold your maid all the time. Of course she is paid to listen to you, but you can afford to be generous.

To prevent a great dust while sweeping, scrub.

Be sure that the fowl comes to the table well dressed, extreme decollete being the most fashionable.

When you want money, always ask your husband for it before meals; he may not like the cook.

* * *

The Explanation.

Did you ever notice that the man who laughs loudest is the one who has the smallest amount of gray matter in his head? He has such a good sounding board, you know.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce



The Original

Worcestershire

For *Seventy Years* the Favorite Sauce, throughout the world, for Soups, Fish and Gravies.

Beware of Imitations!

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, *Agents*, New York.

The Height of Praise.

They were traveling through Yellowstone Park by the regular stage route, and as usual were thrown in the company of all kinds of persons. Naturally their ways of seeing the marvels varied, as did also their descriptions and their estimates of the beauties. One day the turn of fortune threw them with a young, flashily dressed individual, whose self-importance protruded at every angle.

"Well," he said, as they stood watching Old Faithful play, "I've seen a good many places and things. I've been to Boston and seen Bunker Hill monument; I've been to Washington and seen the Library, the Capitol, and the Washington monument; I've been to New York and seen the Statue of Liberty and Grant's tomb; but I must say that of all the places and things I have been and seen, this is the most unique, the most unique."

* * *

Ever Done This?

This was his first trip out on the road for his house, and he was gradually becoming acquainted with a few of the discomforts that traveling men have to endure. One day he found that the only way he could "make" a certain town was by taking a team and driving there. The thermometer crawled up toward 100 degrees by noon, the breeze died down, and the atmosphere became close and sultry. When he left the stable, he scorned the aid of a driver, saying that he guessed he knew how to drive a team.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, he came whirling into the stable. The horses could hardly stand. They both had the "thumps," and were literally covered with dried sweat and dust, for they had been driven so hard that, becoming overheated, they ceased to sweat.

The liveryman took a look at them and then turned to the drummer. "Look here," he said, "I'm used to having my horses driven hard and to having them come in red hot, because I know there are a lot of darn fools in the world; but I'm not used to having them come in burnt up in the way these are. What were you trying to do?"

"Well," replied the drummer, innocently, "it was so all-fired hot this afternoon on the road that I had to drive fast to make any breeze at all."

* * *

A Bad Break.

Tom—What was the cause of the coldness between you and Miss Flirtly last night? I saw you returning from your walk and she seemed very much offended. Did you try to kiss her?

John—That's not exactly it. I had a chance to kiss her and didn't take it.



Just a Sample.

That swearing is a habit is well shown by the following edited account of an accident related by a mountaineer who inhabits a little cabin not more than three days' drive into the mountains from Portland.

"Well, by jinks, I'll tell you of what happened to me, by George, one trip I was makin' over this pass, by grab, 'bout two year ago. I was teamin' with four of the best horses, by Heck, that a man ever drew a line over, by gosh. But, by doggie, jest as I got to the worst part of the road, by craps, one of my wheelers stumbled, by gum, and, by thunder, fell over the bank, tearin' hisself loose, by jimminy, and rollin' down the mountain, by crimminy, for forty yards. Once, by jinks, he stopped, jest teeterin' on top of a big log, but before I could get to him, by the smoke, he fell over and went another forty yards, by cracky. Then he fell between two logs, by hinky, with his feet up in the air, by thunder. I had a deuce of a time gettin' him out, by Caesar, but I did, by snooks, and I worked all day tryin' to git him back up to the road, by thunder. It was steeper than all git-out, by hack, but I got him up, by gravy. Most fellers would have give him up, by grab, and killed him, but not me, by George. No, sir, by the sufferin' Mike, I jest stuck to him, by doggie, and saved him. Give him up? Shaw!"

* * *

Ce N'est Pas?

She was only three years old, but her little heart was overflowing with love for all living things. The birds especially attracted her and she used to stand by the hour and watch them hopping about, picking up the crumbs which she tossed to them. She would talk to them and stretch out her little pink arms and croon, "I love 'oo, I love' oo," and try to catch one of them. She never had succeeded, but she was not discouraged.

One morning when she went out, she saw a robin lying on the grass. It didn't fly away when she went toward it, and she could hardly make herself believe that she was actually bending over it and picking it up. She hugged it gently to her breast, stroked its head, and finally kissed it, all the time murmuring and cooing. At first she didn't see that its wing was broken, and when she did she hurried toward the house with it.

"Oh, Mamma! Mamma!" she cried, "See the po' 'ittle birdie. Some bad boy has hurted it. And 'ist listen, Mamma 'oo can hear its 'ittle heart tick."

* * *

Well, Maybe.

Long—I am going to start a Society for the Eradication of Swearing.

Barnes—Why, you might just as well try to overcome the law of gravity. How do you flatter yourself that you will accomplish this miracle?

Long—By abolishing golf, automobiles, collar buttons, picture nails, and telephones.

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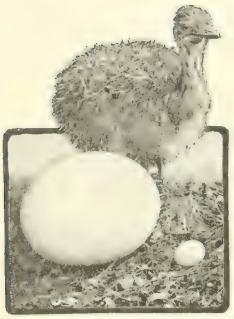
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A robust young ostrich three days old. Note the comparative sizes of the ostrich's and the hen's egg.

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Every phase of life is filled with interest—the preparation of the nest by the male bird, the alternate sitting of the male and female, the hatching of the little (?) chicks, their voracious appetities and rapid growth, the plucking of the feathers and their manufacture into the luxurious ostrich feather goods milady wears, etc. And the entire drama is enacted under the genial skies of Southern California, where climatic conditions are ideal for the highest development of bird and feather. In addition to natural advantages the ostriches at the Cawston farm receive the greatest care and attention, with the result that the product of feathers is the finest grown. In a unique factory, emitting neither smoke nor noise, the goods are manufactured on the farm and sold direct to our customers, who thus save import duty and several middlemen's profits.

No. 370. 9-in. Ostrich Feather Fan, any color..... $1.00

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French Curved Plume, 15-in., any color..... $3.75

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Everything shipped prepaid. Money promptly refunded if not pleased.

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P. O. Box 67

As the Horse Sees It.

I was lying on my back under the tree and keeping the horses from straying too far from camp. I must have dozed, for all at once I was startled by seeing Rowdy standing almost on top of me.

"Whoa, Rowdy!" I yelled. "Look out there, you'll step on me."

"No, I'll not," he replied, calmly. "I just want to talk to you, that's all. Lie still. I've got a grouch, and I want to work it off."

"All right, go ahead."

"Did it ever occur to you that a horse like me has a big kick coming against the way fate has treated him? Why, just think of it! Here I am, owned body and soul by you. Whatever you say goes, or I get licked. No matter how hard I work or how fast I go, I must try to do a little better if you ask me to. And if I don't succeed, you have the right to pour the whip into me. The best I can get out of life is hay and oats and a place to sleep. I can't choose my work, I can't choose my pace, I can't say when I'll work or when I'll rest. In fact, I haven't got any say at all. You are the whole show, you are It. You insist that you are one of the higher animals, and lay claim to a mind. Well, maybe you have got one, but you don't overwork it when you are around me."

"How is that?"

"I'll show you. Does it ever occur to you to ask me, when you are hitching me up, whether I feel like working or not, whether I have indigestion, or a headache, or a sore shoulder, or a lame back, or a bruised foot? No, you just slap the harness on, hook me up, and yell, 'Get up, Rowdy!' Then if I hang back and don't want to go because I don't feel like it, you grab the whip and crack me a few times with it.

"Then, too, you never consult my wishes as regards whom I work with. You hook me up with a mule that cracks me on the shins whenever he gets a chance, or with that old maid Mag that keeps bitin' me on the neck whenever things don't go to suit her. Then if I lose patience and sail into them, you yell at me and pour the bud into me.

"And after all, what do I get out of it? Nothing but my board. I even have to clothe myself. That's why I say I think I've got a kick coming. Think it over. So long!"

* * *

He Didn't, But She Did.

Tommy—Are you going to marry my sister?

Mr. Softy—I don't know. Why?

Tommy—Oh, I jest wondered whether she knew what she was talking about when she said you are. * * *

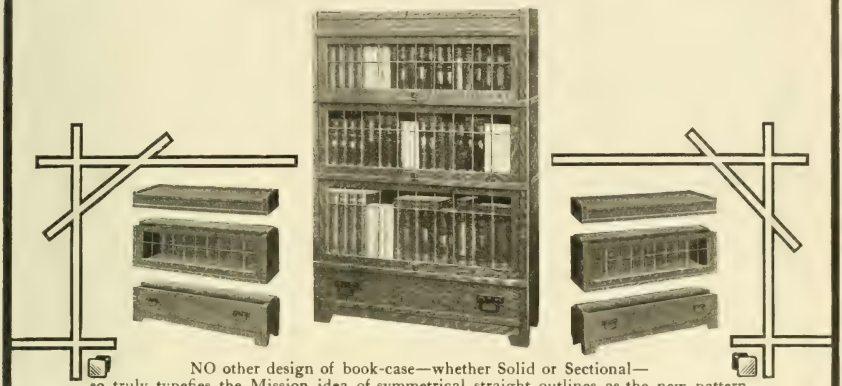
Of Course.

Jinks—What form of indignation would a cannibal get if he should eat Senator Blowhard?

Binks—I give it up.

Jinks—Gas-tritis.

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or if you are not this photo **WILL SHOW YOU** Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon, a street, under a heavy traffic, paved four years ago with **OREGON FIR BLOCKS TREATED WITH AVENARIUS CARBOLINEUM;** its condition to-day is perfect and it gives every indication of a long life. If you are interested in protecting the money you spend for lumber and timbers write us for facts.

RELIABLE TESTIMONIALS.

G. W. Boschke, Chief Engineer, Southern Pacific and Oregon Ry. & Nav. Co.

Relative to Avenarius Carbolineum as a wood preservative, I beg to state, that my investigations have *convinced* me, that it is actually a "Preservative" and we expect to use it wherever expedient. Our orders, which I believe have been of considerable size, speak for themselves, and demonstrate our confidence in the Avenarius Carbolineum treatment.

Actually Preservative.

W. A. J. Edinger, Constr. Engineer, Harriman Lines.

The work done by you at Portland, Ore., on roundhouse floors of fir blocks treated with Avenarius Carbolineum has been entirely satisfactory and I am free to recommend both your work and the preservative used.

Fir Paving Blocks.

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Offices: New York, Milwaukee, Seattle.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1906.

MR. FRANK E. DOOLY, General Agent,
National Union Fire Ins. Co., Portland, Oregon.

DEAR SIR:

Re. The Linen Thread Company

We are pleased to advise you that the National Union Fire Ins. Co. of Pittsburg, who are heavily interested for our client in policies of insurance covering on their stock in their San Francisco store, have made a very prompt payment; paying the full amount claimed, and we advise you of this so you can write with this Company lines of insurance in their behalf.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) E. C. ANDERSON & CO.,
Insurance Experts.

When in need of Insurance, look up local agent of the NATIONAL UNION.

Unintentional.

He was old, grizzled and weatherbeaten. His shoulders stooped under the weight of four-score years, and his legs tottered uncertainly. Away up in the mountains we found him, miles away from any other habitation than the little cabin which he occupied on the bank of the rushing Santiam River. He declined our invitation to share our lunch, and in return recounted some of his experiences while hunting and trapping.

"You seem to be tolerably well housed here, but what do you live on?" I asked.

"Oh, the usual things," he replied.

"You don't seem to have any garden. What do you do for vegetables?"

"Don't eat 'em. Meat's healthier."

"Where do you get meat?"

"Used to kill it, bear and venison. But I'm gettin' too old to go out after them now. So I live on sow and what fish I can ketch. Them and fry-pan bread is good enough for me."

"Why don't you raise chickens? They would be fine."

"No, sir; no, sir; not for me," he replied emphatically. "That's one thing I never eat, and never did. And that's the reason I've lived to be over eighty years old and never had a foul stomach."

To our laughter he merely replied with "That's a fact." * * *

That Advantage.

Father—So you want the hand of my daughter in marriage, do you?

Suitor—Y-yes, sir.

Father—Do you think you can support her in the way she has been used to?

Suitor—Perhaps not in the same way, but I can support her and I know I can make her happy.

Father—What is your income?

Suitor—Well, er—at present I haven't any—but—

Father—The old story, eh? Love and an empty flour barrel?

Suitor—Well, sir, you must admit that that is about the only food supply that hasn't been investigated and condemned as impure. * * *

Something Wrong.

Funnicus (at the ball)—Who is that pug-nosed individual with a page green dress on?

Burke—Don't know.

Funnicus—Who is that fright that looks like a washerwoman, with her sleeves rolled up and her dress open at the neck?

Burke—I'm sure, my good man, I don't know.

Funnicus—That's strange. According to all the joke books one of them ought to be your sister and the other your wife.

* * *

Just One.

Smith—Was there ever a woman who was not jealous of her husband?

Smythe—Yes, and I can name her.

Smith—Who under the sun was she?

Smythe—Eve.



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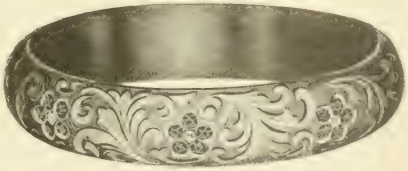
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Three Diamonds and 15 Sapphires, $90.00.
Same with 3 Diamonds and 15 Rubies, $100.00.



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"YOU KNOW THE DOG"

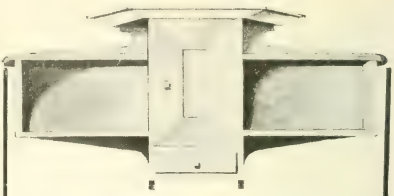
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Real Estate Department
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Selling Agents,
113 Seneca St., Seattle.

Please send me complete particulars concerning the new Town of Earlington.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....

Quoth the Bach.

"Yes, sir," said the cranky old bachelor, "if I had my way, there's one thing I surely would put a stop to, and that is this idiotic goo-gooing that women always go through when they get near a baby. It is nothing less than an outrage on the babe and whoever else happens to be around.

"Let me give you an illustration of the way it works. I was on the train the other day. In the same car with me was a mother with a baby a few months old. The day was hot and dusty, the baby was of course tired and fretful, and as a result the mother was almost worn out. Pretty soon the baby began to cry. The mother did her best to quiet it, by rocking it in her arms, singing softly to it, and even trying to walk up and down the aisle with it. But her efforts were without effect, and the youngster continued to cry its lungs out.

"There were several other women in the car, and their sympathies were at once aroused. Presently one of them, who had one of these kindly, wholesome, motherly faces, got up and, going to the distressed mother, offered to take care of the babe for a while. With a look, eloquent with surprise, gratitude and relief, the mother consented, and the baby was brought back.

"Then the show began. You have seen a lot of men get in a circle, backs outward and heads bent inward, about two fighting bulldogs, haven't you? Well, that is the way the women in this car arranged themselves. They got on their knees on the seat in front, they leaned over from the seat behind, they stood in the aisle, jammed as closely together as possible. Then they goo-gooed, and they chuck-chucked, and they whistled, and they pointed their fingers, and they shook its dress, and made faces, and in fact made such a sea of monkey-shines around the poor kid that I'll bet it thought it was back in the forest of Africa, and was being rejoiced over as the missing link. Course, it stopped crying: who ever cried at a Punch and Judy show? But I'll bet that if it could have talked, it would have said only swear words. Still, I said them for the poor thing.

"Now, don't misunderstand me. The ladies meant well, I grant that, and it was a mighty fine thing for them to rest the poor, little, tired mother; but, Great Caesar, it was fearfully hard on the kid and the rest of us in the car. Yes, sir, that business ought to be stopped."

* * *

If.

Tripp—If wishes were horses, beggars might ride.

Trapp—Yes, and if automobiles were horses, the rest of us might walk with safety.

* * *

That's What They Are For.

Joe—Why were looking glasses invented?

Jack—So that the old saying, "every woman is beautiful to someone," could not be refuted.

MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER



OUTDOOR CHILDREN

are healthy children. Send them into the open air, but don't neglect to protect their little hands and faces from the painful chapping and chafing which winter and outdoor sports inflict on tender skins. The best protection is the daily use of

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Uncrowned.

"Well, what success did you have last year?" inquired one millionaire of another at the end of the commencement season.

"Pretty fair. I caught an A. M., a Ph. D., an LL. D., and a Litt. D. How did you fare?"

"Oh, I had beastly luck. I had given away more than two million dollars in promises and ten thousand in actual cash, and was in a good way to reap my reward. Then this mania for investigation took possession of this vulgar populace of ours, and my chances went glimmering. I got a good many D's all right, but none of them stood for 'Doctor.' I haven't given up hope yet, however."

* * *

Faith.

Georgie had original ways of thinking and of acting. One day he looked up suddenly at his mother and asked, "Mamma, does God take care of everybody?"

"Yes dear."

"Of you, and papa, and me, and little sister, and everybody?"

"Yes, dear. He takes care of all the people and all the birds and everything."

The next afternoon, Georgie's mother went to a tea and left him to take care of his small sister, Mary. On her way homeward she was surprised to see Georgie several blocks away from home, playing ball in the street with some other boys. Close scrutiny failed to reveal Mary anywhere about. She finaly succeeded in making herself heard above the shouting of the boys and in getting Georgie's attention.

"Georgie," she said severely, when he came running up to her, "what are you doing here?"

"Playin' ball."

"Didn't I tell you to stay at home and take care of Mary?"

"Yessum."

"Well, why didn't you do it? Where is she?"

"Oh," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "she's 'round somewhere, I s'pose. Anyway, God's takin' care of her."

* * *

Why!

If it is true that the world has gone completely to the bow-wows, and that vice and corruption are in control, why is it that our penitentiaries have no more attraction than they do for men who call themselves honest?

* * *

Defined.

Teacher—Can any of you tell me what is the meaning of a "cursory glance"?

Tommy—Please, ma'am, I can. It's when your Pop looks hard at you and swears.

D. A. Fraser.



FRANCIS G. LUKE

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We collect money everywhere for everybody.

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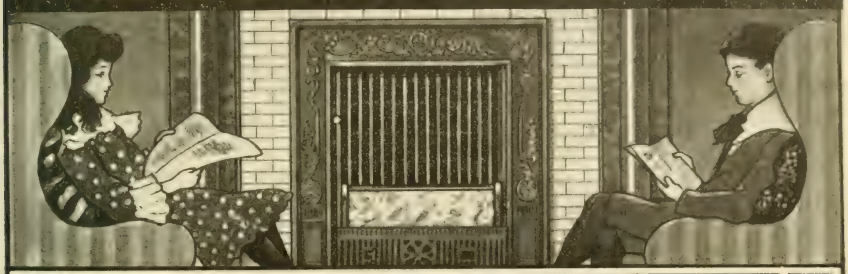
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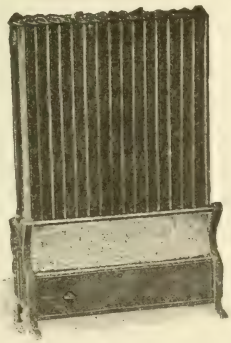
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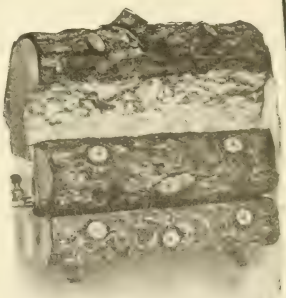
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At His Own Game.

"Afraid of corpses?" reiterated the undertaker. "No, of course not. They are dead, they can't hurt you. There was just on time, however, when I admit I was scared stiff—no pun intended. Times were pretty good in my business and I was kept busy night and day laying people out and planting them. I was pretty nearly worn out, and badly in need of sleep.

"My place of business was also the morgue, which was fitted up pretty comfortably. One night I got in from a job very late, and was so dead tired that I just lay down on one of the slabs in the morgue and went to sleep. Sometime during the night there was a bad accident near the city and several persons were killed. When they brought the dead bodies to the morgue they found me asleep there, and my assistant, knowing how badly off for sleep I was, would not let them wake me. They just stretched the corpse out on the other slabs and quietly went away.

"Well, I slept there soundly all night, but awoke just as it was getting daylight. At first I couldn't think where I was. I lay there for a minute and looked around; then I saw all those corpses stretched out there on all sides of me. 'Well,' I said, 'I must be a dead one, too,' and started to get up. But I couldn't rise. That surprised me. I lay a moment and thought it over. Yes, I remembered lying down there and going to sleep in the morgue. There must be some mistake. I tried again to get up, but I could only lift my head. I began to get scared. I struggled, but I couldn't move anything but my head. I tried to yell, but didn't succeed. My hair began to rise, and a cold sweat broke out all over me. I got plumb rattled and couldn't think; so I just lay there and sweat.

"Pretty soon I calmed down a little. I mustered my wits and, putting forth all my strength, tried to rise. As I did so, I lifted my head and saw, for it was now bright day, that I was wound round and round with rope and tied to the slab. Well, sir, if anybody ever was happy I was. I let out a yell and a laugh that must have disturbed the sleep of the corpses around me. And I kept on laughing, till my partner, who was asleep in the front room, heard me and came and untied me. Talk about a man being caught at his own game. That certainly was my fix. Whew!"

* * *

The Only Sure Way.

Williams—Hello, Wilkins, you look fat and prosperous. What have you been doing?

Wilkins—Attending the races.

Williams—You don't mean to say that you made money playing the ponies?

Wilkins—Oh, not at all. I've merely been lending money to wealthy friends who needed just a little more than they had with them to put down on a sure thing. Fifty per cent interest for emergency calls, you know.

Pabst Extract



Pabst Extract aids digestion, quiets overworked nerves and induces restful sleep. It is rich in the food extractives of malt and the tonic properties of hops, is the perfect food for upbuilding and fortifying the system against disease.

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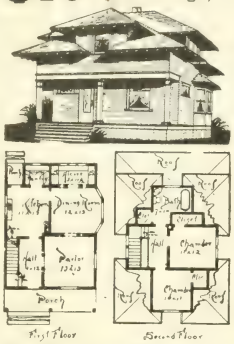
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The Portland Flouring Mills Co.
Portland, Oregon

THE WHY OF A MAN.

A man may do a noble deed,
  And a brave hero prove himself,
And modestly disclaim all praise,
  Nor ask reward of Fame or Pelf.
But if he catch a few small fish,
  He sings his praises loud and long:
He feels it an injustice that
  He's not immortalized in song!

Misfortune strikes him, and he bears
  It bravely, with heroic mein,
And only a pale scar is there
  To show where the keen blade has been.
But, gad, just let him lightly step
  Upon a tiny carpet tack—
This son of Adam raves and swears
  Till all the atmosphere is black!

In a hotel or theater,
  When flames and smoke are all about,
Calm and untouched by panic, he
  Will lead the weak in safety out.
Or, bravely, with scarce-paling brow,
  He treads the deck that soon must sink—
But the maneuvers of that man
  When someone overturns the ink!

A tireless sentinel, at his post,
  He stands for days with eyes unclosed,
Or roams through icy Arctic paths
  Where foot of man has ne'er reposed.
Let Baby with the colic cry,
  And bid him walk the little dear—
Nay, he's "too sleepy," it's "too cold,"—
  One thing is certain, men are queer!

By Daisy Wright Field.

* * *

A Fatal Neglect.

Marse Jerry—I say, Mose, what's the mattah? Been in a fight?

Mose—No, Marse Jerry, I aint been fightin'. I jes' got whupped, dat's all.

Marse Jerry—Well, haven't I told you time and again that I do not allow fighting on this place?

Mose—Yes, suh. But dis heah wa'nt no fight, Marse Jerry. I tell you-all how hit was. You know dat dah Tom mule dat I been plowin' co'n wif? Well, suh, dis mo'nin' hit 'peared lak de old debil done got in dat mule. He done done ebery thing wrong. Yah, suh. He tromp on de co'n, he tu'n de wrongest way he knowed. He tek his own time 'bout movin' when I hollah at him, an' he look at me pow'ful sassy lak he lookin' for trouble.

Den I gets mad. I gwine bus' dat ole mule wide open. I gets me er fo' yeah ole club an' I walks up to him, an' I says, "Now den, you ole he debil, you shorely gwine git yo' hide tanned." I raises up my big club an' I hauls back an' den—Oh, Lordy, Marse Jerry!

Marse Jerry—And then what?

Mose—An' den nothin'. I's jes' a fool niggah, dat's all. I done been thinkin' mo' 'bout dat club than I had 'bout which end of a mule hit am bes' to talk to.

"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP."



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PRICE LIST.

Solid Gold Rings.

238D	Diamond	$18.00
551D	Amethyst	5.00
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011	Maple leaf	$ .25
	Same in gold plate	.25
013	Cupid	.35
014	Handy pin, lily	.35
016	Double heart	.25
	Same in gold plate	.25
033	Crescent, owls	.35
035	Handy pin, holly	.35
049	Chatelaine, Iris	.50
	Hat pin like 049	.50

Stock Pins.

015	Sterling silver	$ .20
019	Gold plate, im. pearls	.50
020	Gold plate, pearl	.25
021	Solid gold, bead edge	.75
022	Gold plate, bead edge	.25
023	Solid gold, scroll	.50
024	Solid gold, holly	.75
025	Gold plate, plain	.25
026	Solid gold, plain	.50
027	Solid gold, bead edge	.50
030	Solid gold, bead edge	.85
042	Solid gold, pearls	1.00
043	Solid gold, pearl	1.00
045	Solid gold, flower	.75

Emblem Pins.

012	Solid gold, K. of P.	$1.00
037	Solid gold, Odd Fellows	.75
	Other Emblems in Catalog.	

Scarf Pins.

017	Sterling silver owls	$ .20
028	Ster. silver, wishbone	.20
040	Ster. silver, ruby eyes	.35
044	Solid gold, whole pearl	1.50
048	Solid gold signet, one script letter free; monogram, 25 cents.	1.25
050	Solid gold, pearls	1.00
052	Solid gold, wishbone	.50

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039	Pearl crescent	2.75
041	Pearl crescent, flower	4.00
046	Heart	1.00
051	Crescent, pearl	1.50

Gold Plated Brooches.

018	Crescent	$ .25
	Same in sterling silver	.25
034	Bow knot, pearl	.35

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KREMENTZ & CO.
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The Cowboy's Dream.

We were just ready to eat our supper of bacon, potatoes and fry-pan bread when he rode up. He accepted our invitation to eat and stay all night, although his bed, like ours, must consist of a blanket or two and the ground. Being a cowboy, he was used to this and thankful to get it.

The next morning in reply to a question as regards his sleeping, he said, "Oh, I slept all right. Never have no trouble sleepin', but I did have a son-of-a-gun of a dream. I dreamt I was punchin' cows and got caught in a stampede and run over and killed. I was dead all right, deader than a boiled owl, and I went to heaven. Funny, aint it, what queer things a fellow will dream 'bout hisself? Well, anyway, I went to heaven. Saint Peter met me at the gate.

"'Hello, Bill!' he said. 'Come right in,' openin' the gate and handin' me a candle. Strange, too, I wasn't a bit surprised over gettin' in so easy. The candle was what puzzled me.

"'That?' said Saint Peter when I asked him what it was for. 'Oh, that's a candle. You've got to wear it lighted in your ear; everybody does that stays here. Better get busy!'

"So I went to work puttin' that lighted candle in my ear. 'Twasn't fair to put any mud or hot candle grease or anything in your ear to make it stick, and it wasn't fair to ask anybody else how to do it. I tried every way I knowed and durn near twisted my head off. After a while when I was settin' down on a gold rock tryin' to figure out some way, Saint Peter come along.

"'Say,' I said, 'lend me your knife, will you, Saint Peter?'

"'What for?' he asked.

"'To whittle the end of this thing; it's too big for my ear.'

"'No, you don't,' he said. ''Taint fair.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I guess it's a horse on me. I can't make it stick.'

"'You'll have to go then, Bill, I guess,' he said. 'Just climb up on that wall and jump.'

"'So long then, old man,' I said.

"'So long, Bill.'

"I clumb up on the wall and looked down. Just then somebody give me a swift kick and shoved me off. I fell and fell and fell. Pretty soon I saw the ground and my finish at the same time. They was both comin' up to meet me awful fast, but before we come together I woke up. Blizzin' blizzards, but I was scared! Then I begin to get glad it was only a dream. I'd like to know, though, who it was that shoved me off that wall."

* * *

Swedish Version.

Smith—Hello, Sven! I hear you've got a new job.

Sven Svenson—Yaas, sor.

Smith—Is it a good one?

Sven Svenson—Yaas, sor. Ay git dollah an' fafty cent a day an' eat myself.



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soap and brush---and in 2 to 5 minutes the harshest beard can be smoothly shaved from the tenderest skin, with greater comfort than you have ever experienced from your pet razor or your favorite barber.

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Gillette double-edged wafer blades are so hard and keen that each blade gives an average of more than 20 perfect shaves. When dulled, throw away as a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second. Extra blades cost 50 cents for ten.

THE FINEST RAZOR IN THE WORLD

The Gillette Razor is built like a watch, and its sturdy frame will last a lifetime. If you could visit the Gillette Factory and see the minute care with which each individual blade is tempered, ground, honed, stropped and then tested with human hair as a barber tests his blade, you would understand why the Gillette Razor is not to be compared with any other razor ever made.

PRICES: Triple silver-plated holder and 12 tested blades (24 keen edges) in a handsome leather case, $5. Standard combination set with triple silver-plated soap and brush holders, $7.50. Other sets in gold and silver. Extra blades, 10 for 50c.

Sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere, most of whom make the 30-day free trial offer. If yours wont, write us and we will.

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Gillette Sales Company, 204 Times Bldg., New York

Gillette Playing Cards. For 25c.

silver or stamps and the name of a friend who does not use the Gillette Razor, we send to any address postpaid a full pack of 52 cent playing cards, round corner, gold edges, celluloid finish, in handsome gold embossed leatherette telescope case. Send today.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING, NO HONING.



The Strength of a Dollar IN SEATTLE



HANG ON

to Seattle by placing your money in Seattle Real Estate and in a short while you'll find that your fortune is being rapidly assured.

¶ **57% INCREASE** a year in Real Estate is not an unusual thing in Seattle.

¶ **IT IS A DUTY** you owe yourself if you have any desire to get ahead in the world to put your money into Seattle Real Estate **NOW.**

¶ **THE BEAUTY** of investing in Seattle Real Estate is you can buy in any part of the city, receive the benefit of enormous increases in value without taking the slightest chance.

¶ **NO OTHER CITY** on the Globe can offer the same advantages.

¶ **SEATTLE** is now and will continue to be the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.

¶ **BELOW** we submit a few pieces of property that will prove big money makers.

¶ Corner of Fourth and Spring Street 120 x 120—$150,000. Lot just one block away only 60x120 sold recently for $150,000. This is an excellent location for a hotel.

¶ Corner of Pike and Sixth Street 110x120, improvements bringing in $500.00 per month—$175,000.

¶ Double corner on First Hill, two blocks from Court House, six blocks from City Hall, 120x120, income $160.00 per month with room for other improvements—$22,000.

¶ **IRRIGATED FRUIT LAND,** unimproved, in central Washington, per acre—$100.

¶ Also irrigated fruit land with healthy bearing trees, including perpetual water right, $500.00 per acre. This land may be purchased in small tracts by paying $10.00 per acre cash and $5.00 per month and will prove a splendid investment as well as a beautiful home for the settler.

¶ **DO NOT DELAY** writing to me. Values are increasing every day and it is to your interest to get the benefit of the wonderful growth that is taking place in the Northwest.

¶ **BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED** literature with facts and figures about money making in Seattle sent free to any address.

¶ **BE SURE** that you act today. You are losing money every minute that you overlook doing so.



GEO. A. VIRTUE

SUITE 303 TO 306 BOSTON BLOCK, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

REFERENCE: ANY BANK OR BUSINESS HOUSE IN SEATTLE

DANGERS OF EDITORIAL LIFE.

The Ed. sat in his sanctum,
With manuscripts galore,
His big desk over-running
And spilling on the floor.

He'd recklessly inserted
An ad. requesting jokes,
And now they were arriving
From all degrees of folks.

He read them over sadly,
Blue-penciled here and there,
And marked the very best ones
As "medium" or "fair."

But never once a twinkle
Lit his somber eye with mirth:
Of "jokes" there was a-plenty,
Of wit there was a dearth.

. . . . . .

But, suddenly, a wrinkle
Outlined his solemn lips,
His eyes glued to the paper
Between his finger-tips.

The smile grew broad and broader
And took in all his face;
His chuckles grew to roars
That echoed through the place.

He held his sides and bellowed
While shedding tears of mirth,
Then, in a wild convulsion,
He rolled upon the earth.

"Gladly I die," he murmured,
As life's frail strandlets broke,
"Since I have lived to find it—
A really funny joke!"

. . . . . .

Beneath a weeping willow
They laid the Ed. to rest,
And wrote upon his tombstone:
"The victim of a jest!"

Daisy Wright Field.

* * *

Another Genius Blighted.

Agmeus—That fellow over there gave promise of being a poet once.

Practicus—Yes?

Agmeus—Yes, he used to write pretty decent poems when he was courting Miss Smythe.

Practicus—What made him quit? Did she jilt him?

Agmeus—No, she married him.

* * *

Isn't It?

It was Sunday afternoon and her papa was taking a nap. She played about quietly for a long time on the floor. Finally she got up and tip-toed noiselessly out of the room and went in search of her mother.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "come down stairs quick! Papa must be sick; he's sleeping out loud."



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VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER

Makes a rich and abundant growth of hair. Quickly stops falling hair. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Prevents the hair splitting at the ends. An elegant dressing for the hair, making it soft and smooth.



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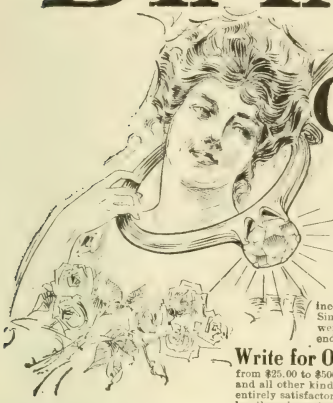
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¶ It is bringing higher rentals than any city of its size in the U. S.

¶ You would like to buy some of this property and share in the profits and increased values, but you have not sufficient capital to make an individual investment.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

¶ A number of prominent Seattle business men are forming a pool to buy this class of property.

¶ They are investing from $100 to $15,000 each.

¶ Each will receive his full share of profits from rentals and increase in value, according to amount invested. Will you join them?

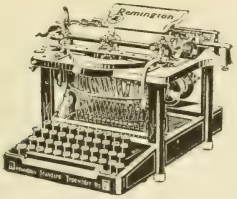
¶ You can make payments of $10 a month.

¶ Write today for full information.

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Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of

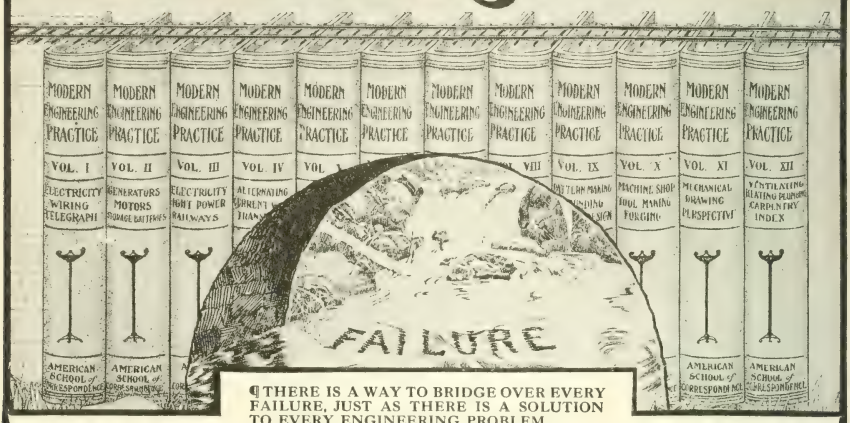
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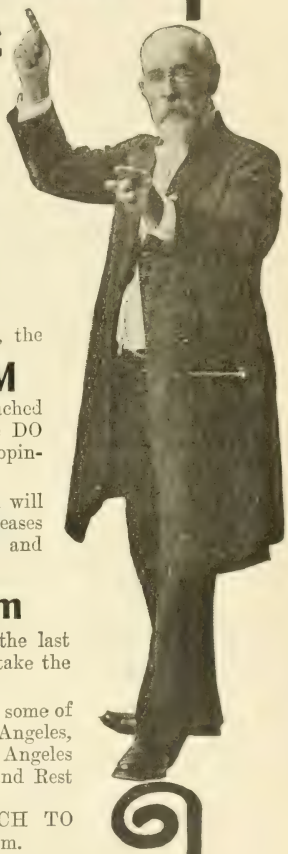
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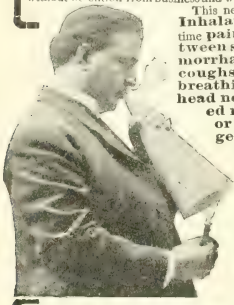
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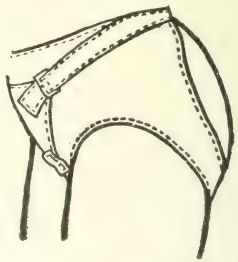
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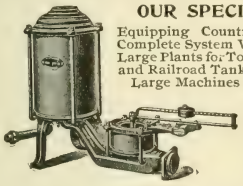
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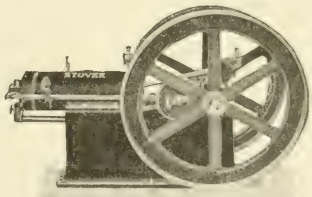
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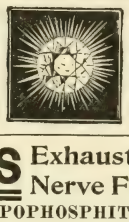


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Mt. Shasta—Seen from Southern Pacific Trains.

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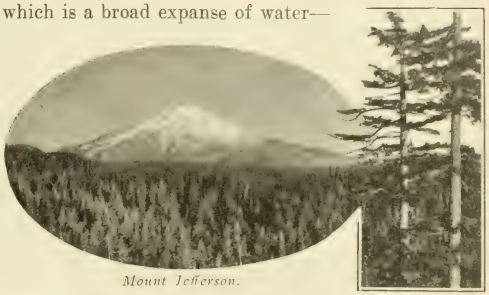
The lake is seven miles long by six in width, and has no visible outlet. It is in fact the crater of an extinct volcano. Mount Mazama, on the top of which Crater Lake is perched, before the disturbance which shook it to its very foundation and which formed the crater now known as Crater Lake, must have been a lofty mountain, towering far above its fellows. The view from the rim of the crater is one long to be remembered. In the immediate foreground lies the lake with its twenty-odd miles of rugged cliffs standing abruptly from the water's edge. To the left is Wizard Island, while far in the distance stands Mt. Thielsen, the lightning-rod of the Cascades. Just to the east of the lake is Mt. Scott, partly covered with snow. To the south the scene is varied by a wide range of mountain tops, stretching far away to California, chief among which is snow-capped and beautiful Pitt. To the left the rough mountain view is changed to



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At Grants Pass, a thriving city in the lower Rogue River Valley, conveyance may be secured to the Josephine Caves. Here, practically unknown, are caves that rival the great caves of Kentucky.

From Grants Pass a run of sixty miles is made through most beautiful mountain



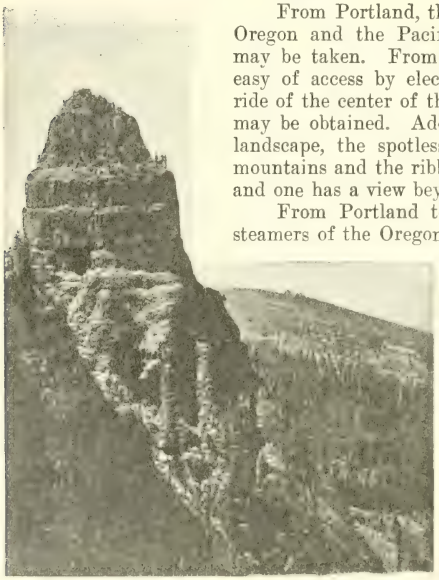
Crater Lake, Oregon. *Copyright, 1903, Kiser Photo. Co.*



Looking down the Columbia below Cascade

scenery. At several places gold mines may be seen in operation, this being an extensive mining district. At Glendale begins the Cow Creek Canyon, through which the track follows closely the winding course of the stream.

Through the Umpqua and Willamette Valleys, the garden spots of Oregon, the Coast Range on the west and the Cascade Mountains on the east, are always in view. At Albany connection is made with the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad for Newport, the popular beach resort noted for its equable climate. The beach at this place and for miles north is all that one could wish, and the hotel accommodations ample and of the best.



Copyright by Kiser Bros.
St. Peter's Dome, Columbia River.

From Portland, the natural business and social center of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest, many interesting trips may be taken. From Portland Heights and Council Crest, easy of access by electric cars, and within twenty minutes' ride of the center of the city, a view of Portland and vicinity may be obtained. Add to the other natural beauties of the landscape, the spotless and glistening peaks of snow-clad mountains and the ribbon-like windings of two mighty rivers and one has a view beyond comparison.

From Portland to the Pacific, on one of the palatial steamers of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, is a trip long to be remembered, and is seldom missed by the excursionist and visitor. The gentle breeze is freighted with the aroma of pine trees and seasoned with salt sea-air, while the winding Columbia, with its graceful curves, reflects a radiant sky, green banks and forest-covered hills. The city of Astoria is one of the oldest in the Northwest, and many points of interest may be found in and around this quaint old place.

The one trip that every visitor to Portland should take is that up the Columbia River gorge between Port-



Locks—Seen from O. R. & N. Train. *Copyright B. A. Gifford.*

land and The Dalles. In this eighty-eight mile stretch Nature has strewn a panorama of valley and hill, mountain and river, field and forest, great high and picturesque walls of rock, fern and moss-covered crags, gorges and cascades that have no equal.

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company operates a local train between Portland and The Dalles, which leaves Portland at 8:15 A. M. and returns at 6:00 P. M. the same day, thus enabling the tourist whose time is limited, to make the trip up the Columbia and return so as to make connections with any of the transcontinental trains leaving Portland.

From Hood River two very interesting trips can be made with ease; one to Mt. Adams and Trout Lake, just across the river into Washington; the other to Cloud-Cap-Inn and the summit of Mt. Hood. A twenty-seven mile coach trip from Hood River brings the tourist to Cloud-Cap-Inn, which stands at snow-line on the northeastern slope of the mountain at an elevation of six thousand eight hundred feet. From this point where excellent accommodations are afforded for all visitors, the summit of Mt. Hood is but four miles distant. To the north sixty miles is Mt. Adams; on Puget Sound, one hundred and fifty miles away, is Mt. Rainier; and to the west is Mt. St. Helens, while for miles the mighty Columbia is seen winding its way through the great section.

Numerous other side trips, each as interesting and enjoyable as those mentioned, may be taken from many points on the lines of the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company.

Booklets giving full information regarding points of interest to the tourist and recreationist are issued by the above-named companies, and may be had, together with folders showing schedules and equipment of trains, by addressing Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Write today, enclosing four cents in stamps, for O. R. & N. Summer Book, "Restful Recreation Resorts," and Southern Pacific Summer Book, "Oregon Outings."



Three Sisters.

HOW THINGS GROW IN IDAHO



Beet Field in Bingham County, Idaho

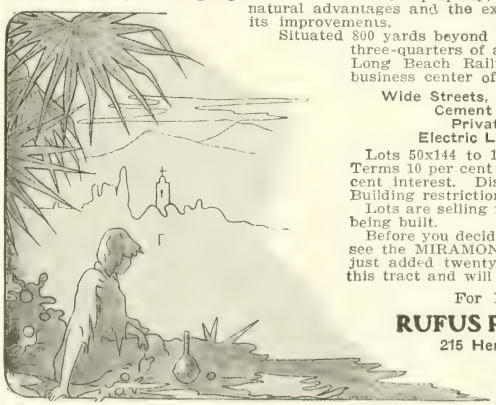
HOMES IN IDAHO in the Snake River Valley under the "Carey Act," the most liberal law ever passed in the interest of homeseekers. Climatic conditions the very best; soil first-class; plenty of sunshine and plenty of water. Well water in abundance and chemically pure. Land and perpetual water right from $15.50 to $25.50 per acre on a ten annual payment contract. For particulars write,

AMERICAN FALLS CANAL & POWER COMPANY

No. 50 CLEVELAND AVENUE POCATELLO, IDAHO

HOMES FOR HOME SEEKERS
in "GREATER MIRAMONTE"
LOS ANGELES

Including Miramonte Tract which sold out in 90 days, and Miramonte Park (an extension of the former), ranking high as choice residential property, because of its many superior natural advantages and the excellence and completeness of its improvements.



Situated 800 yards beyond the city limits, bordering for three-quarters of a mile on the Pacific Electric Long Beach Railway, 12 minutes' ride from business center of town, 5-cent fare.

Wide Streets, Graded, Oiled and Rolled
Cement Walks and Curbs
Private Water System
Electric Lights and Telephones

Lots 50x144 to 12 foot alley. Prices $500 up. Terms 10 per cent down, $15.00 per month, 6 per cent interest. Discount, 10 per cent for cash. Building restrictions. Taxes paid for 1905-6.

Lots are selling rapidly and substantial homes being built.

Before you decide on a location for your home see the MIRAMONTE HOME LOTS. We have just added twenty acres more to the south of this tract and will improve the same at once.

For Particulars Apply to

RUFUS P. SPALDING, Owner
215 Herman W. Hellman Bldg.,
Cor. Fourth and Spring Sts
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



The Manufacturing District at

EUGENE, OREGON

THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES

EUGENE OFFERS to the manufacturer an ABUNDANCE of RAW MATERIAL, CHEAP and ACCESSIBLE WATER POWER, a climate in which work is NEVER INTERRUPTED by HEAT or COLD, a place where labor will be easily found on account of the CHEAP COST of LIVING and HEALTHY CLIMATE, a place which has EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS for FRUIT CANNERIES, WOOLEN MILLS, PAPER MILLS, TANNERIES, GLOVE FACTORIES, FURNITURE FACTORIES, CHAIR FACTORIES, BOX FACTORIES, TRUNK FACTORIES, MATCH FACTORIES, BROOM FACTORIES and many others.

EUGENE

NOW HAS UPWARDS OF 25 MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES

LANE COUNTY

offers to the homeseeker the finest garden spot in the world for diversified farming. FRUIT CULTURE and TRUCK FARMING are extremely profitable in and about Eugene. Cherries, Apples, Prunes, Peaches, Pears, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Loganberries, Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, Tomatoes, Celery, Asparagus, Cauliflower, in fact all kinds of fruits and vegetables grow profusely in our rich deep soil and with proper cultivation will produce a net income of $500 per acre.

HOP CULTURE

The alluvial soil found in our river bottom lands is especially adapted to the production of extra choice Hops. Lane County Hops are known the world over for their extra fine quality.

A Farmer's Paradise. Lane County is the farmer's paradise. Nearly all crops grow profusely. The soil is rich, the rainfall abundant and evenly distributed, and the climate most delightful. Dairying and Poultry Raising are especially profitable in Lane County and these subjects will receive notice in next month's issue. For further and fuller information address

THE MERCHANTS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
EUGENE, OREGON

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF LAURELHURST

WE OFFER

SEATTLE PROPERTY FOR INVESTMENT

LAURELHURST

Laurelhurst is situated on Lake Washington—on a promontory which gives it a most commanding view of lake and mountains. This addition is located on the Seattle side of Lake Washington, a short distance east of the University grounds, in an aristocratic neighborhood. Laurelhurst is to be improved in a highly artistic manner, with granite macadam pavements and cement sidewalks, all of which will be laid in accordance with the plans of an experienced landscape designer. Send for views in colors of this fine property—FREE.

OXBOW

Oxbow is the name given to McLaughlin's Water Front Addition. This addition is of entirely different character from Laurelhurst. It is business property and located in the manufacturing portion of the city. There are 16,000 feet of deep water frontage in this tract which also contains many choice sites for stores and business houses.

We have plats of both of these additions which we will be glad to furnish on request. These plats give full information respecting the properties. Handsome photogravure of Seattle showing these properties sent on request.

Money placed in either one of these additions will double in a twelve-month.

Seattle is the best town in the United States in which to make money on real estate investments, and real estate investment affords you an opportunity to make money without being here.

McLAUGHLIN REALTY CO. or SEABOARD SECURITY CO.
212 Am. Bank Building, Seattle, U. S. A.



Pioneer Place, Seattle; heart of business district.

SEATTLE, (population 202,000) offers to legitimate manufacturing *and* commercial establishments all the advantages attendant upon :

(1) *The* shortest route *of* travel *and* transportation between Eastern States *and* the countries of the Orient *and* Alaska at the point where four trans-continental railroads meet the ships *of* the world in handling the commerce *of* the Pacific.

(2) *The* public ownership *of* a practically inexhaustible supply *of* cheap water *and* electrical power for manufacturing purposes.

(3) A climate which enables all classes *of* industries to operate every day in the year.

(4) Good *and* rapidly growing markets, cheap raw materials, cheap fuel *and* perfect facilities for the distribution *of* her mills *and* factories.

If you are interested *and* desire detailed information regarding the opportunities for any particular industry, address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, POSSESSES

CLIMATE—A desirable medium between the drier eastern and the more moist western conditions of the Northwest.

SOIL—Volcanic ash, rich in phosphates, and recognized as the best in the world for apples and strawberries.

THE HOOD RIVER LAND EMPORIUM

has the only set of land abstract books of that district, and makes a speciaity of real estate, abstracts, conveyancing, loans and insurance.

Hood River, Oregon

Hood River Lands

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage
PRODUCE finest apples and strawberries
in the world.

We also have lands for
sale in White Salmon
and Mosier districts

TWENTY YEARS RESIDENCE IN HOOD RIVER

W. J. BAKER & CO.
Hood River, Ore.

Hood River Apple Lands Bring

Net Profits: $300 to $800 per acre

HIGHER PRICES and
greater demand for apples
each year. 40,000 acres
still available, WRITE

J. H. HEILBRONNER & CO.
HOOD RIVER AND PORTLAND, ORE.

IDAHO

IRRIGATED LANDS
IN
UPPER SNAKE RIVER VALLEY

We have lands at $25 an acre which will produce 60 bushels of wheat per acre.

For improved and unimproved lands from $5.00 to $150 an acre. Write

G. A. FERNEY & CO.
St. Anthony, Idaho.

BOISE

ITS CLIMATE, ALTITUDE AND POPULATION
ITS BUSINESS, RESIDENTIAL AND SOCIAL ADVANTAGES

Prices and Terms of Improved and Unimproved Boise Property—in fine, for its present advantages and future possibilities, write,

W. T. BOOTH
211 N. 8th Street BOISE, IDAHO

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

If you believe in mining for profit, under conservative business methods, and would like to invest in a really good and safe proposition, write today for full particulars concerning the

NORTHERN EXPLORATION CO.

Developing a valuable copper property on Gribbell Island, B. C., close to tide water and accessible to smelters, and which will soon be shipping ore rich in copper, gold and silver. Also gold placer claims on Ruby Creek, Wash.; and choice claims in the great Fairbanks (Tanana) district, in direct line of rich pay, on the very creeks from which millions in gold are taken yearly.

Capital stock, $500,000; all treasury stock, non-assessable. Nearly enough money provided to put company on dividend basis from mine products, with less than 200,000 shares outstanding to participate. All share alike. No side issues. We are selling agents, and offering a limited amount of stock at 75 cents (par value $1.00). We recommend this strongly and will gladly give details on request.

A. M. RICHARDS & COMPANY
504 Nat'l Bank of Commerce Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY leads all other periodicals as a profitable medium in which to advertse *Pacific Coast Real Estate and Industries.*

Klamath County, Oregon

HAS

IRRIGATION: A Government Reclamation Project under construction embracing the expenditure of $4,500,000, will bring 250,000 acres under water. The area to be watered includes gently sloping valley lands, tule and swamp lands and lake beds of remarkable fertility; 10,000 acres under irrigation from existing canals, producing bountiful crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, other grain and root crops and alfalfa, timothy and other hay of the first quality.

WATER POWER: Link River, having a fall of 63 feet to the mile, adjacent to and through the town of Klamath Falls, affords enormous power that is partially utilized in generating electric current for lighting, manufacturing and domestic purposes.

NAVIGATION: Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, is traversed for a distance of almost 50 miles by fine steamers and smaller craft; Lake Ewauna, Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake furnish an avenue of commerce and travel between Klamath Falls, Merrill, Keno and other points, for a distance of more than 40 miles.

TRANSPORTATION: The California Northeastern Railroad, building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal., will be completed to Klamath Falls as soon as the contractors can complete the work; through service now established in connection with stage and steamboat lines; the Oregon Eastern Railroad to be built from Natron, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, is under survey; the McCloud River Railroad is building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, Cal., to Laird's, Cal., where connection with points in the basin will be made by means of steamboat; the Klamath Lake Railroad, present route of travel, connects with the Southern Pacific at Thrall, and its owners plan extension to tap timber lands that will bring its terminus to the Klamath River or near that stream at the lower end of the navigable portion of the stream. Two street car companies have rails laid at Klamath Falls and suburban electric railway lines are contemplated to Bonanza and other adjacent towns.

RECREATION: Klamath Basin, with its wonderful lake system and waterways, rugged mountain groups environing and towering snow-capped peaks with Shasta and McLaughlin most prominent, is the paradise of the photographer and delight of the sportsmen. Crater Lake National Park lies entirely within Klamath County and is one of the seven wonders of the world, comparable in its beauty and solitude to no other spot of earth. Wild game abounds in the mountains, including bear, deer, elk, all of the game birds of this portion of the United States and waterfowl in such variety and abundance as found in no other locality.

Hot springs flowing water of rare medicinal qualities and cold springs from which burst forth large rivers are among the possessions that add to the attractions and advantages.

Rainbow trout and other species of game fish are more plentiful than in the waters of any other section, and the limit is the easily resultant catch of a few hours for the angler.

TIMBER: Adjacent to the Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath Basin is the largest body of standing soft pine timber in the Pacific Northwest. Sugar and yellow pine are the chief varieties, but all of the best classes of pine occur here. The manufacture of lumber will be one of the giant industries of the region, affording an unfailing supply of building material at moderate price and a strong home demand for products of the farm, garden, orchard and dairy.

KLAMATH COUNTY NEEDS

FARMERS: Men who know how to cultivate the soil and make it yield of the bounty of fertility with which Nature has so richly endowed it cannot select a better location, where irrigation is assured with an abundant supply of water.

Further information will be gladly furnished by

Klamath Dev. Co.
Hot Springs Imp. Co.
J. W. Siemens.
Klamath Co. Bank.
Frank Ira White.
Mason & Slough.
Klamath Com. Agency.
First National Bank.
Klamath Co. Abstract Co.
Wilbur White,
of Klamath Falls, or
C. H. McKendree,
Chas. B. Pattee,
of Bonanza, Or.

TEAR OUT THIS PAGE

MAIL IT

to the

Seattle-Boston Copper Company

It is worth

$10.00

On every 100 shares of preferred stock you purchase. And the mine is that good that Seattle citizens have taken over 100,000 shares.

We are building a railroad and tram to move the ore.

We do not ask you to help find it—we have it right on the dump—fine copper ore averaging $60.00 per ton. This is practically a manufacturing proposition with all the chance of yielding from 30% to 100% per annum in dividends. Copper is King to-day and Gold mining is not in it with copper. Men who invested as little as $100 in a good copper mine, took out $8,500 in dividends for their share last year. The reason was—THEY BOUGHT STOCK BEFORE THE MINE WAS A SHIPPER.

Write any one in Seattle, they will tell you Seattle-Boston Copper Company is a reliable mining company.

Mail this page to us and we will tell you about it.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Seattle-Boston Copper Company

419-421 ALASKA BUILDING

CHAS. E. CRANE, Pres. SEATTLE, U. S. A.

ENSENADA BAY

"The Most Beautiful Bay on the Pacific Coast"



Climatic Conditions and Natural Attractions Unequaled Anywhere

LOTS $15—$5 DOWN, $5 in 3 and $5 in 6 MONTHS

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the west, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

WHY NOT OWN YOUR LOT? YOU CAN USE IT SOME DAY.

Write us for maps and full particulars

J. D. CAMERON CO. or EDWIN G. HART & CO.

AGENTS WANTED 726 Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

I WILL HELP YOU

MAKE MONEY

(The same as I have shown over 4,000 others)



No matter where you are located or what your former occupation, if you are honest and ambitious, I will teach you the Real Estate, Insurance and General Brokerage Business thoroughly by mail, appoint you SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE of my Company (the largest in America), and assist you to become a prosperous and successful business man with an income of $3,000 to $5,000 annually.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today. Address either office.

EDWIN R. MARDEN, President
Nat'l Co-Operative Realty Co.

260 Athenaeum Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL. or 260 Maryland Bldg. WASHINGTON, D.C.

BERKELEY

Homes are the most desirable of any in California. The largest list of Berkeley homes—the most desirable California homes, can be obtained by addressing

The SKILLING COMPANY

2151 Center Street,
Berkeley, California.

GRANDVIEW Orchard Tracts

Finest and Most Productive in the West.

Improved Streets to Be Bordered With Shade Trees. One Mile from Northern Pacific Ry. Station

Yakima County, Wash.

One to ten acres.
$150 PER ACRE.
Easy terms.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION

Washington Irrigation Comp'y

62 Dexter Horton Bank Bldg.,
SEATTLE, - WASHINGTON

Great Opportunities in CALIFORNIA

We Own, Control and Represent the Following Properties:

A 4000 acre ranch in Colusa County, with railroad and river transportation, at a price 500 per cent cheaper than land of equal grade and location in the East. Susceptible of development into an ideal dairy business.

380 acres of land in San Luis Obispo County, west of Paso Robles on the Nacimiento River. This property is regarded as high-grade petroleum bearing land; also contains very large phosphate deposits worth a huge fortune as commercial fertilizer.

480 acres gold placer and oil bearing land in Los Angeles County, that would afford a life work and large competency to purchaser developing same.

800 acres of the best agricultural and fruit land in Los Angeles and Orange Counties, in one body. Contiguous to steam and electric railways; abundant artesian water, fine climate. Only 30 to 40 minutes from the city of Los Angeles, and one of the choicest tracts for sub-division into 5 and 10 acre farms, now left, which may be done at a profit of over 200 per cent.

Casa Verdugo Villa Tract,—one of the finest residence locations, northwest of Los Angeles, contiguous to the foothills, at 700 feet elevation. Superior trolley transportation, as close as 15 minutes from the heart of the city. All modern improvements on the property, combined with suburban advantages.

Home Park Tract. The choicest San Rafael foot-hill fruit bearing tract on the market. Full acre lots.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

SAN RAFAEL INVESTMENT CO.

N. C. KELLEY, Manager

729 H. W. Hellman Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

For Free Pamphlets and Full Information Concerning the Foregoing Properties.



One Irrigation Rye Crop on Experimental Farm at Twin Falls, Idaho, August 10, 1906.

Irrigation is King!

TWIN FALLS INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited

Sole Agents for all Water Rights and Lands under

THE GREAT TWIN FALLS CANAL SYSTEM

Fifty Thousand Acres of Choice Land Still Open for Entry.

These lands were segregated under the "CAREY ACT" by the State of Idaho. Land, 50c per acre and perpetual water right $25 per acre, payable in ten annual payments. As soon as lands are located the entire canal system belongs to the settlers.

This project contains 270,000 acres, of which 220,000 acres have been located. 75,000 acres in crop this year and water was turned into the great canal but 18 months ago. *Best climate, soil and water right in the entire West.*

Twin Falls City—The first lot in this city was sold **23 months ago** and **today has a population of nearly 4,000.** A $100,000 hotel has been completed and is now open to the public.

Town of Buhl—This town was opened for sale of lots April 17, 1906, and over $100,000 worth of lots have been already sold. Buhl is located on the west end of the tract, 17 miles west of Twin Falls, and is destined to be a city of importance.

Have the greatest water power in the United States (except Niagara) in Twin Falls and the Great Shoshone Falls, both of which are within seven miles of Twin Falls City.

Write to

Secretary of

TWIN FALLS INVESTMENT CO.

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, for further information.

Classified Advertising

NO one of us is entirely original—we all borrow or steal more or less from our neighbors. One of our leading Eastern contemporaries that started magazine classified advertising has proven it to be a good thing and now we are copying them—just as they copied the big daily papers.

IT IS A GOOD THING

For Advertiser and Publisher alike, affording an opportunity of becoming acquainted, of testing without great expense the power of a given medium for a given commodity.

IT OPENS A NEW AND GREATER FIELD

For the regular user of the Classified columns of the big metropolitan dailies, enabling them to reach millions of homes at a cost much less in proportion to circulation than that of the dailies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

There are always two distinctive individuals in the "Beginner's Class" in advertising:

The man who should advertise, but who looks upon advertising as a doubtful expense—the "show-me" man; and the man of limited means who wants to advertise. To both of the above the Classified Department will appeal strongly.

To the first we say: Think it over, count your cash and then try us—and the other fellow too. It won't cost you much; the gamble is small, the odds in your favor and the stake big. You will have more confidence both in advertising and in yourself after the experiment.

To the second, we invite you to make a modest start, and grow with the results.

And to the Classified Advertiser of experience we offer.

75,000 Western Home Circulation
300,000 Western Readers

Rate for 4 lines (smallest accepted), 75 cents per line, $3.00 per issue. Each additional line up to 12 lines (largest accepted), 50 cents per line.

Thus a five line advertisement will cost $3.50 per issue, six lines $4.00 per issue, twelve lines (largest accepted) $7.00 per issue.

Ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions.

Bills payable monthly in advance on receipt of invoice.

Always allow not more than eight words to the line and all of the last line for name and address. This coupon with check to cover cost of first insertion, together with copy, must reach us by Nov. 5th to be in time for the December number.

Date.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT THE PACIFIC MONTHLY
Lafayette Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Kindly enter my order for.....lines to run.....times

in the Classified columns of The Pacific Monthly, beginning.....issue.

Enclosed please find.....payment in full for first insertion—copy attached.

Upon receipt of invoice on the 20th of month preceding date of publication I will remit promptly for next insertion, advising whether to repeat or run new copy.

Signed,

.....

.....

IMPORTANT: The ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions will be credited on your sixth invoice. **Do not deduct same from your monthly remittance** or we will be obliged to withhold your copy until full amount is received.

Classified Advertising Department

The PACIFIC MONTHLY

THE BUSINESS BULLETIN OF THE WEST

REAL ESTATE

WASHINGTON

WEST SEATTLE, JUST TEN MINUTES from the business center of Seattle by ferry or street car. Elevation, 400 feet, with twenty-mile view of beautiful Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains for a background. No finer residence section in America or Europe. It is really the Switzerland of America. Buy now while prices are low. This will be the most expensive property on Puget Sound within two years. You lose money by delaying a day. Write for particulars. MORRISON & ESHELMAN, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

BEST AND BIGGEST CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY in the best addition to Seattle. Mile waterfront on beautiful Lake Washington, two miles frontage on Mt. Baker Park and Parkway Boulevard. Bound to double in value in year or less. You will have to speak quick. Lots selling fast. Mt. Baker Park Addition is to be the best residence section of Seattle. Address: HUNTER TRACT IMPROVEMENT CO., 117 Cherry St., Seattle, Washington, for full details of property and unique selling plan.

JOIN OUR SEATTLE BUSINESS PROPERTY SYNDICATE WHILE SHARES ARE AT PAR, $1.00 EACH. WE INVEST ONLY IN INCOME PRODUCING REALTY, AND HAVE PAID 28 PER CENT DIVIDENDS DURING THE PAST YEAR. THIS INSTITUTION IS BACKED BY MEN OF HIGHEST PROMINENCE IN THE NORTHWEST; REFERENCE ANY SEATTLE BANK. Write quick for booklet—P and subscription blank. REALTY ASSOCIATES, COLMAN BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE IS MAKING MORE MEN RICH THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN AMERICA. HOW—BY PUTTING THEIR MONEY INTO DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE. WE HAVE A FEW MORE TRACTS OF BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN PROPERTY THAT IS ENHANCING IN VALUE RAPIDLY. $10.00 a month will start you on the road to wealth. Write today. FOSTER & COMPANY, INC., Seattle, Washington.

21,000 ACRE STOCK RANCH IN YAKIMA CO., all fenced. Soda and sulphur springs, large streams of mountain water. 20 million feet yellow pine. For prices and terms write to JOSEPH MERCHANT, 1207 Alaska Building, Seattle, Wash.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE ACRE TRACTS OF RICH GARDEN LAND advantageously located near Seattle, on payments of $10 to $20 a month; city lots, 40 by 120 and larger on same easy terms. No such chance ever before offered to plant your earnings for profit. Crawford & Conover, 202 and 203 New York Block, Seattle, Washington. Established in 1888. References, every bank and business man in Seattle.

SEATTLE, THE PLACE WHERE ONE DOLLAR EARNS FROM TWO TO FOUR EVERY YEAR IF INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH US. Write for full particulars. Forehand & Company, investments, 302 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Washington.

SEATTLE IS GROWING FASTER THAN CHICAGO ever did. Every minute that you delay in investing you are loosing money. Millions of dollars were made here last year. We can earn money. We are doing it for others every day. We firmly believe that Seattle real estate furnishes the safest and most profitable investment on earth. Some of our prices are under the market. Rutherford, Huggins & Elliott, Real Estate, Seattle, Washington.

REAL ESTATE

WASHINGTON

INVEST IN A NEW COUNTRY that is growing more rapidly than any other part of the United States. Real Estate in Seattle is the most profitable and safest investment to be found. Splendid opportunities for investors. Burwell & Morford, Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

WE HAVE SEVERAL PROPERTIES THAT WILL ADVANCE 100 PER CENT. THE NEXT YEAR. Investors may take advantage of these opportunities on our partial payment plan. PETTIT & SON, Colman Building, Seattle, Washington.

BUY A SEATTLE SUBURBAN HOME. Five acre tracts, rich, level land, beautiful scenery, few minutes ride from Seattle on car line. No climate in the world so delightful as Puget Sound. If you cannot come to Seattle, we will reserve a five-acre tract for you at $75.00 per acre; you can pay a little on it every month. Don't fail to write today. Values are advancing rapidly. This land is suitable for fruit, garden or chicken raising. An ideal home in the land of plenty. Van de Vanter Davis Company, 3, 4 and 5 Starr Boyd Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

CALIFORNIA

PHILO MILLS,
THE
REAL ESTATE MAN,
2883 SHATTUCK AVENUE,
BERKELEY,
CALIFORNIA.

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60 PER CENT INVESTMENT. We have a limited amount of stock that nets 60 per cent. dividends. Established company with a daily capacity of 500 barrels to back up our assertion. Write Yo Landa Springs Co., Big Rapids, Mich.

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Property suburban to Los Angeles is rapidly enhancing in value, and the demand for this type of property is enormous. Los Angeles is growing like the proverbial weed, and the extension of electric lines to the outlying districts is mainly responsible for the unusual activity in suburban properties.

The Santa Monica Land and Water Co., offices 602-6 Fay Bldg., Los Angeles, control what is probably the most desirable suburban property that is offered for sale at reasonable prices. Their subdivisions are famous for mountain, valley and marine views, quick electric transportation to Los Angeles and all beaches, costly public and private improvements, and the consistent prices of lots. Special information will be sent upon application.

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In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

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1906 20,000 **POPULATION** 1916 100,000

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Reference—Any Long Beach Bank

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Entrance to Brentwood Park

Brentwood Park

The Grandest Homesite in Southern California

This beautiful park is located on the rim of the historical Santa Monica Canyon, north of the new San Vicente Boulevard, and extends back to the foot-hills. It is midway between the Soldiers' Home and the Ocean, and commands one of the grandest views of the entire valley and mountains, just far enough back from the Ocean to give a commanding view of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Del Rey, Redondo, Catalina Islands and the Santa Barbara Islands.

It is laid out in the same manner as the Golden Gate Park, of San Francisco, which is so well known. No lots in the park have a frontage of less than one hundred feet and the depths range from one hundred and seventy-four feet to four hundred and fifty feet. All streets will be granded and oiled and surfaced with gravel; the sidewalk space of ten to twelve feet will be rolled and graveled. A grand boulevard extends through the park, ranging in width from one hundred and thirty feet to one hundred and eighty feet; shrubbery in profusion is scattered all through Brentwood Park; climatic conditions could not be improved; the finest of soil; the best of water and the best of improvements; a veritable park home. We are keeping away from all city effects in this park. The Los Angeles Pacific cars, on their new double track, pass the door; no finer or more rapid transportation anywhere; thirty minutes from Brentwood Park to Fourth Street and Broadway, the business center of Los Angeles; high-class building restrictions for a high-class tract. There are now under construction several beautiful homes, costing from eighteen thousand to thirty thousand dollars.

Don't you think you had better buy a lot in Brentwood Park? You may want to build on it some day, and all the time you are waiting your lot will be increasing in value. As an investment—nothing better; for a home—the best. It is getting more difficult every day to get high elevations and large villa lots where the surroundings and environment are of the very best.

In Brentwood Park, on account of the largeness of the lots and their great depth, one can have all the comforts and advantages of a city and a country home combined, away from the dust and noise, with these pleasant surroundings. Isn't this ideal?

There are probably few cities in the United States which have shown such remarkable growth, commercially and otherwise, as Los Angeles, the great metropolis of the Southwest, and with its rapid growth it is only a question of a short time when all of the desirable locations that are in close proximity to the city will be taken up.

WRITE TODAY for maps, plats and prices, which will be sent to all, **free of charge. The prices range from fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars per lot,** according to the location, with the usual terms of payment. The lots are large, the prices low; and lots purchased now yield you a big profit. For full particulars, address

Western Pacific Development Company

OWNERS

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Los Angeles, California

TO WRITERS AND ARTISTS

¶ The Pacific Monthly is desirous of informing all writers, artists and photographers that contributions of general interest offered the magazine will receive prompt attention.

¶ Payment will be made, upon acceptance, at generous rates.

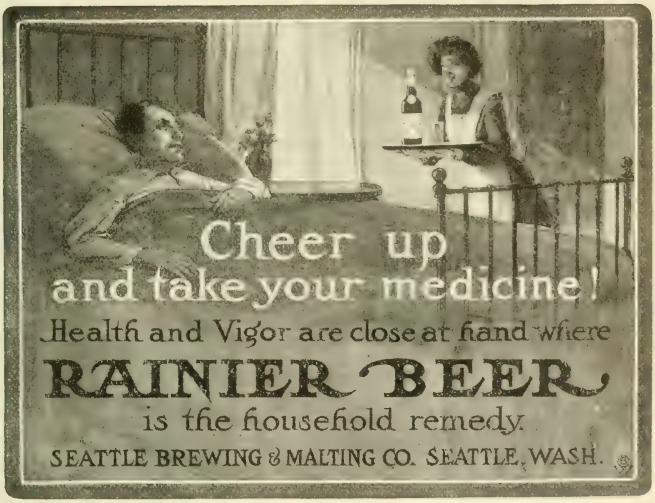
¶ Writers and artists having established prices for their work will be paid at their regular rates.

¶ All manuscripts, pictures and drawings must be fully addressed for identification. The editors can not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of anonymous MSS. or pictures.

¶ Decision as to the availability of contributions will be made within three days after receipt, except in extraordinary cases.

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"The Drink Which Brings You Health"
"There's New Vigor and Strength in Every Drop"



STRENGTHENS *Body, Brain and Nerves*
AIDS *Digestion, Appetite and Sleep*
MAKES *Flesh, Rich Blood and Life*

ALASKA-COPPER RIVER-ALASKA

The Copper River District, Alaska, has the RICHEST COPPER deposits in the world

This is evidenced by the fact that the largest Copper Operators in the United States, including such well-known men as the Guggenheims, Havermeyers, Heinze, Amalgamated Copper, Mitchell, Morgan and others too numerous to mention are expending large amounts of money developing mines and providing transportation and treatment for the copper in the District.

THE ALASKA CALUMET COPPER COMPANY

Owns two groups of claims in the Copper River District, Alaska. These properties are situated in the vicinity of the Hubbard-Elliott and Bonanza Mines. The Bonanza has $20,000,000 of ore blocked out ready for shipment; the Hubbard-Elliott Company, controlled by Chicago people, put its stock on the market as a starter at twenty cents per share, and today it is worth $4.00 per share, and there is no reason why Alaska Calumet should not make as much money for its shareholders.

The railroads are now building into the Copper River District, which will give transportation facilities for these mines.

We were authorized to sell 100,000 shares Alaska Calumet Copper Treasury stock, fully paid and non-assessible, at twenty-five cents per share, a large portion of which has been sold, mostly to people who are familiar with the property and conditions.

This money is wanted now and you will not have the opportunity to get in on this basis later. The proceeds will be used to procure patents, develop and equip the property, so as to be ready to make shipments as soon as the Railroads are completed to the mines.

In order to get the benefit of present price you should make immediate application for as much stock as you can carry.

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References: Any bank of Seattle.

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RICH RIVER-BOTTOM LAND

KINGS RIVER WATER for every acre every year

$45.00 and $50.00 the Acre. EASY TERMS

Make your arrangements to purchase now. This is the time to put land in shape for WHEAT and BARLEY. After you have taken off your grain plant KAFFIR CORN, in this way you harvest two crops in one season which will pay for your land.

As soon as you read this announcement write us for full information and maps. We have the best land and water right in California, let us demonstrate it to you.

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about this wonderfully productive valley. Every fruit, grain and vegetable that will grow in the Pacific Southwest matures *earlier* in Casa Grande Valley. Three crops of potatoes and other vegetables in one season.

25,000 acres under perpetual water rights for sale *now* at very low prices. Write and learn how you can save your railway transportation by investigating Casa Grande Valley. The best opportunity in the entire West. WRITE NOW, to

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Copper

More Precious Than Gold

¶Today the demand for Copper far exceeds the supply. *The* price of copper advanced 25% last year.

¶25,000,000 tons, so estimated by the leading mining engineers of the United States, is stored away in our properties in Washington.

¶All we need is enough money to install modern operating machinery. 75c per share will purchase a limited amount of stock in these properties until we begin shipping ore to the smelter, then there will be no more stock for sale at any price.

¶Estimating from our present rate of development work, we will send our first shipment of ore to the smelter November first.

¶This is not a fake mining scheme, but a big, valuable Copper property, and we can prove it to anybody's entire satisfaction.

¶No individual has ever visited our property who did not purchase stock after a thorough investigation of our claims.

¶Fill out the coupon below and mail to us today—this offer of stock at 75c per share is limited to 60 days.

United Copper Company

EDWIN PETERSON
MANAGING AGENT

705 1ST AVE., SEATTLE, WN.

Name.....

Address.....

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One Good Investment

IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR

Are you tired of drudging along in the same old way, day by day, month by month, the everlasting same old grind? If so, do as the wise ones in all the history of America have done—put your investments in virgin fields.

The last great American territory where immense returns are possible, is the Pacific Northwest. Even this great field is being rapidly taken up.

Therefore Act TODAY

Each one sending in this coupon secures a contract certificate for from $100.00 to $1,000.00 in one of the most profitable enterprises in the world. Such an offer was never made before, and you cannot afford to miss it. Every reader of this paper should take advantage of it NOW.

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CUT THIS OUT

$1,000.00 a Year as Long as You Live

Do you want an income of from $100.00 to $1,000.00 a year for life? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation to make any payments whatever, so don't delay, but send in coupon at once.

NAME .....

NOTE—Write name plainly so that no mistake will be made in filling out certificate.

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Please reserve.....shares for me, at $1.00 per share; send me certificate, booklet, reports and all information; if I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise of the soundest character and will prove ENORMOUSLY profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of 10 cents per share per month until fully paid. No more than 1000 shares reserved for any one person.

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Show greater profits, acre for acre, than any other lands in the United States, devoted to horticulture or agriculture. . . . . .

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Peck's Grand View Tract
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A brand new tract of 400 lots just placed on the market. Streets all being graded, oiled, cement curbed, water piped to every lot; building restrictions $1500. Lying in the southwestern part of San Pedro. Prices and terms very reasonable.

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HER LAND LOCKED HARBOR

One of the greatest engineering feats of the age.
Write me for particulars regarding this coming commercial center.

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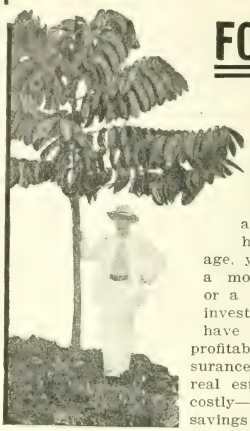
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REAL ESTATE
611 SOUTH MYRTLE AVE.
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$1500 A YEAR
FOR LIFE



One of Our 15-Month-Old Trees.

IF YOU WISH to save for old age or provide for healthy middle-age, you can not find a more conservative or a more reasonable investment than we have to offer—more profitable than life insurance—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly—better than a savings bank, for the return is greater.

We have full and complete literature, showing conclusive facts, logical figures and definite reference of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable. Our booklets give "reasons," why those who can spare from $5 to $25 a month can provide for old age and protect themselves against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortune of ill health by securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets—do this today in justice to your future. It is not only the man who saves, but he who saves profitably. The demand for rubber can never be fully supplied—a rubber plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine—our booklets tell you the facts that have taken years to prove—write for them today.

This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of $25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of $1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

Conservative Rubber Production Co.
610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TONOPAH
GOLD STAR MINING CO.
Of TONOPAH, NEVADA

If you desire to invest in a mining proposition in the established CAMP OF TONOPAH, we would request that you investigate the advantages of investing in the Tonopah Gold Star. The property consists of a claim and a fraction of a claim, a total of over twenty acres. It is on the drift of the ledge running through the Mac Namara, West End and the original Tonopah Mining Company properties. The stock of the Tonopah Mining Company has sold for as high as $20.00, and the West End is now selling at $2.45, and the Mac Namara around 70c. In these three mines "ruby silver" has been found that runs into the thousands of dollars to the ton, and the Mac Namara and West End ledges are around five feet in width.

We are surrounded by proven properties, the Ohio Tonopah almost corners on us and the West Tonopah on the north has good bodies of shipping ore, and development is going on to our west. By competent judges we are considered to be almost

IN THE HEART OF THE CAMP

With these advantages we believe that this stock should be an attractive purchase, especially as we will sell a limited number of shares at ten cents a share. One cent down, per share, and the balance in nine monthly payments of a cent per share each. We make this arrangement because we want the money to come in steadily as we develop. We shall have to sink a shaft from three hundred to five hundred feet and it will require a double compartment shaft, which will cost around $6,000; the hoist will cost about $4,000 more, and we have to expend in drifting something like $5,000 more. But with the expenditure of this total of $15,000 we will probably have a great property. It will possibly require nine months to a year to bring the development work to a completion.

Now, supposing we get good ore bodies and our stock goes to $2.50 so that every thousand shares is worth $2,500.00. Supposing you invest $100.00 and secure one thousand shares, you will possibly obtain $2,500.00 on the investment.

If you invest $200.00 your receipts will be $5,000.00
If you invest $500.00 the returns will reach $12,500.00
If you invest $1,000.00 you would realize the sum of $25,000.00
(Quite a comfortable fortune.)
And $5,000.00 would yield $125,000.00

This is a legitimate mining proposition, the property is all paid for and the assessment work done for 1906; and there being only two claims, or a claim and a fraction, the cost of keeping up the assessment work is comparativly small. We already have some money in the treasury and with your assistance we can send down this double compartment shaft and make this one of the great producers of the state of Nevada.

PRICE TEN CENTS PER SHARE

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Deciduous Fruit Lands Citrus Fruit Lands
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Lands particularly adapted to Berry Culture, Potatoes, Onions
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$75 to $150 an Acre

One-fourth Cash, Balance 1 to 4 years, at 6 per cent. interes

$350,000 Worth of Land Sold Since December 15, 1905

¶ The Chino Ranch presents a golden opportunity to buy land at a low price in the heart of a fertile valley—where the water supply is one of the most bountiful in the state; where the people are highly civilized, refined and willing to help each other; where there are beautiful homes and productive farms; where the settlers are happy and prosperous, made so by the products of the soil itself.

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No. 2

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Capital $1,500,000—Non-Assessable

The Standard Mines No. 2 are located in San Bernardino County, California, ten miles from the "Salt Lake", twelve miles from the "Santa Fe", and one mile from the rich STANDARD MINES, which are shipping ore and receiving returns at the rate of $3,000 per week.

The following telegram from the President of Standard Mines Co. No. 2 shows the present outlook for making of this mine a large producer:

COPY OF A WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

RECEIVED at SO. PASADENA, CAL. Aug 13th 1906

Gs Es Sd 88 Paid. 4 Extra in sig.
Cima Calif 12
G. W. Bishop.
So. Pasadena Calif.

Shaft number two down two hundred and fifteen feet, last twenty feet showing copper stains, north drift on one hundred and fifty foot level in one hundred feet, ore struck twenty feet in from shaft and shows well eight feet. drifting and sinking continuous, over one hundred tons ore on dump, shipping to begin in few days, both mines looking better than ever before. Account engine shut down to day for repairs I cannot go down number one before tomorrow. will return Los Angeles tuesday morning.

J. E. Meyer
President Standard Mines Co.

The first car of ore from this mine was shipped on August 31, 1906, and brought in returns **$1,419.78.** Other shipments are to follow immediately.

100,000 Shares Are Now Offered at 35c per Share

The ore values on the dump and in sight will pay large dividends for years to come and the development work is being vigorously pushed forward. An opportunity is given you to purchase stock in a *Producing Mine* with large bodies of ore in sight that will insure successful and profitable operation for years to come at

35c per Share

You cannot afford to miss it. The mine will soon have the advantage of smelter close at hand, which will greatly reduce the cost of operation, and the price of the stock is certain to advance rapidly.

We would suggest those desiring reservations from the stock now being sold to wire same at our expense, followed by letter confirming.

A large portion of the stock for development purposes heretofore sold has been placed in Southern California, the mine having been visited by those investing in the stock. Those investing now are also cordially invited to visit the property in order to convince themselves.

The Standard Copper News, containing the "Story of Standard Mines" and of mining men and others who have visited the property, will be sent to any addres upon request.

References: The Citizens' National Bank of Los Angeles; Mercantile Agencies.

Address

The General Securities Co.

Suite 6
No. 308 Pacific Electric Building,
Los Angeles, Calif.

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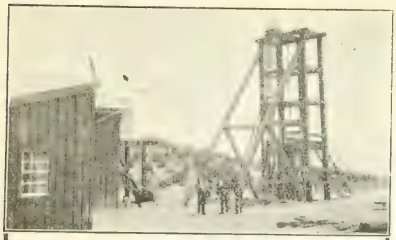
THE GENERAL SECURITIES CO., Suite 6, 308 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Date.....

I hereby authorize you to purchase for me.....Shares of the Stock of Standard Mines Co. No. 2 at ..ase per share. Total par value $..... which I agree to pay to your order..... Bank Dollars $..... Send to..... for collection. of.....

Name.....

Address.....



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Investors, who contemplate buying UTAH or NEVADA mining stocks, should have my "Weekly Comments" giving information regarding the best investments.

IT IS FREE.

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Other than those dug from the ground, are:

1. **A climate** that is the most perfect in the World.
2. **A Bay** that is ample for (and that will undoubtedly control) traffic of the **Panama Canal.**
3. 30,000 of the most refined, hospitable **People** to be found in America, constituting a community it is a delight and privilege to live in
4. A Surrounding **Agricultural Country** that will produce all of the **Necessities** and many of the **Luxuries of Life.**

Would you like information regarding these gems—information that is more specific and definite? If so, it will be furnished you **Cheerfully** and **Gratis** by your addressing a postal card and request to

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We will be glad to see you personally, too.

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The wonderful Wenatchee Valley nets the owner from $400.00 to $2400.00 per acre every year. No failure. I have 6000 acres of the best in the Valley. Deep, rich soil that will earn 500 per cent. on the money invested in twelve months.

Write for full information.

A few dollars put in the Wenatchee Valley will make you independently rich.

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THREE transcontinental RAILROADS are now seeking entrance to SEATTLE. Within this year, 1906, the VALUES of SEATTLE REAL PROPERTY will ADVANCE from **40 to 50 per cent** above present prices and then give large returns in rentals.

Call on or write to

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Building lots all parts of city. Easy monthly payments. Property steadily advancing. Buy now and you are sure of a big profit. Write for printed matter. We can place a large number of loans $500 to $3000 each at 6 to 7% net

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Cactus Crystallized

The Most Delicious Confection
Having Extraordinary Merits

The Cactus has for years been known for its beneficial effects on the heart and nerves. 35c brings postpaid a ½-lb. box beautifully embossed and packed.
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The greatest undeveloped mining region in the world. Have you ever investigated mining opportunities in Arizona? The time is ripe for returns of the highest order. $1,000 invested in Calumet copper and gold mining stock in 1901 is worth $256,000 today. Information cheerfully given. Mines, mining stocks and real estate.

S. S. Green, Phoenix, Arizona.

For quick returns on your investments, buy lands in the Great Salt River Valley, where you are assured abundance of water for irrigation from the Tonto Reservoir, now under construction by the United States Government. For prices and terms write **PECKA BROTHERS**, Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, offices 510-512 West Washington street, Phoenix, Arizona.

INCORPORATE

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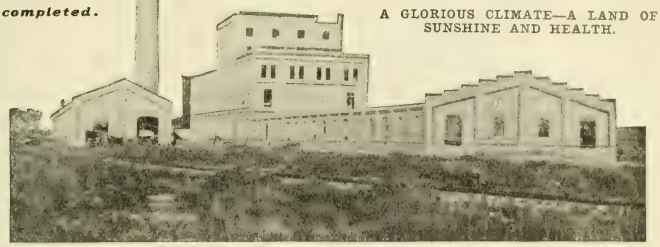
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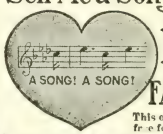
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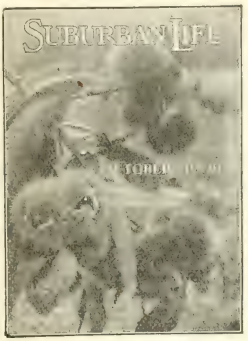
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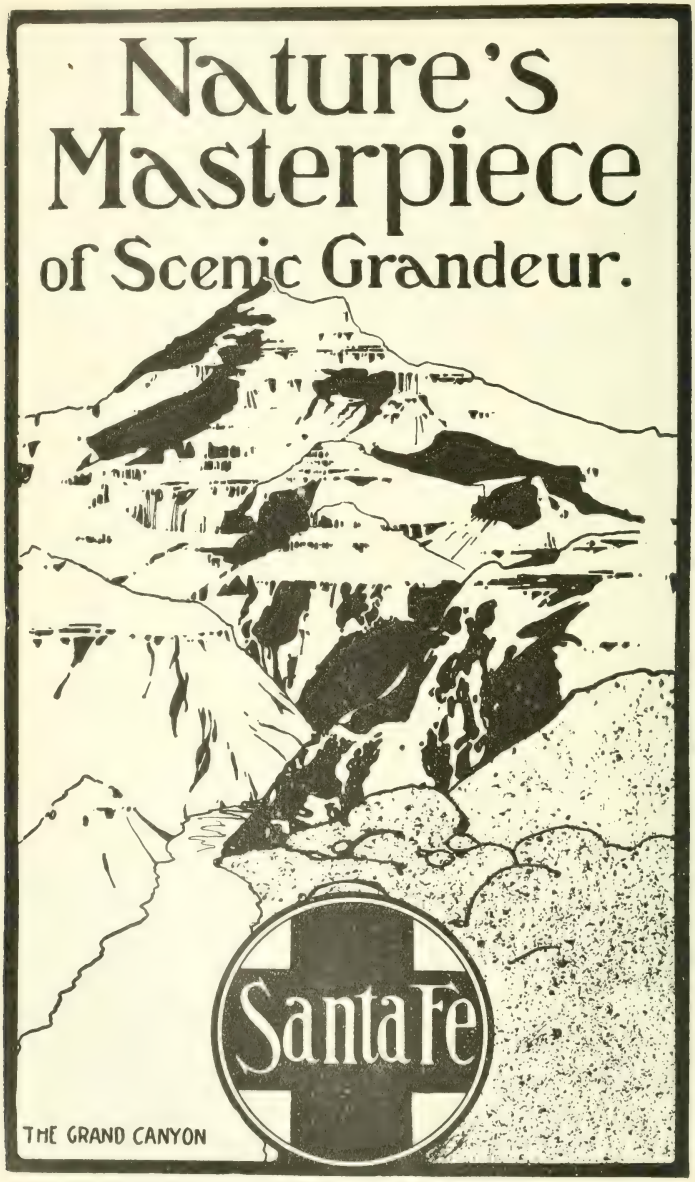
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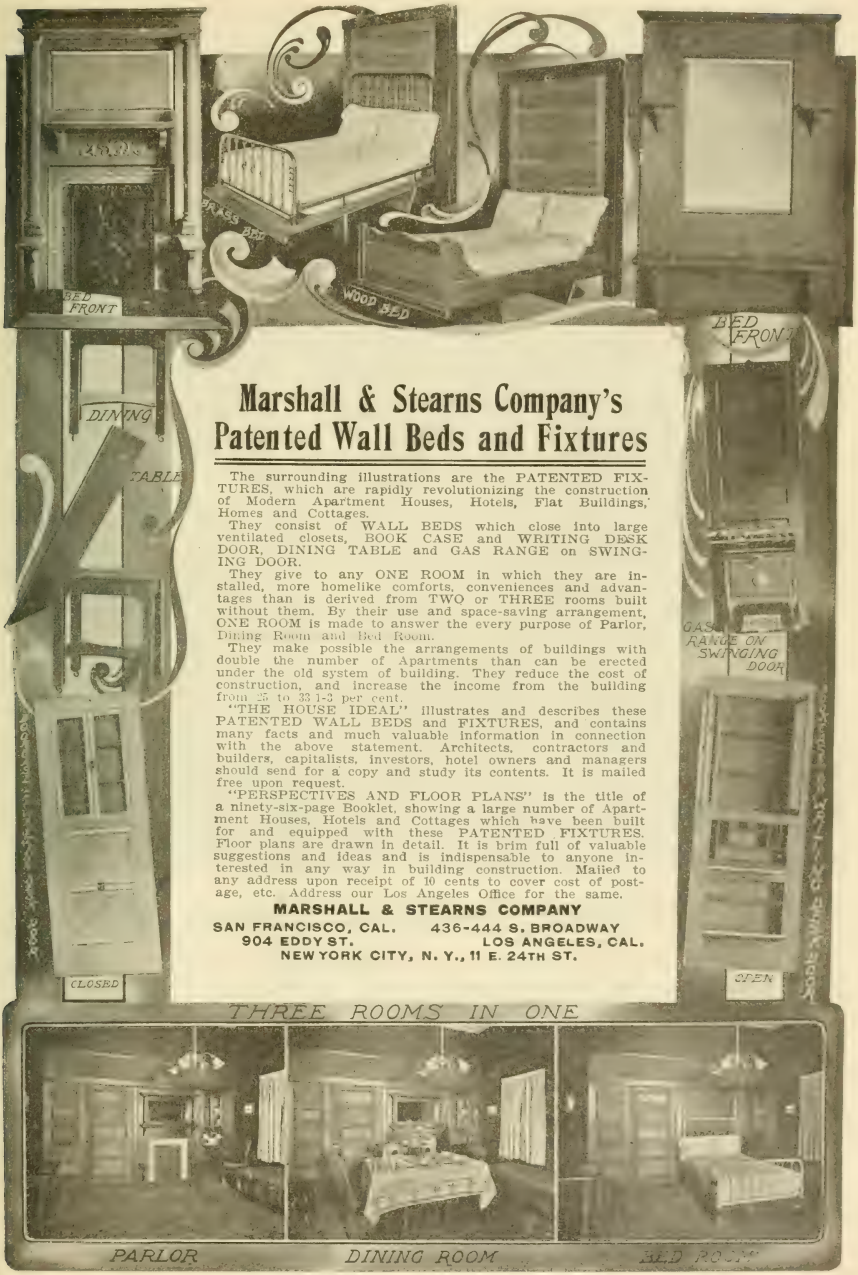
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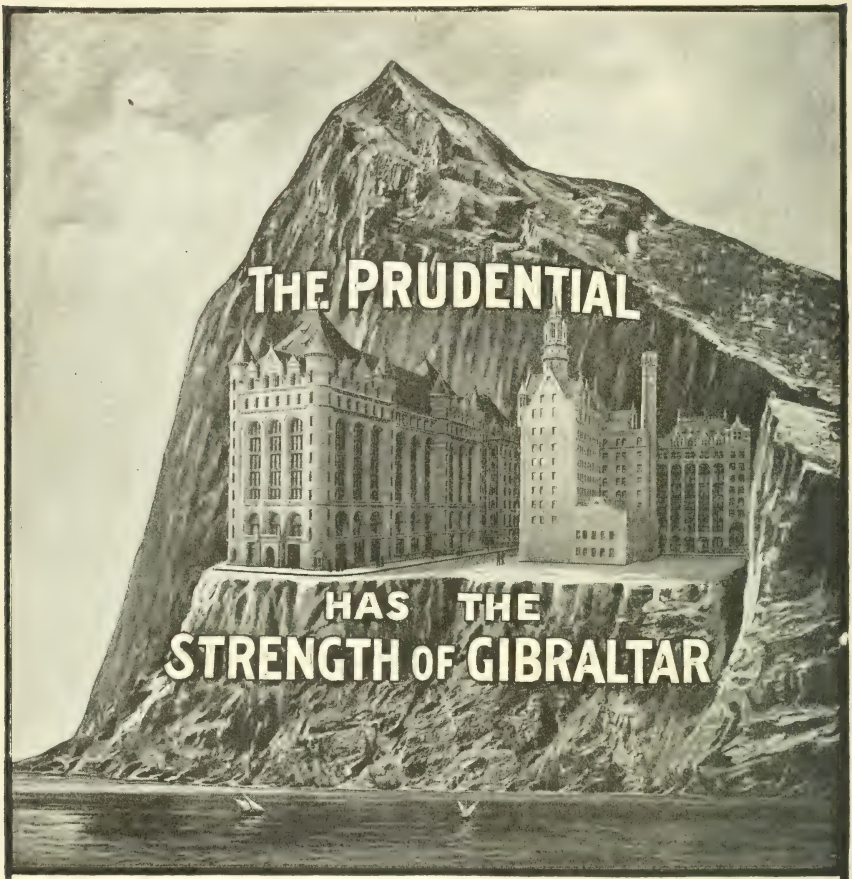
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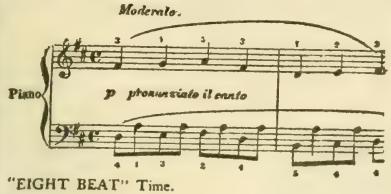
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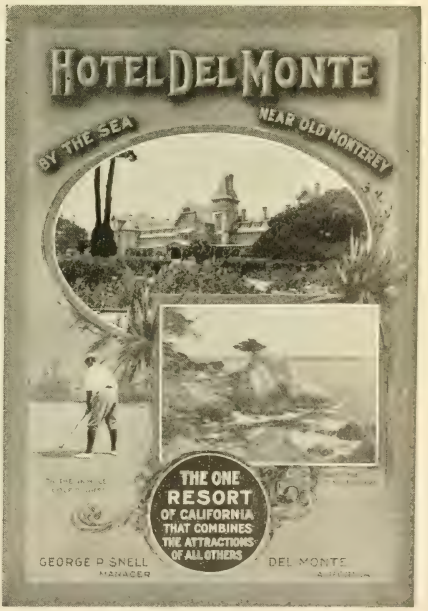
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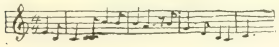
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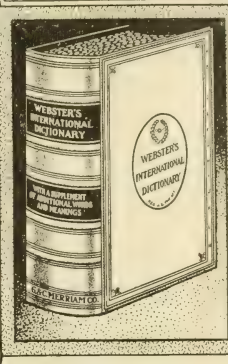
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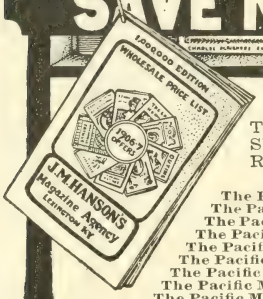
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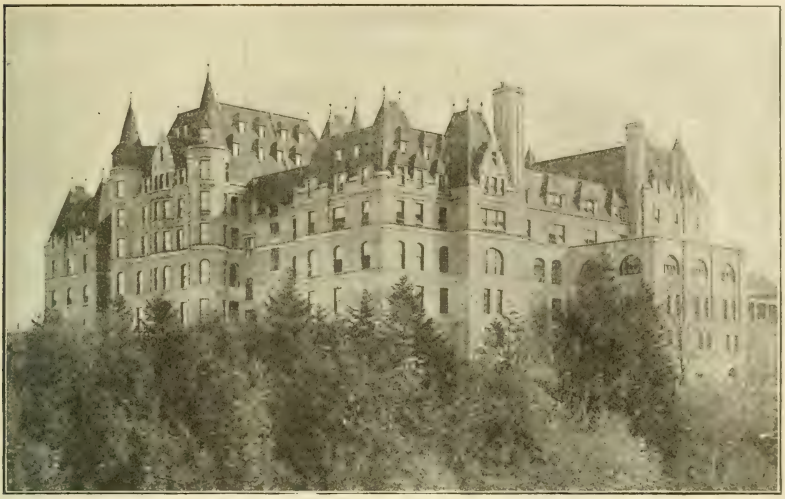
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Annie Wright Seminary, a well-endowed Episcopalian institution, and two Catholic schools—St. Aquinas Academy and the Academy of the Visitation—are high-class boarding and day schools for young ladies.

The University of Puget Sound is a Methodist Episcopal school, and Whitworth College is under the auspices of the Presbyterians. These vigorous young colleges are both within the city limits, and are both doing enthusiastic and efficient work.

DeKoven Hall and Vashon College are nearby schools of the same character for boys.

The Lutherans have a flourishing school of academic grade at the suburb of Parkland.

An account of the educational advantages of the city would not be complete without mention of the Ferry Museum, the most comprehensive institution of its kind in the west, and the Carnegie Library. It should also be known that the State University is only 40 miles away, and that two of the three state normal schools are within a few hours' ride of Tacoma.

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SOME FEATURES FOR DECEMBER

HOW TO HANG PICTURES. This is the long-promised article by Herbert E. Everett, Professor of the Fine Arts in the University of Pennsylvania. It contains a clear exposition of the principles to be observed in arranging pictures upon the walls of the home, and is fully illustrated by photographs of historic examples and sketches by the author, showing typical examples of arrangement.

THE NURSERYMEN OF PARIS. Specially written for HOUSE & GARDEN by M. Jacques Boyer, a Parisian authority, to illustrate more especially the French method of training apple and pear trees in forms on trellises to give maximum exposure for the fruit to light and air. Beautifully illustrated from photographs exclusively taken for this article.

THE COLONY WILDAU. The fourth in the series on Model Houses for German Workmen, by William Mayner, Secretary to the American Consul-General in Berlin. This paper deals with the Schwarzkopff Colonies and is fully illustrated.

THE FIRST COUNTY PARK SYSTEM IN AMERICA. Mr. Frederick W. Kelsey continues his interesting account of the Essex County Park System, and offers practical advice to civic bodies undertaking a similar work. Mr. Kelsey was a member of the first Board of Commissioners, and his story of their experiences and trials makes most interesting reading. Illustrated.

HOUSE & GARDEN DEPARTMENTS. There is an interesting discussion this month on concrete houses and the care and treatment of trees. Ernest Hemming gives good advice to the amateur gardener, and Margaret Greenleaf answers all questions on House Decoration in the Inquiry Column.

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A Christmas Suggestion to Our Many Western Friends

A letter recently received from a prominent Seattle business man has given us an idea—just this, undoubtedly there are thousands of our readers and friends who feel just as he does and who will welcome this suggestion. We quote as follows:

"I congratulate you on your splendid November number. It's fine because it's Western. I'm proud that we of the West are making and sending out to the world such a magazine. Bright, clean and wholesome. It tells the truth about our country, and its opportunities, and as such is a power for much good.

"I want every one of my relatives and friends back East to read THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, therefore I am enclosing my check for $14.00 and list of names to begin with the Christmas issue."

Not a bad idea, is it?

Why not add the names of your relatives and friends to this list?

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In twenty years every county in the West will have doubled and trebled in population because THE PACIFIC MONTHLY tells the people of the East about the Pacific Coast, and they come. In twenty years there will be tens of thousands of good citizens here who will look upon this magazine as the hand that led them into the land of plenty; as their guide, their friend, their entertainer, the voice that cheered them and inspired them. It is for these THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is labor ing. It is with these that it will grow—with the men and women whom it brought here, who will love it and be loyal and steadfast to it. And they shall never be ashamed, for this magazine then, as now, will stand for the West—*their West, our West, God's Country.*

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A Few Interesting Facts and Figures

First of all, it's Western—printed on paper ("made on the Coast") by Western printers. It takes 85 people working hard all the time to produce this magazine. In addition to this large force we have over 20 paid traveling representatives and about 100 agents.

There were 92,800 lbs. of paper used in the November issue, and it took three of the largest cylinder presses on the Pacific Coast working 20 hours out of the 24, to turn out this great magazine on time.

Had the November issue all been mailed in one day, it would have taken 25 large, two-horse drays to have hauled it to the post-office and four mail cars to transport it.

We estimate that during 1907 we shall require about 50 carloads of paper. Think of that, two solid train loads of 25 cars each. Not so bad for a Western publication, is it? And a youngster at that.

A Christmas Card With Your Compliments

As long as the Christmas issue lasts we will begin all Gift subscriptions (unless otherwise requested) with this issue.

We have prepared an attractive little Christmas card to be enclosed in the Christmas Issue, bearing the giver's name and compliments. If you prefer to use your own card you may do so; kindly send same to us with your order.

FILL IN ORDER BELOW, TEAR OUT PAGE AND SEND TO US

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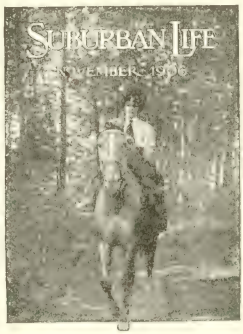
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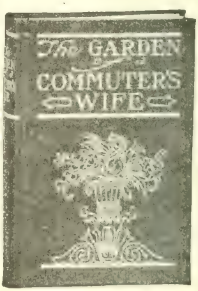
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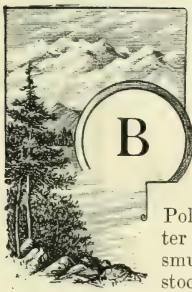
The Pacific Monthly



Vol. XVI DECEMBER, 1906 No. 6

The Atonement

By Herman Whitaker



BUT for certain milky streaks, harbingers of Aurora, arctic night shrouded the vast steppes that curve with the world from the Canadian line northward to the Pole. Almost in the center of their infinity, a smudge marked off the stockade, furhouses and quarters of Fort Pelly from the gray obscurity of prairie snows. Without its gates a score of dim yellow cones uplifted from the drifts, the fire-lit tepees of a tribe that had brought beaver out from the far North. Within, blotches of brighter yellow bespoke better cheer, lamplight behind frosted windows, fires such as that which blazed in the wide arch of the store's mud chimney.

Its leaping flame discovered tinware, steel traps, hatchets, kettles, dependent in groves from blackened roof baulks; revealed boxes and barrels ranged along dark log walls; toned vivid cottons and fervid blanketings upon rude shelves; ripened the beneficence on the face of the Abbe du Fre, softened the rugged aspect of Dominique, the clerk; yet could not lessen for all its flare and crackle the hoar that leveled window sash and pane and embossed every scrap of iron about the door. These glittering insignia served the clerk in place of the spirit thermometers which still lay fifty years off in the womb of the future.

"The Lights will be bright," he said in French. "Let us see."

The streaks had now evolved into shimmering veils draped across the north. Scintillant, ebullient, they resolved and dissolved, taking new forms at every second; quivering, shaking in long shivers as though some delicate goddess were rinsing her robes in a bath of flame. Now it was a glorious veil, trembling with opalescence; now a proscenium fly dependent from night's black vault; again it evolved into a fiery serpent lashing in milk-white cloud. And every form palpitated with color, running the gamut in every shade and combination. In profound silence, frozen silence of the void, etherial incandescences came and went. Though Dominique was born of the North and the Abbe

could recall thirty frozen winters, neither had seen a finer display. It held them in thrall until the snow crust crunched under the weight of the Factor of Pelly.

A big man by day, Donald Cameron loomed immense in the gloom, his dim outline conveying a suggestion of indefinite extension. A product of the turbulence which obtained what time the Hudson Bay Company was at grips with its powerful rival, the Nor'west Traders, force, power, inhered in his swinging approach, resolution in his pose. Though the amalgamation of the companies had been accomplished these ten years, he retained the imperious manner and voice of those bloody times.

His comment, "Ye'll never have seen the Lights finer, Father?" was almost a challenge.

The priest mildly agreed. Communing with himself, he added, "A cloud by day, the fiery pillar by night, He sets His Glory in the skies." And when a short laugh issued from the huge dim shape, he said, quickly, "Don't laugh, son! The Hand that diffused these fires may easily gather them into lightnings, and—"

"—strike the cross from your Mission, as last year," the Factor interrupted, "slay Jean Dubois, mildest of your converts. That was a poor shot, Father, to hit Jean and miss me." The weird light suggested his harsh features, distorted in mockery.

Unabashed, the Abbe answered, "Who shall divine His purpose? But if you will have naught of faith, son, believe me that sin carries the seed of its own punishment; evil works out its woeful end on earth. Suffering follows sin—"

"—the suffering of the weak that follows the sin of the strong? I have seen it. Not that I object to your preaching, Father. Your gospel of peace makes good business. But this is frozen argument. I'm for the fire."

They watched him cross to his quarters, till his cabin door opened, revealing, in an aureole of golden light, the wife whose youth twined like a tendril about his prime. Picking her up, he tossed her on high, as a mother her child, then the door closed on her laughing scream.

Seated once more by the store fire, Dominique thoughtfully shook his head. "May it not come to him through her." Then, answering the question in the priest's look, he said, "I was thinking of Red Brischaux. But you heard of that business?"

"Only such rumors as drifted down to Montreal. They were meager. Tell me."

"It is the full of fifteen years ago,"—Dominique's eloquent hand swept away those dull years of peace—"since the Nor' westers established Red Brischaux at Ellice to tap the fur trade that flowed into Pelly. They could not have chosen a better man. Big as Cameron, though of a more wiry build, ruddy as a fox, fiery, sanguine, it was the matching of tiger and grizzly, and for years thereafter the snarlings of their tumbled fight awoke the echoes about the camp fires. Now this had prevailed, again the other, so the talk swung in balance. One spring Brischaux captured the Pelly fur train, with it a handsome squaw, Cameron's leman. Next year Cameron descended on Ellice and gutted it of furs and stores while Brischaux was away suborning a tribe that had been tributary to Pelly. So the luck ran, registering in fur packs, until, tired of a struggle that left them nothing to balance but injuries, they struck a rough truce. Fraud, bribery, chicanery, anything that would divert trade, still obtained, but out of the respect which is bred in equal antagonists by a bellyful of hard knocks, they refrained from further violence.

"They even neighbored, after a fashion. I have seen Brischaux blow in here on the back of a blizzard, ruddy, hot, profane, and spend a week dicing and drinking. Cameron dropped a year's salary in one sitting at Ellice. Like two bull moose who have fought to exhaustion, they pastured side by side till the intrusion of a female broke their pact. It might have endured to this day if, when he married Marie Dupliex, Brischaux had not returned the squaw he stole from Cameron along with an insulting note.

" 'White meat for my teeth,' he wrote with a brutal humor that did not pause at his wife. 'I send back my borrowed victual.'

"It was a fool jest; or, being rested by the truce, he felt renewal of the itch to prove himself the better man; for he must have foreseen its effect on Cameron. 'Humph!' the Factor growled when I



"A man came over and hugged the fire's warmth. . . . . 'A good friend, a fair enemy'—the Abbe classed him."

translated the challenge, 'We'll see whose teeth pick that chicken.'

"A storm, wildest, longest of a dozen seasons, was raging when he went out next morning. Distance was blotted out, the prairies were aflood. The storm touched its climax as he pounded our gates in the black darkness that preceded the following dawn. I see him now as then, hugely magnified by a blue flash, his mooseskins smoothly wet, diamond drops on his beard, gaunt, hollow-eyed from loss of sleep and hard riding. His somber eye presaged the terrible, but I hid my uneasiness under a trivial inquiry of his luck at the gaming.

" 'Cleaned him out,' he coldly answered, 'Money, horses, hides, to the last of his company's pelts, but—he bilked me of my winnings.'

"His look did not invite question, but on the edge of next evening a slip of a lad came driving out of the rain, furiously urging a shaganappy pony, riding bareback with only a cord about the beast's jaw. It was Brischaux's son by his first wife, and when, answering his call, Cameron opened the port-hole in the gates, the lad snapped a pistol full in his face. But the priming was wet, and Cameron looked sourly on while the lad daubed our lintel with blood from his arm.

"So I knew Red Brischaux was dead, though I did not learn the manner of his taking off for months later, until one night liquor thawed Cameron's reserve and he told me all.

"From the moment he entered Ellice, Brischaux divined his purpose, yet with incredible hardihood presented him to Marie, a handsome girl, nine-tenths white; even mocked him as they ate her fried deer steaks, swearing that naught but love, fresh and hot at that, would move him, Red Brischaux, out in such weather. Only a cotton partition divided bed from living room, and after Marie retired the two fell to dicing and drinking in the old fashion within full sound of her sleep breathing. Fancy them: Brischaux flushed as a fox in the dog days, sardonically devilish; Cameron blackly reserved, gaming while thunders split over the cabin, lightnings lit the wet windows, the woman always in the minds of both.

"Brischaux's own mouth betrayed the fact that Cameron had stripped his possessions. 'Now,' he grinned, 'to the heart of the matter. How much against the wife?'

"It was as well that way as other. Each knew that the game had but joined the issue. Equals in hardness, strength, cunning, they fenced looks across the table before Cameron answered. 'All would be only a fair wager against so much comeliness. All—on a single throw.'

"Brischaux was the better gamester. He looked at the rolling dice. Only a fleeting glance, it yet caused his bullet to go wide as he took Cameron's in his brain. So close were they in thought and action that one thunder-clap drowned both reports; to which triple coincidence Cameron set the fact that Marie slept on. He thought her ear dulled by the storm's ceaseless crash, and so waited, looking down on the dead man, ears pricked for an alarm in the fort. None came. Dead silence had followed that great clap. He heard the woman sigh. Then the storm voices—patter of rain, sough of the wind, distant thunder, resumed their interrupted sway. Not till he slipped behind the curtain, saw the heart blood welling through her shift, did he realize that Brischaux's chance bullet had despoiled his devil winning."

Several times during the narration the Abbe checked himself on the verge of speech. Now he burst out, "Horrible! Was there no attempt at justice? Complaint to the King's governor?"

Dominique shrugged. "A governor? without soldiers? On complaint of the Nor'westers he called on the Commissioner of Garry to produce Cameron for judgment, who answered that he would gladly do so, but that his force was busy repelling aggressions of the Nor'westers. To a citation, Cameron replied that if the governor would come for him he would hang him in the gates."

"And the boy? Brischaux's son?"

"The Jesuits took him to Montreal. He should be a priest these five years."

Bending his glance on the fire, the Abbe studied the red pictures that formed and faded as though they might formulate answer to the riddle of passion which seemed to contradict his theory of immutable justice. Screeching rustily as it swung on frosty hinges, the door broke up his reverie. While Dominique measured off a

yard of the black twist tobacco used in Indian trade, the man who entered came over and hugged the fire's warmth. Clothed in fringed mooseskins, upstanding fully six feet, he made a fine picture in the glow; the Abbe, who had a maid's eye for a man, observed with critical pleasure his sinewy build, chestnut hair, the large eye which softened the strong reserve of his face. A good friend, a fair enemy, the Abbe classed him.

"A new man, yes," Dominique answered his question later. "A French Canuck from the company's service in Labrador. He was one of the voyageurs who brought Cameron up from his wedding trip to Montreal. Saved both their lives when the canoe spilled in the Neck of the Woods rapid. Swam out with Jeanne, and fished Cameron, who cannot swim a stroke, from deep water. Since then he has been Cameron's right hand, a good one at that. He brought in those Stony Cree today; otherwise their furs would have gone to Cumberland House.

"As I say," he continued meditatively, "he is a stranger here, yet—as to some forgotten dream, I hark back striving to attach a memory to his face. But always it eludes me."

"A faint likeness, trick of expression common to some one you have known," the Abbe suggested as he rose to go to bed.

Dominique assented, without, however, allaying the irritating haunting. Whenever through that winter he glimpsed Rafe's face under certain aspects he would experience the baffling suggestion. It recurred again and again, through the springtime, long after the good Abbe had passed on the round of his missions; puzzled Dominique till the uncomfortable impression was submerged rather than obliterated by a great anxiety.

A daughter of Dupre, who kept roadhouse on the fur trail out from the Prairie Portage, Dominique had known Jeanne, Cameron's wife, from childhood. Indeed, he had kept tally of her growth, setting her against the door when he came down with the season's furs to note the advance on last year's mark. A beauty at eighteen, of the healthy pallid type, her eyes were pure and cold as moonlit pools. Passion had not rippled their depths when, at twenty, she married Cameron. But meeting her one day, as she rode in with Rafe from a gallop over the prairies, Dominique sensed a change. Her glamor of health, sunshot hair, riotous litheness of body, these splendors of youth did not blind him. The moonshine was gone. Warm as brown pools wherein trout bask in dappled shadow, her eyes turned on her companion; their deeps mirrored a tender introspection.

Returning to the store, the clerk found Cameron there, weighing out flour for an Indian, a shiftless Cree, throwing in a curse with every pound.

"Owes us more now than he can ever pay!" he roared as he handed scoop and stilyards to Dominique. "The company can't carry him any longer. Charge this to me!"

It was not the first kindness he had masked under tyrannical bluster. In hard seasons he flung his substance with so free a hand among his copper vassals as to leave them with a balance of affection toward him despite his tyranny. So in view of what he had just seen Dominique was the heavier for this kindly play. He chafed under a sense of his helplessness. Cameron would hardly consider the development of a richer eye in his wife as proper cause to banish a man who had saved both their lives. There was nothing for it but to watch and wait till some slight indiscretion should authorize a word of friendly counsel.

This Dominique did, watching both man and woman through the golden summer days. Rafe proved a puzzle. Bearing himself at first with decent reserve, his manner evolved through all stages of friendliness to a warmth that was unmistakable. That was natural. The puzzle inhered in his ensuing heats and coldnesses. Today hot, tomorrow cold, he acted as one balanced between diverse emotions. Yet Dominique did not doubt his end.

His hope centered on Jeanne. If she weakened—he would not contemplate the possibility; yet, sitting of nights in her kitchen, he measured her progress in thoughtful lapses, dreams, startings, while he talked with her husband. On occasion she would throw upon Cameron a look dark with considered speech, as though confession trembled close to her lips. But it did not forth through Dominique, devout delivery, and that she might not be

used in vicarious atonement for the death of Marie Brischaux.

Undoubtedly it was this last heavy thought that eventually caused him to fit Rafe's handsome face to his haunting memory; a thing that came to pass in a dream that he had in Cumberland House where he had gone to arrange a change of supplies. Falling asleep with Jeanne in his mind, he saw Brischaux's lad come driving out of the rain, but as he opened his mouth to call Cameron, the face aged to that of Rafe. With a great cry, Dominique awoke to the truth, everything explained, Rafe's silences, moods, thawings, freezings. He remembered, too, that the Factor had planned for Jeanne to visit her father next time he sent dispatches to Garry by Rafe, and under urge of that thought he covered in three days the five-day journey to Pelly.

Cameron gaped at the lathered ponies, surmising an Indian rising. His fierce eyes gleamed, his turbulent soul leaped to the scent of battle. But he blanched under his blackness when, finding that Jeanne was gone these six days, Dominique cried, "Man! you sent her away with the son of Red Brischaux!"

That sickly color, however, was all that his iron spirit vouchsafed to Dominique's pitying eyes. His black whisperings, blasphemous ravings, maniacal defiances to the Cause of Things, did not break out till he was riding alone under the immense grey of October skies. Jogging easily, a Red River freighting cart creaks over the two hundred yellow miles between Pelly and Dupre's roadhouse in seven days. He rode it there and back in two, killing one pony, ruining other five. Two and six are eight; add three more days spent casting about; Rafe was eleven camps ahead before Cameron picked up the scent at the forks of the Devil's and Great Slave trails.

He had first news from a *bois brule* who had spent a night by Rafe's fire; a rascal who, after straining his credit at Pelly, had taken not only his own furs but all he could buy or steal to other forts, and who added malice to his treacheries. His crude hint that elopement defined Jeanne's case more accurately than ravishment, gained him a broken jaw; but the poison worked. Cameron saw his grizzled years for the first time through his young wife's eyes; remembered looks, tones, that now took sinister meaning. That day he sent back his men to Pelly, not caring that other eye should see the accomplishment of his purpose.

He rode alone on the "Devil's Trail," so named by the fur traders because earth offers no worse penance than a pilgrimage along its barren lengths. Loneliest of roads, it cat-a-corners the meridians a thousand miles, winding snake-like through muskegs, morasses, alkali desert in dreary alternation, to Hope, the company's uttermost fort at the peak of the Barren Lands. By day, in summer, a pest of sandflies haunts it; the tortured night whines of mosquitoes. In winter it lies, a pale ribbon in blanched solitudes, whose infinite, wearisome whiteness divorces the traveler from earthly relations completely as though he were moving through colorless voids of space. Yet its evilness was well in accord with Cameron's mood as he rode, frothing at the necessary slowness of his going. For the trail offered no fresh horseflesh. He would meet only Swampy Sioux, thieves and murderers of lonely people, eaters of fish, a miserable tribe too poor to support a company's post; and, further north, half breed Crees and Esquimaux.

Even the print of Jeanne's small foot in the mud of a cold camp did not move him to suicidal haste. He knew what he knew—Rafe's intention among other things. This was October! By Chippewyan, Lake Yak Kyed, the Doobaunt River, he would go to the Esquimaux igloo at Whale's Point on Hudson's Bay. That would be the end of November and the bay frozen! So he would trade horses for dogs, cross the ice from island to island, where after a ten days' dash across Ungeva would bring him among friends in Labrador.

But that was a long way off. Moreover, unaware that Dominique's dream had cut his lead by a good three weeks, Rafe was not traveling fast. Averaging his speed from the cold camps, Cameron arranged his a third faster, traveling always fifteen or twenty miles beyond their span.

There was something deadly in his method, his murderous calculation. Of nights he would glower into his fire, oblivious of the beasts that moved in the en-

vironments of the darkness, of their soft pantings, velvet paddings. He saw neither the eyes, green slits in the night, nor the gray hides that on occasion flashed in and out of the edge of the firelight. His thought turned only on that other fire now five camps away, twinkling, a red spark under the gold-dusted vault. Five camps! Two days and it would be four! Four days, three camps! Six, two! Eight, one! Ten—ah, God!

Thus his furious figuring carried him beyond the limit of trees into the heart of the Barren Lands, a country sterile beyond the imagination of man, avoided by moose, wapiti, antelope, the nobler beasts which left its moss, lichens, sparse scrub growths to the musk ox and Arctic caribou. Four camps! Three! Two! One more, and he would push on through the night and take them in their blankets! But that very night the first snow fell, bringing the unforeseen dimension into his sum.

Snow flakes whirling out of black night into the fire glow formed a strange setting for the strange play that was being enacted two camps away; a play that would have astonished Cameron could he have seen it. Lovers do not place the fire between them. Yet so the two sat, Jeanne on one side with a buffalo hide stretched between her and the wind, Rafe opposite. Nor was her meditative sadness proper fruitage of accomplished passion. If it were, her eyes still offered a puzzle in that they still contained the tender introspection which first aroused Dominique's suspicion. The secret thought in which it rooted did not then center on Rafe.

He broke a moody silence with the manner of one who reopens stubborn argument. "Why did you not send word back by the *bois brules?* I did not stand between you. Ere this, Cameron would have been upon us."

"There was no need." Her eyes turned to him with calm confidence that seemed to be borne of their mystery. "I knew that you would return me to him after the passing of your madness."

He laughed, scornfully. "You have now mended that opinion."

"No." Her quiet assurance brought him to his feet, flushed, angry.

"Come! let us have no more of this! You love me. Why do you hold me off?"

"I am a married wife." She gave it with all of a woman's faith in the irrevocability of the canons.

"Pish!" he snorted. "Spring does not mate with winter."

"Why not?"

But he turned her argument against her. It is shameful, unnatural."

"I married him of my free will," she interrupted.

"But you do not love him? Could not! did not!"

The tender brooding flooded her face; enigma looked upon him out of her eyes. "He has given me cause."

Exclaiming angrily, he flung out from the fire to snow and darkness, and there paced out five minutes, while love and revenge battled one with the other.

Revenge won. He came striding back. "Now look you, Jeanne, I came to Pelly to do to you and him that which he did to my father and would have done to my father's wife. For this I saved you alive from the rapid. And think you that I shall return you to him? I can command where I have beseeched; take—"

"But you will not."

"Why?" he irritably demanded.

"Because you say you love me. Does love blast its object?"

"Why did you make me?" He threw the question to the night rather than her; challenging the god of revenges to produce cause for this miscarriage.

However, she answered, "Could I give less than affection to you who saved our lives?"

Stepping, he seized her shoulder. "Affection! It is not enough. I must have more. I *will* have—"

"No, No!" Stayed by her flooding pity; passion of regret, he paused. "No, No!" she repeated. "Don't make it so hard for me. Listen!" Then raising her face as he stooped, she whispered her secret; the thought of her brooding, whose telling left her ruddier than the fire's glow.

Stunned, astounded, he looked down upon her blushes. In him some gentler strain had tempered Red Brischaux's fierce blood, and though the Jesuit Fathers had not weaned him from his oath, yet they had trained him in moods that rendered its fulfillment difficult. And now that he had fallen in love with his means of revenge, even love was denied

him. Pitched between two passions, he paced all night in the darkness while, lying in her blankets, Jeanne listened to his footsteps. Whenever he replenished the fire, she studied his face and at dawn knew that she had conquered. Then—oh, feminine inconsequence! she covered her head and cried. When, moreover, an hour later, Rafe headed the ponies about, her face would never have been taken for that of a winner in a month's hard argument.

Muskegs, sloughs and morasses being now mailed in snow and ice, Rafe left the devious trail and lined southwest, heading straight for the timber line. Thus spurring hotly forward to make that last camp, Cameron passed them by, a fair ten miles to the north at the close of that day. Waking, that morning, in a white world, all trails obliterated by the still falling snow, the Factor knew that he might overshoot them. Was sure that he had, the following day. Yet he pressed on three camps more to Whale's Point, where he lay like a black tiger, couchant for prey, until, a week later, a hunter of reindeer brought in word of a man and woman tracking southward through the snows.

He brought other, grisly news, the hunter; on top of his reindeer meat, Pete Groselliers, hard frozen, ugly from a gash in the throat. Never again would Pete carry the Company's letters between Chippewgan and Hope. What was more to Cameron's point, the Swampy Sioux were between him and his quarry. Not that he feared for himself. He made as little of them as a lion of a jackal pack; only he dreaded they might rob his vengeance.

The thought girned him so that he made but a poor trading for dogs, enriching the Esquimaux headman beyond dreams of avarice. It went with him on trail; grew almost to a surety when, ten days out, the Swampy Sioux appeared in his rear; rose with him as, five nights later, they rushed his fire, deeming him in the deep sleep that follows anxious nights. Foolish people! nothing could better have fitted his humor. As the tide on a rock, their foul wave broke around him; he laid them in maimed winrows with his clubbed rifle.

It was a brave vengeance for Pete, and the memory thereof persists in a tribal tradition which recites of a giant who came out of the North and made widows of ten; of how he was hamstrung by Yak-Sood from behind and then broke the head of Koo-Shoo, the Shaman, who thought to dispatch him as he sank on his knees. Further! how he saved the Shaman alive and forced him to break trail five days ahead of the dogs, himself lying upon the sled with rifle trained; of how he shot the Shaman in a bolt for freedom, and how, that same night, the tribesmen enticed his dogs away by the taint of meat in the wind. By the telling of these things one generation of survivors attained meretricious honors, for these were not sufficient to save their toothless age from exposure to the wolves at the pinch of famine. The story goes on from the grey dawn when Cameron crawled from under the blown drift that had saved him through the night.

His first movement brought the tribesmen from feasting on his dogs. Crees, or the Sioux of the south, would have made a quick end, but he still had his rifle, and remembering their Shaman, the fish-eaters held their distance. Nay, the rifle was hardly needed. They shrank from his awful face. Hard-frozen, waxen, only the eyes moved and their implacable sparkle, consuming hatred, cast that livid death mask in the likeness of the resurrected damned. Primitive brutes, his pursuers yet sensed in their invincible purpose something more than desire of life. Out of curiosity as much as lust for his blood and rifle, they followed his painful crawlings as coyotes track a wounded buffalo; followed till another day brought him to the limit of the trees. There they left him.

He knew why. Here the Barrens fell off a thousand feet in a few miles to a timbered country; poplar and birch mostly, with evergreen spruce crowning ridges and sandhills. Beginnings of the mooseranges, the fish-eaters would take no chances of the Crees, hardy hunters and fighters. Besides which general reason there was one more special. Far off a smoke spiral rose by a knoll that lifted a single giant spruce high over the forest roof. From the Shaman Cameron had wrung confession of the tribe's attempt on Jeanne and Rafe—foiled what of the woman's watching and the man's straight shooting,



"'I am a married wife.'—she gave it with all a woman's faith in the irrevocability of the canons."

though they had followed them down to the timber. There, the Shaman said, the man had builded a cabin; he surmised because the woman was ailing. All of which Cameron had hardly believed till now he saw both tree and smoke.

Toward them he now set his dead face. Upright, with good legs, he could have made the distance in one hour; but last night's frost had gripped his knees. He was in pitiable case; yet his indomitable soul took joy that he had been caught with his knees drawn up for warmth. Locomotion would, otherwise, have been ended. Tucked in to his body, his hands had fared better. Though frozen, the left could still hold a gun; the right, pull trigger. Another night would make a finish. But before then—

The fierce heart burning within him, he lifted himself, by sheer force of will, all day through the snows. Noon found him half way, crawling, painfully crawling, like a huge slug through the leafless forest. Then it was that he heard Rafe's voice and Jeanne's clear answer on the frosty air. Yet he could not quicken his pace. Twilight found him crawling. Night brought him so close that he heard the cabin door open and shut as Rafe carried in wood and water. Later, hours later, a dim greyness palpitated upon the blackness; smoke from the chimney. Then his hand touched the cabin.

A thin yellow line, perpendicular trickle of light, divided the frozen mud between two logs. One knife thrust split out a piece, opening the interior to his eye; confirmed by sight the evidence of his incredulous ears. He thought that he heard a thin wail, and there, surely, a woman sat by the mud hearth, suckling her babe. It was Jeanne, but a paler Jeanne, one rounded out by maternity. Her tender gaze turned down on her child. Perched on the wood-pile beside her Rafe looked gravely upon the dimple her finger proudly indicated. From without, the living eye in the dead face surveyed all three.

His own child! Minutes passed before the idea formed in Cameron's chaotic thought. With it came perceptions. So this was why they paused! Followed question, But why the turning? The backtracking on their trail?

Jeanne's voice broke up reflection. "I think I could travel tomorrow."

"Better wait another week," Rafe answered. "The nights are bitter cold."

"They will be colder."

"Are you so anxious to get back to *him?*"

The sorrowful tenderness of her upward look filled the watcher with grim despair. His hand gripped to the rifle; relaxed as she answered, "I have a son who must hear no shame of his mother, but—you will always have my—love." The last whispered word reached only Rafe's ear, but her look proclaimed it to the other. He caught all of Rafe's answer.

"I shall not have it long. He will kill me, even as he did my father."

"No! no!" she protested. "Under his roughness he is a fair man, kind after a rough sort. When he knows, he will—"

"Extend gracious forgiveness," Rafe bitterly interrupted. "And thereafter I shall sit down in Pelly and watch your loves." Her distress gave him pause. "There! there! I will say no more. I brought this on myself. The good priests warned me to leave him to God. I would not and He has turned my vengeance against me."

"But you repented," she comforted, "and He is merciful, *le bon Dieu.* Now you will go back to the priesthood, and some day I, the poor Factor's wife, shall be proud to hear that you have become an Abbe."

"Who knows?" But though he indulged her fancies, the shadow on his face bespoke bitter hopelessness. As yet there was nothing to inform him that his acts had worked out a proper ending.

A "fair man under his violence?" That was a happy phrase. It touched Cameron in his pride; turned his Scotch stubbornness to good account. He held the life of one, the happiness of both in his hands. But was he to prove himself inferior to the son of Red Brischaux in this extremity? He quickly answered the question. His love was one of those enormous passions which rise to heaven, fall to hell under the swing of circumstance. Now that he knew—knew that she had come clean from temptation, the balance swung upward. As she bent again, stooping her breast to the child, he crawled away.

He did not gain far. Tracking him, next morning, from the rifle by the hole

in the wall, Rafe came on him within a score of yards. His face, frozen in sleep, was peaceful now that it lacked the horrible contradiction of baleful eyes; Death's mysterious alchemy had loosened the frost's bonds and spread thereon the peace of his last thought. Who shall predicate it? It may have been of the Abbe's warning, "Sin carries the seed of its own punishment"? More likely it was of the child which had won free because he had bowed to the decree; of the young wife whom his last generous act had set in the way of happiness.

So Jeanne and Rafe read it as they prepared him for winter burial. Bending two young spruce, they lashed him in a buffalo robe from top to top; then when the freed trees bore him on high with stately swing, they headed for Pelly and Dominique, leaving him to the gentle cradling of the winds.

The Cowboy's Prayer

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet, I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

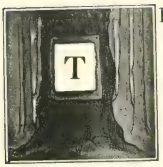
I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock and bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget:
You understand the reasons that are hid,
You know about the things that gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

Indian Shorthand Writers of British Columbia

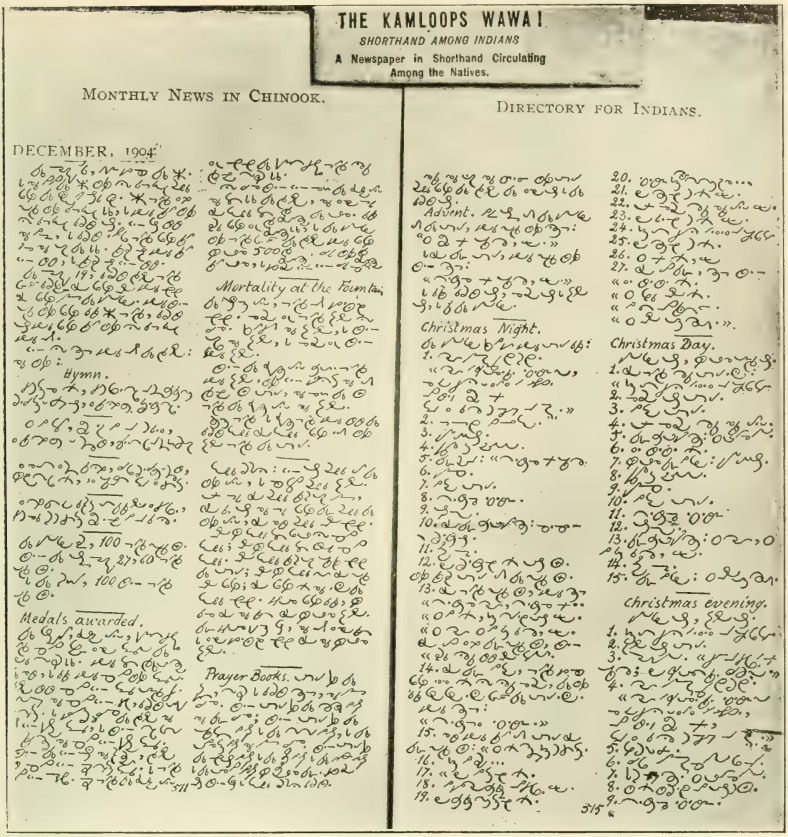
By Lillian E. Zeh



THE only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world who contribute and subscribe to the queerest newspaper now being published anywhere are those belonging to the Kamaloops and Douglas River bands living in the interior of British Columbia. Over 2,000 of these natives have mastered the art and regularly read all the news pertaining to the tribe and individuals in their curious journal called the *Kamaloops Wawa.* Bible, hymn, prayer-books are likewise printed in this sign language. These natives have become members of the Catholic Church. The writer recently visited this region and obtained a series of characteristic photos, together with some interesting information in regard to these practically unknown Indians.

This remarkable and up-to-date advance in Indian culture was brought about through the efforts of a French Catholic Missionary, Father Le Jeune, sent out from Brittany a few years ago. One of the most picturesque illustrations secured was one showing this enterprising priest kneeling surrounded by the chief and other members of his shorthand tribe in front of their church. Kamaloops, the headquarters of Father Le Jeune, is some 300 miles or more northeast from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Just across the river a few miles up from the town is the main Indian village, or rancherie. Here the natives congregate in large numbers at certain seasons, for this is the important center of Indian life for some 50 to 100 miles around; the occupation is principally hunting, fishing, ranching and farming on a limited scale. Prior to the appearance of the priest the fraudulent Shamans—pretenders at the curing of disease, claiming by aid of supernatural or magic powers to be able to ward off evil spirits and prevent sickness—completely held the people in their superstitious grasp. Besides hindering their progress in religious matters, a good deal of property was squeezed from the people by their misleading influence. These so-called magical prophets fled at the coming of the French Father, who exposed their tricks and false creed to the Indians. Before the French priest began his work the tribes of this locality, living along the canyons and banks of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers in British Columbia, were unable to write their language and had no written literature, although each possessed a language which had an extensive Mythology, preserved and rehearsed by frequent recitation. Today, nearly all these different tribes, some half dozen or more, are writing letters to one another in their several languages, reading a newspaper, Bibles, and song books, all by means of shorthand.

Father Le Jeune found that to be successful in his mission it would be absolutely necessary to devise a system of communication, both to arouse and gain their interest by placing instructive printed matter in their hands. Having no written language or grammar of their own, he conceived the novel and useful idea of teaching the Indians of the various tribes to write their language, and showed them a sign to represent each sound which they uttered in pronouncing their words. The signs were simply the shorthand symbols of the Duployan phonographic systems. After working out an Indian vocabulary containing nearly all the words most commonly employed in every day usage in his shorthand signs, the priest, in early fall when the village was thickly populated, first showed and explained his system to one of the bright Indian boys. He took to it intuitively and set to work to decipher some Indian prayers which the Father gave him. Before Christmas he had pretty thoroughly learned the art of



THE KAMLOOPS WAWA!

SHORTHAND AMONG INDIANS

A Newspaper in Shorthand Circulating Among the Natives.

MONTHLY NEWS IN CHINOOK.

DIRECTORY FOR INDIANS.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Hymn.

Mortality at the Fountain.

Christmas Night.

Medals awarded.

Prayer Books.

Christmas Day.

Christmas evening.

"Kamloops Wawa"—A shorthand newspaper circulating among the Indians.

writing his language, and pleased with his quick success, he set to work at once to instruct his friends. The new "talk language" created wide-spread interest and the Indians were all eager to learn it. Soon the young as well as the adult members of each habitation for miles around were engaged in practicing the new method of communication. A glimpse at night into one of their homes—a wigwam made of poles covered with mats, or a birch bark dwelling or log cabin where the women still use stone implements to prepare and scrape deer skins —grouped eagerly around, bent on learning shorthand, was indeed a remarkable sight—a curious blending of primitive surroundings elbowing against higher civilization. During the first few months of their schooling it was found that as soon as a few Indians of a camp had learned to read and write shorthand they were extremely anxious to teach the whole community. Consequently, Father Le Jeune taught a few members of each village and left it to them to teach their neighbors. They made rather slow progress in the summer time, owing to the fact that they were off at work ranching and picking berries, but in the winter when they returned they devoted whole nights to study, and in this way made excellent progress and soon became proficient. After about 500 or more had mastered this system it became necessary that their interest be retained by



Father Le Jeune and his band of Indian shorthand writers.

placing reading matter before them, and thus was one of the main purposes of the Priest realized, for he wished them to be able to read the Bible as well as other of his religious books. His task was to provide this literature printed in the characters of the system. Father Le Jeune was not satisfied with teaching his Indian parishioners to write letters in their own language by means of shorthand and to read a paper in their native tongue, but he had published various parts of the Bible in nine different languages spoken by the several tribes in this region, using the same method, and still is laboring on additional publications. Shorthand, he claims, is so many times simpler than English orthography that he takes no credit to himself for this wonderfully novel work of being the first to teach these natives to write. Then, as they apply the symbols to their own language, they are not obliged to learn the grammar and spelling of other language, in addition to the task of committing the shorthand alphabet. The Indians now us-



Indian Girl shorthand writer.

ing this phonetic system for writing are some half dozen tribes, or more, living along the Thompson and Frazer Rivers. It is in these languages that the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible and the church ritual have been published. So expert have these Indians become in their shorthand work that they have been awarded medals from a recent shorthand exhibition held in France where their efforts in the shape of compositions was a wonder and surprise to all European stenographers and other beholders. A few years ago Father Le Jeune took Louis, chief of the shorthand-writing Indians, and Chief Chilliheeta on a four months' tour through Europe. The party visited France and England and while in London called on King Edward at Buckingham Palace. The King was deeply interested in his progressive Indian subjects of British Columbia and was likewise greatly astonished and gratified at their remarkable advancement. Probably the most memorable event, however, was a special audience given at the Vatican by the late Pope Leo. He gave each of the chiefs a medal and a special one for Father Le Jeune and also sent 2,000 or more through the Priest to his far-off Indian children in British Columbia. These are awarded yearly for the meritorious and studious natives who excell in shorthand and otherwise aid in looking after the education of others. The competition is keen for these coveted souvenirs, and to win one is looked upon as a marked honor and considered a great event by the lucky recipient.

The focus of all religious and intellectual activities and the one point of pilgrimage from long distances by land and river is the church. This structure, a white frame one, similar to those to be found in villages of Eastern Canada and the United States, was built by the Indians and presented to their highly appreciated priest. They have also made him a present of a carriage and team to enable him to make his visits to far-off villages. The church has a cheerful interior with comfortable pews. The most striking oddity, however, to the white visitor is the curious hymn and prayer books whose pages are full of the curious shorthand symbols. Father Le Jeune preaches in the several native dialects of the country, especially Chinook, the ordinary trade language used between different tribes and whites throughout much of British Columbia, Alaska, and the northwestern coast of the United States. On church and feast days the whole community attend services. The church is well lighted by acetylene gas, and illustrated stereopticon lectures are frequently given by the pastor.

In the rear of the church are the editorial rooms where Father Le Jeune gets up his quaint shorthand paper. This has 16 pages, about the size of the average book, devoted to church and various local information. "Wawa" is the word for talk in the Chinook jargon, hence Father Le Jeune had chosen it as a name for his quaint newspaper. It was printed on a mimeograph for the first year, but after this the priest succeeded in having type made for it and getting it printed on one of the presses of the nearest city. A full page of this unique publication, here reproduced, shows the curious shorthand symbols used for the Christmas night services of the last year. The Indians are



Chief Louis, and Grandchild, of the Douglas Tribe.

very enthusiastic in taking part in their various observances. In the summer the flat green land, lying between the river and the dry grazing land of the mountains, may often be seen glistening with the white tents of visiting Siwashes and other tribes who have come from afar to participate in some religious rite. The little dusty street comprising the main thoroughfare of the village will be lined with fir trees cut from the mountains and set in avenues by the Indians. Up and down between the rows of trees the ceremonial procession will pass, while bright wild flowers are scattered in the pathway.

Several years ago the Passion Play was enacted here by the Indians under the direction of the priest. They are quite proud of their performance and speak of this event with unusual pride. For a novel picture of progressive Indian life, Father Le Jeune's queer "Wawa" and his band of Indian shorthand writers quite overshadows all others.



"Told to get away—informed that you are a liar."

The Circus and the Graft

By Charles O. Latztrer
(Giannini Malvolio)

"HEY, Rube! He-e-e-ey, Rube!"

It was the slogan of the circus, pealing out on the noisy air. It meant war. Canvas men, waiters, hostlers — the brawn of the tented "Greatest, Most Incomparable Show on Earth"—were rushing to the scene of battle. Stakes, bale sticks—anything not to heavy to be picked up—accompanied them. The soft thud of clubs on yielding bodies, the crack of a skull in contact with an iron-bound stake, the yells, groans and curses of wrathful men, made a deafening cacophony. Above it all, the sound of music came, as the band stertorously played for the last time that night.

It was my first circus fight. I was of the circus; and, even as I swept forward to do my novice part in the grim arena, I was in a quandary whether to lend my assistance or run for my life. There was no coherence to the townsmen; they were fighting earnestly, but as individuals. The circus men, in a drilled cohort, made no mistakes. Every time they struck a blow, there was a cracked head or a bruised body to be nursed after the circus should depart. True, they took away a few of

their own, the honorably beaten of another "clem," as they term a fight.

The struggle ended, as I have seen many others end, in the total subjugation of the local "toughs." As I walked to the sleeping cars, I passed a number of owners of battered faces who would have been glad to force their attentions on me had they known that I, too, was a circus man.

The summit of my ambition had been reached. I counted as naught the throbbing pain of the few blows I had received. The earlier imperilings of my life, during my long practice, were memories. The "you'll never make a trapeze performer" of my friends would be "I told you so" when the season ended and I was back home.

I had been answering advertisements of "performers wanted" all Winter. My replies were of the stereotyped "We have no doubt your act is all right, but we cannot use it"—all, save one:

"WANTED QUICK

The regular, old-fashioned, first class, one ring circus: A *Good* Announcer, Bars, Gymnasts, *Real* Clowns that have a laugh somewhere inside that can get outside; Riding Acts, ladies only, with stock; Cook that knows his biz.

ALSO

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY WORTH ADMIRING

And

SNAKE CHARMER THAT IS A CHARMER.

"I am through with dummies, wooden Indians and preserved peaches. I pay salaries in full."

The wording of that advertisement may seem a literary triumph of my own. But I must waive autorial honors. Any issue of the well known weeklies devoted to the professional world will furnish a hundred like it.

When I read the joyful news, "if you can make good, consider yourself engaged, sign the enclosed contract, and watch for our call in the papers," I hastened to answer and obey. I spent every cent in purchasing a wardrobe beyond reproach. I made a copy of that contract in the pride of my first professionalism. Here are some of its clauses:

"This contract is for mutual protection and for the purpose of securing better harmony. Everyone must live up to it and the rules governing this organization. Our aim is to make money, please the public and to leave a good reputation for the future. To do this, we must have Artists of ability, that are versatile, that are ladies and gentlemen, with good wardrobes and neat dresssers at all times. The Management's aim is to make it a pleasant and agreeable engagement for everyone, in every way, shape and form. But if you can't live up to this contract, don't accept this engagement.

"During the term of your engagement with this management, make every effort to harmonize yourself to its views. Study its methods and a mutual benefit will accrue.

"All Chasing absolutely forbidden around the lot during performances and parade. No objection otherwise, but must be done quietly.—Make a note of this.

"Profane and vulgar language strictly prohibited.

"KNOCKERS, DISORGANIZERS, SORE-HEADS, KICKERS, OLD FOGIES, and people that have lost all ambition in the profession are not wanted. If you have any cause for complaint make it to the head of your department and it will receive prompt attention. If your position does not suit you, don't knock, but hand in your two weeks' notice."

The clause prohibiting "chasing" was vague, at first blush. I learned, later, that it was meant to arrest the antics of the little winged god. Flirtations, on the road, are provocative of conflict, and the pean, "Hey, Rube," endangers more or less circus property.

In due time the "call" appeared. I packed my trunk, made ready for my triumphant farewell, and discovered I did not have a dollar. My objective point was three hundred miles from where I lived; and, in the expensive splendor of my spangles, I had neglected to save cash for my car fare. I secured money enough to express my belongings, and had recourse

to a cheap but precarious mode of transportation much in favor with tramps.

It was fortunate that I had allowed for involuntary delays and made my start a few days prior to the time when I was due. Freight trains do try to keep on the rails. Aside from that, they show utter disregard for time and distance.

The first thing I had to do, on my arrival, was to become acquainted with the other members of the "family" of trapeze performers of which I was to be a member, and rehearse our act. Next, I was informed of my duties—more numerous than I had imagined. I was to be a part



"I licked my Father."

of the parade—"Superb, Imposing, Overwhelming"—to ride in the entree, and furnish an act by myself.

On the opening day of the show, I managed to don a spangled suit of clothes and bestride a horse. I was not particularly expert as an equestrian; it was a good thing for me that my salary did not hinge on my ability to star in the parade.

The Old Man was in the dressing room when we returned, giving his imperious, managerial directions to the wardrobe men. He emphasized his remarks with a circus manager's punctuation points, a a strange medley of new oaths and slang that had the breadth of a David and the vividness of a Delacroix, when he was interrupted:

"Is this the manager?"

"That's me. What'n Eternal Gehenna do *you* want?" the Old Man answered, to the smooth-faced, stout young man who made the query.

"I'm Billy McGraw, the slickest candy butcher in the business; and maybe you and me can do a turn. You got a pretty swell lot of kinkers,"—as he looked around at the performers.—"This show's graft, all right?" he interrogated.

"Sure"—answered the Old Man—"with the usual rake off."

"How many ways do I split the money?"

"Sonny, she goes three ways," said the Old Man. "Two for me; and I push up the fall money in case of a pinch."

"That's all right. I'll take the candy privilege for the kid show and the big top. And I'll work the concert, too. We'll make terms for the privilege, and I'll bring around my stuff right away."

"Hold on! What's your graft? Mebbe it's too strong. I won't stand for no straight dippin'."

"That's all right," said Billy. "My graft's short-changin' the suckers; and I'm square. Every time one gets thrown in the air, you'll get your bit."

To me, the dialogue was as cuneiform inscriptions, and profoundly interesting from its very newness. The translation came swiftly and clearly. That night, the Candy Butcher sold tickets for the concert. He "short changed" two dollars on a man, who tried to whip him. Only his readiness with "Hey Rube" saved him from maiming, if not sudden death.

The next morning I awoke in a strange town. Wagons were rumbling past the sleeping car, whips were cracking, and profanity was strewn around promiscuously. I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, dressed, and followed the wagon trail to the tents. The show was of the expanded, somewhat modernized variety, but all its appurtenances bore traces of hard usage. Paint and putty disguised the hoary age of its exterior; but the deception went no further. The domestic life of the performers was no part of the public's business. Their beds, which were not on ex-

hibition, were neither useful nor ornamental—just places whereon to throw tired bodies. The food nearly caused homicide.

There was not much complaint, at first. The cook was new; he might do better. We made excuses for him, as we sat down to the miserable meals he provided. But when we learned that the Old Man had farmed out the cook tent—that is, had sold the privilege of feeding us—and that the cook was making a double profit at the expense of our stomachs, we revolted. A committee, representing the "pad room," "big top" and the teamsters, tried to point out to the cook the ills which would befall him unless he should mend his ways. He mocked the committee. He told them:

"All youse stiffs gets strong after you fill out the wrinkles. G'wan! Go chase yourselves. Fill up on hay."

An appeal to the Old Man was quite as fruitless.

So we took the case in our own hands. On a night agreed upon, as soon as all hands had finished supper, everyone was to advance upon the cook tent, make a wreck of the culinary gear, beat the cook as nearly to death as should appear completely satisfying, and refuse to leave the lot until the commissary department had been placed upon a better basis.

The cook rushed on his fate. Each meal seemed to outdo its predecessor in malignity. We altered our plans, and set the time of manslaughter one week earlier. On the day appointed, there was an ominous silence at the table. The morning meal was toyed with; the dinner proved a hone whetting our sense of injury. As I swung off my trapeze that afternoon, my emaciated body seemed to gain strength only from the thought of the imminent redressing of my wrongs. I practiced a few uppercuts and a choice assortment of swings as, after the performance, I walked to the dining tent. I thought of the sur-



"'G'wan, chase yourselves—fill up on hay."

prise awaiting that fatuous cook.

And I sat down to the best supper I have ever eaten: Broiled sirloin steak, French fried potatoes, good, strong coffee, an assortment of well cooked vegetables, and an excellent dessert. Verily, a man may be reached through his stomach.

Some of the waiters had convinced the cook of his danger. We never had any more trouble with the gastronomic end of their apparatus will be cared for. We did so cheerfully; and all was well for a time. But, gradually, the meekness of the servitors wore off. They became insistent for more money. We refused to grant their demands and discovered that, besides being lazy, they were infested with fauna incidental to all circus working people. We became the unwilling recipients of their surplus stock. We laid stress on this



"This show's graft all right?"

the show; and our forgiven victim was in demand after he finished the season, by reason of our praises.

We did have trouble, which called for sincere, emphatic treatment, with some of the property men; and the remedy was applied with a result as good as that which attended the contemplated destruction of the cook. The performers are compelled to tip the property men, to make sure last point in a request to the Old Man for a change of property men. But help was hard to get, as he very truthfully pointed out, we must make the best of it. We did. The performers, en masse, assaulted those property men so grievously that they were seen no more about the show.

There was one thing which puzzled me. It seemed a natural thing for men and women, who were thrown in contact with

one another daily, to form little intimacies when their professional duties were over, to exchange confidences, and to indulge, at least, in some small flirtations.

I found the case to be exactly opposite. The thickness of canvas separating the dressing rooms was a very Wall of China —an impregnable wall, where fact ceased and belief was born. Except in the case of a married couple, it was an offense to be seen walking or talking with a member of the opposite sex attached to the circus. And it was punishable by a fine. No salary was ever mulcted on that account while I was with the show. I found that circus people, with their endless twaddle concerning their respective merits and the demerits of other performers, are bores to one another. Their talk, incessantly, is shop and, apart from a series of small jealousies, it develops nothing but an utter weariness of circus society.

Even with my "Father," who was an Irishman, and my two "sisters"—one a native of England, the other claiming the Pacific Coast as her place of birth—I was constrained to limit my courtesies to the formalities of the ring and the mechanical claspings of bodies in the course of our act, while the admiring public probably speculated on our wonderful diversity of appearance. My Father, naturally the head of the family, was the heaviest among us. It devolved on him to catch my sisters and myself as we whirled through the air. It was his office, also, to improve our act if possible. He was a man of action and, in our infrequent rehearsals, a mistake—called "blowing a trick"—was met with a castigation that might be physical or verbal, as the humor took him. The girls came in for a few slaps; but I had escaped with nothing more severe than a few mouthfuls of exceedingly bad English.

One day, he tried a new trick which was very difficult—so difficult, indeed, as to be, at that time, considered impossible. I was to throw a double somersault and, instead of being caught by the hands or feet, I was to twist my body and have him catch me by the neck and ankle. I failed, and fell into the net several times. He became enraged at my refusal to try the act again and, dropping from the bar, caught up a club and made a rush for me. I was of no mind to be beaten, and I stood not upon the order of my flight. There was pursuit, and profuse objuration, and doubling and turning—until my time came. I caught him off his guard and knocked him down. The victory, mine in the combat ensuing, was due to the superior agility of youth. For the first, and last, time I whipped my Father.

That night I did not appear in the aerial act; nor did I risk it for several days afterward. It would have been an easy matter for the man I had vanquished to miss catching me, and my neck could have been broken as readily by a fall in the net as on the ground. I was thinking of giving the customary two weeks' notice canceling my engagement, when I received an offer from the proprietor of the side show.

"Say," he observed, "you're too nervy a gent to be dubbin' around with them kinkers. You ought to blow that gag an' get wise to the graft."

I assured him I knew nothing about the show business but the trapeze portion of it, and added I thought I would close and start for home.

"Don't you do nothin' of the kind. I'll give you a job peddlin' tickets for the kid show, an' let you have a rakeoff for stallin' the nuts. You're there with the punch; and, when a sucker squeals, hand him out one an' make your get away."

"How much is there in it?" I asked him.

"I'll give you ten a week; and, for boostin' and stallin', ten more. Then, when you get wise to turnin' a trick yourself, you split the money with me, see?"

I determined to investigate the grafters' life and ascertain whether their motto, "there's a sucker born every minute," squared with the fact. I made the acquaintance of the grafting fraternity, formally, the next day. I found them a class of men whose aversion for work had developed a peculiar regard of the world, as being made of two orders of beings. The majority of people in the world were "suckers." The minority comprised their own kind, who were "guns." The "suckers" were an indivisible and profitable whole; the "guns" were classified under numerous sub-heads, all coming under the generic name, "grafters." The grafters recognized, with true business acumen, that to be successful, there must be no dis-

sipation. Whether a gun was a "booster," a "staller" or a "worker," drink was eliminated from the day's programme. I spent one afternoon watching the "soap man."

Equipped with a satchel suspended around his neck, he and a few boosters located themselves near the entrance to the show after the parade had returned. He opened the satchel, produced a number of bank bills, and folded them between his fingers. He rummaged around in the satchel and brought out many small packages, covered with brightly colored paper. All the while, he was giving his "spiel." Opening up one of the packages, he wrapped a five dollar bill around a small piece of soap and carelessly—after putting on the original cover—threw it back in the open satchel. A booster paid twenty-five cents for a draw, thrust in his hand and, pulling out a package, attempted to walk away without opening it. The soap man hailed him with:

"I'll give you two dollars for that package, Sir, before you open it."

The crowd gathered about the booster, who opened his prize and found the five-dollar bill. Usually, that was enough. The quarters came jingling into the soap man's palm. One, two and five-dollar bills were opened from the little packages. If the crowd was "ripe," ten-dollar bills were used, and the limit for the draw was raised to fifty cents. The crowd would melt away, after a time; the circus would be missed by a great many; and the soap man would fade modestly from public gaze.

That night, the same one, two and five-dollar bills—which never, by any chance, actually reached a sucker—were again used. A new crowd parted from its quarters and half-dollars, and, before going to bed, the grafters divided their indefatigably earned silver.

I payed my court to the "short change" artist, as well. He deserved the name. In his face was the smugness of a bank cashier; on his lips, the smile of Damon for Pythias; in his fingers, the dexterity of Kellar; and, in his heart, the guile of all the money changers of the Temple.

"Here, I gave you a five-dollar bill, and you gave me two dollars short!" the victim cried.

"Beg your pardon! That's right—only one two-dollar bill. Very seldom I make



"Charley, that candy butcher, frisked me out of 38 Simoleons."

a mistake. They will happen, though. Two and two are four; and here's your fifty cents. *Now* we're right, thank you."

A very polite, nice man, that outside ticket seller. And you walk away—with the same two-dollar bill in your pocket. It was folded, counted twice before your eyes, pushed hurriedly into your hand; and you did not notice the trick. Or, perhaps, you did. Then the help of the "staller" was brought into play. You were hustled, told to get away, informed that you were a liar. If you lose your temper, the staller discovers you have stepped on his toes, and he punches you. The Candy Butcher, my early acquaintance, came under my observation in short changing; it was amusing to watch him.

"What'll you have?" he was accustomed to ask.

"Wall, I'd like my change."

"My dear man, I laid your change on the counter. What do you think? What's that? Go on, or I'll have you arrested."

He operated on the principle that many sprats are as filling as one whale. No game

was too small for him. He never had just the right change when he was selling tickets at the concert; and his cheery—"Just a minute, Sir; I'll bring you your change right away"—taught many a man to carry small silver and forego the pleasure of breaking a big bill in order to imbue his best girl with the proper sense of his financial footing.

The elusive pea, with its innocent walnut shells, was very much in evidence, both day and night. The men who won were the same coterie who "boosted" the soap man. Take three empty walnut shells. Cut a piece of cork the size of a pea; grasp the cork with the thumb and the first joint of the second finger; lay the shells on a blanket and, by depressing the point of the shells and moving them about, you will find it the simplest thing in the world to remove the pea at will. And you will wonder how anyone could ever be so foolish as to bet money on the game.

More practice is needful to become so expert with the three cards as to enable one to throw them so that the objective card will fall in the desired spot. But even that is comparatively easy—as easy as it is to demonstrate that the hands are quicker than the eye.

I made my peace with my putative father and resumed my place on the trapeze. The life of the grafters had no charms for me. I knew enough about them, though, to be forever eliminated from their list of "suckers"; and when, one day, I heard the snake-charmer bewailing the loss of her week's receipts, $38, I knew pretty well where to lay the blame.

She was a pretty girl. Moreover, the trick was unprofessional, though not unusual. I was sufficiently admiring, and sufficiently sympathetic, to become her champion. That night, after the performance, I went into the side-show tent. The girl asked me to wait until after her "turn" was done; she wanted to tell me something.

"Charlie," she said, "that Candy Butcher frisked me last night for thirty-eight simoleons. I know he got it; and he won't give up. I'm broke, and I wanted to send the money home. See if you can get it for me, will you?"

Her beautiful eyes, glistening with their unshed tears, drove pangs into my responsive soul.

"You'll get your money, my dear," I replied, as I swung out of the tent.

I sought the Candy Butcher and, without laying any very odious stress upon the evil of his ways, tried to convince him that mishap would overtake him if he did not make restitution. He made no denial of his crime; and he flouted my ability to compel him to disgorge. The reputation entailed upon me by my previous victory over my father had to be lived up to. I did it thoroughly. I almost butchered the Candy Butcher, and became the hero of the side-show people.

There, indeed, was the real humor of the show. Although I was supposed to lose caste by associating with the "freaks," I frequented the side shows more than any other portion of the circus. And I learned some amusing things.

The tattooed man was the first to give me his confidence. I do not think the telling would have detracted from his value as a drawing card had he made the public, as well as me, his confidant. His salary of twelve dollars per week was considerably swelled by the sale of a book describing, in thrilling detail, his capture by the Fiji Islanders, his long imprisonment, the torture of tattooing, and his rescue by a man-of-war. All the earmarks of fact were in the pamphlet; dates, places and conditions were scrupulously observed. But there were some few omissions that would have been fatal to verisimilitude, in the eyes of a close observer. The autobiography, copious as were its details, neglected to state the precise period when fox-hunting came into vogue in those islands, and why, too, the Fijians became so attached to the American flag as to imprint it on his skin. I called his attention to the discrepancies after I had read, with absorbed interest, the story of his tumultuous life. He responded cheerfully:

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference. The fellow I buy them from turns out a lot of stock stuff every year. Now, if I had told him to write one to order, it would have cost me $25, besides paying for the books. Why, anything goes with these Rubes."

His true story was this: He had been on a spree with some companions in New

York and, while he was completely fuddled, his more sober friends took him to a place in the Bowery where a professional tattooer, displaying a part of his skill, imperishably imprinted a huge snake about his waist. When the victim became conscious, an indignant visit to the artist placed the matter in a new light. He was shown an easy way to earn a living, and submitted to have his body entirely tattooed. That story could have been worked up to read more interestingly than the



"Come on!"

thing he had for sale. But his experience was greater than mine; and when he said that anything went with the "Rubes," he probably knew what he was talking about.

The genius who turned out the life and adventures of the tattooed man had more grist in his mill. The Circassian Beauty had invested in his literature. Her story of adventure, enslavement and escape from the Sultan's harem was thrilling enough for the good old days of Beadle. Her proficiency in acquiring the use of English was remarkable. She had been in this country "but a year"—according to her book. Her true story would have ruined her prospects for money getting, had it become known. She was the commonplace, every day sort of girl for whom the circus possessed a glamour. Failing in her attempt to become a performer in any capacity, she exhibited herself and her wig for so much per week. The wig was a wonderful thing. It had straps and laces inside and, when, to use her own expression, she was "geared up, the ploughs could pull her hair and be d—d to them."

By far the funniest thing in the show was the shark. Some enterprising genius had learned our tour that year was to be confined to the West. Straightway, he contracted for an "outside privilege." His outfit consisted of a wagon built with a low body, in which was placed a tank. A portable platform with canvas walls sur-

rounded the wagon. A short flight of steps at either end provided for entrance and exit. Lurid pictures of the Only Man Eating Shark in Captivity were reinforced by the owner's invitation to see him at a dime per head, while, at intervals, he assured the spectators fresh sea water had to be provided for the monster at an enormous expense daily. His invocation to come up and get a sniff of old ocean, which so many had never seen, drew crowds second only to the "Bosco Den." The ocean must bear an evil reputation to many people in the section of country we traveled that year.

"My!" I heard one old lady remark to her spouse. "I don't ever want to see the sure enough ocean. If that little bit smells so bad, mercy me, what an awful thing it must be to live where there is a lot of it! Why, it smells like a bad settin' of eggs."

So it did—and worse. Every morning, after winding up the clockwork in the rubber shark, the proprietor sprinkled a generous handful of rock salt and a couple of pinches of assafoetida in the water; and great was the stench thereof.

My investigations finally landed me on the lowest social rung of the circus ladder. "He Eats 'Em Alive" came in for my study. It ended with me becoming his only friend. The owner of the show was in the class of the shark man; he paid for the privilege of having his wagon hauled to and from the train, and he shared his receipts with the Old Man. His outfit was known as the Bosco Den, and it was built on the same general plan as that used by the defamer of Neptune. Instead of a tank, the bottom of the wagon was made to resemble a den, and the canvas bore pictures of a human monstrosity eating snakes, while masses of reptiles were depicted crawling about and over him. There was no fraud about that show, and the attraction was such a novelty that the Bosco Den was not allowed on the circus grounds. It impaired too seriously the earnings of the side show. Going and returning, the crowds were assailed with cries of "He eats 'em alive! He eats 'em alive!" while the crier, with one index finger pointed at the crowd, indicating with the other the pit of the wagon.

As a member of the show I paid no admission. I stood on the platform many times, looking at the gruesome spectacle of a human being covered with a mat of false hair, tossing armfuls of live snakes in the air; twisting them about his body; and, finally, when the crowd's proportions warranted it, biting off the head of a snake and chewing it with apparent gusto.

The identity of the man was a mystery. The freaks of the side show ate by themselves; there are many gradations in their social plane. But even the dog-faced boy drew the line at poor "Eats 'Em Alive." He was the pariah, the outcast. Who was he? At what table did he eat? It was surmised that he must procure his meals in the town restaurants; for everyone else had his well defined vocation and location, and no man could point to another and safely say: "This is the man."

There was a fellow in the show who was looked upon as not being possessed of all his faculties. He used to carry the mail and execute commissions in the town for the performers. He would bring the mail early in the worning and disappear for the rest of the day, returning at supper time with such parcels as he had bought on his trip to town. He had no wages save the tips he received from the performers, and he was regarded as a useful but unimportant member of the show.

He was Eats 'Em Alive.

The Bosco Den was the last wagon to be placed on the train and, with the cook house, the first one to be unloaded in the morning. One night, after the performance, I saw the Bosco Man come down the steps of the wagon and assist the owner in making ready for the team, which was to make the haul to the cars. I watched the next night, and saw him do the same thing. Then I accused him. Snivelingly, he admitted the charge. He implored me not to divulge his secret. I did not; but I was careful to see that his place at table was far removed from mine. His chief danger lay in the discovery of his identity by the workmen who, without doubt, are the roughest, hardest class of men on earth. They are not allowed to carry any baggage, for lack of room; they get but little sleep, and much abuse. Their capacity for drink is limited only by the visible supply. The boss canvasman must be a hard man, one who can use his fists readily and his tongue with a free abandon; lacking either qualification, his ten-

ure of office is brief. His rule must be the blow first, and an explanation afterwards, should he choose to condescend.

One night, in a town in Iowa, a combination of bad whiskey and a desire to run amuck seized the big top men. The customary jeers of the Boss Canvasman were met with the retort discourteous from some of his workmen. He was a big, two-fisted man, clear of head and prompt in action. With a roar of rage, he seized an iron bound stake, leaped for the man who most boldly defied him, and struck him to the ground. More canvasmen crowded around him until, at last, a score of men encircled the Boss, all waiting for the initial blow to be struck on their side. Then, murder would have been done.

"Come on!" he yelled. And he danced around the circle, swinging his stake and keeping the circumference of the ring of human tigers from narrowing. "Come on, you———" And he let out the most curdling string of profanity I had ever heard.

The men wavered. He sprang at them, swinging his stake like a flail. Not until he had threshed out the last trace of insubordination did he cease from belaboring the howling, fleeing crowd. His victory cost the Old Man $200. That fight raised the Boss Canvasman's market value and $200 was the total increase in his salary.

It was near the close of the tour. I thought there was to be a calm setting to my first season under the tents; but the last night wound up in a volcanic eruption that made me think all the rest had been pastorals and elegiacs.

The fiat went forth, on the closing night, that all acts were to be "cut." The menagerie was loaded on the train before the show was half over. The Bosco Den, with poor Eats 'Em Alive, was safely stowed away. And then, before the show was fairly under way, there began a carnival of crime which the citizens of that town will remember for a long time.

The grafters, boosters and stallers threw aside all pretence and "turned the spectators inside out." It was a case of wherever you see a pocket, pick it. Pocketbooks, scarf-pins, watches, everything detachable from the person, were detached.

"Stop thief! Somebody has stolen my pocketbook! My scarf-pin's gone! Help!" —as some man caught the deft hand and released it, after a staggering blow in the face.

A dozen groups of men were fighting all over the circus; women were trampled under foot; the din of a maddened, insensate mob arose, in growing volume. The show had to close. Already the cry, "Hey, Rube!" had been intoned. Soon every man of the circus had to fight for his life.

Those grafters were hardy scoundrels, and they did yeoman service with hands, feet and clubs. The canvasmen rallied as a unit around their late conqueror. The Old Man had to use his own august, sacred fists. There was no one but had to fight, or be killed. It was a desperate battle, and it was won only at the cost of many bruised bodies and broken heads. We had to follow the wagons to the train that night under a showing of revolvers; and only frantic hurry, and the trained work of the men, prevented the swearing out of warrants and the detention of the whole show. There was a final rush on the part of the crowd as the last of the train pulled out and two men dropped to the ties as a grafter emptied a revolver at them in his mad rage. He had been beaten until he could scarcely see; and he sought revenge even at the risk of his own life.

We should have been paid off in that town. But no one seemed to care for money that night. I was satisfied to leave as many miles behind me and the State of Iowa as the train would take me. When we reached the winter quarters I was paid in full and was kindly invited by the Old Man to write him next season. I refrained, studiously, from compliance.

Since then, I have been with many other shows, but never with one that carried such an assortment of bare-faced "graft."

The Message of the Brook

By Jack Browning



"MR. LAKE," said Brook, as he spread himself comfortably and rested, "you really ought to take a run through the canyon."

"Often thought of it," yawned Mr. Lake, the effort setting wrinkles, like so many ripples, in motion across his somewhat fleshy countenance, "but I'm not as lively on my feet as I used to be."

"Well," replied Brook, hiding a smile in the shadow of an overhanging cottonwood, "it's worth any one's time. Why, if you could meet my dear friends along the way! Even the thought of them causes me to mourn for the poor waves whose lot it is to wander the ocean wastes, or for—for—" He paused, foreseeing that too many illustrations might hurt the sensitive Mr. Lake. "However," he continued, "it's every one to his taste.

"Of course, my lot is not without its sorrows—whose is? For even my dear friends along the way I possess at the price of pain, since never a trip do I make without many anxious questions concerning this or that one who has disappeared. And too often the answer turns my song to a sigh."

He paused reminiscently, and Mr. Lake uttered a sympathetic "Too true!"

"But," laughed Brook, the contagion of his changed mood causing Mr. Lake to beam expectantly, "my trips of yesterday and today were fruitful of unusual interest. If you don't mind, I will tell you of my little encounter. Perhaps you, in your superior wisdom, will be able to clear up a great many details which, to me, are very cloudy indeed. You have more time for contemplation than I, you know."

"As you say, I have much time for contemplation, and if the result of my observation and thought can profit you, I will be only too glad to perform the service."

"Pray accept my gratitude! Now, first of all, you must know that these land animals who prey upon you in boats also harass me, interrupting my songs and the few moments I am spared for meditation with their splashings, and even going so far as to rob me of my fishes."

"Animate brutes!"

"But after all, they possess some few traits in common with us, though they do have peculiar ways of showing them."

"It is unbelievable!"

"I assure you it is true, as witness my tale.

"It was the morning of yesterday, while I was hurrying along a heap of driftwood that threatened to smother my friend Boulder—a somewhat morose chap, I must admit, but solid—that I came quite unexpectedly upon two of these creatures, and overheard what seemed to be the closing words of a conversation, or rather altercation. One was of the variety that screams when we touch them—"

"Yes, I know—"

"The other of the volcano type—continually emitting smoke, you know."

"Indeed! I should think I do know!" and Mr. Lake sputtered suggestively.

"Exactly! Well, as I said, I caught their closing words. The Screamer exclaimed, 'You are a brute!' and the Smoker cried out, 'Farewell!'"

"Is that not unusual?" asked Mr. Lake. "I have observed many such pairs floating hereabouts in boats, and they always reminded me of mating doves. Only," he added, "they are too large to be—a—cute."

"I am not very familiar with their habits, and can only repeat what I heard. After they had spoken as I have said, they parted, one going up, the other down. But neither went very far, and, much interested, I observed them."

"I envy you the privilege of observing this variation from their habits."

"It *was* interesting. The Smoker sat down on my bank and emitted clouds of smoke incessantly and for so long a time that some of my younger trout were misled into rising to the surface—a cloudy

day, you know, is a favorite feeding time with trout."

"Quite so. The shadow cast by the clouds lures into the open many flies and gnats that otherwise keep in the shade of the densest thicket."

"Ah! Is that the reason? I have often wondered about it. But to continue. The Screamer also sat down, but did not scream. On the contrary, I am now convinced that these creatures, at least the Screamers, are in some wise akin to us, for I saw her eyes were filled with water, which crept in tiny drops down her face, much as dew trickles from the rocks."

"You astonish me!"

"Indeed, I assure you I saw it! And therefore imagine my consequent desire to follow this trace of evidence further."

"Easily!"

"But, much to my disappointment, the Screamer departed, and shortly afterward the Smoker also passed from my sight."

"You must have been disappointed!"

"Ah! but the following day, this morning, to be exact, I was delighted to meet the Screamer again. This time her eyes gave no token of kinship with us, but the evidence of the previous day had awakened interest in me, as I have said."

"Naturally!"

"So you may be sure I gave keen attention to her. She bore the murderous equipment to which I attribute the disappearance of so many of my fishes, but I had little fear of it in her hands, for she hardly gave me a glance, and her line was plainly dry. She seemed expectant, and from time to time would peer around Curling Rocks, behind which she was hidden, searching my course as far as turns and foliage would permit. And I was not long in learning why, for the selfsame Smoker soon came into view, wading down my course. He was equipped like the Screamer, and his skill was so evident that I trembled for my poor fishes."

"Warm-hearted wretch!"

"But listen! Nearer and nearer he drew, at every step whisking the long line ahead of him, and too often drawing it back with a trout struggling on the end!"

"Oh! Oh!"

"And still nearer he drew to Curling Rocks and to the Screamer there hidden. Until now, as I said, the Screamer had done no whisking; her desire, it seemed, being to keep hidden; but as the Smoker's line fell into the water before her—the Smoker was still some distance behind—her own line swished through the air and fell directly across it. The intention was so apparent that I was puzzled, for the Smoker was plainly annoyed, as his exclamation proved. The Screamer, on the contrary, seemed pleased, but added to my perplexity by crying, 'Oh,' adding then, 'What an awkward cast!'"

"What! You say she could look one thing and say another?"

"Easily! But let me continue. The Smoker, when he saw the Screamer, bowed, and said, 'How do you do?' Now, his manner was not cordial, but it was at least civil, and I cannot yet understand why the Screamer did not answer him. Instead, she nodded, and said simply, 'Good morning.'"

"Odd!"

"Was it not? The Smoker untangled the lines, and, with no other word, passed on down my course, leaving the Screamer once more showing signs of kinship with us. She sat down on my bank and splashed pebbles for several minutes. Then, with a glad cry, such as I give voice to when I leap a dam, she sprang to her feet and threw her hat of straw fairly upon me. Then in turn she cast in the basket, such as these creatures use for carrying the poor fishes they snare, a small square piece of some gauzy material, much like Spider's web, only firmer, and finally her rod. You can imagine my surprise at this, when you consider how fearful these Screamers are if we but touch them."

"Strange! Strange!"

"But you cannot imagine my surprise when, grasping an overhanging bough firmly with both hands, she plunged fairly into the deepest eddy along my course, the abode of the Curling Rock!"

"I have seen creatures resembling these Screamers enter the water," mused Mr. Lake. "But," he added, "their legs were longer than is usual with Screamers, and not so long as those of Smokers."

"At any rate, she jumped in, and I all but jumped out with surprise! At first I could make nothing out of it, and scarcely had presence of mind enough to hold the articles she had thrown to me. After quick deliberation, however, I concluded

that her purpose was to send a message to the Smoker, and though I could in no wise decipher the intent, I lost no time in doing what seemed my duty."

"I would have sunk them all!"

"But, my dear Mr. Lake, I am convinced that the Screamer, at least, is akin to us, and I felt compelled to be obliging. So, at once I sped away on my errand, and took pains to direct the various articles against the Smoker, who was more than knee-deep in my course.

"But I was keenly disappointed. After all my pains, the Smoker caught the hat and tossed it on my bank, muttering with little show of interest, 'Lost her hat.' I was more encouraged, however, when I guided the web to a snag and dangled it before his eyes. At that he said, 'By Jove!' and showed more concern. Then came the creel. It was now that I almost repented my zeal, for evidently the message was not a pleasant one. He caught it up, and in his excitement dropped his smoke-maker, which for a moment nearly blinded me. And before I was through sputtering he cried out, 'Great Heavens! She has fallen in! My God! ! !'

"He threw down his rod without a glance after it, followed it with his creel, and then splashed! splashed! splashed! until, my dear Mr. Lake, I declare I was nearly crowded out of my course!"

Mr. Lake rippled with excitement. "And then?"

"Oh, there was a scurrying of fishes, large and small. After a short distance the Smoker came upon the Screamer's rod, which, because of the provoking line, I had been unable to carry to him. In his excitement he slipped on an unstable rock and plunged headlong into me, but in an instant he was up and splashing! splashing! splashing!"

"Goodness!"

"Oh, he was tremendously in earnest. It could not have been many seconds before he reached the Screamer, who was still clinging to the limb, and bobbing up and down as I pulsated with emotion.

"'My little girl! My little girl!' he cried."

Brook paused thoughtfully a moment and then continued: "But he showed courage, at any rate. Without hesitation he plunged into my eddy, and came up swimming—in a cumbersome fashion, to be sure, and much as if he were flying apart, but he made rapid progress, notwithstanding.

"In a moment he had the Screamer around the body with one arm, and in another moment they stood dripping on the bank. 'Poor girlie!' he murmured again and again, holding her fast in both arms now. 'Oh! Oh!' she kept saying, just like that, and held him in a like embrace."

Again Brook paused, and his thoughtful silence continued till Mr. Lake could no longer withhold his curiosity.

"And then?" he asked.

"Oh, it was bitterly disappointing! You have seen how well I served them?"

"They should have been overcome with gratitude!" exclaimed Mr. Lake.

"But no! Listen! The Smoker cried out, 'Would the cruel Brook steal my little sweetheart!'"

"Oh! Impossible!" expostulated Mr. Lake.

"Indeed, those are his very words! It was too much! Waiting to hear no more, I turned away and left them." Brook moved as if to creep deeper into the shadows.

"It is inconceivable," mused Mr. Lake. "I must thank you for your tale, and if my meditations throw any light upon these strange happenings, I will be glad to inform you. It is—strange! I—must—meditate!"



"Which?"

By Adelaide Soule



RS. Carrollton paced back and forth the length of the great library. The swish of her trailing muslin and the low hum of insects outside the open window alone broke the silence. Now and then she paused an instant at one end of the room and looked up at a portrait over the mantel—the portrait of a handsome man in the uniform of the old Confederacy. Then, with a sigh, she resumed her walk.

At last she stopped before the open window and looked out. Great magnolia trees shaded the lawn, and under them her two sons walked and talked. She smiled as she saw Jerold's arm over Jack's shoulder and noted how the taller lad accommodated his pace to the nervous steps of the other. Then she sighed, for she knew of what they talked.

How like Jack was to his father—the same slight, straight figure, the same impatient toss of the shoulders, the same careless laugh. It came to her, across the magnolia-scented air, mingled with Jerold's deeper tones.

Surely no woman had ever two goodlier sons. Yes, two, for she told herself now, as she had through the years, that there was no difference in her love; for Jack, who was flesh of her flesh, and Jerold, who bore her name only because she had given it to him.

They were coming toward her. She leaned forward to smile down on them.

"We are coming in, mother," called Jack, with unusual seriousness. "Wait for us there."

But she stood by the mantel when they reached the room. Jack came straight to her.

"Mother," he said, "we want to go to the war. The country needs us, and this is no time for men to be idle at home."

He was hardly nineteen; but the South has never grudged her youth, and she was a Southern woman. She smiled at him bravely.

"So I am to lose both my sons?"

"No, mother; only one." It was Jerold that spoke. She gave him a fleeting, startled glance.

"Jerold thinks one of us should stay with you."

"Ah"—she drew a quick breath—"which?"

Jack gave her a reproachful glance. "Can you ask, mother? What would father think if I stayed?" He looked up at the portrait.

He did not see the dull flush that swept over his brother's face. Perhaps Mrs. Carrollton did. She slipped her hand under his arm as he stood beside her.

"And you?" she said. "You wished to go, too."

"It is his right. The name is his."

"And yours—since I gave it to you."

"Because you gave it to me, I will stay." He bent and pressed his lips to her hand.

They went with Jack to Tampa, to be with him until the last. In the excitement of those full days, Jack saw nothing except that his mother smiled when he looked at her. But Jerold watched her unceasingly.

Jack was able to give them the last evening. It was doubtful whether they would have more than a hand-clasp and a farewell glance on the morrow. The strength that had kept her up through the week failed, and she drooped before the fire. Jerold came over and leaned on the back of her chair.

"Mother, I believe you would be happier if I were going with Jack, to look out for him."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, in a low tone, "Why should I be happier to lose two sons than one?"

He waived that question. "Jack is a thoughtless fellow—we know that, don't we, mother? He will be leading forlorn hopes and getting into all sorts of scrapes, unless I am there to look out for him. You see, he has his father's record to live up to. It does not matter about me. I can watch over him—and—I have decided to go."

After the transport sailed she went back to the empty house. She drew away from friends and servants who met her at the door with pitying faces, and went alone into the library.

She sat there as the weeks passed—swiftly for those in action—slowly for that woman, sitting alone under the portrait of her dead husband. Jerold wrote whenever it was possible to get letters through, and sometimes at the bottom there was a rough scrawl from Jack. She treasured the letters and waited feverishly, day after day, for the papers. When they came, she turned the sheets with trembling fingers until she came to a list of names, long or short, and her heart stood still as she read. There were sometimes familiar names, and she looked at them through a mist of tears; but still her boys were safe. Her heart thrilled with pride when she read that Jerold had won his captaincy; he had gone as a lieutenant in his brother's company.

"There is no difference," she said to herself. "They are both my boys—both, both."

Then came a passage of days when nothing was known except that the troops were closing in upon Santiago. The attack might be made at any moment—or the town might surrender before it was made. A whole nation waited the news, and one mother, with two sons at the front, walked the floor and prayed.

At last the word came. They flew to her with the paper. Santiago was taken—but that was nothing. She turned to the list of names, longer this time. Half way down, she shivered a little, then slipped quietly to the floor. They understood, even before they lifted her from the crushed paper, and read for themselves:

"Before Santiago, in the second day's fighting. Captain J. Carrollton."

Which? They looked questioningly one upon the other. Then they gave their thought to the mother. Hers was a brave spirit, but the strain had been heavy. For the time, at least, she was broken. It was hours before understanding and pain came back, together. At last she sat up and pushed aside the kindly hands that would have held her.

"Is there—anything more?"

The doctor came and sat by her. "There is a telegram," he said, and put the paper in her hand. She tried to read it—then turned upon him eyes that under the heartbreak, held still a question.

"What name?" she whispered. "Which?"

He shook his head; then read the telegram. It was dated from Tampa, and ran:

"Got leave at once. Will be with you tonight. J. C."

She rose and went back to the library. She sat alone, under the portrait. What thoughts passed through her mind that long afternoon? Which was she to mourn, the baby that had lain in her arms, looking up at her with his father's eyes; or him who, taken to her heart in tender pity, had repaid her with love such as few sons give to any mother?

The house was silent. One of its sons had gone from it, never to return. The library grew dim as night drew near. Through the open window came the scent of magnolias.

She went and stood before it, as on that other day. She seemed to hear Jack's careless laugh—to see his face looking up at her through the dusk. The memories of years rolled over her—of twilight confidences, and long walks under summer skies; of boyish faults condoned and boyish troubles soothed. Jack—it was always Jack who was in trouble, Jack who came to bury his face in her dress when the rest of the world frowned. She could hear his coaxing voice, feel the pressure of the little body against her knee.

She sank down by the window, and her face dropped on the sill. "Oh, my boy, my boy," she moaned.

She did not move until the door opened. Then she sprang to her feet, and stopped, staring tensely into the darkness. Some one stood there, silent, hesitating, but she could not see his face.

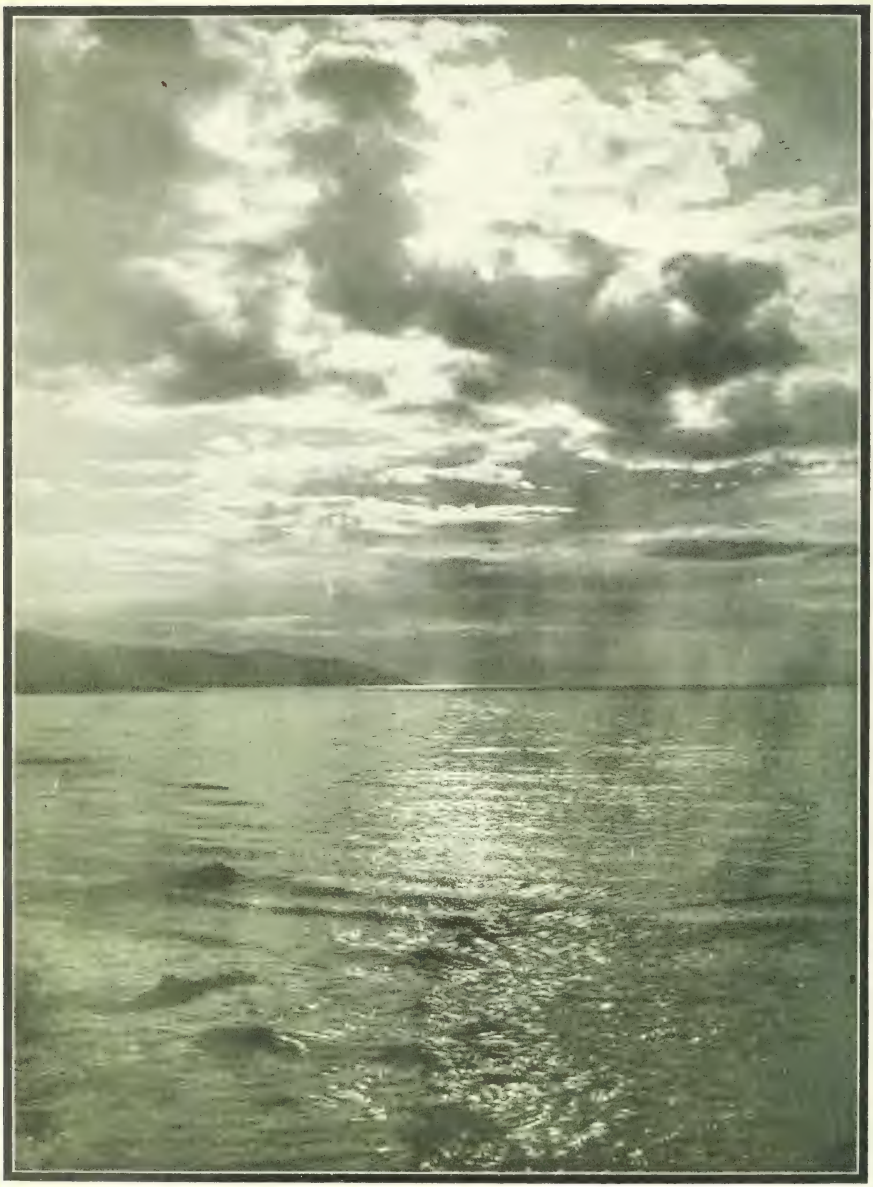
"Who is it?" she said, "Who?"

The man took a step forward. "Mother," he whispered.

She went to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"My son," she said, softly and steadily. "My dear son."





Photograph by George W. McLean

Moonlight on Santa Barbara Channel.



Photograph by George W. McLean.

Cliffs Near Santa Buena Ventura, California.



A Breaking Wave on the California Coast near Carpinteria Photograph by George W. McLean.



Dawn on Santa Barbara Channel.

Photograph by George W. McLean.



A Breaking Wave on the California Coast near Carpinteria

Photograph by George W. McLean.



Photograph by George W. McLean.

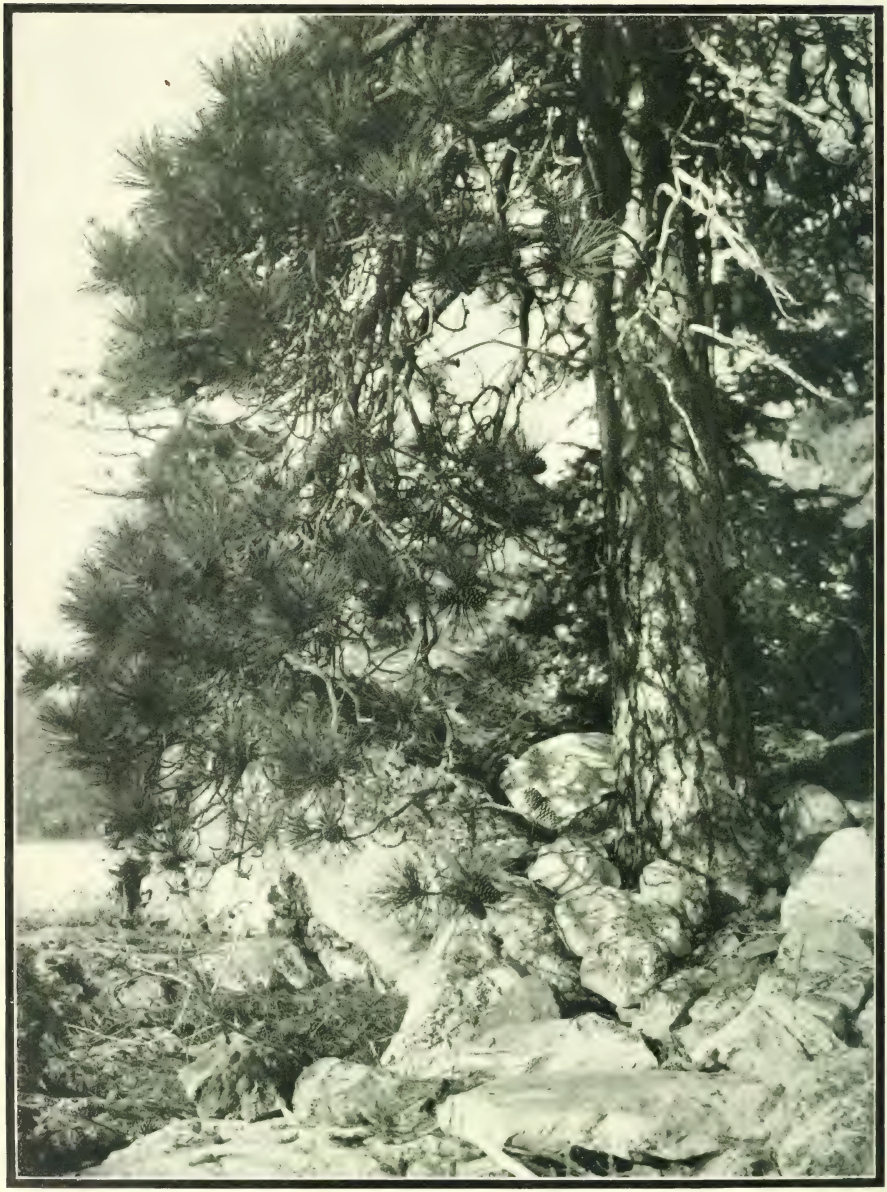
Dawn on Santa Barbara Channel.



A Misty Valley in Eastern Washington.



Fishing on Rogue River, Oregon



A Pine of the Sierras.

The Trick

By James Hopper
Author of "The Judgment of Man," Etc.



E were in the Reporters' Room, in the basement of the old City Hall. The Fire Department gong over the door had tanged the midnight hour; from the steward, dozing in the outer office of the Receiving Hospital, from the Sergeant of the Southern Police, we held promise of immediate knowledge of any happening; and so, secure, we had pulled down the blind over the streaming window, had snapped up all the incandescents, kicked the door tight-shut, and now, while outside a sou'-easter, snorting deep-lunged from the depths of the Pacific, whirled sheets of water over the sleeping city, we huddled in callous comfort before a roaring grate.

Three of us were before the fire, but McCraet was at one of the partitions of the long collective desk, his pencil zipping along his copy-paper in mysterious toil. He was old, and it was his habit to loiter thus apart, absorbed in obscure labor. After a while we heard his sigh behind us, then the ripping into microscopic bits of the result of his lone industry; his chair went back to the wall with a crash, and he was standing above us, his long legs apart, looking deep into the flame.

Boyle, the Cub, had been telling us of some trick played in his childhood. McCraet caught up the word. "Ah, boys," he said, "I played a trick once, a great trick—"

He stood there long, silent, gazing into the fire, then suddenly, as if collapsing, squatted on the floor among us.

"It was on Thomas, that trick, boys," he began again. "You have never known him. I was young, then, as you are; he was old, as I am. He was the Financial Editor of *The Post*. I was the Cub.

"I'll always remember it, my first sight of him. It was my first day. I had had a last successful interview with the City Editor, who, having consented to give me a chance, had forthwith dropped me into the work like a fish into the frying-pan. So there I stood, in the center of the Reporters' Room, atrociously embarrassed, no one deigning to rescue me. After a while, my eyes, seeking for something to give me countenance, fell upon a desk in a corner of the room, and they remained there. It was a strange machine, that desk, monstrous of size, inchoate of shape, and in its shadow a man was bending over a patient clip-clip of scissors—a little, shriveled old man, all huddled up in his chair. He wore an overcoat, rusty-red with age; the back of it rose behind his head, brushing up his stiff white hair in an aigrette, and the contrast between the cringing body and this cocky bantam-like crest was extraordinary. To the left of the ruffled head, at the height of the ear, a pudgy white hand was waving back and forth upon an immobile wrist, back and forth, back and forth like a mechanical fan, while in the shadow of the bent body still went on the indefatigable zip-zip of scissors through paper; and finally it came to me that I was the object of this singular demonstration. It was for me, this tremulous activity of the little white hand; I was being called. I stepped forward. The head turned, and I saw, above a white copse of beard through which a rosy skin glowed, a nose, extravagantly titled to heaven, and two big blue eyes, slightly bulging and kind as a dog's. That was Thomas, boys.

"He spoke to me—oh, nothing much. But these nothings poured into me like balm. You see, in those few minutes, I had had time to become very lonely. And while he talked his shears opened like the jaws of a carp about the pages of a financial journal, closed with a cold rasping sound; and little oblongs of printed matter fell to his desk. After a while he gathered these and began to paste them upon his copy-paper. Then Dick, the

office-boy, shouted to me across the room that the City Editor wanted me, and I was put to work. By the next morning I was part of the machine and was introduced to the Daily Morning Joke.

"Of course, it was on Thomas, the Joke. It came early every day as we sat at the long desk, shearing our morning contemporaries for the first set-up. Dick brought in the mail and with many exaggerated perusals of envelopes distributed it upon the rack by the door; immediately a strange agitation possessed Thomas. He began to squirm on his chair; a pink hue appeared beneath his white whiskers. He waited, evidently by a great effort of the will, for a full five minutes after Dick had finished his task, then very quietly, almost stealthily, he left his desk and shuffled to the rack. But right away, though no one turned, through the intuition gained in much practice he was discovered. A tenor voice rose:

Sweet Marie, come to me;
Come to me, sweet Marie,

it sang cloyingly in ecstatic warbles. Simultaneously the baritone of Daniel, Sporting Editor, drawled in maudlin tenderness,

Come, come, would you like to be me,
I've a girl as sweet as can be—

Out of the door marked 'Studio' there popped the extraordinary head of Martinet, the artist. His arms waved in tragic gestures, his long black hair trembling over his eyes, his flowing red tie rose to his chin, as he bellowed an English adaptation of a song of the Paris Latin quarter,

Oh, my darling, oh, my love,
Is the lamb-leg in the stove?
Oh, my own, oh, my angel,
With some garlic in the handle!

Roberts, the melancholy telegraph man, in his roaring basso-profundo, declaimed, 'My love is like a red, red rose'; and to this cacophony mingled mocking exclamations from all parts of the room:

"'Read it to us, Tommie!'

"'We're all coming, all of us, Tommie.'

"'I'll bring the whiskey.'

"'Me the champagne.'

"'Blue eyes, or brown, Tommie?'

"The windows trembled, the floor boiled; it was a scandalous scene. And old Thomas, his letters in his hand, stood there paralyzed, fearing to move lest we turn upon him. When the tumult had moderated, he shuffled back to his seat, cowered close to his great desk, and with great secrecy opened his mail upon his knee, behind the concealing rampart of his bent back.

"Of course no one really believed in the gallant character garrulously ascribed to this correspondence. As a matter of fact, what he received was enclosed in big manila envelopes of very unromantic appearance. I don't know that any one in the office had ever troubled to discover what the secret really was; probably not—from a vague fear, I suppose, of demolishing the agreeable daily recreation. But I knew right away; for I, too, at long intervals I must say, received also some of those big manila envelopes, envelopes in the left-handed upper corners of which, in fancy type, were printed return addresses such as, well— *The Golden News,* New York; *The Red Cow,* Boston; *The Old Ladies' Journal,* Philadelphia. The little man was engaged in a battle for literary fame. He was sending things to the magazines.

"I thought then that I knew the worst, but I did not. I knew the worst only some time later, when out of an envelope that he opened a manuscript dropped and floated to my feet. Boys, that manuscript had a big margin on both sides. On *both* sides, do you understand? It was poetry. Thomas was a poet—that was the final, all comprehensive, all-hideous fact; he was a poet!

"But what a fighting poet! If tenacity is a virtue, that man has surely a heavenly reward. You see, he wasn't very successful, not successful at all. Those things that he sent out persisted in bounding back like a rubber ball from a wall; they avalanched back upon him like trash down a shute. But he never gave up. He kept at it undismayed, humbly heroic. Each week regularly a new creation entered the lists, began a life of interminable wanderings. Each day two or three manuscripts came back; immediately he transferred them to new envelopes and sent them forth again after making a careful entry in a big yellow cardboard

book, very fatigued of binding, which he kept on his desk.

"I pounced upon this literary ledger one day when he was out. Beginning on the first page and running through many, was a column of titles: 'Sunbeams, 'To a Violet,' 'To a Black Cloud,' 'Hate,' 'Envy,' 'Ingratitude,' and so on; and, boys, from each title a thin, arrow-directed line lead off to the name of some publisher, and back again, then off to another, and back again, then off once more on the trot to another—and back again. A diagramed record of the tribulations of his manuscripts it was. And they had traveled, these begging vagabonds! One had been on the road twenty years, had been in every self-respecting State in the Union, and even across the Atlantic twice. All of them, they began by paying their respects to some big Nabob of a publisher, away up in the thirty-five cent regions; then slowly they bumped down the steps, from the thirty-five to the twenty-five, from the twenty-five to the fifteen, from the fifteen to the ten, to the five, to pass the rest of their lamentable existence knocking about the obscure corners of the literary slums, ever wandering, ever begging; ever rebuffed and denied.

"And throughout that whole book they appeared and reappeared. Upon these, his literary riches, like a miser with his gold he had spent days of adoring computation. He had catalogued and recatalogued them. They appeared in chronological order, in alphabetical order; they columned down the pages, according to length, in crescendo, according to length diminuendo; they were divided according to meter, according to rhyme, according to *genre;* like the German army they were classified into an Active, Reserve, and Retired Force. It was great, that book. One got from it glimpses of such humble, but unconquerable tenacity, such a clinging—soft and inexorable as a woman's—to the one desire of his life. But really, you know, I had little need to be so surreptitious about getting hold of it. For soon I saw that I had been chosen. I was to be IT—oh, yes, the confidant, the dear friend to whom one shows his 'little things.'

"It began when, very mysteriously, he poked a slip of paper beneath my nose one late afternoon. All day he had vibrated with an inward trepidation; three times he had stood at my elbow as I concocted a society column, and, after a preliminary cough, had lost courage and gone back to his desk; so that I was somewhat curious. I looked at the paper, then up at him, questioning. It was an ordinary notice of rejection of manuscript.

"'Type-written!' he said breathlessly.

"If I had been a woman, I think I should have made myself ridiculous and kissed that wrinkled, apple face: it beamed with such profound satisfaction. You see, his former refusals had been printed; this one was type-written, hence individual—an immense progress!

"That was the first confidence, and others followed fast—shy, sensitive confidences that trembled in agonized fear of rebuff but would insist upon presenting themselves. Oh, I didn't invite them; I knew better. But they were cloyingly persistent, like their maker. I saw the book again, followed the little manuscripts in their endless tribulations, applauded their battle array. And I heard about the 'Ode to the Sun,' the Big Work. He had been at it ten years. Religiously he gave it an hour of each evening. It was to be finished soon, and then—

"'He never went farther than that 'then'—at least in words. The rest was in his brain—a dream, a picture of splendor too glowing for the telling. He had ambition, the little man: he had Faith, he had Hope—he was a cheerful idiot! And of course he began to show me them. Oh, yes, 'Violets,' 'Thunder-Cloud,' and the rest. I squirmed like a devil in holy water—but I couldn't escape. I saw 'Sunbeams' and 'Water-Falls,' 'To a Jackass' and 'To a Watermelon.' I saw them all. They passed before me in review, a compact army—the Active, Retired and Reserve. They surrounded me, overwhelmed me; I found them like flowers upon my desk as I arrived in the morning; they slid surreptitiously into my pockets as I left in the evening; they purred at me in my dreams—it was an awful obsession. You see, Thomas was not exactly a poet, not exactly. I suppose it was from the constant repression of his daily life; but whatever the

cause, pen in hand he lacked reserve. Oh, yes, he slopped over, no doubt about it. He was sentimental, to a degree. They smelled of garlic, 'Sunbeams,' 'Watermelon' and the rest—they wept like cascades.

"And yet—such is the perversity of man—I found myself intriguing to augment my misery. It was the incident of the type-written notice that gave me the idea. You see, if a type-written rejection caused such happiness, I could not help wondering what would be the effect of a hand-written one. I fought the temptation; it conquered me.

"There had been on the paper before my coming a young fellow named Maloney. He had written a historical romance that had made a hit and was now on the staff of his publishers, *The Yankee Magazine.* I wrote to him, or rather, Martinet, who was his friend, wrote to him. We asked him to intercept some of Thomas's offerings and to reject them personally—and gracefully. The answer of the distinguished author was not long in coming. 'Sure, Mike,' it said; 'I'll do it.'

"And so it was, a few weeks later, as we sat in the early morning, briskly clipping and pasting for the first set-up, that we were brought to our feet by a squeaky exclamation from the shadow of the Financial Desk, as of a mouse trodden upon. I turned to the Financial Editor. He reclined limp in his chair and his breath came in gasps. Suddenly the color shot back to his face and he motioned me to pick up a sheet of blue paper that had fallen at his feet.

"Maloney had done the thing well. Two whole pages of the delicately glazed note were covered with his fat scrawl. 'It is with sorrow,' he wrote, 'almost with a pang that we yield up this jewel, your poem. But inexorable necessity demands the sacrifice. At a late meeting of the staff we decided to adhere rigidly to the tone we have striven to give to the *Yankee Magazine.* What the people demand, we decided, is, in verse, the martial, the vigorous and crashing ("The Ode to the Sun," whispered Thomas breathlessly). Your poem, with its subtle delicacy, its vibrating but superbly subdued tenderness, falls outside the line thus inflexibly drawn. It is our loss; we feel it strongly.'

"You should have seen Thomas that day. He attacked his Financial Column with the zest of a juvenile; his clippers zipped as if charged with electricity; and his whole person radiated something, something impalpable, invisible, which vibrated through the room till even melancholy Roberts whistled a rag-time to the beat of his huge flat feet, while in his studio Martinet roared the Carmagnole and hanged I don't know how many bourgeois to the lanterns. At times the joy there is in Finances grew too poignant to be selfishly enjoyed alone. 'Pork is rising,' said Thomas; 'pork's going up, boys.' 'Coal dropping, going down,' he murmured ecstatically; and an imperceptible jump in consols sent him into a spasm of jubilation that frightened me.

"For weeks he was in this cloud of bliss. Letters of rejection continued to come from Maloney, in a constantly swelling flood that began to disquiet me. The epistolary ingenuity of this resourceful young man had to have a limit somewhere. And the 'Ode to the Sun' was progressing by leaps and bounds. 'I needed only this encouragement, only this,' was the confidence that I received; 'soon now will the Execution conform to the Idea; it will be finished. You shall be the first to see it, friend.'

"And it came, yes, the Ode to the Sun. I didn't try to dodge; I was paralyzed. I took it home with me that evening. No, I didn't read it. I have some sincerity. I cannot lie about anything definite, only about vague things. And so, not having read it, I was able to tell him the next morning that the solar Ode was full of heat and ardor; that it sparkled and burned, that it was luminous. He accepted this appreciation with down-cast eyes, took a big yellow envelope, neatly engrossed it, pounded three two-cent stamps upon it, slipped the Ode into it—and it was off—to the *Yankee Magazine.*

"And two weeks later it was back. And the note upon which Thomas stared hard and long was printed; the old curt, measly rejection. In the same mail was a letter for Martinet which explained.

"'Boys,' wrote Maloney; 'it's all off. That madman of yours must be stopped. I'm dead, worn to a frazzle. Another

week of this and I land in pads. It's no go, boys; I'm sorry, but it don't go.'

"Poor fellow! I suppose he had done his best; but Thomas, you see, to the encouragement of those charming rejections had turned upon him all his batteries, yes, even to the Corps of the Retired—and he was annihilated. As for my poet, well, that was about the end of him. You've seen these elderly men, boys, in a tug-of-war with Age, fighting even for five, seven, ten years, till you think they'll never grow old. And then suddenly something happens in their life, some secret thing perhaps of which we know nothing, and click!—cunning old Age, catching them relaxed, jerks them along, one, two, five, ten, fifteen cleats down the board—and they are old, or worse. Thus it was with Thomas, and the defection of Maloney was the blow, right on top of the head, which allowed the grisly antagonist to tug him down, limp and unresisting. He began to fail—it's incredible how fast he failed. Each day he shrank smaller; each day his rusty-red overcoat rose higher behind his head, brushing up his hair in more fantastic crest. No more did we get joyful extracts from the Financial Column. Pork went up and down; poultry slumped and rose; consols hesitated—but from the Financial Desk came no echo of the turmoil. And the Ode, continuing its lamentable odyssey, wandered from door to door, a limping beggar, ever rebuffed and denied. And one day it stopped.

"And Thomas stopped, too. The next morning he was not at the office. On the second day of his absence I was deputed to go and see him.

"I went. He lived in a quarter of the city rancid with over-population. I met the physician at the door, going out. The learned man was vague and not hopeful. There was nothing definite the matter, nothing you could place your finger on. It was here, there, everywhere—a general break-down. The heart was tired—like an old watch. It might stop ticking.

"I went up the musty stairs and met the family. There was the wife, a short, stout, dishevelled woman, soapy with the wash that she took in to round out the derisive pay that went with the pompous title of Financial Editor—one of these humble scrubbing heroines peculiar to the Irish race, full of a maternal devotion that goes to martyrdom, but not the kind, you know, to respect fully poetical aspirations. The daughter wore a pompadour over her left eye, read novels in a wrapper, and was bitter over her father's failure to provide for them according to their 'social rank.' The son was a good-natured giant, apprentice in a machine-shop; but he had the questionable habit of accompanying mention of his father with a subtle wink of the left eye, emphasized sometimes by a soft knocking of his forehead with the middle finger of his right hand. Besides these, of course, there was a whole regiment of brass-shod, patch-kneed, sticky-faced youngsters (I didn't count them). Thomas was in bed, in a dingy room overlooking a back-yard intricacy of mouldy stairs, swill-barrels and mangy clothes-lines. I entered somewhat brusquely; and he tried to hide from me something in his hand.

"It was the Ode. I lost control of myself and stared like a fool. He saw that he was caught. 'Yes,' he admitted; 'I was re-reading it. And do you know, it doesn't seem so bad. I've worked hard on it—twelve years today. It has been the dream of my life.'

"'Thomas,' I shouted insanely; 'the Ode is all right. Give it to me. I'll get it published. I will, sure. I'll get it published. Give it to me.'

"He gave it, and those old blue eyes of his bulged at me, wistful as a dog's. A wave of unconquerable resolution heated me through. I thrilled with confidence.

"But lordie, how it oozed out of me when I was once more out upon the street, that lyric white elephant in my hand! I grew cold, absolutely cold, at the thought of the task before me. I tossed over it all night. The next morning I confided in Martinet. He, an hour later, passed on the abominable burden to Roberts. Roberts wrestled a while and went to Daniel for sympathy. By four o'clock the whole staff knew, and tacitly we met in painful convention. Even Dick, the devil, was there, probably scenting excitement.

"And it was he who, after all, solved the problem for us. We had been puzzling to get the Ode accepted; he, with the directness of genius, cut cross-lots. 'Don't see the use of having it excepted, nohow,'

he exclaimed in fine scorn; 'what's de matter wid jest printing it, eh?'

"We mused in discreet silence.

"'Oh, shucks,' he cried in irreverent impatience, 'I mean print it in one of dem magazines; jerk something else out and put that in. He won't know the difference.'

"'Print it, illustrate it, and interpose the leaves in one of the standard publications!' repeated Roberts, putting the suggestion into classical form.

"Right away we knew we had it. Martinet danced a silent jig. Then, seizing the Ode, he rushed to his studio, banged the door shut behind him—and forthwith we heard the roar of the Carmagnole. We went out and borrowed a font of fancy type. The next day the type-setters worked after hours beneath the supercritical eyes of a dozen volunteer proofreaders. For a week Martinet, his long hair over his eyes, bent over secret cardboards; then he vanished altogether in the depths of a neighboring lithographic plant. We had a long session over printing presses, and then at last before our dazzled eyes the Ode appeared, superb upon satin paper in illuminated Gothic type. On the margin the Orb sparkled and blazed seventeen times (I counted it).

"We searched the news-stands. The Christmas numbers were already out and without much trouble we found what we needed. That rock of conservatism and respectability, the *Boston Review,* by a kindly chance held a Christmas carol just six pages long. We bought a hundred copies, brought them to the office—and then began a curious operation. Carefully the wire fasteners of one of the *Reviews* would be loosened, a Christmas carol detached, and the Ode triumphantly substituted. A little hammering, a few deft touches of paste,—and a transformed *Boston Review* glowed with solar magnificence. By nine o'clock we were ready and, loaded to the ears with *Reviews,* we avalanched down into the streets, all aglow with the spirit of Christmas eve.

"Mrs. Thomas let us in, wondering. At the door of his room we stopped a tiptoe. In whispers I was elected. I knocked. 'Come,' said the little flat voice we knew so well—and I stepped in, closing the door on a dozen inquisitive noses.

"Thomas was sitting up in bed, reading. 'Rah!' I shouted with fake enthusiasm. And beneath the tilted nose I placed a *Review,* opened upon the resplendent Ode. Then I was frightened.

"For he sank back into the pillows, his body bent into obtuse angles as if the spine had been removed; his eye-lids dropped heavily and his mouth opened. But before I could do anything there was a crash and scramble behind, and I was fairly swept off my feet. The door had given way to the pressure of my co-conspirators, pushing and jostling each other in tiptoeing curiosity. Headlong they arrived, arms before them, feet behind, striking the bed in an avalanche of *Reviews.* Thomas opened his eyes, straightened; a flush rosied his whiskers to our congratulatory howls. 'Bought out all the news-stands,' cried Dick, the rat, who of course had followed us; 'not one left in the city.'

"But this embarrassing gentleman immediately slid out after a short, dark interview with Martinet; and when he returned he was laden with packages that, on being opened, proved to be ale and crackers and cheese. We sat down—upon the chair, upon the table, upon the bed, upon the floor, filled the room, overflowed into the hall, ate and drank and toasted the successful poet. He fairly bubbled. He laughed extravagantly at the mildest jokes, risked a few himself, and crowed and chuckled between times. We sang 'Sweet Marie,' sang 'Come Would You Like to be Me,' as in the old letter-rack days, and Roberts declaimed 'My love is like a red, red rose.' Martinet got up on the trunk and sang about the angel and the leg of mutton, got up on the chair and sang the 'Carmagnole,' got up on the table and sang 'Josephine is dead,' was thrown out into the hall and forthwith began to thunder the 'Marseillaise.'

"I'm afraid we lacked the instinct of nurses. We stayed too long. When finally we did leave the room, by some tacit agreement we paused in the dark hall. With a finger on his lips Martinet re-opened the door a few inches and we peered in. He was lying back in the pillows, his eyes closed, and his hands, crossed upon his breast, pressed tight beneath them a *Boston Review,* open—you can guess where.

And thus it was, a little later, as we wended our noisy way home and the mid-

night bells of Christmas ensilvered the city, that Mrs. Thomas found him. His hands were crossed upon his breast; beneath them, tight, lay the Ode. Its marginal suns purpled and glowed, but they could not heat the heart—for he was dead."

Boyle clicked his watch. "Half-past three," he said. We rose and one by one stepped to the telephone and rang off our Night Editors. But when we emerged from the booth McCraet was still sprawled before the dying fire. "Boys," he said; "it was a good trick, a good trick." He rose, a little wearily, "And I wish, sometimes—that it could be played on me."

He sat at his desk, drew his copy-paper from his breast-pocket and bent down to write. We wrapped our coats about us and went out, along the black corridor that oozed, into the storm-swept streets.

The Converts from the Stirrup Ranch

By H. N. Beecher

"IF he is a Christian," said Martin, in a voice heard half way to the pulpit, "if he's a Christian, sah, just leave me branded as a sinnah."

"'Ignorant ruffians! barren ranges! starving cattle!'—talks as crazy as a locoed Mexican and lies like a half-breed; wish I had my lariat, we would rope him from the pulpit and fire him back to the States in a cattle car; that's what we would, sah; we'll brand him yet tonight, if he don't swallow his cud mighty sudden, that's what we will, sah."

Whort sat like he was frozen, his face white. Claud, still and gloomy, looked like a storm cloud just before the chain lightning turns loose; Boot-Jack Bethel had lost his usual smile, and all the while Reynolds' hand was playing queer like, 'round his hip pocket in a way that made me uneasy.

It was the night our Stirrup outfit lost its best man. Not but what we had plenty of good men at the ranch, but none like Dudley. Who he was or when he was branded, we never knew, but he was sure a queer one, and judging from his looks, should say he had a pedigree worth framing. He smoked but little, drank less, and the few times he swore it was with a grace and eloquence that was surely fetching. Stayed by the ranch like a young heifer around her first calf. Never had any mail to send out, and the few letters he received, from some law firm back in New York, usually contained checks, and handsome ones, too, for we boys often cashed them for him when we went to town. If he ever had any father, mother or friends, he never mentioned them to us. But everybody about the ranch liked him, for he was kind as a lady and fearless as a bull terrier—and how he *could sing*.

Often, on the night herd, when the cattle got to milling, his voice would creep out, still and soft like, in a way that would make a nightingale hunt the willows. Never sang our cowboy chants, without words or meaning, but always some swell church music or popular opera. One piece in particular he used to sing, when it seemed like the very bronchoes wanted to get on their knees and weep.

We were in town, waiting for our cattle train, at the time the big revival meetings were going on. Some tenderfoot Gospel Foreman was running the outfit and rounding up a big bunch. We boys

slid in quietly and took a back seat, just in time to hear him shoot it into delinquent church members; and he sure did handle them rough, but they all sat still and took it, like a bunch of Easternbred Jersey heifers and never offered to stampede.

When he ran out of bad language he stopped a moment to catch his breath, and cast his eye over the big audience for new victims; and he must have sighted our outfit, for his next round was fired direct at cowboys—"ruffians of the hills who herd starving cattle over barren wastes of hill and valley, and profane the name of God," was one of the wild compliments he paid us. I reckon he expected us to take it all just as the common herd had, but he missed his throw that time, sure, and it looked for a time as if the whole Stirrup outfit was going to speak in meeting at once and give testimony the Gospel Guy hadn't counted on; but Dudley leaned forward in his seat, shaking his finger at us like we were a bunch of kindergarten kids. "Keep cool, boys," he whispered; "for God's sake hold in just a little longer, give the damnable outlaw all the rope he wants; when he has taken all the slack we will pull together and rope him to the snubbing post so tight he can't move a hoof. When he finishes this tirade he will ask us all to come forward and be saved, then we will all go, *all of us*, mind you; just follow my lead and let me do the work for the outfit."

And sure enough, when the preacher had finished telling the congregation what a band of outlaws and horse thieves cowboys were, he ended up by asking us with the others, to come forward.

"Brethren," he said, "there is still a chance for backsliding church members, a chance even for our benighted brothers from the hills, and now while we sing, let all who would be saved come forward."

When the girl who played the organ got her last summer's hat properly adjusted, they began to sing; but somehow she got off on the wrong hoof, or else cinched the organ a little too tight, for it bucked fearful, and only a few strays in the bunch tried to sing.

Then Dudley got up—

"Come on, boys," he whispered, and we came, Injin file, up the aisle—Dudley, tall and graceful, looking sober and dignified as a judge, in the lead, while Boot-Jack Bethel, biting his lips to keep from laughing, tailed the procession. As we trailed up the long aisle, our spurs jingling on the floor, Dudley picked up the broken hymn and sang; clear and soft at first, then louder, till his voice filled the church and the girl who played the organ turned round to see where the real music came from; and all over the church people were leaning forward in their seats, and one by one they stopped singing, listening to Dudley; and when he reached the front seat he was singing all by himself. But he didn't seem to mind it no more than if he were on the night herd with just the cattle and we boys to hear him, and the stars looking down; seemed to forget we were in a big church filled with strangers, and all lit up with electric lights, for he sang right on to the end of the hymn without a break.

When he had finished, the preacher came forward, all puffed up like a poisoned coyote, as if he had done himself proud in getting us to come forward. He stood silent for a moment to make it more impressive, then asked for some one to lead in prayer for "the wayward brothers from the hills."

But no one seemed ready to tackle the job, reckon it looked too hard, leastways no one responded. Then Dudley got up, right in front of the pulpit, and lifting his old chaps like they were a pair of dress-suit trousers he was afraid of putting out of shape, he kneeled down and prayed. Reckon the town people, nor the tourists from the big hotel never heard just such a prayer, and they all listened.

"Oh, Lord, we thank Thee that we are cowboys, cowboys from the Stirrup Ranch, coming before Thee, and this audience gathered here tonight, in gratitude for the many beauties of nature with which Thou hast surrounded the Stirrup Ranch.

"We thank Thee for the meadow below the ranch, that great sea of grass, surging in the breeze like the sea of Galilee. For the hundreds of acres of grazing land above, where Thou makest our cattle to lie down in green pastures and leadest them beside the still waters of the everliving springs that surround the Ranch.

"We thank Thee, oh Lord, for that beautiful park still higher up, where ce-

dars grow and the yucca blooms, 'round the lonely grave of a Colorado cowboy, who gave his life to save his fellow man. Such a spot, oh Lord, were fitting burial place for Thy Patriarch of old, whose grave no man knoweth, where the angels of God upturned the sod and laid the dead man there.

"For the great forests still higher up, we give thanks, and for those towering timberline cliffs yet higher, home of the grizzly monarch of the mountains; where the crouching cougar steals back and forth, awaiting, maybe, that time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb. And we would not forget, oh Lord, those sublime heights covered with eternal snows, whose peaks pierce the clouds; where mountain quail hover over their broods of spotless white; emblems of Thy love and purity.

"We thank Thee, kind Father, that the cattle ranges of Colorado are *not* barren wastes of hill and valley where ignorant ruffians herd starving cattle, as has been told us here tonight; such thoughts are but the wild ravings of an ignorant tenderfoot, unworthy words for one who professes to preach Thy Gospel.

"We thank Thee that Thou art a kind and loving Father, and not the uncertain God of doubtful justice that has been pictured here tonight. Forgive all such errors, voiced here this evening, by the well-meaning but overzealous fanatic, who has just broke loose in our midst. Regulate, we pray Thee, his overactive but unbalanced mind.

"Be with us in tomorrow's drive, hasten our cattle through the scorching heat of Sand Canon, over the rocks in Devil's Gap, guide us safely; and may the water at Cottonwood Springs hold out until each has had a drink. And when tomorrow's sun goes down, see our outfit safely landed at the dear old Stirrup Ranch. Amen."

As Dudley took his seat the preacher came forward.

"We will close our services this evening by singing—by singing"— but his hand shook so he could hardly open the book, and Dudley, feeling sorry for him and not wishing the meeting to break up too abrupt like, let his voice loose again, and without leaving his seat, he sang: "Where is my wandering boy tonight."

No one attempted to join him, but when he had finished singing, the congregation seemed to forget they were in church, for they broke loose clapping hands, just as they do up in Denver at the Tabor. Dudley came forward and bowed to 'em, like they do on the stage, but they only cheered the louder. Then Reynolds whispered to Dudley:

"Sing 'em something, Dud, sing the one you do on the night herd."

And he came to the front again, his big hat in one hand, the other pushing his hair back from his forehead, and his face wearing an innocent childlike smile, as he cast his eye over the audience, unconcerned as if he were sitting in his saddle waiting for his pony to drink. But you bet he looked swell, even in his old ranch togs, and *how he did sing!* seemed like the angels slid down from Heaven and pushed him along.

The poor girl who played the organ tried hard to catch the accompaniment, but she could not make it. Dudley sang on just the same till near the end of the first round; then his face went white, the big hat in his hand trembled like the quivering aspen leaves high up the mountain, yet he kept on singing, as up the aisle came the swellest young lady —must have been one of those Eastern for she sure warn't no town girl—and she went right over to the organ, whispered to the girl who could not play, then took her seat. The minute her fingers touched the keys seemed like the old church organ turned into a harp of a thousand strings; she just made it *talk*, and the first notes shrill and loud, from way off in the distance, seemed to be saying that she was alone on Poncha Mountain off trail, and a big storm coming up. While Dudley— I never saw him look just like that before, his eyes fairly shone, as his voice rose clear and beautiful. Then, suddenly the music dropped, the organ called lower as he answered with his voice. Still softer it sounded, till you could not tell his singing from her playing—then the music sank still lower, and all over the church folks were holding their breath listening, as it died out so soft and still, you couldn't tell just when it did quit.

Next day when we made our drive, a new man rode Dudley's horse back to the Stirrup Ranch.

Amidown of Aguilar

By William Chester Estabrook



HE little adobe court house at Aguilar stands on the top of a lava-strewn hill, and from whatever direction it is approached, the white-washed facade, flashing like a square of crystal against the chocolate-brown environment, fairly flings itself before one's gaze.

At its south end are two trees, one, a shaggy eucalyptus which seems always a bit depressed at the monotony of its transplanted life, and the other, a more sprightly umbrella bush that lifts a score of divergent arms against the sizzling heat. The position of the two trees is such that they afford a precarious, three-quarter circle of shade whose diurnal swing is marked on the desert beneath by a space scraped clear of cactus spines and razor-edged stones.

At two o'clock of a certain afternoon, a big hickory chair stood at the northern edge of the circle and "Fatty" Amidown, county clerk of Aguilar, shifted his enormous weight in it and awoke, after the manner of most fat men, with a snort.

A dust-covered Mexican stood before him, bowing and scraping apologetically at having interrupted the siesta.

"What the devil's the matter with your tongue that you don't use it instead of crawling all over a feller like a tarantula?" demanded Amidown.

The Mexican, who was young and not unhandsome, bowed still more elaborately.

"Oh, that's all right," said Amidown, rubbing his eyes; "I say it's all right, so hold on to your spine." He grinned at his visitor, whose movements threatened to dislocate that essential part of his anatomy.

"I want to marry—I want a license," he said eagerly, speaking in broken English.

Amidown got up slowly and led the way with the majesty of hugeness into his office.

"What's your name?" he asked lazily, facing the applicant over the paper-littered counter.

"Salvatore," answered the other, "Juan Salvatore."

Amidown began to fill in the necessary blanks, the big gutta-percha penholder looking fragile in his huge fingers.

"And the girl's?" he inquired disinterestedly.

"Nina Gordi," said the Mexican.

Amidown turned and stared at him, the fat fingers with the pen between suspended suddenly in mid-air; and the Mexican repeated the girl's name.

"Bless me!" exclaimed 'Fatty' Amidown, and pretended to hunt for something among the letter files at the opposite end of the room. A look of consternation overspread his face and he moved about with a jerky indecision strangely at variance with his huge bulk. So long did he continue his search for nothing that the Mexican began to shuffle uneasily from one foot to the other, and the sound seemed to recall Amidown, for he returned to the counter and made out the license without comment.

When Salvatore had gone he went into an alcove, formed by the angle of the brick safety vault, and dropped to a chair. Great globules of perspiration, of the sort that do not come from any outward heat, rolled down his cheeks to his neck, where he mopped at them unavailingly.

"Damn a greaser, anyhow!" he sputtered.

The verbal explosion seemed to cool him a bit, and he mopped his face less frequently, finally rolling a cigarette.

"That girl's thrown Billingslea over! And it'll kill him."

After a few minutes he got up and went out again to the hickery chair in the shade, where he sat looking troubledly

into the mysterious mists of the desert's distances. For while the trouble was not his own, he could not but feel himself responsible for it; he had brought Billingslea to Aguilar; he had stood by and seen him fall head-over-heels in love with this girl who was about to toss him aside for the young Mexican. If it had not been for him, Billingslea would never have met Nina Gordi!

There were people in Aguilar who declared that Amidown's only excuse for setting up his general store there was to get hold of Bob Billingslea every ninety days. They had been school boys together, and when Amidown located his friend, after a silence of a good many years between them, Billingslea was the representative of an El Paso mercantile house. His duties on the road, however, prevented his acceptance of Amidown's invitation to spend the rest of his life at Aguilar and also made it most unlikely that he would ever see that aggressive little town. But Amidown was equal to the occasion; he promptly secured a vacant room and wired Billingslea to come and sell him a bill of goods. And the venture had been a profitable one for both: Amidown prospering, in spite of the fact that most of his inconsequential time was spent at the court house and the store given over to clerks, and Billingslea opened up a profitable territory of which his firm had been in ignorance.

It was on his third trip that Billingslea had met Nina Gordi, daughter of Don Porfirio Gordi, who owned a good part of Aguilar County, and, who, on his splendid rancho, thirty miles away, persisted in the grandiose life of the old Spanish regime.

Their meeting was not a conventional one; the girl, who was visiting an old aunt in Aguilar, had ridden a green broncho up to a passing train, and the beast, taking fright at the unaccustomed sight, had bolted in a maddened flight that would have carried him through the depot windows if Bellingslea had not caught and held him till the girl was free. But with the weight of the rider removed the broncho whirled and sent Billingslea flying against the hard adobe wall of the station, with enough damage to his ribs to keep him in Aguilar six weeks longer than he had intended to stay.

In spite of the broken ribs, however, they were the happiest six weeks of Billingslea's life—and, also, it appeared of Nina Gordi's. She had insisted on sharing the care of him with Mrs. Amidown, and from the minute he saw her charming, dusky face bending over him, he had loved her, and by the time he was able to sit in the big hickory chair, which Amidown had brought from the court house for him, she was his promised wife.

Then old Porfirio had taken a hand.

Someone had carried the news of the courtship to the rancho before Billingslea could get there, and the old Don, who had set his heart on marrying the girl to the scion of an aristocratic Spanish family on the other side of the line, came puffing and snorting to Aguilar, with a half-dozen minions, and whisked his daughter away.

With characteristic hot-headedness and with a side that still twinged, Billingslea started in pursuit. He refused all Amidown's advice, and for a week tried to storm Porfirio's citadel, in one way and another, but he was baffled at every point of attack, as was to have been expected. Amidown urged a waiting policy, and after a few more futile, fuming days, Billingslea returned to El Paso, a badly beaten, but by no means hopeless, man.

Now, after an absence of six weeks he was to return, and the girl he loved was ready to marry this Juan Salvatore, whoever he might be! If Amidown had not issued the license he would not have believed it possible.

While he was casting about for some explanation, and asking himself if he ought not wire Billingslea, a cowboy rode up the dusty trail to the eucalyptus tree.

"Hello, Fatty," he called familiarly, flinging from his horse. "You don't know me, I guess."

"You've guessed right," said Amidown.

"I'm Chuck Pearson. I 'uster hang round here more'n I do now. I ain't particularly stuck on yer old town, but I thought I'd 'sociate myself with it long enough to get my marryin' papers. Can you 'commodate me?"

Amidown nodded, and again led the way to his office.

Not till the cowboy had obtained his

word of honor that the affair would be kept a strict secret until the coming of the "Flyer" at seven the next morning, would he divulge the name of the lady whom he wished to marry.

"You see, we're goin' to skip by the light of the moon," he said facetiously, "and if the Don gets next before the thing's all over he'll sure try to make a sieve of my skin."

Amidown goggled at him with bursting incredulity. But a growing caution was upon him.

"You don't mean Gordi, do you?" he asked with a tremendous effort to appear unconcerned.

"Sure I do," said the fellow, with a swagger. "I don't know any other greaser's girl in this neck of the woods that'd be worth my time."

While he boasted ramblingly of his quick conquest of the Dona, Amidown wrote steadily away on the requested document. His astonishment and disgust at what had seemed the girl's perfidy were giving way to his former confidence in her. She was not the girl to give her heart to one man and her hand to another—no matter what pressure was brought to bear on her—there was too much staunch American blood in her for that—the blood of her splendid little Southern mother who, curiously enough, had loved Don Porfirio passionately and faithfully to the end of her life. Her daughter was like her, Amidown argued, quick to love, perhaps, but loving long and steadfastly. He began to feel that he would stake his word upon her. He seemed to see things more clearly. This was some coup she had planned against the watchful guard at her father's rancho.

Had she got the message he had tried to smuggle through to her by means of old Lagun, the mestizo wood carrier, telling her that Billingslea would be in Aguilar on the morrow and asking her to meet him there and marry him? Was the appearance of these two men seeking a license to wed her only evidence of her tactics to outwit those who so constantly hedged her about?

Amidown went over the whole thing with elaborate minuteness as he watched the cowboy disappear; but before that would-be benedict had vanished beyond the shoulder of the first out-lying hills, a yellow buckboard, drawn by two big brown mules, pulled up at the little frame parsonage across the street, and the driver, a tall, bearded man of perhaps forty years, alighted and sought the minister, with whom he talked for a minute, then crossed to where Amidown stood watching in the court house door.

"Can you give me a marriage license as early as six-thirty in the morning?" he asked briefly.

"I guess I can fix you up then," replied Amidown, who by this time was surprised at nothing.

"All right. I'm much obliged. I'd attend to it now but I can't stop. In the morning at six-thirty, sure?"

"Sure," repeated Amidown.

The fellow hurried across to his team and a moment later was jogging rapidly over the desert trail that led to Gordi's.

"I reckon he's going to marry her, too," chuckled Amidown, in spite of his perplexity.

As he was closing the office for the night, a gnarled old figure as brown as the desert itself, slipped suddenly into the dim corridor and hailed him.

"You, Lagun!" Amidown exclaimed in supreme satisfaction.

The old mestizo nodded quickly, and waited for no questions. Ninety years spent among people who talk little enabled him to read men's minds.

"The Dona is very brave," he said, in his Mexican patois. "She is also very wise; three strings has she prepared for her bow, for fear that two, at the very last, may break. If but one holds she will be here in the morning—if none—"

"I see!" cried Amidown, "I see!"

"Yes; you, her friend, know what is meant," the old man said, and slipped away as softly as he had come.

Amidown stood in the door and looked after the old figure as it rode away into the desert, where lavender shadows lay over the gray sands and a breeze softly touched the delicate mesquite.

With a humorous twinkle in his eyes and a certain stiffening of his loose, good-natured mouth, he went back to his desk and made out another license—a license for which no one had yet applied—and put it away most carefully in his pocket. Then with the smile deepening in his eyes he waddled down the long hill to

the depot and telegraphed to Billingslea at Pinos, a hundred miles away.

What he said was that if Billingslea valued his happiness he must be in Aguilar the next morning at seven o'clock.

* * * * * * * *

When the Flyer slid screeching into Aguilar the next morning, a handsome, broad-shouldered young fellow crowded past the porter and swung from the Pullman steps to Amidown, who was waiting for him.

"What's up?" he demanded, "she isn't —is she—"

"Steady," said Amidown, soothingly, "steady now," and he pulled him out of hearing of the half-dozen loiterers about the station.

"Where is she?" Billingslea demanded.

"She was to be here," Amidown replied. "She may be here yet. There are five minutes left—the engine takes water here. In five minutes—what's that?"

He hoisted himself suddenly to a depot truck and gazed out over the desert along the Gordi trail. Then he jumped down and fairly lifted Billingslea to his place.

"She's coming!" he shouted, "she's coming! by Jove, I thought she'd do it. She'll make it. Trust her."

Far over the gray sands Billingslea saw a team of galloping mules approaching and behind them a cloud of dust that looked like a bank of fog. At the instant, two horsemen—one leading the other by a dozen lengths—plunged forth from the trailing cloud, and there began a mad race down the long hill to Aguilar.

The vehicle the mules drew was suddenly revealed; it was a yellow buckboard, and clinging to the seat beside the driver, who stood erect and used his whip like a Roman charioteer, was a girl.

At sight of her, Billingslea went pale and sprang from the truck.

"It is Nina," he said.

Amidown nodded and shoved an extra gun into his friend's pocket. A broncho was standing unhitched before a saloon across the street. He pointed to it quickly.

"Take it," he said. "Hurry back—I'll hold the train for you. Get along."

Billingslea ran across and leaping upon the back of the astonished broncho, urged him furiously up the hill.

From his position taken up once more on the truck, Amidown watched the thrilling race. The first horseman was the young Mexican, Salvatore—he could see that, even at the distance. The young fellow rode superbly, holding aloft a lariat, coiled and swinging ready for the throw. Behind him came the cowboy of yesterday, whose pony seemed pretty well fagged.

Suddenly out of the dusty distance behind the three desperate contestants, there swept a squad of splendidly mounted Mexican vaqueros, whose horses with amazing celerity began to close up the gap between themselves and the buckboard.

As the span of mules reached the last turn in the trail and headed straight for the town, the Mexican dug his spurs viciously, his pony shot forward in response, the lariat unrolled in a line of sinuous beauty, and the noose, slithering forward like a ring of light, settled squarely over the shoulders of the man in the buckboard. The pony squatted to the sand and braced himself for the shock. There was the whizzing throb of the hair rope drawn taut, and the man tumbled from the vehicle to the ground.

The girl did not hesitate a second but gathered up the reins and urged the mules forward.

Salvatore lost a moment in unfastening the lariat from his saddle, then spurred past the prostrate figure in the road, and was about to grasp the bit of the off mule when a lightning loop flung from behind pinioned his arms to his side.

"Take some of yer own medicine!" yelled the cowboy, pulling at his rope.

The squad of vaqueros came thundering down the trail at terrific speed, and the cowboy's pony, swerving widely to the right as they came, drew the rope which was about the Mexican's shoulders, directly across the trail. It missed the heads of the oncoming horses but caught their riders fairly under the arms. In a twinkling, all were unseated and struggling together in the dust.

Then Amidown saw Billingslea dash up to the girl and catch her from the buckboard and swing her beside him. Turning the broncho, he came galloping back to the station.

At that instant the train began to move. Amidown lost no time. He did not propose to risk battle with the minions of the Don at any such odds. The

conductor was still on the platform. Hurtling toward him in a cyclonic rush Amidown caught up the astonished official and folded him to his massive bosom.

"Stop the train," he panted, "Stop the train, I say."

"Signal 'em down," commanded Amidown, "or it'll go without you. Do you understand? Signal 'em down!"

And he did.

Almost at the same minute, Billingslea rode up with the girl.

"Here's your license already made out," cried Amidown, thrusting the papers into Billingslea's hands. He waited till the white-faced, but happy little Dona and her lover were safe in the vestibule, then he released the conductor and the train puffed rapidly away.

He turned toward the squad of pursuers. Bruised and shaken and furious, they stood in the awe-inspiring presence of a white-haired, black-browed, blazing-eyed old Spaniard whose purpling face was thrust between the canvass sides of a six-mule wagon, and who was shaking one fist ragefully at his vanquished vaqueros and the other at the departing train, cursing the while like the army in Flanders.

The county clerk of Aguilar, his great sides shaking with unrestrained mirth, waddled back to the court house, content with the outcome.

Toward noon, the old mestizo slipped in and sat in the shade, fanning gently.

"The Dona is gone?" he asked.

"You bet she is," said Amidown.

"Good," murmured the man of the desert, in his limpid patois. "It is well you should know all. Today the Don was to have started with his daughter to the City of Mexico, to marry her to a great man there. But her heart was with your friend. And she laid a plot. Salvatore and the Senor Pearson and the ranchero have troubled the Dona greatly with their attentions. Each has urged her to marry him. Yesterday she said to them that she would give herself to the man who bore her away on the train this morning—there was no other way to reach the station, you understand—and she—the Dona is good; she has kept her word."

The Siren

By Donald Kennicott

CAUGHT by a blinding dust storm midway on a journey across Tecolote Plain from Fort Standen to the Muscaro Agency, it was only when my horse slipped and fell on some glassy bit of lava rock, that I discovered we had blundered into the great Black Lava Lands. Painfully the pony recovered his feet and then stood stock still, his tail to the wind and his nose on my shoulder, while I, blinded by blown sand and stifled by the whirling dust, sat with my face bowed to the shelter of my knees to wait out the storm. The wind went down at last and the silence of the desert came back; overhead the sun glimmered feebly out of a murky yellow haze, and dimly now, in that dead, sallow light, I could discern the crags and hummocks of the lava stretching everywhere about me. And it seemed, too, that I now heard faint noises about — dull sounds of naked feet on the rocks, the mewing cry of the *tecolote,* and the treble whine of the swift-fox calling to its mate.

I shook the sand from my clothing, remounted, and was debating with myself as to the direction, when suddenly and silently, like an alighting vulture, there appeared on the comb of rock in front

of me a—creature. It drew in its blanket like tattered wings, and stared at me with leaden eyes like those of a rat; above the blanket a face showed, withered into three circles of fine, concentric wrinkles around the little eyes and the sunken mouth. A wisp of yellow-white hair strayed over her forehead, and where the long, gaunt arm pushed aside the folds of the serape, it exposed a bony shoulder and the shrivelled, pendant breast that marked the creature for a woman. But the dreadful thing was her parchment-like skin, a blue-white, as if the dark body of an Indian woman had been coated over with some dull, translucent enamel. She crouched there perfectly still for a moment, gazing at me fixedly; then with a sing-song whine, she said to me in the queer jargon of the Muscoras:

"Maybe so *quiere* ketchum *agua?*"

I did; I wanted to get water very much, particularly for my horse.

"Bien; pretty soon ketchum *agua."*

With that she stretched forth a long arm like a tentacle, seized my bridle and set off, leading Pedro on a devious course among the blocks of shattered lava. Her flat, calloused feet made no sound on the rocks, but now and then there came a jingle from the four or five heavy bracelets of wrought silver that danced up and down on her thin arm, and which somehow seemed unaccountably familiar to me, as though I had seen them before at some memorable moment. Occasionally, too, I caught sight of numerous childish knick-knacks which she had tied to the fringe of her serape—a brass spur-strap buckle, a twisted silver spoon, a coin, a mother-pearl plate from the butt of a revolver, and some other things I could not identify. And as we trotted along, she kept up a continuous sing-song murmur, in the tones of a mother saying "there—there," to a crying child:

"Pretty soon ketchum *agua,* pretty soon ketchum *agua—"*

It would have been strange to meet anyone in the Lava Lands, for the district is regarded as practically impassible, and it was all the more surprising to encounter an Indian there, for since the last suicidal uprising of the Muscoras twelve years before, they had degenerated into a pitiable crew of drunken beggars, who seldom ventured away from the agency encampment. For some reason, perhaps because of the vicinity, as we threaded our way through the chaos of the lava, the recollection of that last bitter fight which had forever crushed both spirit and substance of this branch of the Apaches, kept recurring to me—a horrible day of desperate combat at the edge of the Lava Lands, which did not end until the last brave had fallen. Just at sunset, in the breathless silence that followed the cessation of firing, when a young squaw, standing silhouetted on a pinnacle of rock against blood-red sky, had flung up her arm and uttered a single long-drawn wail of despair, it had indeed seemed the death-knell of her tribe.

I was speculating as to how near the old battle-field we might be, when suddenly the path became more difficult and steep, and Pedro began to stumble desperately among the splintered rocks. I wished to dismount, but the creature by my side shook her head and kept urging the horse forward with little impatient jerks at the bit, continually reiterating—"Pretty soon ketchum *agua,* pretty soon." Pretty soon, in fact, when the white disc that was the sun still hung a half-hour above the horizon, and the dust-stained sky still reflected a sallow light upon the lava beds, we came into a gully between two great blocks of basalt in no way different from a thousand others, and there, no bigger than a saddle-blanket, lay a pool of still water. The creature loosed her hold upon the bridle, and with that same drawing in of her serape like the folding of a buzzard's wings, squatted down by the pool. She dipped a wrinkled claw into the water and let the drops fall back from it in a lustrous shower; even in that dim light, they glimmered clear and bright.

"Agua," she murmured, gloating over it in a preoccupied way, *"Buen' agua—much' agua—buen' agua."*

I was not thirsty, but I threw my canteen to the ground and dismounted in order to give Pedro a better chance to drink. As I sat on my heels beside him, watching his great, eager gulps, the creature in the blanket stealthily reached out a gaunt hand, and keeping her rat's eyes fixed on me all the while, unscrewed the cap of the canteen so that the water ran out. It was natural enough for me to

wish to refill it, but this furtive assistance seemed somehow uncanny. Pedro took half his drink, and then after the custom of range-bred horses, raised his head with a little greatful sigh and looked about him in search of possible danger. He winked his ears, sniffed, and finding nothing ominous, rubbed his dust-encrusted eye in a caressing fashion against my shoulder, and dropped his muzzle to the water again. The woman edged over to my side, and in an insinuating tone began to urge me to drink:

"*Aie, pobrecit'!*" she whined, stroking my arm with a queer note of pity in her husky voice, "*Tien' sed; much' agua, buen agua.*"

Stooping, she took a drink herself, and smacked her lips with a horrible grimace.

I had laid my hat on the ground, and was kneeling with my hand on the edge of the pool, when Pedro drew in his breath with a whistling sound, and held up his head as if listening. Then he backed quickly away from the water and around in a circle, now and then striking spasmodically with his heels at his belly. A moment later he threw himself down, rolling over and over and groaning in agony. I pulled off the saddle to ease him, but he grew rapidly worse; after a little he ceased to struggle and lay quivering. Once only, he painfully raised his head and rubbed his cheek against my coat in his old caressing fashion, but he was beyond any aid my pity could afford him.

The creature still crouched there by that poisonous water, gloating over it and staring at me with her leaden eyes, and sucking in her lips.

"*Agua—buen agua—much' agua,*" she repeated, and again dipping in her hand, let the bright drops trickle over her feet, and beckoned me with a dripping finger. Then it was that I remembered the blue-white face of an arsenic eater whom I had once seen in a hospital ward, and I moved toward her—it may be, fumbling at the flap of my holster.

She screeched like a trapped rat, and ran before me, dodging in and out among the rocks. I had almost caught up, when my foot tripped on something like a bundle of clothing and I fell, and saw her slip out of sight behind a boulder.

There in the hollow between two great billows of congealed lava lay what had once been the bodies of men, dried by the desert sun into mere brown, hollow shells. There must have been over a dozen in all, but in two respects all were alike—in the horrible distortion of features and limb that told the manner of their death, and in the fact that each evidenced by some fragment of clothing or accoutrement, that he had been a member of that army which had annihilated the tribe of the Muscoras in the Battle of the Lava Lands. Unsteadily I moved about among them. A tarnished shoulder-strap identified one as a friend who had disappeared nine years before. Even as I stooped over him, I heard a hoarse cry, and looking up, saw the creature kneeling on a rock above me. She pointed from one to another of her victims, and yelled shrilly, in wild, exultant laughter. Before me were those who had once been my comrades; I snapped out a quick shot at her and she vanished, but in the echo of the report I heard only the falling splinters of lava rock, and a mocking, banshee shriek.

Giving chase as best I could, I managed to keep in sight of her, but could not gain until suddenly she stopped short and I saw that she had reached the edge of the lava flow, three hundred feet above Tecolote Plain and the old battle ground. She faced about, flung up her arms with that same passionate cry of despair that I had heard at the close of the battle twelve years before, and plunged down over the precipitous brink of the rock.

The pallid disc that was the sun dipped below the horizon; the shallow light faded from the dust-stained sky, and in the starless darkness there came from far out over Tecolote Plain, the slow, sombre cry of a descending vulture.

The Celebrating of Tonopah Joe

By H. B. Bugge



AS I lonesome? Lonesome! Say, pard, I was fairly locoed with it. I could smell it, taste it, feel it wriggle through my pores. Had I been suddenly roped and branded and dumped into the middle of nowhere with a thousand miles of sand and sage-brush on every side and not so much as a hopping flea for company, I'd have felt hilarious in comparison. Lonesome! I was that lonesome I could have made friends with a one-eyed coyote. I could have cried on the neck of a Nevada chink and called him brother. Say, I was paralyzed drunk with it!

And all the time I was right in the middle of Fourth of July with bands a-playing and flags a-flying, and blue-coats parading, and fire works exploding, and kids a-bawling, and a million people crowding and cheering and stepping on my toes.

Oh, yes,—most experiences have a funny side, all right, but I failed to connect with the humorous features of this one,—then. To my Wyoming bred, quarter-Irish intellect it was a Chinese funeral with me for the corpse, only lots more so;—lots! God! how lonesome a feller can feel in a crowd!

You see, it was this way. After cow-punching from knee high to six foot three and laying up nothing much except a prize collection of hard knocks and a double-barrelled vocabulary, I got to thinking. "Here am I," I says to myself; "twenty-four years old, able to read and write and do stunts in plain figures; strength to give away and health to burn, and nothing ahead but forty dollars a month and grub to the end of the game. It's time to break out of the corral, thinks I, and I loped. You remember the time.

That was just before them dumbfool tenderfeet found the yellow at Tonopah, and, when they struck pay dirt, I was Johnnie-on-the-Spot for a roundup of my own. Idaho Jack and me uncovered a mine that was just rotten with the sure thing stuff and the cleanups we made beat Standard Oil. In three months we could have started a national bank;—in four, we played penny ante with double eagle chips. Then Jack says: "Frisco for me!" quit-claims me the mine from Tonopah through to Kingdom Come for half my dust, and hits the trail in a Wagner car. That was in May. In June, out comes a big-gun layout from Chicago and wants the mine a heap sight worse than me and gets it, too, for half a million plunks. Could have got more, I guess, but I hate a hog.

Fourth of July was just around the corner then, and it was up to me to hear the eagle scream. I wanted New York, but couldn't make it short of an air-ship, so compromised on Chicago. I beat the Declaration of Independence into town by an hour and a half.

I struck Chicago, feeling as peaceful as a cottontail in June. Patriotism and good nature enveloped me like a love-me-love dream. I hadn't been out of the Pullman four seconds when I wanted to stampede. All the lunatics in America was there, reaching for my scalp lock and yelling like punchers full of booze. For two mortal winks I wanted to shoot, but my guns was in my grip and that saved me. It percolated through my durn fool head, you see, that "keb" and "carrie" did not mean an Irish wedding, but was a strenuous bid to take a ride. So, I lassoed the handsomest hearse in the procession and rode. I brought up, finally, in the hundredth story of the Tower of Babel, to judge by my feelings in the cage that took me up. Say, have you ever been lynched? No? Well, neither have I, but it felt like that.

My room,—the nigger called it "a-pahtment."—was certainly a lula. Curtains and carpets and pictures to beat the band, looking glasses big enough for all out doors, furniture to match and a corner lot bed. It was so plumb keep-off-the-grass grand, I walked on my toes and said, "Mister" to the coon. And me from

Tonopah, where coons breathed by meter and paid double a white man's rate!

There had to be trouble after that. I gallivanted down in the cage that took me up, and, say, it give me the creeps! My stomach and lungs changed places and my hair stood up straight.

The dining-room razzle-dazzled me. It beat my "a-paht-ment" all hollow in looks, and niggers was thicker'n flies. No, I didn't go in; I vamoosed the ranch.

Then I explored forty acres of Chicago to find a hash house that looked like home. I found it. You couldn't have smashed the crockery with an ax, but the grub was good and plenty and all United States. That's what I wanted. To blazes with style!

The waiter girl was Irish and pretty. "My dear," I speaks up, when she comes with the check, "and have you a date for the day?"

"And what's that to you," says she, as pert as a robin, "if I've not?"

"Oh, nothing," says I, "if you're spoke for already. If not, and you'll trust me to act square, there's a hundred is burning a hole in my pocket, and it's lonesome spending it alone," and I pulls out the bill.

She looked me square in the eye and I never winked.

"I'd trust you to be square, all right," she says, "and be glad of the chance. But I have a steady, and I've promised him the day. We're to be married in a month," says she, "and you see how it is. You'll have to find another girl."

"No," say I. "If it can't be you, I'll try it by myself. Take the damage out of the bill."

She took it to the desk and I followed her with my eyes. She was good to look at and that's a fact. Light as a sunbeam and graceful as a prairie fawn. And good as they make them or I didn't know the breed. Thinking of what might have been had she not had a steady, sent my heart to my boots.

Then she comes back with the bill. "Too big," she says. "Haven't you the fifty cents?"

I found a four-bit piece and laid it on top of the century. "There," I says, "that makes it right;" and I broke for the door.

But she was after me on the run.

"Hold on," she says, "you forgot the big one."

"Not at all, at all," I spoke back. "That's your tip to remember me by. The sight of your sweet face has given me something to dream about," I says, "and it's worth the money."

She went red and white by turns and I swear she looked scared.

"But I can't take it," she gasped. I bet she hadn't had so much money before in her life.

"If you say that again, I'll make it a thousand and the shock will kill you," says I, laughing at her. "Take it for a stranger's wedding present, my dear," I says. "It's honest money and the only kick I've got is that I shan't be at the wedding to kiss the bride. I'd love dearly to do that."

With that she blushed like a rose when the sun shines on its dew-covered petals in the morning. "I'll keep it," she says, "and God bless you for a big-hearted man. But you shall have the kiss," she says, and, what does she do but up and kisses me on the lips before them all?

"You'll be witness to the rights of it with Danny," she says to the cashier, who had heard our talk, and with that she was off.

It was me was the red one now, and not over steady on the legs. I turned to the cashier.

"You heard our talk?" I says; "now tell me something. Is Danny worthy of a girl like that?"

"He is," says she. "Steady as a rock and loves her with all his heart. The two will make a splendid pair."

"Then here is the long green's mate to keep the other from looking lonesome," says I, handing her the hundred. "Will you give it to her after I'm gone?"

"That I will," says she. "If ever a girl deserved the luck you've brought her this day, it's Margy there," she says, and there was the glint of a tear in her eye.

"I'll drop in again before I pull stakes," says I. I wanted to make sure she gave Margy the cash.

Then I goes out and loses myself in the crush. It was easy,—that easy. "Al-a-men left," and "saseshay to the right!" and 'twas done; the crowds was that big.

There was humans enough to stock the

earth and leave a surplus for seed and all of them was going somewhere but me.

I followed the herd. What else could an unbranded maverick do? Not a face that I knowed, not a smile I could call my own, and me just hungry for someone to help me spend the dough!

Not that I didn't' see plenty of skirted ones that would have tackled the job. It wasn't that. But every time some oriole clad fairy invited me with her goo-goos to throw a rope, Margy's face come between us and I shied like an outlaw.

"This won't do," I says to myself. "If I'm going to play a lone hand, I'll do it sitting down," and I mounted a car.

That was some better. I rode and I rode and studied architecture and human nature by the mile. Every time I come to the end of one trail I hunted up another and explored that, at a nickel a throw. It was cheaper than walking and twice the fun, but it didn't cure the blues.

Gewhillikins! Pard, you can't savvey it, but I tell you the sky-pilot truth when I say, that with half of America and most of Chicago bumping into me, I was that lonesome, the sight of a bunch of grease-brush would have made me blubber;—it would for a fact! I wasn't worth a cent a pound, no, not for soap; and the goldurned misery of it was worse than a next morning's thirst.

One thing was lucky. I'd swore off the booze fighting when I hiked from Nevada and wouldn't go back on my word. If the boys could have seen me drink pink lemonade!

Lucky? You bet it was lucky! Luckier'n a royal flush with everybody in and the lid off! Luckier'n jubilee Kingdom Come!

And this is why.

I lit from a car. Didn't know where I was at and didn't care a cuss. Just meandered around disgusted like, smoking. Oh, I was celebrating high hallelujah!—I don't think.

And, then, what do you calc'late I did? Walked my legs out onto a Lake Michigan wharf while my steering gear was seeing things in Nevada, and would have stepped plump into twenty feet of drink if a son of a macaroni hadn't woke me up. I give him five dollars for the bath I didn't get.

That was the turning point. My hoodoo must have fallen in; I stopped that sudden.

An excursion steamer was unloading and I got an idea where the crowds come from. It was so rainbow colored with humans I couldn't see the smoke-stacks hardly. They piled ashore thicker'n cows at roundup time and scattered so fast I'd never seen the like; all but one young girl. She stayed behind and looked scared.

I savvied what was up. She'd expected someone to meet her who wasn't there. Somebody's country cousin who didn't know the city or where to go. Oh, I could read the signs as plain as a trail in dew and I camped right there to lend a hand at the show-down. There was some ornary looking bucks a'eyeing her.

She kept a-walking slowly back and forth, holding onto a pink parasol and looking wistfully up the street. Every time a car clanged round the loop she'd stop and hold her breath, and, when nobody came to claim her, would droop dejected like and fight back tears. It was hard lines, pard.

I wanted to step right up and give her sympathy by the acre, but dasn't butt in. She was the sweetest, innocentest human flower I had seen that day, just plucked with the dew of girlhood's purity on her, out of God's green woods and fields,—too good and fine to be talked to by a rough like me.

Once she passed me quite close and glanced at me shyly as if wanting to speak, but dasn't. No more did I, but my heart jumped a foot. Right after that things begin to happen quick, though, and this pilgrim from the wild and woolly had the time of his life.

You see, it was this way. When my heart got to bucking like an unbroken pinto, I lit out for the street. Not for keeps, mind you, but so's to cool off a bit and not act rash. Well, a hack come tearing down the street, just then, and a tin-horn looking chap I'd spotted 'mongst those sports some minutes back, got out in an awful hurry and passed me like he'd been lost by the police. I sniffed the wind, then, and you bet, I smelt trouble! It didn't surprise me none, when I hit the back trail, to see that fly gent talking to the girl.

How did it make me feel? Say, I

wouldn't have traded my rights to the next five minutes for the State of Illinois!

The hurry-up gent hooked the girl, all right. I knew he would. "Sent by her friends; met the wrong boat; so sorry," and all that. Oh, he knew the kind of pallaver to dish up for bait. When I think of where that trusting slip of sunshine would have been landed but for me celebrating in Chicago that day, I see red and am sorry for Old Nick. He must sometimes feel awful disgusted with the society he gets in hell.

I would have given ten thousand dollars minted gold to have had that acre of Chicago out in the cow country for twenty minutes. Maybe there wouldn't have been a necktie party within that time.

But seeing as how things was done different in Chicago, where a girl more or less don't count, I had to make another kind of play.

I thought so quick, I diamond-hitched my gray matter and the result surprised that sport.

He was heading the girl for the hack. She was a-listening to his chin music and smiling up at him, the trustingest little lamb led to slaughter that day. God! if I hadn't been there!

He shied when we met, but I sort of cavorted to that side myself, and it was no go. We took a square look at each other, then, and I sprung my trap.

"Why, talk of the dear departed," I says, a-holding out my hand, "and is this you and alive?"

Well, he didn't seem to know me, which wasn't so strange, being it was the first time our trails had ever crossed, but he gave me his paw and,—you bet he was my meat then!

"You've got the best of me," he says, very polite, which same was gospel truth. "Hope you'll excuse that we're in a hurry," he says, and tries to pull away.

"Oh, I wouldn't rush it," I says, soft as a kitten, but giving his hand a crunch that cracked the bones. "Take it easy," I says, "and don't squirm so or I may accidentally give you the Bronco Bill grip."

Well, he tumbled to the fact that I was next. It scared him pea green and the didos he cut up a-trying to break loose, beat a dago monkey at family prayers. He raved, he cussed, he kicked, he tried to bite; he had hydrophoby and the jimjams both to once. Say, I must have hurt him something awful. But my grip held. Oh, it could have been broke, of course, but you'd have had to use an ax.

He was bad medicine, all right, pard. Didn't yell for no police like a square man would. And his gang went back on him. Thought he was pinched and faded like a desert dream. We had the ring to ourselves and the girl for referee, and she was scared stiff.

Did he come to time? Well, rather. The girl didn't need none of my lingo to tell her what she'd escaped from, after he got through talking.

Poor little Girlie! Her face went white and the horror in her eyes I'll never forget,—no, not in a thousand years! She trembled so she couldn't move, tried to say something, and, then, reached out her hands to me and fainted dead away.

Yes, I caught her. Just lifted her up in my arms with her sweet, scared face against my shoulder and stood there, like a planted signboard, a-wondering what in the world to do next.

Curious how helpless a big six-footer can feel! Here I had just everlastingly wrecked a perfect stranger's right wing without caring a damn, but the minute a hundred pounds of lovely girl, done up in pink and white contraptions, tumbled into my arms, you could have bought me for a cent. It was certainly queer.

But not the queerest feature, by a long shot. What kerflummexed me was that I liked it. Yes, sir! Liked it clear to bed rock; I'd have salivated any galoot interfering with my nine points of the law!

But I soon savvied it. So can you. Many's the time you've pitched camp by your lonesome and turned in with your boots on too doggone tired to think. Yes, and gone to sleep too quick to say a prayer. Sure as you tried it, God had to say half. And, then, your soul's went prospecting after something to make up for the God-forsaken day—and found The Girl. Ain't that so, pard? You've seen her on the trail ahead and said to yourself: "that's her." You've never met her, but know her for all that, because she belongs to you from the beginning of things. You've follered her like a—like a homeless dog, and loved her—loved her

regardless. Gosh! You know what I mean. Just the sight of her made you happy, and, to take her in your arms and kiss her! Why, pard, you'd have taken a year in hell for that! And stood it like a man, too, God! yes. And then just when you've spunked up to get alongside and tell her what your heart is busting with, you've woke up and lost her. Always! Always! Woke up and lost her; leaving you so heart hungry you had to cuss a blue streak to keep from crying; and climbed the butte in the gray dawning and stood there, in the middle of the bigness of things and wondered if the waking life ain't, after all, the dream, and the dreamlife the real. You've done it, pard, many a time, and so have I. What wouldn't we have given, them days, for the dream to come true!

Well, that explains it, I guess, dont' it? Standing there with that young girl in my arms, half child, half woman, her lips parted ever so little, one soft tendril of her hair a-brushing of my cheek and the dead weight of her against my heart beating like mad, I felt as if my old dream from the desert and range was come true at last; and I was so happy it hurt.

I would have mortgaged the next six months of my life to have kissed her, but she was helpless and in my care and I couldn't do it. You understand, pard, don't you? Just so.

But I could look at her without harm, and, if eyes can do it, that two minutes exposure put a copper-plate engraving of her face on my heart.

Then, just as I was cross-drifting through my intellect for words to describe her prettiness, she opened her eyes and looked right up into mine in a puzzled sort of way, and I caught on that her eyes was blue and so clear and deep I could see right through them into heaven.

I guess she didn't quite remember things at first; sort of lost her bearings when she went to pieces thataway; just lay perfectly still, asking questions with those innocent eyes of hern till I got as bashful as a first-love kid.

Then it come to her that quick. Slid from my arms and looked around like she wanted to run. But it wasn't that: hadn't got over her scare, was all.

Nobody was near her 'cepting me and I was nervous as a pony in a quake. Thought leaving her awhile might help us both out, and started to walk off.

It did. She come a-running after and grabbed me by the arm.

"Oh!" she panted. "You won't leave me, will you? Oh, please don't! I'm afraid!"

Say, I never turned quicker in all my sinful days.

"Leave you!" I says, "don't you think it, girlie! I'm going to see you through if it takes a leg."

With that, what does she do but fall to crying?

Not the cranky-kid brand of crying, mind you, but the soft, April-weather kind that heals a hurt and is balm to a heart in no time, like a letter from home.

It was up to me to do the mother act, then—me who'd been brought up by hand. Wonder what I'd 'a done if I hadn't that minute spied the hack?

"Girlie," I says, "keep right on crying; it will do you good. But we'll ride while you get over it," and I signalled the hackman.

He circled down to us and I spoke my piece.

"The gent who hired you met with an accident and went home on foot," I says. "I 'spose my money is as good as his'n?"

"Sure," he says, "if there's enough of it."

"Well, we'll start with these," I says, handing him some cart wheels. "And you needn't drive fast."

"Thank you, sir," he says, "and where to, sir?"

I asked the girl, but all I got out of her was, "anywhere."

"All right," I says. "Anywhere goes. It's an easy place to find. Just keep moving," I says to the driver, "and when I tell you to stop, you'll be there."

The way I caught on to the comforting business surprised me. Hadn't gone a mile before the rainbows faded out of Girlie's eyes and she was a-listening to my heart-to-heart account of the day with such 20-carat sympathy, I felt we'd been chums since the flood. That I should tell her of how blue I'd been, and keep one of her little hands in mine during the telling of it, seemed as natural as breathing. And the white soul of her shone

from her eyes till I couldn't have had an evil thought had I tried.

"Anywhere" turned out to be a bridge in Lincoln Park. The driver stopped to let us exclaimate upon the view, and it soaked into us so, we decided to get next to it on foot.

And maybe it wasn't a scrumptious layout! To a rough-and-ready like me, brought up on buffalo grass and sage brush and sand buttes and general treelessness mostly, it come like a fairy story done up in green covers with cherubs and blossoms on them. That's whatever. And I stood there beside Girlie and took in the big, leafy trees, the posies, the children, the water, and the grass so green and smooth 's if God made rain for it special every day, till I—well, I just naturally loved the whole business. Got so Santa-Clausy and pious a-standing there, I shouldn't have known myself had we met in the street. And all because of that little bunch of witchery and sweet sixteen I called Girlie for want of a better name.

And Girlie was drinking it all in, too. Not so much the trees and things that I cottoned to, you know, but the gaily dressed people, the boats and the glitter and color was her new world. She just looked and looked, and when I spoke to her, she turned up at me a pair of eyes that shined like stars.

"It's good for sore eyes to look at, ain't it?" I says. I was looking at Girlie when I said it.

"Oh! it's beautiful!" says she, "beautiful! The music, the people, the boats! I've never seen anything so lovely before; have you?"

I looked right down into her eyes and said "No!" from the bottom of my heart. You bet, I meant it, too!

After that we got acquainted at a Nancy Hanks gait. Filed a squatter's right to a bench just big enough for two, which some friend of Cupid had hid away in a bunch of birch-bark trees, and swapped biography by the yard.

She was from the country all right,—name Mona Blake—Mona—think of that for a star-eyes name! Lived sixty miles up the lake with an old maid aunt—parents dead—and had written for a sister and her beau to meet her at the dock. Couldn't figure out why they'd shown up missing till she owned to not knowing the number of the house where Maggie kept her trunk. Then it dawned on her that she'd forgotten to street-number the letter, too, and the mystery got as plain as the dirt on a Digger Indian's face.

Well, it give Girlie a shock. She realized by now that Chicago was something doing in the way of size and people, and asked me what in the world to do.

And wasn't I ready for that bit of a query? Wasn't I, just? I gently broke the news to her that I was so teetotally tickled to death over things, that a dictionary couldn't express it in words. That I proposed to cut loose and give her the most gorgeous, bang-up time that money could buy. Told her how I'd come clear from Tonopah to celebrate like a white man, and if she'd just play being my sister for the day, I'd be the most hunkidori brother in seventeen states. I got that eloquent, pard, you couldn't have raised me out with four aces and a gun.

She hesitated some, but when I opined we might come across Maggie and her beau, she agreed. Our chance for that was one in a million, but sometimes a long shot wins.

When I think of the rose-colored trance I circulated in after ticketing through to "anywhere" with Girlie, the blind fool luck of it makes me dizzy. Can no more give you a parachute view of it than talk Chinee with my toes—and that's no josh.

But you can lay 100 to 1 that what wholesome fun Girlie missed in the celebrating line wasn't worth a worry. We had boat rides and automobile rides; Ferris wheel rides and shooting the chutes. We saw panoramas and cycleramas and funnyramas galore. As for ice-cream sodas and sweets for the sweet, don't mention it. Every stand we patronized was struck by a cyclone of prosperity. Felt so get-up-and-yell good, you know, I had to spend the lucre or bust. Rode in an auto from booth to booth and treated every mother's kid from twelve years down to zero to all the goodies his skin could hold. Fun? Say, pard, it was the happy, happy land of star-spangled, help-yourself joy! Seventy times seven kids looked capital-letter worship at us too deep for words. Fun? Ask Mona Girlie Blake.

And then I run into a double-header surprise.

Worse than that. It was a Kansas twister with a prize-fight attachment and landed on me like a ton of brick.

It was this way. After dark Mona and me stumbled onto a platform dance and took it in. Say, but Mona could dance some. Light as a fairy and happy as a bird. Waltzing with her made heaven look like thirty cents.

But hot!—it was hot enough to raise bananas. After the third dance we hustled out to cool off.

Mona had hold of my arm and I guess I walked on air. Had just got away by ourselves under a tree, when up to us comes a feller on the run.

Before I could say "Whoa" or give a yip, he grabbed Mona loose and started with her on the back trail. It was done so quick he was twenty feet away before I remembered my name.

When I did, I got busy.

I covered the distance between us in two jumps and started to decorate the scenery with human remains.

Mad? Mad ain't in it. I was that orieyed I could have eaten him raw.

He heard me coming and met me with fists up. Had just time to see some woman grab Mona when the scrap was on.

It was the prettiest mix-up I've ever been in, and the first round was on me.

He missed my fist by ducking, and landed me a return one on the eye which put it in mourning for a month.

It staggered me so, he got in another on my nose. Oh, he had me going! But, just then, Mona screamed, and, after that, I was hell turned loose.

Inside of six seconds I broke his guard, found his optic with my right and the point of his jaw with my left, and he never knew what hit him. Not till we told him, that is.

He buckled at the knees and I was about to give him an extra jab for luck, when someone grabbed my arm.

I whirled ready to strike the interfering galoot and—almost died. It was Mona.

Gosh! if I'd a hit her!

The tears was streaming down her face and she was so excited and scared I couldn't savvey a word she said.

"There, there, Girlie," I says, slipping an arm about her "don't be afraid. He's down and out and it's all right. We'll get out of this," I says, and starts a-going.

One minute later you could have bought me for a brass concho and I'd been dear at the price.

For, instead of trotting peaceably along with me, Mona tore loose and run back to where a strange female was highsteericating over the cuss I'd put to sleep.

And, worser yet; she flopped right down alongside that other one and joined in the chorus, till the two of them sounded like a wake.

It queered me. Two holdups the same day had been too much for Girlie. Gone crazy's a loon. My blood turned to chills, and my Adam's apple felt's if I had swallered my head.

There was nothing for it but to see her ante and trust to the draw. But, gee! what a dose of rattles I had!

I went over and touched Mona on the shoulder.

"Mona," I says, throwing the soothing sirup into my voice the best I knowed how; "Mona"—but here my role as an angel come to grief.

Holy Moses! pard, I sure figgered I'd been up against my share of healthy surprises with frills on 'em—and then some. The time I woke up in Nigger Coulee with a live rattler for a neck-tie was one. When that imported sheriff got his wires crossed and nailed me for trigamy when I hadn't even committed matrimony was another. But, by cactus! you hear me say it: them interesting occasions wasn't nowhere compared to my feelings when that girl with Mona started to hand me out my pedigree. And what the both of us felt when we got a square look at each other beat that. Feed me on centipedes, pard, if she wasn't the Margy I'd give the centuries to, and the feller her steady.

You could have stampeded me with a poodle. So many thoughts was playing tag in my thinkbox that, for much's a minute, two and two made seven.

Then I caught an idea by the tail and hung on to it.

"I know your first name's Margy," I says; "is your last name Blake?"

She admitted the corn. Mona's sister, by all the saints!

Wasn't I in it—what? Sixty miles

from anywhere and my pony dead. Oh, wasn't I the Cabeza de Vaca brand?

The few moments I stood there a-sparring for my second wind was the uncomfortablest of my life. It was Mona called the turn.

"Danny's coming to," she cried, and, at that, Margy got down on her knees beside him and I follered suit. Between us we got him round to wonder where he was at.

Say, but we two galoots was a pair to draw to when, a bit later, we sized each other up in a private eating box down town. We had only two sound eyes between us, and my nose and his jaw felt like twins. Of course that was after Mona and me had let the daylight into the mystery of being together.

Danny Brennan was all right. A little too Irish in his style of getting acquainted, maybe, but I couldn't blame him for that, now, could I? To see Mona with a chromo like me, instead of sixty miles away, where she belonged, sure called for trouble first and reasons afterwards, and the way he tackled the job made me his friend for life.

I was the best man at the wedding and the four of them live in the present I give the bride. Number four is a yearling named Joe. And maybe he aint' the goods!

Every time I drop in to see that kid I tell Mona she's spoiling him. I visit him real often. Ain't it wonderful how interesting a kid can be when he's got an aunt like Girlie?

How!

The Battle of the Bottles

By John Fleming Wilson

"GIN," said Royalty, seated on the cabin skylight of the schooner *Maiden Bess,* "is the foundation of society in the South Seas. So long as the Trades blow Palm Tree and Square Face will remain the medium of exchange, the basis of diet and the vademecum of life. But proprietary medicines have their place and in the hands of the ambitious lead to thrones, copra, wealth and glory."

The King of Baratonga helped himself to another glass from the dark green bottle that sat apt to his hand on the deck and lit his pipe at the binnacle lamp. "Here am I," he went on cheerfully, "formerly second mate of the barque *Tessie Richards* at forty a month, a monarch and a despot with funds in Sidney and San Francisco. All due to the skillful use of patent medicines."

I leaned over the wheel box and adjusted myself for the evening. The King looked at me most friendlily and passed the square-faced bottle. "Yes," he said retrospectively, "I reckon that I'm the man of the hour in 'Tonga latitudes. But I had a fight to get there."

"You've been on 'Tonga about twenty-five years, haven't you?" I inquired.

"Twenty-five next Fall. Twenty-five years and this my first trip to the States since I left 'Frisco on the *Tessie Richards* for Auckland with general cargo.

"But what had patent medicines to do with your being King of Baratonga?" I demanded.

"It's a secret of state," replied the King solemnly. "Only me and my prime minister is wise to it. But the thing's all over with now, mostly, and I guess there isn't anybody on this hooker that'll try it on me now. I'm King and nobody can snatch my crown for less than a million, counted down."

He ceased, his last words being so low

that they seemed addressed to no one in particular. We lay there on the deck of the *Maiden Bessie* and stared up at the Southern Cross tangled in her upper rigging. An occasional order was passed by the second mate to the Kanaka at the wheel when the spanker topsail shook. The captain chewed his blond mustache as he leaned over the poop rail, and far to windward we saw the lights of a Colonial mail boat. It was very warm and the air seemed to sparkle at times, as if filled with star dust.

"There's the mail boat," said the King presently. "She was built on the Delaware, where I was born. I reckon she's full up with Wither's Soothing Syrup and Brann's Spring Tonic. Those were the medicines that won me my kingdom. But those passengers, sitting in their chairs on the deck, don't know that that bottled goods beats rifles and guns and swords and bayonets when it comes to real empire building.

You see my coming to 'Tonga wasn't in my plans. The *Tessie Richards* was bound for Auckland. But owing to the skipper being fonder of gin than of his sextant, and trusting too much to recognizing where we were by the street signs, we piled up one nice night on Iwilei reef on 'Tonga. It was blowing fresh, it was two miles to shore, and when the morning came only me and the first mate sat on the coral beach looking out at the single mast that still stood in the *Tessie.*

"I guess the others ain't coming," says the mate.

"No, sir," says I. "The water ain't fine and there's too many sharks. I guess we're the sole survivors."

"We are," says the mate. "I wonder what this Godforsaken lump of coral is called. It's too big not to have a name."

So we sat there, wondering about things, until the mate says, "Pete, you go and get some nuts off that palm and fetch some fruit and get breakfast."

"Who are you, to be ordering me around?" I inquires.

"I'm the mate," says he, very ugly.

"Mate of the *Tessie Richards,"* I retorts, "but you're not mate of this island." And I hits him. Then we forgot all about my getting breakfast. When we were done he sat up in the sand and looked at me from out of one eye, the other being furled, and says, "Go any way you like. Take your choice. I'll go the other. You and me aren't shipmates no more."

With that he crawls away and disappears up into the palms.

It would take more'n this watch to tell how I fared the next week, watching the mast of the *Tessie* out there on the reef and foraging around. But in six days I found some natives who were real kind and friendly. They told me the island was named *Baratonga.* Later I found only the windward side was called that. The Windward natives and the Leewards didn't get along together. It's all Baratonga now.

Things went along and I got a house built up on the hill and then I persuaded a bunch of the Kanakas to go out to the wreck and see what we could salvage.

I went along, of course. There wasn't much left of the *Tessie Richards.* The breakers had scraped her up on the reef till her bottom was gone, the deck was awash at high tide and only the after hatch could be opened at all. All the cargo for'ad had dangled out and gone to pieces on the coral. But there was some ten tons of stuff in the after hold in cases. I couldn't read the marks but anything looked good. So we hoisted them out and took them to the beach in the canoes. I opened a couple of cases and found them filled with bottles packed in straw. There was just two kinds of cases and they held just two kinds of stuff—neither in my ignorant state of mind just the necessities of life on an island down near the line. One was in small bottles, and what labels wasn't washed off read "Wither's Soothing Syrup." The other was in big round bottles, called "Brann's Spring Tonic."

"What's the use," says I to one of the chiefs, "of Soothing Syrup by the ton when the babies ain't of the colic variety? Who wants a Spring tonic when there ain't any Spring, Summer or Winter in these seas?" The chief grunted and seemed to be of the same mind.

But cargo is cargo and valuable. So I stowed the stuff in a cache and proceeded to explore the island. I was anxious to know how the mate was getting along.

So one day I took a canoe and we pad-

dled about twenty miles to the leeward side of the island. But when we got there my Kanakas wouldn't go in through the surf to the beach. They said, so far as I could make out, not being up in the language, that the Leewards were a much lower set and not good company.

But I wasn't to be balked. I went in anyway till we were a cable's length inside the reef and then I swam for it.

I landed on the beach all right, just where a creek made a sort of lagoon. I got out, dried myself a bit and then started to explore. I went up a beaten trail about a hundred yards when whom should I run into but Kellogg, the mate.

"Hello," says he. "What are you doing here?"

"Doing here?" says I. "Why I guess I'm all right here. Who are you?"

"I'm the King of this here island," he answers, very gruff. "Get off it."

"Get off it yourself," says I. "I've licked you once and I can lick you again." With that I makes for him.

He gave a yell and about fifty Kanakas ran out from under the palms with spears in their hands. They made for me and I made for the beach. When I'd swum out to where it was just deep enough to stand with my head out of water, I stopped and yelled back at Kellogg. "Kellogg," says I, "I'm going to be a king myself. You'll be glad to wash my clothes for me."

I had to swim clear to the reef, for the Kanakas in my boat, seeing the military demonstration, had paddled out. "Big King," says they, much afraid.

"King nothing," I retorts. "I'm the only king in this neck of the woods."

I thought it all over on the way back and when we reached the Windward village I called Ii—that was after my prime minister—to one side.

"Ii," says I. "What about these Leewards, are they good fighters?"

Ii gave me to understand that they were. In fact the Leewards had the Windwards licked to a standstill.

"Look here," said I. "You let me be King here and I'll show you how to do them up. You shall have their *kalo* fields, their copra and anything else worth having."

Ii thought about it a long time. Then he went off with a bunch of the big men and had a talk. They came back and quizzed me on my history to date, searched my record and felt my morals. Then they made a bargain with me. If I would make them defeat the Leewards within six weeks, they'd make me king and the traders who came for their copra would have to dicker with me.

"I'll do it," I says.

The chiefs seemed to think it was time to move, but I told them to leave it to me.

When they'd gone and I was alone on the beach, with only the mast of the *Tessie Richards* to remind me of what I had been and only the reef breaking out in the dark to show me what I was, and only enough tobacco left for one more smoke, I did some thinking.

The next day I thought some more, and the next the Leewards capered over the *pali*—the divide—and took three girls, burned a couple of grass houses and stole the royal feathers of a chief.

The chiefs came and said I was a fraud. They also told me that the Leewards had a *haole* king who seemed to be able to deliver as per invoice. I told them the other *haole* was a fraud and that I'd licked him once and could do it again.

"But our maidens and the two houses and the royal feathers?" they suggests.

"Go off and be good," says I. "Tomorrow I will show those beggars and their king that the wind doesn't always blow fair."

So I went up in the woods and thought some more. I thought till the sweat ran down my back and my hands got shaky. But it done no good. That morning early I went down to the beach and called the chiefs together.

"How many warriors bold have you?" I demanded.

"Two hundred and ten," they explained with a stick in the sand.

"And how many have the Leewards got?"

They figured it at three hundred.

"Hum!" says I. "Get hence and let thy future ruler think some more."

I thought a whole lot more without reaching so much of a plan as would save my neck. So I walked up and down.

Finally I came to the place I'd cached the cases of bottles. I opened it and looked at the outfit again, surmising that maybe

there might be some good liquor hidden under the labels. There was none that I could find by smell, and while I was fussing round, Ii joined me.

Kanakas are the inquisitivest people known. Ii picks up one of the bottles of soothing syrup and took a drink. "Good!" says he.

"No soothing syrup for mine," I remarks. "I need a stimulant, and this universal tonic seems fair." With that I took a good dose.

Ten minutes later Ii was sound asleep on the sand and I was looking anxiously up and down the beach for some one to fight.

I tackled the tonic again and decided that I could lick any three hundred Leewarders that ever grew, single handed, with one foot in my pocket and my shirt over my head.

I came to that afternoon with a headache such as doesn't often come. But my head was clear just the same, and I was thinking. I remembered Ii and went to find him. He was still asleep by the cache and when I wakened him he said he was too tired to move and went to sleep again.

At sundown I called the chiefs together. "How much gin and *okolehao* have we?"

They figured it at twenty bottles, three being trade gin left by the last trader.

"And how do the Leewarders come when they come to war?" I continued.

They gave me to understand that they came over the pali at sundown, rested at a spring half way down the mountain, and made their attack at night.

"Good!" says I. "The third night hence we shall make the Leewards indeed to leeward. We will smite them hip and thigh. Give me a messenger, for I'm going to send a message to them to come over and get their licking."

The chiefs thought this was going too far. It was also suggested that possibly they would choose their own time.

But I knew Kellogg of old. I didn't tell them my plan, but I told them that my orders went.

Then I sat down and wrote a letter to Kellogg in which I said that I didn't like his looks, that he was a coward anyway, that he hadn't the nerve of a cockroach and that I wanted him to understand that the Windwards could lick him and his crew off hand. I signed it "James Sinclair, King of Baratonga."

When I had got it off by a messenger under flag of truce, I went about my plans. First I took the three bottles of trade gin and emptied them into a calabash. I did the same with the okolehao which had been put into old square-faced empties. Five more empties I dug up in the settlement. Then I ordered the Kanakas to bring me ten cases of each sort of the patent medicine.

There was great interest and the whole Windward side stayed up all night to watch me fill the empty bottles from the cases.

The next morning I had thirteen bottles of Brann's Universal Tonic and twelve of Wither's Soothing Syrup.

"What *kahuna* is this?" said the chiefs.

"This is Haole *kahuna*," I remarks. "The Lord hath delivered the Leewards into our hand."

They were still anxious, but I refused to answer their questions. "Has the messenger returned?" I asked them.

He came towards sundown with a letter from Kellogg. It wasn't very long but it showed that the writer was some heated up and it was signed "Zenos Kellogg, King of Baratonga!"

"There is no time to lose," said I to the chiefs after I had read it. "Get your men together and take the bottles and come."

The women made an awful fuss when we started out, but we got away at last, our spear men, lancers and knifers. We trotted off up the valley to the Pali and when we reached the Pass by which one got from Leeward to Windward I halted my army. "Here's where I do my *kahuna*," I says. And I picks up as many bottles of the soothing syrup as I could carry, orders two men to take the rest, and goes over the Pali.

As I looked down the valley on the other side, the palms all standing out in the moonlight, the beach shining beyond and the stars sparkling on the horizon, I determined more than ever that Kellogg shouldn't have Baratonga.

"Where is the spring where they rest?" I asked one of my men.

He managed to tell me that it was a mile the other side of the Pali behind us.

"Good," says I. "Here's where we do

our *kahuna.*" Then I took the bottles and put them in two piles, one on each side of the road. I figured on twelve bottles for about one hundred of the three hundred men—a half a pint a piece. Of course that was more than enough, but your Kanaka is greedy when he sees a bottle and if more got hold of it, all right. "Now," says I, "put up a *tabu* sign on this road."

When it was fixed we went back and camped at the spring.

I had rather expected that Kellogg would hurry matters, so I wanted to be ready. But it wasn't till the second night, the very time that I had predicted, that we heard the enemy coming.

It was before the moon rose and I went myself down to a place just above where I had put the bottles. I saw some of the Leeward vanguard come up, see the *tabu* sign and have a great discussion. Then the rest came up and there was a horrible tow-row. Then I saw Kellogg come up. He looked at the sign, caught it that the Kanakas didn't like to pass it, and tore it down.

But in the meantime, with all the crowding and jostling some one stepped on a bottle. Inside of two minutes they had found the rest. They looked at the cork, sniffed, and seemed tremendously pleased to find gin so handy.

Within ten minutes half the army had had a drink. You see, though it tasted different, in the row each man missed what the man ahead of him had said and drank a lot before he surmised that he was fooled.

When I saw that the first part had worked I went back to my own army, who were shivering by the spring.

I called Ii to help me, and when I began to hear the enemy coming down over the hill I opened up a bottle of Brann's and passed it around. Ii helped me with the other bottles.

Those bottles weren't empty before the fun began. Ii had taken a squiff and he was prancing up the trail with his spear. The others commenced to sing and started up, too. I, being somewhat new in the country and not wanting to be mistaken in the dark, waited a while over the last bottle, which was partly full. Finally the squabble up topside got too much, I took a good hearty drink and ran up myself.

When the battle was over I found Kellogg sound asleep under an ilima. Four or five of my men were quarrelling over who should eat him. They didn't seem to mind me, so I dug up a partly filled bottle of Wither's Soothing Syrup, which had been overlooked, and fed it to them.

In fact, it took all the bottle heels of syrup I could find to get my army obedient. Then we all went to sleep and when I waked up I led the procession back to the Windward settlement with Kellogg a prisoner with forty of his men.

That's how I came to be King of Baratonga. That's how I stay King. Those two medicines are a King's vademecum and pocket bible. If any body gets to running amuck, feed him Wither's. If you want to perk anybody up to doing something, a half cupful of Brann's.

The King shouldered me aside and rose to his feet. "With Wither's Soothing Syrup and Brann's Universal Spring Tonic," he remarked as he departed, "Napoleon could have governed the world and the famous battle of Waterloo would never have been fought. Had the notorious Arkimeeds of Greece known of these two great compounds he would have said: 'Give me proprietary medicines and I will rule the world.'"

He picked up the empty gin bottle and flung it far out over the side. A pool of phosphorescence opened like an eye where it fell; the King gazed at it a moment. Then he bawled for the cabin-boy. As he opened a second bottle on the hood of the companionway, his huge bulk looming in the dusk beyond which the mainsail soared, the King's final word floated back to us: "Kellogg has been teetotal for fifteen years. He's got a mission down in the Low Archipelago."

He drank.

The Beauty of His Wife

By Grace Blanchard



THE most beautiful woman in California stood looking down from the third gallery upon the Four Hundred of San Francisco, who were donning wraps of surpassing gorgeousness and preparing to leave the opera house for palm room or cafes. She drew her silkaline scarf about her and sighed lightly as she said to her husband:

"I've had a lovely evening, with the music and the swells and all. Hasn't it been heavenly, Ray?"

But he had overheard her sigh and his light-sleeping bitterness woke.

"Come on out of this 'nigger-heaven.' The air isn't fit for you. I'd like to see you in lace and diamonds once."

Now she smiled resolutely as they went down flight after flight of stairs to the street.

"Why, Ray, you used to say I needed nothing more than a white muslin dress and a rose in my hair."

"The artist in me said that. The husband in me rages that I don't know where the rent is coming from for a roof over your blessed head. If I could only take a photograph which would make a ten-strike—get a picture so popular I'd have to copyright it!"

"Ray, did Sembrich do the drumming herself?" (Part of the opera-bill had been "Daughter of the Regiment") and thus skilfully did Florence Emerson change the conversation and divert her husband's mind as they went their way to their humble home.

This was on the evening of April 17, 1906. At 5:20 the next morning no roof was over their heads, and by afternoon they found themselves, like thousands of others, dragging their most cherished possessions toward the hills, his valuable camera being the chief object of Raymond Emerson's solicitude. Past them plodded the refugees; here a man harnessed to a crowded wagon, there a woman harnessed to a sofa on castors. Past them whizzed the over-loaded automobiles, and from one of these dropped an opera-cloak at the wife's feet. She caught it from under trampling hoofs; its owner was already rods away.

"Carry it on your back—easiest way," her husband commented. "Step up there out of the jam and put it on."

She stepped up to the entrance of the palatial mansion they were passing and drew the gorgeous garment around her, smiling down at the admiration which flashed into her husband's eyes.

"Stay just as you are a minute," he cried.

It would have taken more than an earthquake to shake her habit of loving obedience; more than the terror and excitement now intensifying her beauty to disqualify her from catching her husband's ideas and sympathizing with his words.

Therefore she waited till she heard the click of his camera before she stepped down to resume the tugging of her load.

All the world knows the story of that night, and this is not a tale of their sojourn in the park. Utter exhaustion enabled them to sleep under the stars, and morning found them, like the entire city-full, constructing a shelter. Ray Emerson skilfully used a trunk and a box for uprights and looked about for a canopy.

"Stretch that opera-cape over for a roof, Flo."

The gorgeous crimson cloth caught the April sun, the glitering filagree gold and enamel clasps and jabots of rare lace hung like tassels at the corners.

Florence, who had given away garment after garment to those needier and had kept for herself a simple buff linen dress, turned now to her next duty and stood stirring cocoa in a gypsy kettle over the fire allowed for their street in the tent city.

Ray's moody face brightened at the scene.

"A contrast to the American princess you looked in that cape yesterday," he said amusedly. "Still a minute, Flor-

ence. There you are," as his camera snapped. "I'll call the two pictures 'Before and after taking the earthquake.'"

"Don't waste films on me," she counseled. "Save them for scenes of the fire. You'll make your fortune with one of those, Ray."

His sensitive face clouded again. "Oh, lots of photographers will get ahead of me, as usual. I ought to have been in the burned district all night."

"Instead, you protected me here, Boy dear," and the public place making more of a caress impossible, she merely shook hands as any comrade might, while the wifely cry rose within her, "How can I help him?"

Twelve more hours of strain and terror wrought all dwellers in the park to a pitch which hardly allowed of repose that second night. Emerson stared at their crimson canopy, his mind leaping from plan to plan as he tried to scale the mountain of difficulties raised by the burning, during that day, of his photographic studio, the studio in which he had never had the time or the capital to permit him to take the artistic pictures he felt capable of taking. At last an idea came to him, and, soothed by it, he fell asleep.

In the morning this idea still seemed to him good and he said:

"I've a business scheme, Florence. I want to go to Oakland. It may take all the change in my pocket to get me there and to bribe my way back, but I guess it is our only chance to avoid becoming beggars."

"Here's about 90 cents of my own toward the venture, Ray. It's brave of you to be already thinking up new ways of supporting us."

And, while she forced the semblance of the calmness with which she had been wont to see him go daily to his work, they parted.

When he found her at night, again priestess of the kettle, he was in high spirits.

"I had my views developed, Flo, at that big photo concern over at Oakland; and the manager said they were all good—the best he'd seen. A Los Angeles agent for a famous picture-postal concern in Detroit happened to be in the studio and he made me a big cash offer for two of my negatives. Thought I'd better sell, eh?"

She smiled brightly at his jubilation. "Sure;" and resolved as ever to show an interest in his doings. "What were the pictures, Boy?"

"Oh, you're in them," he replied rather confusedly; but her chowder had caught on and she scarcely heard his answer as she turned to save its burning.

The fortnight that passed separated husband and wife during most of their waking hours. He went frequently to Oakland, where the sale of his first negatives had seemed to open a good business connection, and she was absorbingly busy setting up their own or others' household gods in strange places.

Mail began to arrive stragglingly, and into Florence's hands one day came a letter from an Eastern friend, containing this sentence:

"Some one sent us a souvenir postal of the terrible catastrophe, and the woman on it looks enough like you to be you, Flo, only I don't recognize the opera-cloak. It is the picture postal at present flooding our stores and is called 'An American Princess, April 17 and April 18.' Ever so many of your old friends are asking if you weren't the original."

Florence paled. Had her husband sold her face? Had he not always cherished her beauty as his individual possession and one which had made him feel in one respect the peer of kings? Other women had posed for him and he had put their photographs in his show-case. The portfolio of his studies of his wife's loveliness he had kept under lock and key.

Florence reasoned herself into calm. If any film on which she appeared had been sold to be made into postal cards, the face on it would be so small surely it could hardly be recognizable. She would make no complaint to break the continuance of Ray's elation, for which she had been inexpressibly grateful.

But there was a constraint upon her at their meals, and if her husband had not felt an unusual independence of her he must have noticed her aloofness. This increased, for her suspicions were soon confirmed. A vulgar busy-body who, in the old days of Florence's dainty home-making had not ventured to be familiar, came to the street stove over which the

women met, waving a gay-colored card and crying:

"Oh, ho, Mrs. Emerson, now we've got a picture of you! Awful cute, I call it. Say, does your husband get a royalty on each one sold? If he does, we old neighbors expect him to treat."

Florence colored painfully. She had seen too plainly that on one-half of the card, under date of April 17, she stood in the crimson cloak, apparently descending from a stately home on her way to attend the opera. On the other half, dated April 18, she was depicted stirring a kettle in the park, with the gorgeous mantle roofing her dug-out.

That night her self-restraint broke and she spoke.

"People are asking if you get a royalty on me, Raymond?"

"Oh, that post-card? Came out pretty clear for a small view, didn't it? My lenses worked first rate. The firm who made them are so pleased with this souvenir postal that they are going to give me a lot of business supplies if I will let them use it as an ad for their cameras."

"And multiply those likenesses of me?" she cried chokingly. "Even a slave could not be sold to more than one at a time."

"Why, kitten," he chided, "they wouldn't give me half so much if I just wrote a testimonial."

In the weeks that followed, the breach widened between husband and wife, though the subject of the postals was not mentioned, and she burned, as soon as received, each one which came to her from friends, who wrote jocose or captious remarks thereon.

The lines of her face aged and saddened as the hot summer days dragged on, and she housed herself and her outraged feelings. She had to force herself to walk abroad to see improvements; it was on one of these expeditions, undertaken in the loyal spirit of each citizen, that she came to the corner where a big dry-goods store had stood. In its stead was a huge bill-board, and she started as if stung when she saw its import. A small headline read, "By permission of the Detroit Post-card Co.," and then came a life-size reproduction of herself in the now hateful but magnificent crimson cloak, with the concluding announcement: "This American princess traded with the Meyer-Cohn Clothing Co. Temporary store, Van Ness Avenue."

As Florence gazed, fascinated and sickened, a man stopped, looked from her to the picture, laughed audibly and went on. He had seen the resemblance.

"Surely I can afford a veil," the wife thought bitterly, "since I am a mine of money to men," and she went in and bought one of the thickest berege, without which she did not again go out by daylight.

It was shortly after this unhappy encounter with her poster self that her husband came home flushed with a good day's work and jingling coins in his pocket.

"Come on to the open-air theatre, Flo. I'm tired and want a change. Been working like a dog all summer."

She rose listlessly. Her obedience came from principle now. As she tied the mask veil about her hat, Ray, idly strumming the piano, looked out to the hall mirror where she stood.

"Goodness, Flo, it's a hot night. Don't muffle yourself."

"You have not a heathen's prejudices in favor of his wife's going veiled?" she asked evenly; and his eyes did not dare meet hers in the glass.

The following weeks brought further estrangement, try as hard as Florence could to abnegate self and to rejoice in the professional advance of her husband, his election as officer in photographic societies, his being consulted as a man who knew how to seize the dramatic and psychologic moment in art; but the strain told upon her mentally and physically.

By early winter, San Francisco had resumed many of its pleasant habits of living. Entertainments of no mean order were held in temporary halls of fair pretensions. It was for one of these Ray announced he had bought tickets.

"Let's go, Flo. We'll take the car. It will be the best thing we have had since the opera. Jove! doesn't that seem years

"Yes," she answered dully.

"Well, we won't have to sit in the nigger heaven this time, Florence. I know now how it feels to have made a ten-strike—like the artist who painted 'Bubbles,' or the photographer who hit on 'His Master's Voice.'"

"And it feels—pleasant?" she asked.

"Why, I feel as if I'd never lived be-

fore," he answered, and she stifled the words on her lips.

Recluse that she had kept herself through misery, she had not been in the city's new and handsome electric cars. As she stepped into one this evening, she caught at the side of the door for support, for above the only vacant seat, in the advertising space over the windows, was a big card panel bearing a likeness of herself in the linen gown as she stirred the kettle in the tent city. The picture was rarely attractive, her own womanly, helpful pose and wonderful face making one's eyes glad to linger upon it. The placard bore the advertisement, "The American Princess used —— —— Cocoa. Made with hot water. For sale at all grocery stores."

Florence looked distressedly for a seat out of range of this reminder of her wretchedness, but the conductor beckoned her, in a way which would have made her more conspicuous to decline this sole vacancy, and with hot inward blushes she sank on the seat below her counterfeit presentment.

Would this publicity never end? How many firms had her husband arranged, with a cunning beyond his wont, should blazon her beauty?

Her painful reverie was broken by hearing whispers between two girls across the car. She looked up to surprise them in the act of comparing her face with that in the advertisement. Rigidly she looked past them out into the night; and at her seeming unconcern, the girls continued their comments, now audible to Florence's straining ear.

"Thought it was at first," said one.

"Looks like her, but 'tisn't. The picture's pretty."

The poor American princess's heart resumed its beating, and slow tears of an exquisite relief filled her downcast eyes.

The months had graven her face with strange, sad lines!

Ray spoke from the crowded platform where he was standing.

"We get off here, Flo."

She did not heed him.

He spoke again rather brusquely. "Come, come, Florence. Napping?"

She shook her head with her old, serene smile.

She had been thanking God for the loss of her beauty.



An Initiate Awaiting the Ordeal.

At a Medicine Dance with the Navajos

By Sidney H. Riesenberg.

With illustrations by the author.

IN the narrow, cool shadow, before his little round-cornered adobe house, my friend Pablo sat smiling. Just outside of the shadow, in the dust of the sun-baked road, Pablo's youngest son was involved in an endless game with the household's youngest puppy. The puppy, languid but not wholly incurious, suffered the attentions of the little brown cupid, but concerned himself more immediately with the pursuit of such flies as ventured within his reach; the flies, completing the circle, gave their efforts to the entertainment of Pablo and me. Altogether, the child and the puppy had the best of it.

Pablo's face did not change when two Navajo bucks and a squaw rounded the corner of the old Isleta church and rode up to us. He reached out a firm brown hand and swept the dog and the baby out of the way of the ponies and through the door at a single movement. The child made no outcry. The Navajos said "How," and without dismounting, talked for a while in Spanish, frequently looking in my direction. After some minutes of rapid conversation, Pablo bethought himself of the hospitalities, and turned to me.

"Dance," said he laconically, "Navajo dance, way up there." His arm swept the horizon where the mountains glimmered. "Want go?"

I at once expressed my desire to go. After some further talk with Pablo, in which, by their looks, I judged they often referred to me, the visitors departed. They were, it seems, sent out to spread the news that a medicine dance was being held in the Ciancito Valley, close to Mt. Taylor of the San Mateo range, called Tsotsil by the Navajos, and known as the sacred mountain of New Mexico.

"No picture at dance," said Pablo, when the messengers were gone; "no see



"The rider proved to be a Young Navajo Buck."

dance if make picture. Navajo no like," shaking his head and smiling.

We prepared to take the trail for the mountains early the next morning. I overhauled my kit, leaving out all sketching material, with the exception of a pad and pencil, safely stowed in an inside pocket, trusting to the chance of jotting down some memory notes. The first part of our journey took us over a sandy trail up toward the crest of a large mesa, some twenty miles from Isleta, where we pulled our ponies to a halt; their lowered heads and heaving sides telling the story of a steep climb. Turning in my saddle, a brilliant picture of blue and yellow, with here and there a touch of cold red, spread out before me. In the distance, winding its way like a mighty serpent through the yellow-gray plains, was the Rio Grande; a spot of reddish gray on its banks indicated the sun-baked habitations of the Isletas. Far ahead, alternate swells of the prairie allowed us an occasional glimpse of three mounted Indians, whom we expected to overtake at their camp on the banks of the Rio Puerco that night. Dull and listless, our animals moved on, giving no sign of water, as we dipped toward the bed of that stream. The gathering dusk



"Two Bucks Engage in an Exciting Game."

hid the horsemen ahead; Pablo and I rode on in silence, forgetful of all else but the mystery of the land, lit by the stars that twinkled with a rare brilliance in that dry clear atmosphere. I was startled by an exclamation from Pablo, who, pointing far across the stream, drew my attention to a faint light that told of a fire being kindled. The Indians ahead had evidently found the river dry, and pushed on for another hour. This worried us not a little, as we had relied on the Rio Puerco to replenish our scant supply of water and refresh our thirsty horses. We crossed the dry bed of the river, and after a weary day, dismounted our tired bronchos at the camp of the other travelers. Hobbling our animals, who were greeted by a friendly whinnie from the other ponies, we joined the men about the fire. They proved to be Indians of the Laguna tribe, also on their way to the dance. Pablo established friendly relations, and we were soon sleeping soundly rolled in our blankets.

An odor of coffee and the usual Mexican stew of goat meat and peppers greeted my waking senses at early dawn the next day. Pablo and the Lagunas were already busily engaged over the fire, and



"A Feverish Climax of Wild Song and Gesticulation."

Abato, the senior of our hosts, bade me welcome.

"Eat much, good meat," said he, holding up an unsavory looking piece of goat, and smacking his lips. No second invitation was needed; a day and night in the tonic air of those plains had made me ravenous. We fell to with a will; some sugar and a package of cigarettes from our store added much to the enjoyment of the breakfast. Our new friends were also greatly in want of water for their ponies, but knew of a ranch a half-day's journey on our trail, where we could depend on watering. We therefore made an early start to avoid as much as possible the glaring heat of the sun. Arriving at the Mexican ranch by noon the place seemed like a veritable oasis to our parched animals. The youngest Laguna and I had trouble in restraining our trembling ponies when we led them to the well.

After a short rest at the ranch, we left the huge stockades behind, also the noise and disturbance, camping for dinner some few miles beyond, in sight of the camp-fires of Ciancito, their smoke curling skyward in thin blue spirals. A small pond formed by a rude dam in the bed of this partly dried tributary of the Rio Puerco, made the spot an ideal resting place. Having disposed of our dinner, the young Laguna busied himself with the ponies, and I sought an inviting patch of dry grass on which to stretch myself. I had hardly lighted my pipe before Pablo and Abato started to their feet. Looking in the direction of Ciancito, we saw a rider galloping in our direction. The Indians at once seated themselves and resumed their talk, paying no more attention to the approaching horseman. The third Laguna, a morose individual who never opened his mouth for more than a short grunt, seemed by his attitude of attention to have at last caught the spark of animation.

Reining in his pinto, the rider, who proved to be a young Navajo buck, greeted our party with a comprehensive nod, dismounted and joined us at the fire. I kept well in the background as things began to look very gloomy for me, judging by the look Pablo gave me. Our visitor was a tall, supple youth, with long black hair, clothed in a nondescript garb, half Indian and half cowboy. Addressing Pablo, he apparently delivered some set speech, and smiling at Pablo's answer, emphatically shook his head as he gave a short reply. Mounting his horse, the young buck left us as abruptly as he arrived, and was soon lost to view in a cloud of alkali dust as he rode swiftly toward the Indian camp in the valley.

"Navajo no want you at dance," said Pablo; "Chief say you go back. Runner by lower trail tell him you come."

Calming my friend as best I could, for the disappointment was as keen to me, I determined to strike back alone and give Pablo a chance to attend the dance. Telling them of my decision, they made no comment, but conferred together. Noticing their frequent glances to the southwest, my attention was drawn to a small bank of cloud approaching us from that quarter at an unusual speed, although little or no breeze was stirring in our immediate neighborhood. Presently a few sharp words from Abato sent his men scurrying to round up the ponies that were bunched together, tails out, near the pond. All was bustle, but not confusion, for in an incredible time the bronchos and pack mare were saddled, including my own pony.

"You go long to Ciancito; yes, much storm soon," Pablo shouted in my ear. A bright flash then illuminated the rapidly darkening landscape and the cool sucking-in feeling of the whirling dust clouds that seemed to spring from nowhere, told of the Indian's wisdom in hastening toward the shelter of the valley. All question of my going to the dance was forgotten, as the wind increased and apparently drove from all directions at once, choking us with dust. It was now as dark as night, the storm having reached its height within a very short space of time. A great jagged blinding band of intense lightning threw the wild scene into view, the dust-swept land having the appearance of a vast snow flurry, while the mountains beyond Ciancito stood outlined in the glare. Even before the black pall that followed this flash had blinded us, our frightened horses were sent back on their haunches by such a crashing clap of thunder that our ears sung. Then came the rain in a steady sheet, drenching us in an in-

stant, but also cooling our perspiring ponies and laying the suffocating clouds of alkali. We were now over half way to the large camp and making good progress. The storm dying away to the north, we rode up to the first hogan as the level rays of the setting sun flooded our soaked and bedraggled little cavalcade with a blaze of light. Tsotsil, the sacred mountain, showed bluish gray through the receding rain, while everywhere about us thin columns of smoke circled upward in the peaceful calm that succeeded the storm. Bright spots of color marked the Indians, who moved about among the fires as they were relighted; the place presented an appearance of lively animation, and I fearfully wondered what they intended to do with me.

Some children and squaws approached; several bucks then came to the fore and beckoned us to alight. An old man coming out of the first hogan led us back into the grateful warmth of the fire within. Abato and Pablo then gave a graphic account of our being driven down by the storm. Pablo turning to me, remarked:

"Lightning strike big tree by medicine hogan."

"What will they do now?" I asked. "Turn me away for bringing bad luck?"

"Good medicine," he answered, nodding his head gravely, "medicine hogan no hurt; we bring sun in camp."

Pablo and Abato then left to obey a summons from the Chief, and I was told that it would be best for me to remain in the hogan until their return. All the Indians having now left with the exception of the old man, we sat smoking in silence. Partaking of some excellent cornbread that the old Navajo raked from the hot ashes of the fire, and in turn tendering my tobacco pouch, things soon felt quite homelike. A low whistle at the entrance of the hut presently caused the old man to draw aside the blanket to exchange a few words with someone outside. Returning to his place by the fire the venerable Indian and I puffed at our pipes. The crackling of our fire mingled with the songs and chants of the Indians; rhythmic sounds that I afterwards learned were the various legends that are rehearsed for four nights before the fifth or final night of the dance. This was the evening of the fourth day, and they were giving the mountain chant of Chiki-chash-natlehi, or Maid-who-becomes-a-bear.

The old man drew aside the blanket of the hut entrance, and the song with its climax and rhythmic cadence, drifted pleasantly across the valley. A translation of the chant runs something like this:

"Maid-who-becomes-a-bear
Sought the gods and found them
On the summits of the mountains;
Sought the gods and found them;
Truly with my sacrifice,
Sought the gods and found them.
Somebody doubts it; so I have heard!"

There were many more verses, and the mountain chant was only one of a number of others. Held by the peculiar melody of this song, I was totally unprepared for the surprise that followed.

"The Chief of the Navajos has ordered that you remain in this hogan for the night."

The clear cultivated intonations caused me to turn toward the door, expecting some white man, but no one was there. The voice was that of my aged companion.

"Your friends have spoken well of you, and tonight at the council we will decide whether you will be allowed to remain at Ciancito and witness the dance."

Too astonished to offer an intelligible reply, my halting sentences were lost to his ears as he quickly slipped from the hogan and I saw him no more. Pablo drew aside the blanket at the door early the next morning, his face beaming.

"Chief say can see dance, but must not go in medicine hogan."

Being now at liberty to wander about, I started down the valley, attracted by a motley crowd of men, women and children watching two bucks engage in an exciting game, differing from anything I had before seen. Each contestant wielded a jointed lance about twenty feet in length, from which was suspended short thongs of buckskin. A buckskin hoop eight inches in diameter, stuffed with dry grass, was rolled along the ground, and each player did his best to cast his lance through the ring while in motion. The relative positions of the thongs as they came in contact with the hoop, counted as points. When the ring stopped it was seized by one of the play-

ers and tossed with an overhand motion, whereupon the contestants tried to interfere with each other's casts, at the same time making strenuous efforts to pierce the hoop. The game is exciting when one knows the rules, and requires skill, speed and endurance. In a skirmish, or when blocking casts, the audience would cheer their respective favorites, and the laughter spurred on the unsuccessful player to greater efforts. The game is called "Nanzoz" by the Indians, and is in some way connected with an old Navajo legend, as Pablo described it to me. "Leave Nanzoz to me," said Great Snake, "I will hide myself in the hoop and make it fall where I please."

Pablo joining some of his friends, I made the acquaintance of an ungainly individual who said his name was Tom Demon. Tom's manner of speech was so peculiar that to attempt a record of it would be impossible.

"Do he draw in smoke, yes," provided my new friend with some cigarettes, but the remainder of his conversation merely served as a basis for guessing his meaning. I gathered from Tom that an initiation was to take place that afternoon, to prepare candidates to enter the medicine hogan.

Many Indians assembled that afternoon, the larger number being Navajos. Pablo and I joined them in order to witness the ceremony; and he pointed out to me the various groups. Some Zunis were squatted at the foot of a small mesa, while Apaches and Lagunas were mingled among the watching throng. The initiation was to include both sexes, adults as well as children, and the initiates now cowered in a semi-nude condition on large blankets that were spread for them in one corner of a flat stretch of ground. Preceeding the initiation two medicine men came running down the canyon toward us, yelling like wild men. They wore only blue and white breechings, and their bodies were coated with white clay. Hideous dog masks hid their features, and their hair streamed behind them. Lowering their heads, they uttered those snarling inimitable whoops, so peculiar to the Indians of the Southwest when worked up in a religious frenzy. One of the medicine men then passed round a coyote skin, into which the onlookers dropped various trinkets, my offering being a handfull of cigarettes. His companion in the meantime rattled a gourd and kept up an incessant din of whoops and yells. This over, the medicine men approached the cowering initiates. The first one made mysterious marks with clay on various parts of their bodies, uttering loud incantations while he did this. Then the real trial commenced for the poor creatures crouching on the blankets. The second medicine man haled them forth one by one, an elder took his place behind each initiate, who stood with head bowed down, while the medicine men struck each clay mark with a piece of cactus. The marks seemed a sort of guide, so to speak, and regulated the severity of the blows. A dreadful howling was kept up during this torture by the spectators. Pablo would answer none of the questions now, though he had pretended to be above believing in these things when we talked about initiation, back in Isleta. The victims during all this were absolutely stolid, taking their punishment with Spartan indifference.

By the time the last blows were struck the sun sank behind the low range of mountains, and numerous Indians were stacking wood into huge piles to be fired later for the illumination of the dance. As this was the fifth night, a largely augmented gathering would be present to see the ceremonies and listen to the chants. These chants are very important and must be known in all their various phases, both by the priests and the dancers. Many of the listeners are critical judges and any error made in the singing is supposed to spoil the efficacy of the whole rite. The women take no part in any of these songs, although those at the camp showed the greatest interest in all the proceedings. After a hasty supper Pablo took me back to the flat, where we took up a position midway between the medicine hogan and a large stockade or arbor, built of green boughs and saplings. The great pyres were lit and the flames threw a weird, fantastic light over the scene.

While the dancers were dressing in the arbor, the medicine men kept up an incessant rattling of their gourds, attracting many of the Indians to their hogan;

those privileged to enter filed in and out during the entire night. Suddenly the noise from the hogan dropped to a faint rattle, and the dancers filed out of the arbor, appearing like so many ghosts when their clay-daubed bodies reflected the light from the fires. A slight tinkling of bells which they wore around their ankles, was plainly audible in the hush that settled over the flat. They slowly approached the middle of the flat their limbs glistening in the full glare of the center fire. The dancing costume consisted of a small breech-cloth and an abbreviated skirt, held in place by a belt composed of large silver medallions. A coyote tail was fastened in the rear of this belt, and hung down below the knees. Bracelets and necklaces of silver or beads, and wreaths of evergreen worn about the neck, knees, and ankles, were their principal ornaments. The head-dress consisted of two large eagle feathers held in place by a red band of cloth; ugly dog-masks covered their features; and plain buckskin moccasins completed their costumes.

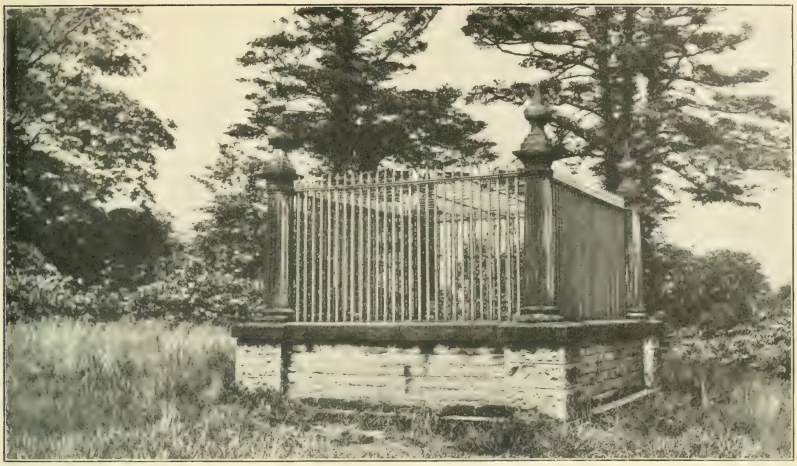
The dancers formed a circle about the fire, standing calm and still, while the large assemblage maintained a sphinx-like silence. Presently the subdued rattle of gourds in the medicine hogan grew fainter and then ceased altogether as the Chief stepped forth onto the flat. The Chief was an old man whose manner and carriage bespoke a ruler of his tribe; a blanket of unusually fine design was thrown over his left shoulder. The Chief raised his right hand to the heavens and addressed the audience. His speech was short and fluent, ending amid a great hubbub of applause; he then motioned to the leader of the dancers, and the great medicine dance began.

First came a low chant, and the dancers began a slow, rhythmical motion of their bodies. The snakelike forms were sharply silhouetted against the bright flames and gradually waxed faster as the dance progressed. The sound of the rattling gourds, commingling with the whoops when the chant took on a warlike tune, added an unearthly note to the strange song. As the songs succeeded each other, the dancing became fiercer until the performers reached a feverish climax of wild song and gesticulation. The chant then gradually died down, and finally the tired dancers wended their way back to the stockade for a brief rest. From the actions of the watchers, I gathered that the dancers were doing exceptionally well, and their second appearance was watched with much interest. They again started a low chant, gaining in volume until the dancers had once more reached the summit of their emotions. This program was kept up with slight variations until the gray dawn lighted the low hill-tops to the east. With the first ray of morning light, the wild dancers, with one accord emitted a fiendish whoop, and rapidly withdrew from the flat.

The watching Indians arose, and gathering their blankets about them, quietly dispersed to their several hogans. I sat spellbound, the whole thing seeming some wild fancy of the mind, until Pablo taking me by the shoulder, roused me from my reverie.

"How?" he asked.

"Good," I replied, and we slowly took our way back to our hut by the edge of the valley.



The Grave of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon (Robin Hood).

Archery and the Oregon Yew Bows

By Curtis Fleming

TOWARD evening of December 24th, 1247, Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, more popularly known as Robin Hood, the prince of outlaws and of bowmen, raised himself on one elbow from his deathbed.

"Bring my bow and a good arrow," he said, weakly.

> "His pulse was faint, his eye was dim
> And pale his brow of pride;
> He heeded not the monkish hymn
> They chanted by his side."

Being ill, Robin had applied to Sopwell Abbey for assistance. Bleeding was the fashion of the time, and a nun, opening a vein in his arm, had treacherously cut upon an artery (probably producing aneurism). So the outlaw was dying. They placed his bow in his hands and bore him to a window overlooking the field beyond the Abbey.

"I will let fly a broad arrow," he said, "and my grave shall be where it falls. Lay a green sod at my head and another at my feet; and lay by my side my bent bow, which always gave sweet music to me. Let me have length and breadth enough and heap the gravel and green turf above me, as is right and becoming; and that when I am gone they may say: 'Here lies bold Robin Hood.'"

For the last time he drew his bow and the arrow sped. It fell under a green tree, a good bowshot from the window. There they buried him; and there today his grave is marked with slabs of stone, on one of which is an inscription in quaint old English, setting forth his name and the date of his death.

Those were the days of the glory of archery. Six hundred and fifty-odd years have not altogether dimmed their romantic lustre. Though the glory of the bow in war and chase is buried forever in the archives of the past; though even the sons of the Samurai, the Tartar, the Zulu and the Apache have learned to peep across the sights of the Winchester and Mauser, yet a spark of that spirit which animated the shadows of Sherwood glows to this day. What millions of boys have dreamed and thrilled over the tale of the

exploits of Robin and his merry men! What thousands of enthusiasts have, with loving care, kept alive the practice of archery and encouraged the skill which makes good bows! And that enthusiasm and that skill are found nowhere greater than in modern Oregon.

"Are you a toxophilite?"

"A what? Something about poison? Oh—archery, of course. Why, not exactly. I used to shoot a 'bow'n'arrow' when I was a boy—got walloped for



Mr. F. S. Barnes.

knocking out the old rooster. But why do you ask?"

"Well," said my friend earnestly, "I've joined the Maurice Thompson Archery Club, founded by Mr. F. S. Barnes, up at Forest Grove. Most fascinating sport on earth. There's a big revival in archery lately, and, I say, do you know that the finest bows in the world are made of our Oregon yew? And that the greatest bow-maker in the world and the only one in America belongs in this State?"

No, I did not, so the enthusiast repeated the fact and added several more, to such purpose that my interest was stimulated sufficiently to impel a visit to the venerable bow-maker and archer of Oregon.

Mr. Barnes was busy in his modest little shop at Forest Grove, deftly shaping a stick of yew. He straightened up his stalwart old figure at my entrance and wiped the moisture from his pink brow. Would he take time to talk of bows and archery? Indeed he would—nothing he liked better. He swept his hand with an air of pride toward a handsome show-case full of beautifully polished bows.

"They got me a prize at the Lewis and Clark Fair," said he. "Every one of them made in Oregon, of Oregon yew, grown high up in the mountains. Ah, what labor they have cost me! But I love those trips into the Cascades. I have to look for the yew in the highest altitudes, touching no timber below 5,000 to 7,000 feet. I select trees from six to eight inches in diameter, and cut them into logs 3½ feet in length. These I split into suitable size, taking sapwood for the back of the bow and heart wood for the belly. Then I wrap them with burlap into bundles of the right size for packing on a horse; one animal packing material for about thirty bows.

"This timber is as good or better than the finest Spanish or Italian yew, which from time immemorial has been most sought by bow-makers."

But Maurice Thompson, the author, and Will Thompson, his brother—acknowledged the greatest exponents of English archery in America—long since agreed that these bows of Oregon yew are equal to, and even superior to the product of the most famous foreign bow-makers. They have even given the Barnes bows an international reputation. This Oregon craftsman is said to have discovered a secret process for hastening the seasoning of yew wood, so that he is able to produce a completed bow within two years from the growing tree; a bow that will outlast those of the English makers, who take five years to turn out a bow.

Few people know anything of the skill and care required in the making of a perfect bow, but something of it may be realized when one considers the wonderful shooting which may be done with such a weapon in the hands of a great archer.

"My bows are known as self-yew



Mr. Barnes and his Archery Class at Coronado, California.

bows," said the old craftsman, as he took a beautiful specimen from the cabinet and patted it with a tender hand. "You see the back, as I have said, is of sapwood, the belly of the darker heart timber. They are known as self-bows—that is, made supposedly of a single piece; but in reality, like all good bows, they are of two pieces spliced at the center (where the hand clasps it) by a fish joint. This in no way weakens them, for no properly made bow should bend a particle at the center."

"Why should they be of two parts?"

"Because the strength must be exactly the same from the center to the ends. You know that the strength and character of a piece of timber from the end that grew nearest the ground varies to that furtherest from it; that is why we cut the logs 3½ feet, and splice the butt ends of the sticks to make the full length bow.

"I have practiced archery all my life and have been experimenting in the seasoning of wood for more than 40 years. Now, English yew bows, during a two hour contest in hot weather, will lose from one to four pounds in power. Mine have been found not to lose an ounce after several hours' shooting in the hottest weather. This is due to the method of seasoning and to the wood.

"Snakewood, lancewood and lemonwood are all used for bows, but yew is



Dr. Edward B. Weston, ex-President of the National Archery Association of the U. S.

the best. It has superlatively all the proper qualities: elasticity, lasting power, strength, evenness of action. They are the most expensive, varying in price from $25 for the lighter, ladies' bows, to $50 and even $100 for the best and strongest specimens.

"In selecting a bow, its length should equal the height of the archer. Its strength, expressed in pounds, should be in accordance with the strength and experience of the archer. The average pulling weight for women is from 20 to 32 pounds; for men, from 32 to 55 pounds. I have two hunting bows, for shooting deer or other game, that take a pull of 90 pounds. The bowmen of the wars of olden time used bows pulling 80 to 120 pounds. Of course, the finest shooting is seldom done with the heaviest bows, but in those old wars, the power of the shot, the ability of the archer to penetrate armor, or to send the arrow to the greatest distance, were the ends most sought.



Dr. Henry F. Lewis of Portland, an Enthusiastic Archer

"The glory of England was founded on the long bows of its unequaled archers. They are said to have been able to perforate the finest armor ever made. And by the way, to talk history for a moment, you remember that it was William the Conqueror who brought the use of the long bow to England. The Norman archers at Hastings, where Harold fell with an arrow through his eye, opened the eyes of those old Saxons. And then what a wise fellow was Norman William! He put the long bow into the hands of his subjugated enemies and made the carrying of the weapon the badge of the freeman. And then, as children grew to manhood in daily practice at game or target, began the march of England's glory.

"Every man of the nation was a skilled archer, ready for the field, armed and equipped at an hour's notice. How shafts of the yeomen must have punched the French armor at Crecy or Agincourt! I should like to have shot a cloth-yard shaft then, had I not fought at Gettysburg."

Mr. Barnes stepped over to a drawer, from which he drew a small parcel. "I want to show you something," he said, as he opened the paper and reverently displayed an oak leaf.

"That is from Sherwood forest," he said, as his visitor stared in awe. "And here is a photograph of Robin Hood's grave; and here's another of the Abbey window from which he shot the arrow."

Mr. Barnes sighed as he continued: "The meanest archer of Robin's band could doubtless have put to shame the greatest of modern bowmen, though perhaps Ford might have had a 'look in' with him.

"Who was Ford? Horace A. Ford was head and shoulders the greatest target champion we have any exact record of. He died in '54. His greatest public performance was a score of 1251 in the Double York Round. A score of as much

as 1000 has been made by very few archers."

"You spoke of having two hunting bows, Mr. Barnes; do you archers of the Northwest or elsewhere really hunt game with the long bow?"

"You have evidently never read Maurice Thompson's 'Witchery of Archery.' You will find it full of fascinating accounts of the hunting exploits of himself and his brother Will. The latter, who is the author of 'High Tide at Gettysburg,' you know, lives at Seattle and is one of the charter members of our flourishing Maurice Thompson Archery Club. He is an honored friend with whom I have had many a happy day's shooting and I know that he thinks nothing of bringing down a bounding deer or of transfixing a scampering rabbit or an eagle in flight. Maurice Thompson, by the way, held the record for glass-ball shooting, breaking forty-six out of fifty thrown up at twelve yards distance.

"'Roving' is a pleasant variation of the archery game. With a congenial companion, you range forth on the highway or through the fields, constantly selecting some object ahead at which to shoot. The winner of each shot has the right to choose the next object."

"I suppose you let fly a 'clothyard shaft' when you sight a deer?"

"'Clothyard shafts' may have been used in ancient days, but the average length of modern target-practice arrows is from 28 to 29 inches for men, and 25 inches for women. It is as necessary to have perfect arrows as it is to have perfect bows. Hard seasoned pine or old deal is the best for target arrows; for hunting arrows, harder woods are better, hickory being perhaps the best. The fitting of the steel head or 'pile' to the shaft, the feathering and the notching are all details which must be given the greatest care. Three feathers are used, usually being merely the broader side of the vane of a goose quill stripped from the feather staff and glued on the shaft. Every archer has his name marked on each of his arrows, so they may be identified in the target.

"For distance shooting the feathers are narrower and the shaft lighter than those used for shorter range or target shooting. What is the record for distance shooting?



Mrs. H. W. Coe, of Portland, taking aim.

Well, it is recorded of a Mr. Troward, a member of the Royal Toxophilite Society in 1798, that he shot 340 yards with a 63-pound bow, on level ground. This considerably exceeds the distance which Shakespeare makes Shallow deem worthy of remark in 'King Henry IV,' so one may conclude that the old timers did not do much better distance shooting than the moderns. Three hundred yards seems to be about the average limit of the strongest modern archers. Tradition says that Robin shot an arrow a measured mile. That is very doubtful,



At the Maurice Thompson Archery Club Grounds at Forest Grove; Mr. Barnes, in Correct Form, Making a "Gold" at 100 Yards.

though in those days, when the bow was used in war, strength in shooting was of even more importance than accuracy, and when 10,000 men practiced archery for one who does so today, it is probable that there were men of exceptional strength who could far outshoot the amateurs of the present. Of course distance depends entirely upon the strength and skill of the archer. A bow can easily be made that will throw an arrow a mile, or further, if a man can be found strong enough to draw it.

"There is a temple in Kyoto, Japan, the *Sanjusan Gendo,* it is called, where the archers of old Japan were wont to try their skill in getting the flattest trajectory possible with the bow. At the back of the temple is a platform 300 feet long. The roof of the temple extends over this platform at a height of 20 feet. It used to be the favorite pastime to stand at one end of the platform and shoot arrows under this roof, the object being to clear the whole distance without striking roof or platform. Successful arrows with the names of the archers were hung on the front of the temple. The roof now is literally plastered with broken arrow heads."

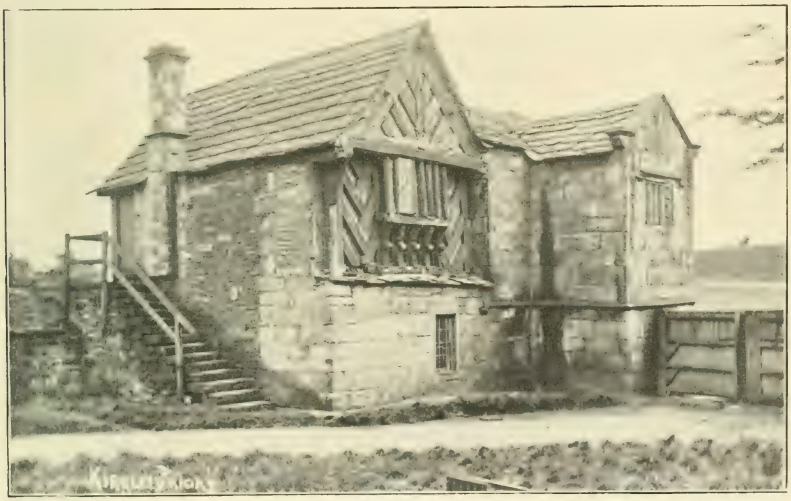
"What about the penetrating power of the arrow?"

"That, like distance shooting, depends upon the strength and skill of the archer, also upon the weight of the arrow and the shape and character of the arrowhead. Some of our American Indians are said to have been able to shoot an arrow clear through the body of a buffalo; and history and tradition are full of accounts of marvelous shots with the long bow. Lord Bacon is authority for the statement that an arrow from a Turkish bow was known to have pierced a piece of brass two inches thick, which strikes me as being a pretty stiff yarn. Several tales are told of armored warriors on horseback having been shot through the thigh, armor, saddle and all, and pinioned fast to the horse."

We walked out upon the Pacific University campus, where the Archery Club holds its annual meet. The October sun glowed softly warm and Mr. Barnes' eyes waxed brighter as he dwelt farther upon his beloved sport. Said he:

"Archery is the most ancient, the finest, cleanest, most fascinating of all sports; and it is the only one of importance absolutely free from the taint of professionalism. It meets every requirement of an ideal sport. It is equally adaptable to both sexes, to youth or to old age. Its practice is refining and its fascination increases with its practice.

"In the matter of physical exercise it is fully adequate. For instance, in shooting the York Round, which is 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards and 24 arrows at 60 yards, the archer must walk at least 2080 yards. Then, for good shooting, the muscular discipline is perfect. The figure of the archer is rigidly erect, the lungs expanded, the muscles of the shoulders and back, in fact every muscle of the body, at the highest tension when the bow is full drawn. This forces perfect respiration. 'No form of exercise,' says Dr. Geo. E. Coghill, 'could surpass archery for the purpose of straightening up stooped shoulders and expanding the collapsed chest and lungs. Nothing can take the place of archery for the man who is confined over a desk in his daily work. And certainly no form of recreation can do more to develop the grace, dignity and poise of a woman's figure.' "



The Window Whence Dying Robin Hood Shot His Last Arrow.



A Skirmish Line. —Photo by Oregonian

The Army Maneuvers at American Lake; Their Value and Results

By Winnifred Mears

THE War Department issued orders mobilizing the greater part of the United States Army, into seven brigade camps, located in various parts of the country, between July 15th and September 15th, for the purpose of instruction in practical field exercises.

Approximately 8,000 regulars and National Guardsmen, commanded by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, participated in the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma, American Lake, Washington.

The almost countless details relative to the mobilization and instruction of a mixed force of this number cannot be realized by an outsider, and to meet success in such an undertaking meant thought and untiring effort. Much credit reflects upon General Funston, his staff and the several departments and regimental commanders, that this large body of troops was encamped and the program of instruction worked out on schedule time.

The territory surrounding American Lake is undoubtedly an admirable site for a maneuver camp, covering 10,000 acres of vacant land, part of which is thickly wooded country and part open prairie. The beautiful chain of lakes, admirable ground, abundance of pure drinking water but thirty feet below the surface, the close proximity to Ta-

NOTE.—Sincere thanks are due the following named officers for the information and courteous assistance rendered in the preparation of this article: Capt. W. G. Haan, Col. John L. Clem, Col. F. A. Godwin, Col. M. P. Maus, Col. C. U. Gantenbein, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Corbusier, Major E. T. Brown, Capt. L. D. Wildman, Capt. W. L. Clarke, Lieut. G. A. Youngberg, Lieut. R. S. Fitch.

coma which can be used as a base of supplies, and the excellent service of the Northern Pacific Railroad offering facilities for the easy moving of freight and troops, make it an eminently desirable site.

There are a few drawbacks, however, owing to the fact that the topography of the country should be more diversified for profitable cavalry, artillery, and engineer work; and it is a little difficult to adapt oneself to the climate, with its cool mornings, hot noon times, still more chilly nights, and early fall rains.

A considerable tract of country is required for maneuver operations, which can rarely if ever be found in the vicinity of army posts. In past mobilizations of this kind, the allotted time, during which troops were encamped, was of so short duration that barely had they become accustomed to campaigning when they were ordered back to their regular stations.

If annual encampments are inaugurated, hereafter it will be considered preferable to hold them earlier in the season, particularly if the American Lake site is purchased; the short Summer season and early Fall rains prove a decided inconvenience, even obstacle, to profitable field work.

It is expected that over 10,000 or 12,000 troops will encamp at American Lake next Summer, which signifies that the field operations will be enlarged, enabling every branch of the service to have its full share of instruction.

The program of instruction was left to the division department, and camp commanders, and all work incident to the formation, maintenance and discontinuance of the camp was performed by the officers and men. Drills and exercises took place with but few formal ceremonies; and there was a total absence of merely spectacular exhibitions.

The maneuvers can not fail to be of benefit to the troops engaged, as they have been instructed in a course of well-planned problems, embracing those which would be met in times of actual warfare, and should prove of inestimable value to officers and men alike. Each of the ten exercises used was different; the maneuvers which were operated over 70 square miles, through woods and over prairies, comprised scouting, skirmishing, attack and defense, advance-guard and rear-guard action, attack and defense of a convoy, formation of a division marching in hostile country to receive an attack in force, contact of opposing independent brigades, a bivouac, and other contact exercises.

The division commander endeavored to give all the instruction possible to the troops while the militia were present. After the national guard had returned to



Second U. S. Cavalry on the March. —Photo by Oregonian.

their states, but two field exercises a week were held; during the intervening days drills and regimental exercises were substituted.

There was a division of the troops for each exercise, one called "Blues," the other "Browns," taking the name from the color of the shirt worn, temporarily imaginary enemies to each other. In these problems of contact between opposing forces, infantry soldiers carried 20 blank rifle cartridges, and cavalry soldiers 20 blank rifle cartridges and 10 blank revolver cartridges; the field artillery carried 15 rounds of blank ammunition per gun. No ammunition was carried in an exercise where no contact was contemplated between the opposing forces.

Officers were compelled to meet difficult situations at short notice, make their plans, and give orders to carry them out, even under the eyes of the ever watchful umpires. One of the features of the maneuvers was the absence of knowledge on the part of commanders as to just what would be expected of them, until the chief umpire delivered the information and orders under which they were to conduct their operations, at the points indicated for the assembling of the brigades. Frequently, too, the composition of the two opposing forces was changed, so the exact strength of either was not known to the other. It was not possible to perform some field work, because some of the troops were lacking in the necessary field equipment. No night work was accomplished, except the one bivouac, August 16-17, which occurred during the encampment of the militia.

In mimic warfare it is necessary to find a substitute for leaden bullets—and behold the "Umpire." During the maneuvers, umpires were selected from day to day, from the corps of officers, and were detailed for duty with each battalion, troop, and battery, and were designated by white bands on hat and arm. It was their duty, not only to criticise and commend, where deficiency or merit appeared, but to "rule out" and estimate the number of supposed casualties, had the men been struck by fire from leaden bullets instead of blanks; send them to the rear, as dead or wounded; decide on the taking of prisoners and report all mistakes, etc., noting every important event with place and time and with sufficient detail.

Their reports were referred to the Chief Umpire of their side, on the day on which the maneuver was completed; later the Chief Umpire rendering the definite decisions. The reports of the umpires were discussed and lessons thereof well learned, for in these general discussions which followed the solving of each problem, interesting points of strategem, and differences of opinion as to the preferable ways of accomplishing results in special situations, were adjusted. For the hardships of campaigning and marching are but half the lesson, these discussions proving the most valuable feature of each executed exercise. To insist upon victory or



Captain Jos. Haines, Commanding First Battery Light Artillery. Photo by Givens.



A GROUP AT HEADQUARTERS. —Photo by Romans.

Front row—From left to right, Congressman F. W. Cushman of Wash., Brig.-General Frederick Funston, Senator S. H. Piles of Wash., Senator N. B. Scott of West Virginia, Congressman W. E. Humphrey of Wash.

Back row—Left to right, Col. J. J. McGuiness, Inspector-General M. N. G.; First Lieut. Roger S. Fitch, First Cav.; Capt. Sydney A. Cloman, Gen. Staff; Capt. Wm. G. Haan, Chief of Staff; First Lieut. B. J. Mitchell, Aide-de-Camp; Capt. L. P. Sanders, M. N. G.; Capt. A. P. Wibgen, M. N. G.; Capt. S. G. Jeans, M. N. G.; Mr. J. S. Whitehouse; Capt. L. D. Wildman, Signal Corps; Brig.-Gen. Alderson, M. N. G.; Capt. W. C. Riddell, Assist Surgeon, M. N. G.; Lieut.-Col Wm. H. Corbusier, Chief Surgeon; Mr. James McAshton.

defeat, of either side, shows ignorance of the exercise; the fact that any commander, in a problem, does not succeed, is not counted failure, as he is often ordered to try the practically impossible; the vital point being whether the attempt was made in good form and the loss in number as small as possible; success or failure estimated largely by the position of the opposing forces at time of contact, and their relative strength.

The Chief Umpire ordered "Recall" sounded at such time as he considered any movement had been completed, after which the brigades were returned to their camps and dismissed.

The usual army regulation of the daily routine was observed: Reveille, at 5 p. m., fatigue call (police) immediately following; mess call (breakfast), 6:10; stables, 6:35; sick call, 7; drill, 7 to 9; general orders; mess call, 12; water and stable calls, 3:25 p. m.; guard mount, 4:30; retreat, 6; mess call; tatoo, 9:45; taps, 10.

The rank and file were all comfortable in their camps, which were pitched on rolling prairie or in shaded groves. Tents taut, with military precision; the absolute cleanliness of company streets and accoutrements, was a delight to the eye. Every comfort and convenience for campaigning had been thought out and applied. Plenty of pure water and a plain but wholesome diet were supplied, and even bathing places were constructed which were duly appreciated after the long "hikes" over roads six inches deep with dust. Not a little rivalry existed between the different organizations, and by way of recreation, some hours were spent in arranging elaborate rustic dining shelters, the company's name and designation being worked into

the side frames in white letters, which stood out in bold relief among the fir boughs.

While rank and file hiked over dusty roads, operating against a harmless enemy, the different regimental bands were not idle, and from distant lonely spots in the woods floated the strains of an occasional bandsman, practicing away on some difficult theme. After the battles much difficulty was experienced in making the "other fellow" understand that he was "whipped," and battles were fought over again with words instead of blank cartridges; stories and reminiscences exchanged around brightly burning camp fires until "taps" called "good-night," "lights out."

Quartermaster and Commissary Departments.

The Quartermaster Department at Camp Tacoma was under the able direction of Colonel John L. Clem. Upon him fell the important duty of making ample provision for the necessities and comforts of this large body of troops. All the supplies of horses, accoutrements, clothing, wagon trains; arranging for the forage for the animals, and providing means of transportation and hiring the additional wagon trains needed in the field work for the moving of the baggage and troops, came under this department. To accomplish this stupendous task, this department was the first in the field and the last to go. Officers and men of the Quartermasters' Department reached American Lake far in advance of any of the other organizations, pitched the tents to be used as storehouses for these supplies and attended to the unloading of the freight. The nine large tents at Murray used as storage tents were full of all kinds of supplies, from nails, shovels and lamps, to tents and clothing. Additional tents held the kerosene and gasoline tanks—for now-a-days the automobile is an important factor of field transportation and needs its supply, as well as the horse his forage. The sprinkling of the dusty roads came under their supervision, and from 5 o'clock in the morning until "recall" sounded at 4:30 p. m., this department was busy; 50 men, 96 clerks and 20 wagons subject to call, to fill requisitions during these long hours. One contract of $11,000 for forage alone was "let," and this but one-fourth of the amount used.

The Commissary Department, under the supervision of Col. Geo. B. Davis, was invested with the responsibility of furnishing the troops with all of their rations (beans, meat, coffee, canned goods, flour, etc., etc.), even handling ice, candles, stationery and ink; these items play a large part in the health and contentment of the troops.

While Uncle Sam may leave the fighting and protection of the glory of our nation to other branches of the service, great credit is due and reflects upon these two departments, through whose zeal and energy our troops are sent forward to the mimic or real battlefield, well fed and



Second Section of the 17th Mountain Battery, Field Artillery. —Photo by Givens.



Twenty-second Infantry Hurrying to the Front. Photo by Givens.

clothed, and in excellent physical condition.

Engineer Corps.

While the American Lake site is much to be desired, as a permanent camp of instruction, for some arms of the service, there is absolutely no question that it is an unsuitable field for the engineers, by themselves or in co-operative work with other troops of the line. The bridge-building talent of the engineer troops can have no practical tests, owing to the facts the few shallow streams are everywhere fordable, and there are no ravines or gulches which need preparatory work, before they can be crossed. The wooded tracts are so well traversed by a sufficient number of roads and trails and besides are often so open as not to necessitate the clearing of a passageway by advance, or pioneer troops. The digging of entrenchments is of more than doubtful value and at times might be even dangerous, owing to the gravelly soil.

"Demolitions" are impracticable at maneuvers, generally, are expensive, and only made in time of war—besides the total absence of anything subject to demolition within this maneuver area, destroyed the possibility even of the use of "simulated demolitions."

Although the two engineer companies received no special benefit from the maneuver work while at American Lake, their tour of duty there was not without its instruction and value. They constructed a complete water system, dug the wells, erected tanks, installed steam pumps and laid miles of pipes, to supply 60,000 gallons of water daily, and could have furnished much more had circumstances required it. Owing to the abandonment of the lower camp, a large part of this work was done twice, and careless handling of hydrants and taps developed numerous leaks, which necessitated repairs. Even bath tubs were installed by them, putting into effect every device for field comfort, as well as necessary technical work. The engineers layed out the camps and drew the official and authentic maps, used in the maneuvers. About 150 miles were covered during the mapping operations, which were effected with a high degree of exactness and completeness.

Not a word of complaint was heard, although the hard work involved long hours; and more enthusiasm was displayed during its completion than over all of the purely theoretical drills and problems. The soldier, not unlike most people, prefers doing any amount of hard work, no matter how disagreeable, from which he can see direct results, to merely drilling in anticipation of a future contingency.

Captain M. L. Walker was the chief engineer officer.

Signal Corps.

The work of the Signal Corps at Camp Tacoma proved more than satisfactory, under the able direction of Captain Leonard D. Wildman and Captain Walter L. Clarke. The detachment on duty comprised: Co. H (50 men), from Benecia Barracks, Cal., and Co. A, Washington National Guard, from Seattle, Wash., commanded by Captain A. G. Simmer.

The work mainly consisted of field telegraph work, using the buzzer system, and the installation of permanent telegraph and telephone lines. It had originally been the intention to experiment with wireless telegraph for field service, and captive balloons for signaling and photographic work, but unfortunately about all of the plans and specifications on these lines, prepared by Captain Wildman, and a large part of the signal corps apparatus of this division were entirely destroyed or badly damaged in the recent catastrophe at San Francisco; so it was folly to attempt any experimental work during these maneuvers; the work necessarily was confined to the usual methods of field signaling, the main object in view being to improve, if possible, on the present system and apparatus.

The buzzer system used is a very simple device by which either telegraph and telephone signals can be used, and is mainly intended for use in rapid field work. Lines are kept up with rapidly moving columns and offices established immediately upon the arrival of organizations at their stations in the field. One great advantage which it possesses is, that it can be worked successfully over poorly insulated wires, and in emergency, even wire fences and railroad tracks can be used, instead of stringing wire. This system is practically an ordinary buzzer which sends a highly induced current on the line and is received on an ordinary telephone receiver—the short buz denoting the "dot" and the long buz the "dash" of the Morse Telegraph Code. There were very few places on the American Lake site where visual signaling could be used to any great advantage.

The preliminary work of the corps consisted of the construction of a permanent camp telegraph and telephone system. Approximately 55 miles of aerial lines were laid, with a total number of 30 telephones installed. The system operated through a central switchboard and perfect telephonic communication kept with the



Twentieth Infantry Skirmishers; 4th Battery parked in distance. —Photo by Givens.



Troops Making Ready for Bivouac, Aug. 17. —Photo by Romans.

headquarters of all the organizations in Camps 1 and 2. Besides this, independent lines were constructed to facilitate the transaction of official business between the several offices of one department, and ten and a half miles of long distance telephone lines were built for the use of the camp.

During the maneuver of August 16th and 17th, the problem given to the Signal Corps constituted two entirely different situations. As stated (later on) in the description of the battle, the Browns were supposed to have a fixed base and the Blues were supposed to be a moving column. Captain Clarke was on the fixed base side and Captain Wildman, with the "moving column." The problems were independently worked. Through the exceptionally fine work of Captain Clarke, the Brown brigade was kept in instant and constant touch with its base and front. The front of the Blue brigade was covered behind the cavalry screen, and gave information to the brigade commander long in advance, before the troops reached the point of contact, and allowed direct action to both flanks and the center of the moving column during the time of action.

Both Signal Corps detachments worked out their respective problem well, and much credit reflects upon their individual commanders.

While these problems were being solved, approximately 15 miles of buzzer wire was strung to connect 13 stations, as well as two heliograph and two flag stations were established. On August 24th a Signal Corps detachment of 20 men, commanded by Lieutenant Beacham, kept continuous communication between division headquarters and the second brigade, from the time of its deployment, connecting the artillery position with the office of the 1st brigade within six minutes. In fact, the artillery wire was strung from the rear of the wire wagon at a gallop, reaching their position before the artillery had completed unlimbering. An exchange of more than 20 telegrams was made between the division commander and his commanding officers during this maneuver. Constant instruction in all duties of the Signal Corps, especially in the branches of visual signaling was given the company, during the time not devoted to field work.

It is of more than ordinary interest to

note that both officers and men of Co. H speak in the highest terms of the excellent work done by Co. A, Washington National Guard, during the maneuvers.

Infantry and Cavalry.

The nature of the terrain at American Lake is well adapted to the needs of infantry field work, by virtue of the succession of small open prairies, and the repetition of timbered areas; the scarcity of cultivated fields and restricting fences facilitating the movements of the cavalry.

The infantry regiments encamped were the 20th infantry, commanded by Colonel M. P. Maus; the 22d, commanded by Col. Alfred Reynolds; the 14th, commanded by Colonel John C. Dent; the 3d, commanded by Colonel Thomas L. Woodbury; the 7th, commanded by Colonel Daniel Cornman; the 3d regiment, Oregon N. G., commanded by Colonel C. U. Gantenbein; separate battalion (4 companies), O. N. G., commanded by Major Geo. O. Yoran; 2d Washington N. G., commanded by Colonel Lamping; 2d Montana N. G., commanded by Colonel A. B. Bray and later by Colonel Geo. W. Reif; 1st Idaho N. G., commanded by Colonel McBirney. The 14th infantry was the largest organization in camp.

The infantry made their long, hot, dusty marches of 200 miles to American Lake without especial incident. The 1st battalion of the 7th infantry made the longest march, 240 miles from Assiniboine to Helena, Montana, where they entrained for Murray; 33 miles were covered in one day over desert land with no water and over bad roads.

The usual amount of brigade and regimental drills, skirmishing, scouting, practice marches, and preliminary work was done in addition to the field work involved in the solving of the ten problems.

One of the most important points insisted upon by General Funston, in all operations, was that the movements of troops should be "covered" as well as the type of country operated over would permit. The troops were marched on roads through the woods, and when it was found necessary to cross any open country, careful scouting was done and all unnecessary exposure of the men to attack was



First Aid to the Wounded. —Photo by Romans.



Travois Being Used to Transport the Injured from the Battlefield.—Photo by Givens.

avoided. One lesson taught to the infantry from one problem, was to the effect that the infantry should be more cautious in their scouting, obviating the possibility of two infantry forces coming as close as they did without seeing each other.

Cavalry.

The contingent of cavalry encamped consisted of six troops of the 14th cavalry, commanded by Colonel Edward A. Godwin, and four troops of the 2d cavalry, commanded by Colonel Frederick K. Ward; one troop of cavalry belonging to the Washington National Guard, commanded by Captain Everett G. Griggs.

The cavalry (like the infantry) made their long marches of 250 miles without incident, troopers and horses reaching camp in splendid condition. The cavalry had much profitable experience in scouting and preliminary work almost exclusively, generally being withdrawn to the rear when contact with the enemy was reached. The uses of cavalry troops in modern warfare are to screen movements, gather information, charge through a line, and where quickness of movement is required, and to complete the route of a defeated army.

Artillery Corps.

The 1st battalion, comprised of the 1st, 9th and 24th batteries of field artillery, commanded by Major Edward T. Brown, and the 11th battalion, field artillery, of the 17th and 18th batteries, commanded by Major Charles A. Bennett, comprised the artillery troops.

As a rule the duties of field artillery can be as fully exemplified at maneuvers as when in actual service, but while the foregoing commendation of this maneuver site, for the purpose of infantry and cavalry field work, is true, the terrain is not sufficiently diversified for much profitable artillery instruction. Generally speaking, the batteries need high places to mount their guns and this advantage was not offered at American Lake. In a depression the artillery is somewhat handicapped, as it cannot use its maximum range, and the batteries have sometimes been forced to take positions not practicable in real warfare. On comparatively level ground, it is difficult to see any great distance, where trees obstruct the view.

The new guns are more effective when

graduated at a range of 6,500 yards, and there were but few places where the range could be made more than 2,000 yards.

Major Brown says that maneuvers benefit the artillery in various ways:

1st. Its working methods are made known to officers of infantry and cavalry, enabling them to better obtain satisfactory results when in command of troops of the three arms.

2d. Harness, guns, carriages and horses are all tested by work in the field, and resulting reports serve to correct faults.

3d. The opportunities to study new ground with reference to its use for artillery position, is of great benefit to the officers.

Six months ago the artillery was supplied with the new 3-inch rapid-fire gun. The principal points of difference between the old and the new guns, are the speed of loading and sighting them, and in the control of the recoil. The recoil in the old guns is not controlled, which compelled the relaying of the gun after each shot was fired. Loading was delayed because in the ammunition of the old gun the powder was separated from the projectile. The new gun is built of native steel. In the new piece, the recoil is controlled by means of a tube which contains oil and a piston; this tube is attached to the gun, giving it the appearance of a double barrelled piece. On the pistonhead are 3 notches corresponding with 3 ridges, a little less wide than the notches, in the cylinder. The principal of it is that the oil takes up the recoil together with the 3 spiral springs in the cylinder, which also assist in checking it. The gun can be moved 4 degrees each way without moving the trail, again making it a rapid-fire piece. Another feature of this gun is the "protecting shield" for the cannonier, affording perfect protection against the bullets of the small arms.

For the first time in this part of the country mountain batteries took part in the field operations.

There are 4 guns and 120 men to each battery, and 235 mules and horses in the two batteries. The guns and carriages are divided into 4 parts, packed on 4 mules; 4 more mules carry the ammunition for each gun and 5 besides, loaded with similar burdens, are with the ammunition train. These batteries can be transported through country inaccessible to other artillery, and the guns brought into action in high altitudes.

There are but 4 of these mountain batteries in the U. S. Army, two of which are now in the Philippines, where the practical value of mule batteries was first exemplified. Duing the engagements against the Moros, the 18th battery successfully routed them from their mountain strongholds, climbed difficult mountain trails and fired down into their hitherto inaccessible forts. It did not take long to "convince" the surprised Moros,



Field Battery Taking a New Position. Photo by Oregonian.



Field Hospital from the Presidio, San Francisco. —Photo by Romans.

after a few shells descended upon them, with disturbing results. While the gun, when assembled, is a small piece, it fires a large shell, which is most effective at a range of 4,000 feet. It takes less than one moment to unload the mules, assemble the parts, load and sight the gun, ready for firing, and it is one of Uncle Sam's most dangerous "talking pieces."

The traditional stubbornness of the army mule is apparently lacking in this "bunch," for not only do they possess good dispositions but display a good deal of intelligence, knowing the words of command as well as the men do and equally well their respective places and duties, and will jump when the loads are lifted from their backs, enabling the piece to be placed instantly on the ground. The mules are kept in fine condition, and it is not unusual for them to travel four miles an hour with 236 pounds on their backs for even a 14-mile march, without apparent fatigue, which proves their endurance over the horse in campaign work. Each mule is led by the head when marching. About the only time the mules' voices are raised in emphatic command, is when food and drink are not forthcoming on schedule time.

The 17th battery holds the international drill record of the world. In 1903 at Zamboanga, in the Philippines, this battery packed the guns on mules, ran fifty yards, unpacked and assembled the guns and fired a shot in forty-eight seconds.

These two batteries (17th and 18th) have very recently left Vancouver Barracks, Wash., for Cuba.

The Medical Department.

No branch of the service shows efficiency and minute attention to detail so plainly as the Medical Department. That at Camp Tacoma was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Corbusier, and a large staff of assistant surgeons, with Co. B hospital corps from the Presidio of San Francisco. Major Wm. Stephenson acted as chief sanitary inspector. Co. B and field hospital have since gone to Cuba.

The field hospital was pitched in an enclosed area of about 200 by 300 yards. Captain R. U. Patterson and Captain A. E. Truby commanded it. Within twenty-four hours after the arrival of the field hospital at Camp Tacoma it was ready to receive patients. Its 108 beds covered with mosquito bars, each bed furnished with mattress, pillows, bed linen, blankets, and a pair of pajamas and slippers for any prospective occupant, made a most inviting spectacle. There was an operating tent, with its operating table and full complement of instruments and dressings; additional tents for stores, dispensary and office, kitchen and dining-room—all of them lighted by acetylene gas and constructed with a view to ventilation and every detail and convenience for properly caring for the comfort and necessities of the sick. The kitchen tent had an excellent field oven and every facility by which

any diet could be cooked, prescribed by a surgeon.

Instead of the hospital drawing the usual "ration," 30 cents per day, in money is allowed each patient, with which any needed substantial, or necessary delicacy could be bought. While small, this amount was a sufficient sum to furnish the patients with milk, eggs, squab, chicken, ice and jellies and fruits. The refrigerator and sanitary sink for dishwater were represented by excavated pits. The bedding and furniture of each tent are packed in canvas cases, called "tent units"—each "unit" holding everything necessary to completely furnish one ward. Water for the patients was sterilized in an improved Forbes-Sterlizer, the water passing through at boiling point and coming out nearly cold. The dispensary tent was filled with drugs likely to be needed in the field, and the store tents were piled with all sorts of supplies. To the dusty, tired "hiker," a mild attack of illness did not appear a hardship or inconvenience—for a visit to the field hospital had its compensation.

An ambulance company in charge of a medical officer, was maintained to transport the sick and wounded, and a sanitary squad for each regiment, trained under a sanitary inspector.

The hospital-corps men received instruction in pitching and striking tents; loading them in wagons; all the workings of field and regimental hospitals in camp and on the march; were taught to ride and drive; care of ambulances, animals and harness; instruction in first aid to the wounded; litter drill and other field duties.

During the march from Vancouver Barracks, Wash., to American Lake, the men not only received the above regular instruction but developed a system of sanitary scouting. Men were detailed as sanitary scouts and sent ahead to secure information regarding the condition of the water and milk supply, and data about flies and mosquitoes, in the neighborhood of prospective camps.

These reports were handed in a half hour after the arrival of the troops in camp; the data being later verified by the surgeon on duty. Since then, it has been suggested that the work of sanitary scouts could be greatly facilitated if the men were mounted. These sanitary squads were expected to see that all kitchen waste and garbage were disposed of in pits. The principles of camp sanitation have not changed, but in recent years newer methods of applying these principles have been adopted.

The field work of the hospital men was very successful, the men going through all the exercises required in times of actual warfare. They were well drilled in rendering first aid to the wounded on the firing line, "victims" for this purpose were chosen from members of the corps or from patients in the field hospital suf-



A Glimpse of the Fine Camp of the Oregon National Guard. —Photo by Oregonian.



Issuing Rations at Commissary Headquarters. —Photo by Romans.

fering from slight ailments or injuries. To the victims, chosen for these drills, it is no laughing matter; "to make believe" wounded or dead on a mimic battlefield, consequent upon a maneuver, requires patience. He is expected to "look and act the part, indicated on the tag placed on him by the surgeon in command."

During one maneuver, these victims were taken a mile and a half from the field hospital and scattered about the bloodless battlefield, as though they had fallen in battle. When the order "search for the wounded" was given the litter squads, two men to each stretcher started forward to the firing line to hunt for the fallen, carrying the bandages and medical and surgical appliances necessary for temporary relief to the injured. He was bandaged according to directions; if the tag indicated he was unable to walk, he was placed on a stretcher or travois and carried to the first-aid station, which is always established as near the firing line as allowed by army regulations; later on to the field hospital, where the bandages were removed and the make-believe victim was ordered to report to his proper station. In times of actual warfare after a patient reaches the first aid station, his dressings are examined by a surgeon and he is later sent to the ambulance station, supposed to be beyond the range of bullets, where his wounds receive further attention; and finally the injured man is taken to the field hospital.

It is interesting to know that the idea of the travois is taken from the old Indian models of primitive times.

The health of the entire camp was excellent; the sick list showed but 1.84 per cent of the men in camp. This is "due to the absence of extremes in temperature and absence of pace in the work given the troops," so says Major Stephenson. The National Guardsmen left without a single case of illness, and both the signal corps and hospital corps escaped with no one on a sick report. It was not found necessary to sterilize the water before use, as it was found to be reasonably pure.

The National Guards.

The value of annual maneuver work to our National Guard cannot be overestimated, giving to them the opportunity so much desired and so long waited for—practical tests in the field of well learned drills, the correction of mistakes due to inexperience, instruction in entraining, camp sanitation and care of their health and comfort in campaigning—the entire elimination of everything not purely regulation and the later satisfying knowledge that they can and will hold their own with regulars, should ever a future contingency arise to make it necessary.

The militia showed self-possession and

steady nerves and were not in the least disconcerted by the "joshing" showered upon them, as they marched from train to camps, knowing they would later prove their mettle and earn the respect of the regulars. The guardsmen did their work well and few cases (if any) were relieved from duty because of breakdown. Even after the long hikes, they could be seen chatting and skylarking around their camp fires, in the evenings.

The militia pitched and struck their own tents, showing energy and dispatch, and accepted any slight criticism or censure in the spirit in which it was given; the utmost good feeling prevailed between regulars and guardsmen. Courtesy and consideration were shown the state troops by both officers and men of the regulars and the guardsmen enjoyed the privilege of working with professional soldiers.

In all respects, the militia were treated as regulars, uniformed as they were, marching side by side and solving with them the problems of war and progressive schemes of field training. Much commendation and tribute was paid the militia by the regulars, which was of great gratification to them.

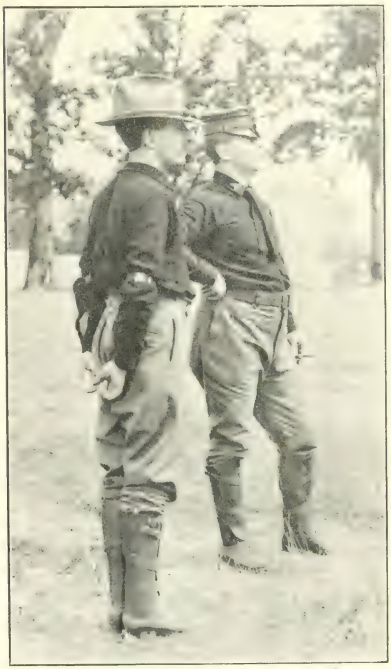


Photo by Romans.

Col. C. U. Gantenbein, O. N. G., (on the right) and a Company Captain Watching a Maneuver.

The National Guard was paid by the government, each private receiving the regulation forty-three cents a day, in addition to the $1.00 or $1.50 per day from their states. During the process of "paying off" the troops, some little amusement ensued over the different attitudes of regulars and militiamen. To the regular it was a serious event—in most cases his "all"—while to the guardsman, a mere joke—"cigarette money," "car fare," etc., met their ears from onlookers—for in the rank and file of the National Guard are many prominent and wealthy citizens.

Some disappointment was evinced, possibly, that a battle was not forthcoming every day, as was the order of things two years ago at American Lake, and some further disappointment over the misfortune that all of the National Guard did not "get into" the fight of August 17th, some of them being "held in reserve." The militia showed their adaptability to campaigning and fortitude in bearing the hardships of camp-life.

The Oregonians had the most soldiers, Washington state came next and then the Montana guard. Idaho had the smallest number of troops, owing to the fact that four of Idaho militia companies were unable to attend.

The Oregonians' camp was pitched one mile north of Murray on a splendid site adjoining the Montana guard. An exceptionally fine "esprit de corps" exists among the Oregonians and proud should the State of Oregon, Governor Chamberlain and Colonel Gantenbein be. Their personnel is exceptional, their uniforms and equipment regulation and their camps clean and orderly. Some of the excellence of their fine discipline is due to the fact that many of their number served in the Spanish-American War.

Colonel Gantenbein was the only militia commander assigned to the command of a brigade.

It was in a rear-guard action in which the Brown army was supposed to have received a serious reverse and had to escape across the railroad near Sequallitchew crossing. The rear guard of the retreat-



A Field Telegraph Station: Captain Waldman Receiving a Message. —Photo by Romans.

ing army had to prevent an onslaught from the enemy's cavalry and artillery upon the retreating column, with as few lost as possible. Colonel Gantenbein succeeded in covering the retreat of the main body and in effecting his own escape with his command into safe territory.

The generous state appropriation of $45,000 yearly has been wisely spent and the fruits thereof are visible.

The ten days of encampment of the National Guard were full ones, including the bivouac and engagement of August 16th and 17th.

This exercise was umpired by General Funston himself, while Colonel F. K. Ward, 2d cavalry, was chief umpire of the other problems.

Exercise
August 16th and 17th.

For this exercise two provisional brigades were designated.

Col. Marion P. Maus (20th Inf.), commanded the Blue brigade, while Col. Edward A. Goodwin (14th Cav.), commanded the Browns.

Each of the brigade commanders was given the following "general situation" besides the "special situation" for his brigade:

"A large brown force is defending Tacoma as a base, and has constructed more or less elaborate entrenchments south of that city with outposts near American Lake.

"A large blue force has been occupying Olympia, making preparations for an offensive movement on the brown base at Tacoma."

It was an impressive experience to watch the troops of regulars and militia take their long marches to the points of bivouac. Before many miles were passed the infantry and cavalry were so covered with dirt that it was hard to distinguish horses and men from the color of the dusty roads over which they traveled. Behind them rumbled the artillery and the heavily loaded supply wagons, filled with the blankets, ammunition, rations, hospital supplies and necessary cooking utensils. When the troops reached the points, fifteen miles apart, designated for the camps of the two brigades, preparations at once commenced; troops were detailed for outpost duty to guard the safety of the camp during the night, arms were stacked and preparations made for the evening meal. After a fairly good meal of field rations,

"taps" sounded; and in the darkness and cold, wrapped only in blankets and sheltered by the forests, officers and troops alike, to the number of 6,000, slept on the bare ground, under arms—the Blues ready to advance at daylight to attack the city of Tacoma, the Browns waiting to defend it.

As the sun moved upward, and it was daylight, through the grey stillness of the forests the thin emphatic notes of the bugle sounded "Reveille"—and two armies had come awake in an instant. Impatient sentries waited eagerly to be relieved from the night watch, the camps were bustle and activity, and all was eager expectancy. The very air teemed with impatience for battle. Mounted orderlies scurried hither and thither, a hurried conference among groups of officers, a breakfast bolted and then the "Assembly"—"Forward, march!"—and the cavalry scouts trotted ahead to develop the situation of the enemy; next the infantry columns swung forward with marvelous rapidity, but with great precaution, under cover of the woods. Time passed—a few desultory shots were heard away off in the distance; shots increased in frequency as the scouts developed the enemy's position, the rattle of musketry was heard and suddenly, at 9:30, after considerable skirmishing the enemy was sighted.

It would take but little imagination to deem it real war, and not a "vision of illusion" only. There was the picture of it all—the compact bodies of men "in reserve," ready for duty and heroic action, the long, thin lines of infantry, rifle in hand waiting but for the command, and the guns, silent and grim, waiting.

Double time was made by the infantry, the artillery was rushed forward and then load! aim! fire! and the deadly guns opened up, under cover of which the lines of dusty infantrymen and cavalry with foaming horses advanced farther and farther—the artillery was pushed forward from position to position. Officers rode from point to point; orders were shouted; troops changed from one station to a more advantageous one; hurried consultations were held to guard against any feint of the enemy, the firing became more general and the dogs of war were loose—the battle was on!

"Recall," was sounded at 12 o'clock. The umpires took notes of the final dispositions of the troops, and the exercise of August 17th terminated. Colonel Maus' Blues had come in contact with Colonel Godwin's Browns. The Battle of Murray Creek was an incident of maneuver history, but the battle of controversy had but just begun.

In the official report, reference is made to the defeat of the left wing of the Blues close to the railroad; especially the success of the Blues in making the strong attack on the center of the Brown line of defense on Spring Creek; and the firing upon the Brown cavalry while they retreated in skirmish-line formation from Murray Creek. Other interesting situations of the exercise and general dispositions of troops made, are also set forth.

When recall was sounded the Blue army was well concentrated in a force stronger than the opposing side, and should have broken through its center. The march of the different columns was made in good order, communication having been maintained by each column with the other, and the concentration made in good order and time as planned. The cavalry screen was effective and the work of the Signal Corps excellent, reports having been received by the brigade commander, which gave reliable information of the enemy's position, enabling a proper disposition to be made. This was done by telephone, telegraph and flag combined as circumstances required. All of the troops, regular and National Guard, were engaged in this action and it was a good exemplification of a modern attack by the three arms of the service.

After the maneuver was over and the invasion of the safety of Tacoma established, a great deal of discussion as to the plans and excellence, respectively of the Blues and Browns ensued—necessarily competitive opposition in opinion. The problem of the Browns, in command of Colonel E. A. Godwin, 14th cavalry, was naturally more simple than that of the Blues, in command of Colonel M. P. Maus, 20th infantry, as the line of defense became so narrow, near the upper end of American Lake, and the short march that the Brown force took to occupy this line of defense necessitated the opposite army (the Blues) to make a march of nearly 12 miles to reach it. Some disappointment was shown that the Browns were not

more aggressive, simply awaiting the approach of the Blues instead of carrying out their orders to make a reconnoisance in force, leaving the entire struggle almost to the limit in line of the maneuver ground.

The Brown force was greatly inferior to that of the Blues, as the Idaho regiment and Montana regiment, one battalion of the 14th infantry and one-third of its cavalry force were not within reach of assistance on account of the wide dispersion of the Brown troops. Therefore it was generally conceded that on account of this a stronger attack at the critical moment was made by the Blues, as the largest part of their force were present and really in position. Considerable friendly controversy and different opinions as to results have ensued, but on account of precedent no official verdict will be issued. The behavior of the troops was excellent and much credit is due to the guardsmen of Washington and Oregon, who marched and maneuvered in good form. General Funston said: "There was no victory and none will be announced," and added that while some mistakes occurred, also some splendid movements had been executed.

It is scarcely fair to conclude without a word about the "Ladies' Camp."

Some wag, dubbed it "Refuge Camp," because so many San Franciscans were among the occupants, but General Funston laughingly and very wittily called it "Deficiency Camp," the fact becoming noticeable that after an officers' wife arrived he was tempted to be fifty per cent deficient.

Riding, driving, motoring, swimming; tea under the cool tent-flies and dancing at the Country Club occupied their time —their only "problem" to solve—a snake (Eve's ever dread enemy) easily put to rout by the officers of the "Blues" and "Browns."

The Country Club, with its broad verandas, great living-room with deep fire places, the card room, the billiard room and the dining room gave added comfort and pleasure to the fair "refugees."





A Big Game Collection

By Edwin L. Sabin

The lordly elk, the broad-browed goat,
The prong-horn with his banded throat,
The moose, with antlers flaring flat,
The prick-eared wolf and grinning cat:

Amidst these walls they helpless stare
Upon the prospect mean and bare—
Despite their protest, pained and mute—
For league on league a substitute.

In memory what varied sights
Of rover days and wild, free nights;
The vasty stretch of sagy plain;
The aspen vale; the strewn moraine;

The long, long slope of spruce and pine;
The crest whereon the snow-drifts shine;
The canyon cutting deep and sheer;
The amber current dashing clear;

The glacier and the rank morass;
Aue, desert, forest aisle and pass,
From us remote who fettered plod
Midst roof and street and close-clipped sod!

But now to each dulled, glassy eye
This low, pale ceiling is the sky,
These walls the hills, the plain this floor,
Encompassing forever more!

As if, all jealous of their rights
To those forbidden, wondrous sights,
We here have dragged, and thus have pent,
To gloat o'er their imprisonment.



The Spirit of Christmas

By Arthur A. Greene



"GET the Judge to stave off my sentence until after Christmas. I want to spend that day with the folks, if it's the last one," said a certain client of mine in what now seems the long ago when I practiced law with small profit but vast enthusiasm. He was not a very bad man. His sin was in coveting his neighbor's oxen and asses. At bottom he was good, for he loved his family and had a code of morals concerning his friends. So I, being sworn and paid somewhat to defend him, did my best. The Judge had children of his own at home who hung their stockings, even as did the cattle-thief; and as justice on the frontier is but half-blind and sometimes whole-hearted, the man who had stolen got his bond extended past Christmas day and the prison without him was just as merry. But the beneficence was greater in that a humble home was less unhappy. The father who had erred, played Kris Kringle to his children while the wife and he choked down their shame. The babes understood but little and were glad, as only children may be glad, with their painted toys and the sweets of a great Man's birthday. Thus it was that the radiant light of Jesus was made manifest in a shabby little cow-town, and for the day there was peace on earth and good will toward men. It mattered less that on the morrow the law's grim duty must be done. The sinner and his sinless ones had their Christmas.

I have seen the blessed season come and go, not so many times that I am old, but with infinite variations. I have heard the surpliced choirs chant and have seen the sacred pageantry in great cathedrals. I have seen the eve of the pure accouchment commemorated in rude country chapels; in army camps where it meant an added ration and discipline relaxed; on shipboard and in far parts where there was grog for all and the genial concession of shore-leave; in busy factories when there was rest and a stretching of tired limbs; in mining camps when this, among all the others, was a day of daylight; and in the heartless, sordid streets from whence, for the time, selfishness stole away and the primitive fellow-love found various expression.

The wonder of it has moved me and its splendor filled me with delight. Here is the common meeting-place of all the children of Christendom. Rich and poor, good, bad, indifferent and hopeless; zealot, philosopher, skeptic, fool and fanatic; careless riches, dire penury and smug, sufficient comfort; dawdler, doer and dreamer; all consciously, each in some similar fashion do honor to the gentle spirit of the Master and His ministrations.

When life's equation is solved, when human motives are reduced to the framework of elemental goodness, the fame of the Manger-born Child is high even among the infamous. There are none so far a-wandering as have not some word of praise for this Christ of ours. And so they keep the day of His nativity. The very debauch of the graceless; base, repugnant and ugly though it become; in its beginning was kindly in spirit and self-forgetting; touched by the last remaining spark of delegated Divinity.

But in the homes of the God-following, around the million circles which the impulse that passeth understanding has drawn to clasp its faithful to its bosom; there is the purpose of it all made clear; the wonder and amaze made simple! Then when the face of care is made to smile; when the unthinking are moved to think sublimely; when the fear and threat of poverty, of future distress and untoward circumstance, the lust for wealth, the crave for power are forgotten; when the death-pallor of the invalid takes on the glow of hope; when the strong forgather to pity and serve the weak; when even the doomed have respite from their judgment; when the mean put off their meanness and the wicked forget their

vice; when the happy and those of good report are exalted above their very goodness—then is this Christmas come; this festival of perfect love; this birthday season of Bethlehem's Cherub who has drawn all men unto Himself—then may we know that God's in His heaven, all's right with the world and—lo, from out the mystic East the Christ is come again.

The Voice of the Sea

By C. B. R.

I.

The voice of the Sea
It sings to me
Of life and its bitter cost,
Of years long sped,
Of hopes long dead,
Of the dreams that are shattered—lost.

II.

The moan of the Sea
It cries to me,
Of souls that are long since dead;
Of hearts once brave,
Their unmarked grave
In the path of the sounding-lead.

III.

The call of the Sea
It draweth me
And asks that I come and rest,
To sleep—to die,
And dead, to lie
In the depth of its foaming crest.





Blue Baby—A Persian Cat of Great Value.

Our Fashionable Cats

By S. S. Ashderian

THE first golden age of the feline race was many centuries ago when Egypt was in its splendor. With numerous other animals the cat was sacred, and under the Pharaohs cats were embalmed, and were buried often together with human beings. If a cat died a natural death, the inmates of the house shaved their eyebrows as a token of grief. There is a large and imposing temple at Beni-Hassan dedicated to Pasht and Budastis, the goddess of cats.

When the Greeks and the Romans invaded Egypt, the puss was thrown from her exalted position, and was driven to the ends of the world. Ever since, however, she has paid her way as a protector of granaries, as a producer of fine furs, as an article of diet for epicures in France and Japan, and everywhere as a thing of beauty and a household pet.

But not until recent years has the cat, that is the cat of finer breed, made so marked an advance in prestige and popularity, holding an exalted position as an adorned and fashionable pet.

We may easily call this period the second golden age of her feline majesty. This popularity of the cat has resulted in the systematic and scientific breeding of the animal, sometimes for the love of it,



Royal Blue Eyes, a Beautiful Angora for which $1,000 has been Refused.

often for the profit. A great many catteries have started in the United States within the last twenty-five years. To raise cats is a recognized feminine industry, as the cats require more sympathy than man can give her. The catters are very enthusiastic people, and they are striving to regain for the cat the position she held in Egypt.

Several monthly periodicals are published solely in the interest of the cat, while almost all the dog, horse, or poultry magazines have their cat departments.

At one cat and bird show held recently at the Crystal Palace, near London, some of the cats were valued at 3,500 pounds sterling ($17,500)—as much as the price of a first-class race horse. For Mrs. Herring's Champion Jimmy, an English cat, was offered 2,000 pounds ($10,000). He is a well-known celebrity as a first-class prize winner in many shows. He is a long-haired and exquisitely marked silver tabby.

Perhaps the most highly valued cat in America is Napoleon the Great, whose owner has refused $4,000 for him. He is a magnificent fellow with bushy orange fur, and lionlike head, and weighs twenty-three pounds. Of course these high prices are exceptions, yet aren't uncommon. Well bred healthy Angora and Persian cats always command high prices.

At frequent intervals we read of some man or woman, who has left his or her fortune for the care of his or her pets, or has endowed a refuge, or a house for stray and sick cats. Now, these have become necessary institutions in large communities.

As a nation, England was the first to care for the lost and deserted cats and dogs. At Battersea, there is a temporary home for these unfortunates. Here thousands of cats and dogs are sheltered and fed. The home is supported by popular subscriptions, its object being to restore pets to their owners and find suitable homes for the unclaimed ones. In America, the first movement was started towards the protection of these small animals by Captain Nathan Appleton of Boston.

He had visited Battersea and was deeply interested in the need of such places in America. Since then a large institution has been started near Boston by the $100,000 gift of Miss Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn. The place is well managed, and is self-supporting. During recent years similar institutions have started all over the United States and Europe, in large cities where the need is the greatest.

Many varieties of the cat have been raised in the United States, among the rarest being the Japanese, the Manx, the Siamese, and the Mexican hairless cat. Several catteries are conducted for the propagation and the improvement of the short-haired cats. But the cat valued and prized by the breeders and fanciers is the magnificent, the luxurious, the Oriental



Baby Blue Eyes, Looking for a Bird.



Robin Adair, Winner of Blue Ribbons.



Champion Black Thorne—Persian Cat.

Angora and the Persian cat. All these long-haired cats are said to have originated from the Indian, Bengalese, Thibetan and the other wild cats of Asia and Russia.

To the ordinary observer, there seems to be no difference between the Angora and the Persian cats, and even some prominent catters state that the same cat is called Angora in Asia Minor and Persian in Persia.

The majority of the fanciers and the catters differ on this point, and place minute distinctions between the two.

The fur of the Persian cat is much more woolly than that of the Angora and sometimes in hot weather mats badly. The difference can be told by an amateur by drawing the tail between the thumb and the first finger. The Angora's tail will come out thin, silky and narrow and will immediately fluff up; the tail of the Persian will not compress itself readily into small space. The head of the Persian cat is larger, its ears less pointed. It is usually larger in body and apparently stronger, although slender and elegant in appearance, with small bones and graceful in movement. The Persian cat of great value is all black, with a very fluffy frill and orange eyes. Blue, or light slate Persian, with yellow eyes, is also regarded as very valuable. Among the Angoras the white with blue eyes is extraordinarily beautiful and commands a very high price, if its hearing is good. Tabbies, smoke, silver, chinchilla and blue, have their admirers if the color of their eyes harmonizes with the color of their fur.

Although some exceptionally high prices are paid for cats, yet judges think that there are few cats in America worth



Adonis.—In a Reserved and Dignified Mood Befitting His High Value.

over one thousand dollars. In their native land fine cats can be bought for almost a song, yet the inconvenience and the dangers of transportation are many.

Often inferior cats bring high prices, through the eloquence of the catter; while better animals are sold for the mere cost of raising them. One often hears the terms "imported," "pedigreed," "registered," which as yet do not mean very much in this country, and is thus asked outrageous prices.

The biggest advertisements and the highest prices do not indicate the best cats. One should be able to get a good cat for $100. To buy them through the mail is not advisable, and it is always cheaper to buy from a catter than from a fancier. As in buying a valuable horse, one should enter into certain agreements as to the health of the animal, and get its pedigree, which is a very important matter. If one doesn't understand cats, it is advisable to buy from a reliable catter or buy with the assistance of one who does understand.

The first thing to be considered in judging a cat is the quality and quantity of its fur. In long-haired animals, this includes the "lord mayor's chain" or frill, the tail, and most important of all, the ear-tufts. The tufts between the toes and the flexibility of the tail are other important points. In all cats, the head should show breadth between the eyes. The eyes should be round and open and match the color of the fur. The nose should be short and tapering. The teeth should be good and claws flat; the lower leg straight and the upper hind leg lie at close angles, the foot small and round. A good cat has a light frame, but deep chest; a graceful and fine neck; medium sized ears with round tips. The croup should be square and high; the tail of short-haired cats long and tapering, in long-haired cats, broad and bent over at the end.

The first thing to be considered in taking care of cats is the selection and arrangement of their living place. If one has several cats, or a regular cattery, as large a space as possible should be at their disposal, which should be completely enclosed by one-inch mesh chicken wire. Mother and kittens should have a separate space of their own, and the males and the females should also be separated. Fresh water is one of the main things they require, and, if possible, it is better to have running water. They should be provided with enclosures from rain and dampness, and with trees, bushes, etc., as means of exercise.

To have success with cats, one should exercise great care in the feeding of them. Different catters and fanciers use different means with success. In the first place they should have plenty of milk. In the summer, cooling vegetables, fish and more fluid should be part of their allowance. In the winter, their meals should contain more of meat, beans, raw eggs, potatoes, etc. Kidney, liver, sardines and olive oil must occasionally comprise their meals. The meat should always be cooked and ground. Cat foods are often used successfully.

"There is nothing so sick as a sick cat," yet she knows what to do with herself when ailing. Drugs of all kinds should be eliminated from the cat shelf. With peace, and quiet, plenty of water and grass and a warm corner to lie on, the sick one will get well nine times out of ten, while the tenth cat is the victim of harmfull remedies and mistaken diagnosis.

Confinement in the house, careless handling and overfeeding are the chief foes to success with long-haired cats. Although nature has provided them with long hair for cold weather, still they love the fire and cushions. A box or a basket filled with clean shavings or straw, or clean rags, make a fine bed. In cold weather, and at night, they should be provided with clean and airy quarters. Cats are fond of play and they should be provided with ample facilities for climbing, jumping and hunting.

To study a cat is a hard matter. Under favorable circumstances he is a constant surprise to a person who would study his characteristics. For an unsympathetic person such study is impossible. They have moods and their nature is complex. Every cat has a character peculiar to itself. There is as much individuality in them as in human beings. He is less demonstrative of his affection than the dog, yet people who have studied cats will admit that he loves people in his dignified and reserved way, and only then when he thinks his love is not

wasted. Cats do not take punishment as dogs do and are less forgiving if stepped on or hurt and will often bear a grudge against the person guilty of the offence.

They are exceedingly sensitive to changes of weather and irritable by temperament. They are very excitable, and when at play will often bite and scratch. When irritated and depressed, they wish to be let alone; and when ill or injured they ask for relief with unmistakable suggestions and present themselves for treatment. A full-grown mother cat will never scratch her kittens, no matter how much annoyed by them.

The intelligence of cats is proven by the ease with which they learn to do tricks. A cat can be taught nothing by harsh words, or blows, he must be persuaded gently and with infinite patience, and the result will be startling. Many have been known to lift knockers, and ring door bells when they wanted to be let in.

The old Chinese theory that cats are living clocks has been demonstrated many times. If any regularity is kept at all about feeding them, they know their meal times and wait impatiently in their respective places. The writer has known of an Angora cat who would go out hunting with his master and take great delight in bringing the prey just like a dog.



A Perfectly Tame Wild Cat, Owned by Mrs. H. A. Stearns, Pasadena, California.



Minnie Maddern Fiske.

DRAMA



The New York Stage

Prominent Features of the Dramatic Season

By William Winter

THE stage in New York has seldom, if ever, presented such a scene of vigorous and diversified activity as it presents now. All the theatres in the city are open, and several new ones are in course of construction. The "business" of providing entertainment for the public is largely profitable, and many adventurous speculators have been allured to embark in it. The upper part of Broadway, at night, fairly blazes with illumination from the numerous many-colored electrical lights that are used to designate the play-houses and the players, while the great thoroughfare and its tributaries are turbulent with cars and carriages, and crowded with moving throngs of people intent on being amused. All kinds of performances are offered and everything seems to find an audience. The population of New York is enormous and theatre-going, by day as well as by night, appears to have become the chronic habit of well-nigh the whole community. The continual demand is for sensational novelty, and, in response to that demand, the changes are made with a rapidity that dazes observation and almost disables thought. This does not, however, much signify, for not many observers are in the habit of thinking. The desire of the multitude is for the pleasure of the moment, and each new moment is expected to bring its new joy. Our populace has not yet descended to the level of the Roman mob of the fifth century; we have no amphitheatre large enough to contain an audience of four hundred thousand persons, clamorous over a horse-race; nor is our theatre wholly given over to "licentious farce, effeminate music and splendid pageantry"; but the drift is in that direction. This capital is the abode of luxury, and the general life of it is a life of seething turmoil—of which the theatre is a vital and rather an ominous exponent.

Various theatrical failures have occurred since the middle of August, while, at a few of the more prominent theatres, certain plays have become successful and established attractions, apparently destined to endure, here and elsewhere, throughout the current season. On September 21st the Astor Theatre was opened with an ambitious production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which an elderly and esteemed actress, Miss Annie Russell, assumed the part of Puck. The Astor Theatre is a new one, and by reason of its solidity and simplicity of architectural style and ornament, uncommonly attractive. The revival of Shakespeare's "Dream," while once more proving that the stage cannot do full justice to that rare and exquisite fabric of fancy, has, nevertheless, charmed the community with woodland pictures of extraordinary beauty. Miss Russell, as Puck, presenting herself in the likeness of an expeditious little imp, having the aspect of a bat and the agility of a squirrel, has emulated Miss Maude Adams as Peter Pan; making aeriel flights above the stage

by means of invisible wires; landing in trees, and capering among shrubs and flowers, in a reckless spirit of frolic, cheerful to behold and pleasant to remember. The acting, in general, revealed no feature of conspicuous merit. Mr. John Bunny misrepresented Bottom, making him a sort of rural bumpkin. The presentment will, however, as a spectacle, hold the stage, in various cities, throughout the season; and that it deserves to do, because of its fine stage-pictures, aside from the charm of story, the loveliness of poetic diction, and the ever enjoyable humor of burlesque interlude in the comedy.

Another opulent spectacle, "The Prince of India," has been established at a popular theatre, the Broadway, where, probably, it will prevail for many weeks. It is essentially a pageant. Its story has been derived from a novel by the late General Lew Wallace. The theme is the investiture of Byzantium (Constantinople) by the Turkish despot, Mahomet II,—that momentous scene of carnage and horror so magnificently described by the historian Gibbon, in the sixty-eighth chapter of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Fact and probability are, of course, thrown to the winds, in this production. Mahomet, who was a sanguinary and licentious ruffian, incapable of love or pity, is exalted into the noble, amiable, sympathetic ideal condition of a virtuous, magnanimous, devoted lover. A Christian princess, Irene by name, is invented, who, declining wedlock with the exemplary Greek Emperor, Constantine, loves the all-fascinating Turkish monarch, and is by him adored. The Wandering Jew is introduced, in the character of the Prince of India,—a personage who has survived since the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, and whose self-appointed mission it is to unite all the peoples of the world in a fraternity of one religion. Mahomet sends his trusted friend, the Emir Mirza, as a spy, into the beleaguered city, where the Emir speedily becomes infatuated with the Princess Irene. Mahomet himself, disguised after the manner of Saladin, in Scott's novel of *The Talisman,* then ventures within his enemy's lines, and is only saved from capture and death through the intervention of that royal lady—who loves him so much that she cannot denounce him, even to avert the ruin of Byzantium. Assault upon the fortified city ultimately ensues, accompanied with voluminous smoke and tremendous tumult, and the climax is a gorgeous scenic picture of the Turkish conqueror's triumphal ovation, in the Church of Saint Sophia,—a sacred Christian edifice, which, in fact, that insensate, ruthless, lascivious, yet pious monster converted into a mosque. Two impersonations, of more than common ability, asserted themselves amid the pictorial blazonry, the confusion, and the din of that production —the Wandering Jew, by Mr. Emmett Corrigan, and the Prince Mahomet, by Mr. William Farnum. Mr. Corrigan presented an image, at once venerable and potential, of austere dignity, pathetic isolation, grim fortitude, and mysterious preordination,—the more remarkable that he is obliged to deliver more than one tirade of booming fustian. Mr. Farnum invested a ranting, ferocious braggart with the semblance of a mystical dreamer and a martial enthusiast; and, in one episodical scene, requiring two recitations of widely diversified character, he displayed unusual and auspicious resources of personal authority and dramatic power. This spectacle, first produced in Chicago, may be expected, by and by, to pervade the West. It belongs to the theatrical family of "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis." As a play, it is not comparable with either Miss Medina's adaptation of "The Last Days of Pompeii," made more than seventy years ago, or Mr. Wills' more recent play of "Claudian"; both of which, in some respects, it resembles; but, as a spectacle, it is uncommonly rich, various, and brilliant. The scenery was painted by T. E. Ryan, Richard Marston, and O. T. Bernard. One set, representative of a moving storm on the Bosphorus, is a marvel of both mechanism and color.

That great actor, Sir Henry Irving, took leave of the American stage on the night of March 25, 1904, at the Harlem Opera House. "In bidding farewell," he said, "I can only tell you that our hearts are full of gratitude and affection. The wish is in my heart and on my lips—God bless America!" The next day he sailed for London. It was hoped that he would

come once more, but Fate had otherwise ordained. At Bradford, England, on October 13, 1905, he gave his last performance, that of Becket, and when it was over he died. His ashes rest beside those of Garrick, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. At the distance of one year another Irving, his eldest son, is acting in America, and attempting some of the parts that are inseparably associated with his illustrious name. It is a striking illustration of the mutability of human affairs. Mr. H. B. Irving appeared at the New Amsterdam Theatre on October 1, impersonating Malatesta, in a tragedy, by Mr. Stephen Phillips, called "Paola and Francesca," a variant of the old story of Francesca da Rimini, and he is to perform Lesurques and Dubosc in "The Lion's Mail," and the King in "Charles I." Mr. H. B. Irving has been for fifteen years on the stage, and he has developed fine talents by close study and earnest endeavor. He is a good actor. In person and in style he closely resembles his father, and, professedly as well as involuntarily, he is an imitator of his illustrious predecessor. He has not, however, indicated the possession of his father's genius,—that puissant combination of emotional depth, imaginative tremor, unerring artistic instinct, and colossal intellectual authority which made Sir Henry Irving the monarch of the stage. He is fortunate in a fine person, a handsome face (the eyes being especially brilliant and expressive), a distinguished manner, a clear, penetrating, carrying voice, a temperament of acute sensibility, a commanding, cultivated, well-ordered mind, and that firm control of his faculties and mental resources which is the close and sure denotement of resolute character. He will not astonish anybody who knows much about acting, but he will not disappoint rational expectation. In the character of Malatesta,—the betrayed and frenzied husband of Francesca, who kills his wife and brother, upon his discovery of their illicit love,—his most conspicuous merits were his impartment of an ominous sense of mysterious, impending, dread calamity, and his melodious elocution. Mr. Phillips' play contains passages of rhetorical force and beauty, but it is flimsy, labored, and essentially artificial. A tragedy on the story of Francesca, written by George H. Boker, was produced in 1855, by the once distinguished tragedian, E. L. Davenport, and twenty-seven years later (1882) it was revived by that admirable actor the lamented Lawrence Barrett. In that play the catastrophe is precipitated by a malignant jester, who discovers the intrigue, and who apprises the husband of it, because he hates him and wishes to see him suffer. In Mr. Phillips' play the husband overhears his brother's confession of love for Francesca, and thereafter he is goaded to a sanguinary revenge by an embittered woman of his household. The tragedy is written in blank verse, and it possesses certain merits of diction that commend themselves to literary taste. Mr. Irving is a man of letters. His *Life of Lord Jeffries,* "the bloody," should be read by all persons who care for original, sensible thought and judicious treatment of subjects commonly abandoned to florid rhetoric and hysterical exaggeration. It is a remarkable book.

Mention should be made of certain important dramatic movements which soon will engage the attention of the Western audience. Mr. Richard Mansfield has selected, for a new feature in his repertory, the singular, composite, satirical drama of "Peer Gynt," by the late Henrik Ibsen. Mr. E. S. Willard has chosen the quaint, sympathetic, lovely character of Colonel Newcome, in a drama based on Thackeray's great novel of *The Newcomes.* Miss Viola Allen has revived Shakespeare's historical romance of "Cymbeline," and she is acting Imogene,—a character esteemed by many critical judges the finest and most lovable of Shakespeare's women. Mr. Jefferson Winter is acting Posthumus, and Mr. J. K. Gilmore is acting Iachimo. Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe have taken the field with "Joan of Arc," Herr Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" and Herr Suderman's "John the Baptist." Mrs. Fiske has obtained a new comedy, called "The New York Idea." Mr. David Warfield continues to act in "The Music Master," and Miss Blanche Bates is still regnant in "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Belasco announces a new play called the "Rose of the Ranch." Mme. Modjeska has begun a farewell tour, acting in Shakespeare and in modern drama. Miss

Maude Adams clings to Mr. Barrie's "phantasy" of "Peter Pan." Mr. Otis Skinner has begun his second season in M. Henri Lavedan's clever but unhealthful and unpleasant play of "The Duel." Miss Ellen Terry will traverse the principal American cities, beginning in New York, about the middle of January, 1907, with a play, by Mr. Bernard Shaw, called "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

The most unusual play of the hour, and one that inhabitants of the West will particularly observe, is "The Great Divide," written by Professor David Vaughn Moody, of the Chicago University, and produced on October 3 at the Princess Theatre by Mr. Henry Miller. The first impression imparted by it is one of originality, but that impression soon fades. The most that can be said of it is that it is unusual,—for it tells a coarse story in a somewhat chic way,—at all events in a way to arouse and sustain interest, and to stimulate thought. The author, probably, is a sympathetic reader of the novels of Thomas Hardy; his piece inevitably recalls that writer's unconventional manner of presenting primitive types of character and physical phases of elemental passion. The relevancy of the title, "The Great Divide," consists in two facts: that the heroine is an educated woman, from the East, while the hero is a heavenly ruffian, of the West; and that the detestable conduct of the man toward the woman places a vast chasm between them. That chasm is, eventually, bridged,—the process of bridgement making the play. According to contemporary fiction, supplied by the late Bret Harte and others, Arizona, California, and contiguous regions are densely populated with he-angels, not to speak of fascinating damsels who are quick on the trigger. Those he-angels are customarily drunk; but they have soda-water intervals, and in those intervals they tower to a pitch of saintly self-abnegation and ecstatic heroism, such as was never even dreamt of by John the Baptist, Arnold Winkelried, or the Virgins of Cologne. The miner, Stephen Ghent, of Arizona, is one of those gifted beings. In this drama he first figures as one of three drunken outlaws, who break into a lonely cabin on the prairie, with the purpose to assault a defenceless woman. He is the largest and strongest of the charming trio, and the terrified woman appeals to him for protection, promising, out of fear and horror, to marry him, if he will defend her from his brute companions; whereupon he buys off one of them and shoots the other, and then compels the wretched woman to go with him. Later he becomes a model of all the virtues, and, when his wife (forced against her will to connubial intimacy) has borne a child, she discovers that she loves him; she forgives his monstrous conduct; and so "the great divide" is obliterated. There are several telling situations in the piece, illustrative of the struggle, in a woman's heart, between burning resentment and growing affection, and those passages were made decisively effective by the impassioned acting of Miss Margaret Anglin.

The play, in a popular, practical sense, is an unequivocal success; but, ethically, it is both preposterous and foggy. Its purport seems to be that if the right man comes along, the powerful, masterful, predominant person who never hesitates (and in this case the heroine has been heard to express her distaste for "finished" men, and her desire for an "unfinished" one), he can insult and outrage the woman, to any extent, and she will eventually love him and forgive him,—since man is the natural master of woman, and woman is never contented, and cannot be contented, till she has found her master. It is an old doctrine: it did not originate with Mr. Moody: and it is the rankest kind of rank nonsense. That sagacious observer, Horace Greeley, on being asked whether he considered man and woman to be equal in the married state, wisely replied that it depends entirely upon who the man is and who the woman is. To the end of time, however, men who are resentfully conscious of a lack of intrinsic power will go on prating about "virility" and glorifying the qualities that they do not possess. Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller have gained much and well deserved admiration for their sincere, powerful, discreet acting, in situations of a delicate, trying character, in which the least exaggeration would be fatal. But their acting does not justify the ethics of Mr. Moody's play. There are persons who, according to their professions, have long been awaiting "The

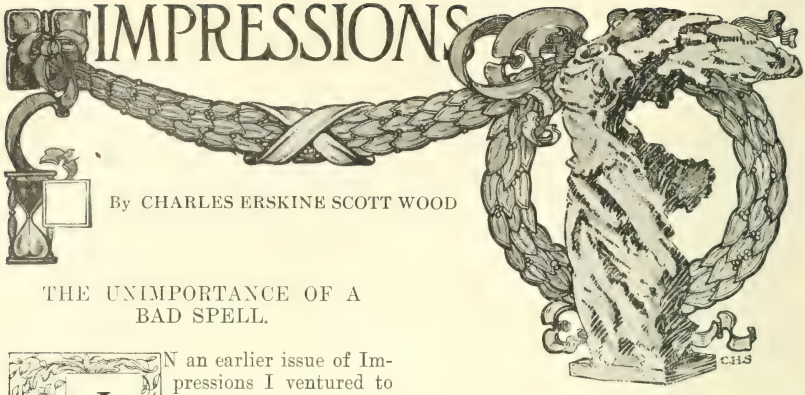
American Drama"—the great drama that should be distinctively American, and this production has already been hailed as that prodigy. The fact that no such thing is possible makes no difference. A play is a play—that is, a story told in action; and it does not in the least signify whether it be African, American, European or Asiatic. Human nature is the same all over the world. But, if there could be such a thing as a distinctively "American" play, it is devoutly to be wished that it might be something widely different from "The Great Divide." The representative American is neither a brute nor a blackguard, and he-angels of the Arizona pattern exist nowhere except in novels.

Autumn

By Valerie De Mude Kelsey

Who is the melancholy seer
That sees in Autumn's coming
Sad simile for man to fear,
His own extinction summing?
Behold that warm and glowing hill,
The red sky burning over;
And yonder where the lake lies still
See how the shadows hover.
Down there beyond the hilltops' rim,
Where few would care to trace it,
A cottage stands, secluded, dim,
With maple flames to grace it.
And like the late sweet call of birds,
Awing to find their nearest,
Across the stream and past the herds
I haste to find my dearest.
To him who holds one heart his own
All seasons find him votive,
But Autumn, rich in golden tone,
Is love's divinest motive.

IMPRESSIONS



By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF A BAD SPELL.

IN an earlier issue of Impressions I ventured to cast a pebble at good spelling. Now President Roosevelt has thrown his big stick in favor of spelling reform as recommended by the body of literary men, professors of English and dictionary-makers who have been considering the subject. The reform recommended covers some three hundred words and is on the line of mere simplification. The howl that has gone up shows two things. First, the usual conspicuous ignorance of the daily press, which seems to consider that phonetic spelling has been adopted and English spelling has broken loose from its moorings. Second, what a real fetich spelling is to mediocre people. One would think, from the uproar, that spelling was literature—or that it was the key to thought; that it was some form of intellectual ability. Now I maintain spelling will not be put into its proper place till it is looked upon as a mere conventional tool, the form of which is of no importance so long as it does its work. It is not substance, but mere form. Educators more and more believe that life is too precious to waste any part of it in useless mental gymnastics, and that education should be in the fields of broad culture and those special branches which the student has a liking for. This view, I think, must appeal to any reasonable man; and the next question is whether the time expended on spelling is well expended? Each knows for himself the apprenticeship served to spelling. It begins with the infant and continues through all the years of college and English composition; begetting tears and misery, strewing the student's path with black marks, curses, and wild lamentations from those "kept in after school." By a stupid perversion of thought, or rather by a lack of thought, bad spelling becomes the sign of illiteracy, ignorance, and lack of brain power. You might as well infer the same because a man ate with his knife. Bad spelling in fact is the lesser breach of conventionality and to my mind is nothing at all. What is the purpose of language? To convey ideas. Language, then—a knowledge of words—is the important thing—is true learning. Shakespere had the largest vocabulary, and spelled like a stable-boy, according to modern standards. Modern standards in everything are conventionalized till no life is left. Hence we have no art, no literature. Of what importance was Shakespere's spelling? He had the thoughts; he had the words to express his thoughts. What are words? Sounds. Shakespere might have thought out Hamlet in silence to himself; and had he done nothing more, Hamlet would have been created, but would have perished. He could have dictated his thoughts or spoken the words to an audience, and the soul of the matter would have been his poetic and metaphysical thoughts, the medium of conveying those thoughts to others by spoken words or sounds, and the mere tool for fixing those words on paper would be letters arranged so as to express the sound of the words. Now just so long as the sound is preserved that is enough. The spelling used is utterly immaterial; and Shakespere, Jonson and all that college of great dramatists, so acted. There was no dictionary to

hamper them with its foolish tyranny, and they spelled as they pleased. The same man spelled the same word differently, as the pen flew. They were not thinking of spelling. That fetter had not been cast upon them. They thought only of the sound of the word and each made his own version. Now which is better to have? Marlowe, Shakespere, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, or Samuel Johnson and Noah Webster and The Gentleman's Polite Letter-Writer? Dictionaries are most valuable as definers of words and expounders of language, but I think the terror of bad spelling has done much to cripple free unconscious expression and make brainy men who cannot spell distrust themselves, and has substituted for an appreciation of real knowledge and intellect the very husk of judgment—dictionary spelling. Of course I do not pretend that we shall have Shakesperes when we make spelling free. The great dramatists were the product of their time, and that time has passed, but I do believe the useless and senseless spelling chills in many freedom of expression and begets a false standard of what is knowledge and education.

You cannot so mutilate a word in spelling as to make the sense at all obscure if the sound of the word be conveyed. If a doctor wrote "Thee son and heir wil bee gud four ure sun and air; tayk hym two Naytur e-lett hys soul tred the due and hys sole drynk the ski," would there be any doubt as to the meaning? If we hesitate over Chaucer it is because we are now unaccustomed to freedom in spelling but most because the words themselves are obsolete. No one hesitates over Shakespere because of his spelling. I do not deny that a certain reasonable and natural uniformity is good. What I am contending for is simply to rob spelling of that false and undue importance which makes it: first, a time-waster in early education; second, a terror and a shame to intelligent men who cannot spell; third, a standard of brain-power and education when really it is a mere mechanical device to indicate pronunciation, and the man who knows the word and knows the meaning of the word really knows all that is important to know about it. Let him spell it as he pleases without having the cheap finger of grammar-school scorn pointed at him.

Let people spell as they best can, without sneer or comment. In that sense spelling should be free.



CONDUCTED BY ELLA HIGGINSON

THE IMMACULATE EATER.

ALAS the hour! Woe has been my name since my article on "Eating Apart" saw the light of day in these pages last month. Many of my friends, who have broken white bread and brown with me in days forever gone by, now pass me with averted faces.

When "eating time" comes now at bridge parties my friends set me down alone at a little table. Then they gather about me. They "mock me and they scoff me." They point their fingers at me. They cry, "Now, let us watch *her* eat! Let us see how *she* does it! Behold the Immaculate Eater!"

They say other things—too painful to quote.

My invitations to dinners and luncheons have ceased, and those to card-parties straggle.

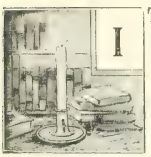
I am reminded bitterly of the small boy who prayed to the Lord to give him an excuse for staying away from school.

"Make me sick, Lord," he prayed, on his knees. "Give me diphtheria; give me anything—so I can stay at home!"

In the morning his throat was very sore. In wild repentance and in fierce alarm for the condition in which he found himself, he sprang out of bed and falling upon his knees cried, passionately—

"Lord, can't you take a joke?"

THE INA COOLBRITH FUND.



IT is a pleasure to learn that movements have been started for the relief of Miss Coolbrith, both in San Francisco and Pasadena.

Miss Coolbrith lost everything in the earthquake—home, work, clothing, manuscripts, autograph books and pictures and her correspondence with famous men and women. Ill, homeless and no longer young, she is broken with grief and care.

Not only California, but the entire West, as well, owes a debt of gratitude to this woman for the pure and noble tone of her work. She is one of the "illustrious band" that made California's literary fame many years ago. Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith—these stand side by side.

An effort is being made to raise a fund of $10,000, the interest on which is to be given to Miss Coolbrith for life. No cause could be more worthy, and it should be the pleasure of every one who respects the literature of the Pacific Coast to contribute.

Contributions may be sent to Miss Eleanor Davenport, Secretary, 1981 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.

"MOON-FACE."



THE stories in Jack London's new book, "Moon-Face," are chiefly stories for men. They all have "shuddery" places in them. A woman reading them alone at midnight will see tables rocking and chairs walking around the room on three legs before she gets to the last page.

The title-story is of a man who hated another man with so ferocious a hate that he turned the cattle into his fields, bought the mortgage on his farm and forced a foreclosure, killed his beloved dog with strychnine, and finally caused him to blow himself up with dynamite—meanwhile hugging himself with rapture.

Since Jack London wrote these stories, it is trite to say that they are vigorous, vivid, alive. They are not big stories. They are not, by any means, Jack London's best; but they are better than many writers' best.

The descriptive words in "All Gold Canyon" is so well done that the temptation to quote a bit of it is irresistible:

"There was no dust in the canyon. The leaves and flowers were clean and virginal. Over the pool three cottonwoods sent their snowy fluffs fluttering down the quiet air. On the slope the blossoms of the wine-wooded manzanita filled the air with spring-time odors. . . . In the open spaces on the slope, beyond the farthest shadow-reach of the manzanita, poised the mariposa lilies, like so many flights of jewelled moths suddenly arrested and on the verge of trembling into flight again. Here and there that woods harlequin, the madrone, permitting itself to be caught in the act of changing its pea-green trunk to madder-red, breathed its fragrance into the air from great clusters of waxen bells. Creamy white were these bells, shaped like lilies-of-the-valley, with the sweetness of perfume that is of the spring-time."

This description, and others that precede and follow it, bring all exquisite outdoors into the room and shake it loose about the reader.

"Planchette," in spite of several weaknesses, is one of the best stories in the book. There is a tremendous drop from the tragic seriousness of the first pages of this story to the commonplace lightness of a horse-race; and for a while all seems hopeless. Then the story gets its "second wind," and draws to a successful finish.

"THE BUILDERS."



"THE Builders" is an interesting novel by Willis George Emerson, of Los Angeles, the author of "Buell Hampton." Both books have had a large sale.

"The Builders" is the story of a young man who came West to write up the country, but who remained to assist in its "building up." He becomes interested in both a gold mine and a girl. The description of the sinking of the shaft in the Shondar to the five hundred-foot level is well done; and the scene in which Dick solemnly, but reluctantly, promises his dying wife that he will ride to her funeral in company with his hated mother-in-law, even if it does "spoil the entire day for him," is very funny.



The Call of Coos Bay

By Francis H. Clarke



COOS BAY is a topographical, geographical and aquatic wonder. There is nothing exactly like it anywhere else. The arm of the Pacific Ocean which comprises Coos Bay reaches into the mainland of Southwestern Oregon fifteen miles. A high promontory stands guard at its entrance. The main channel runs sharply northeast seven miles, then turns and extends almost due south eight miles with an expanse scarcely more than a mile wide—making a safe and capacious harbor and a most convenient commercial water front. It envelops about sixteen square miles of area as favored by the elements as any part of the world.

On the map, Coos Bay, with its fifteen tide-water inlets, looks like the picture of an octopus. These inlets reach out in every direction and are all navigable, some by steamships and all by small steamers or launches. Some of these inlets reach far into the interior from the bay. All are visions of beauty such as only the mystic region between the Cascades and the ocean has ever successfully hidden from the tourist's devouring view. Some cut the peninsula into many parts and make an extensive network of natural canals, extending toward all points of the compass like tentacles, pulling everything to Nature's seaport—the peninsula. The Dutch made Holland by throwing up dykes against the sea and digging canals with laborious drudgery. A maritime people constructed Venice on islands and conducted the traffic in gondolas. God gave Coos Bay to mankind with dykes and canals ready-made and marked it for an imperial city.

Marshfield, Koosbay and North Bend are strung along the east shore of the peninsula on the interior bay. Behind them the forests rise, rich and tall, covering the slopes and crowning the rounded tops of the hills with verdure and with wealth. These triplet cities are in fact but one. They occupy high ground rising gradually from the water front, and overlooking the bay and the endless forests beyond. Some day they will be called "Koosbay." And the triple city, brisk and bustling now, whose only friends have hitherto been the steamboat and the sea—whose people have dwelt in isolation with the hills and the mountain torrents between them and the Eastern world—have heard at last the whistle of civilization and the call of destiny. The railroad, that ruthless invader of paradise, that disturber of the peace of God—is coming to Coos Bay—and the locomotive will blow its trumpet of fate, in less than a year, in the new city. But not for Marshfield, nor Coos Bay, nor North Bend—nor yet for Empire, which slumbers on the west channel of the bay—nor for all combined, will that trumpet sound, but for the world, hurrying to seize this seaport gem and set it in its own commercial crown.

Nor is this an extravagant simile. There is no other region like Coos Bay. You can

believe it when you see its unusual daily trend. On its water front, where the triple city plays, the farmers can be seen coming to market any morning in launches. How prettily these launches—one hundred and seventy-five of them on the bay—skim to and fro and how comfortably these farmers sit among their wares! Now like magic the picture develops, as first from one inlet then another come these modern argosies. An agricultural Venice! Holland may trudge along with the old-fashioned canal-boat to market—but the American farmer sails to market over a sea of dreams and wakes up in a haven of affluence.

You cannot be satisfied merely to watch the gay faces of these prosperous swains. Thrilling with a new sensation, your eyes wander longingly across the waters to where the hills seem to part, and ere you have composed your thoughts, you have stolen aboard a customs launch and in the midst of a throng of pleasant citizens, men and women, are soon gliding over the bay and up Coos River. The channel narrows, the hills become precipitous on one side, the rich lands lie low and level for a short space on the other, orchards of apples, pears and juicy fruits, fields of cereals and grasses, gardens of vegetables, large farm-houses and barns, boathouses and landings, occupy the banks and further slopes, while willows fringe the stream and dipping in the tide reflect back their foliage with startling vividness—you come, you see, and are overpowered. You return to the triple city, and you have no strength to resist until you have sailed up every one of the inlets of Coos Bay. You do more—you go over to the Coquille River, and everywhere in Coos Bay's immediate tributary area, you catch but one refrain—fertility, beauty, prosperity.

No wonder, then, these people are contented. No wonder these farmers are not money-borrowers, but rather lenders! You cannot dislodge them with anything short of cannon. For here is a country which differs, in its economic aspects, from any part of America. In the interior States, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska and the rest, the farmer works to feed his cattle, while here the cattle work to feed the farmer. Along Egypt's fruitful Nile the soil is not more fertile nor its richness more enduring. This is the paradise of the dairy farmer. The cattle browse all the year round in green pastures and lie down beside the still waters. The farmer puts up a little feed, but does not make his life one of endless toil. Yet he thrives. It costs him a bit to clear his land 'tis true, but it is worth the effort. Then see his crops grow. The apples and pears bend the burdened boughs; the evergrowing strawberries of luscious flavor grace his table every month of the blessed year except December and January; vegetables of every description gain their best growth and flavor, and everything which does not demand a tropical or semi-tropical climate thrives.

Coos Bay has a climate. It is never hot or cold. It is not the native home of palm or pine, but here both palm and pine dwell together all summer and all winter and all the year round, amid green lawns and in gardens of roses. Frosts and snow are only momentary visitors, once or twice during a brief winter at Coos Bay. The average annual rainfall is about six inches less than at Portland. There is no interference with work because of rain. The boats come to market, the builders construct houses, the teamsters carry bundles, the ladies shop and visit, rain or shine, while sun and clouds chase one another across January's erratic skies.

Coos Bay does not belong to the Coos Bay country. The reverse is true. But Coos Bay belongs to the world—to all mankind—to the great ocean—to the shores of all maritime nations and to commerce everywhere. It is a harbor. Its peninsula is a seaport. There is no other harbor like it on the Pacific Coast. It is 190 miles from the mouth of the Columbia River. It is 400 miles from San Francisco. The Pacific Coast is fertile, healthy and resourceful, and is receiving daily multitudes of immigrants. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland and San Diego may well be the splendid equivalents of Boston, Providence, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newport News and New Orleans, with Eureka not far behind, and still have a New York City left over for Southwestern Oregon.

I have said Coos Bay is a harbor. It has no great river flowing into it and filling it up with silt and sand. It has no rock bottom to limit the artificial attainment of depth. All harbors have to be dredged. Millions are annually spent on New York harbor, on San Francisco harbor, and the

rest of them to render them suitable for shipping. But Coos Bay is capable of the greatest utility as a haven for ocean-going ships of the deepest draught. The apex of the bar at the entrance is only 300 feet, and the Government has constructed jetties there so as to ensure a depth on the bar at low tide of twenty-two feet and at high tide of thirty feet. Soundings show that no cement tongue or hard formation prevents a further deepening of the entrance to seventy feet. Forty feet would be sufficient, as this would admit the largest vessel afloat. The present splendid condition has been attained at the small expenditure by the Government of $850,000, and this expenditure is pronounced to be the best investment ever made by the Government in our harbor improvement. The entrance will be deepened to forty feet ere long, as it involves only a small outlay. Ocean-going steamships come into Coos Bay daily, bringing passengers, manufactured goods, produce and freight. They go out of Coos Bay daily, laden with lumber, fruit, butter, eggs, cheese, fish and coal for the San Francisco, Portland, and other markets.

Around this bay and reaching out for many miles in all directions from the sea, the forests of great trees stand. Millions upon millions of feet of timber are tributary to Coos Bay. Sawmills are taxed to the utmost, ships are laden to their fullest, labor is worked to its greatest capacity, in and around the lumber camps. East and West the demand is unprecedented. No need to give statistics. The timber is here and what is not cut now will be a delicious morsel for the commercial invader tomorrow. The demand is increasing and so is the price.

Under 400 square miles of the Coos Bay district there are inexhaustible measures of coal. The importance of this fact is almost startling in its bearing on the future of Coos Bay. Its value cannot be estimated. It is coal which is especially suitable for steam and fuel purposes. It supplies many ocean-going and all local vessels today, and is used for fuel in California and Oregon. When the railroad is completed it will be in great demand in the interior, for it is the only coal in Oregon or California. Coal is also one of the indispensable munitions of war. The Coos Bay peninsula cannot fail, therefore, in the great commercial conflict which must be fought out on the Pacific, to be a mighty coaling station. As nature has given it a monopoly of this commodity, it will be fortunate indeed if some Oriental nation, awakening from its long slumber, may not make it a base for an invasion of the Pacific portion of America in some future war. It seems marvelous that the Government of the United States does not protect this most vital resource and this most vulnerable point in her coast line, by sufficient defensive fortifications.

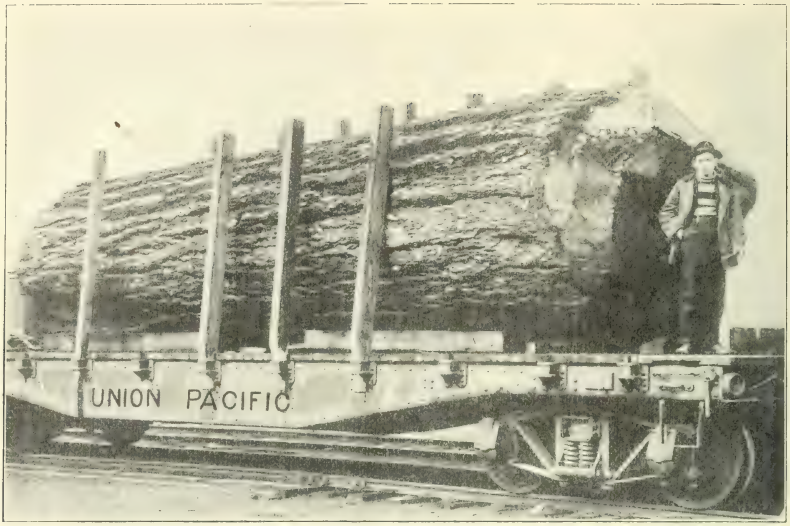
But what of it? What are Paradise or the riches of Golconda to us if we cannot share in them? The fact is there are so many good things for everybody in the Coos Bay country that none need delay entering it. Like other Pacific waters, there is no lack of fish and salmon trout, or the Chinook salmon, and an infinite variety of sea fish are here to gladden the angler's fancy or to enrich the fisherman's pocket. Game, such as ducks, geese, and those birds which inhabit the shores of ocean, inlet and lake, are here in myriads. By the beautiful lakes near by and in the hills the deer have scarcely known the huntman's shot. In the rapid development which has been inaugurated, everything is in demand and the supply is insufficient. Labor is needed. Capital is wanting. With ample and excellent brick-clay and a crying need of brick, there are neither bricks, brickmakers nor brick plants. With cement rock close at hand there is no cement. With sawmills and unlimited timber, the domestic demand cannot be supplied, because the products are contracted ahead to other points.

The exceptional location of Coos Bay has made the great railroads anxious and alert to obtain strategic advantages on the peninsula. As it is nature's great seaport, so also will it shortly become a railroad center. The Southern Pacific is building from Drain, in the Willamette Valley, down the Umpqua River to Scottsburg, and thence to Coos Bay—thirty-two miles of railroad running from Marshfield south to Myrtle Point have just been bought by the Southern Pacific, and will be extended down the coast to San Francisco. The Rockefeller interests are reported to be intending to send a feeder from their proposed Portland terminal of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line to Coos Bay. J. J. Hill is making arrangements to reach Coos Bay with the Burlington &

Missouri line as soon as Harriman does. The Goulds are building from Tillamook down the coast to Coos Bay. The Northwestern is now at Lander, Wyoming, and has let a contract to extend up the Wind River, with the purpose of pushing through Idaho, along the Snake River, into Oregon, and through the Lake country and Cascade Mountain district to Coos Bay. This line, when completed, will be the shortest and straightest of the transcontinental lines, and will cut down the distance between New York City and the Orient nearly 1,000 miles. An electric line is being constructed from North Bend down Sherman avenue, through Coos Bay to Marshfield, and will be extended to Coquille, Myrtle Point, Camas Valley, Looking Glass, Olalla and Roseburg. Thus, all of Southwestern Oregon is brought to the cheap water transportation of Coos Bay. Half of the famous Willamette Valley is connected by the Drain railroad with its natural seaport, Coos Bay. The Coast line from the north brings Smith and Umpqua Valleys to Coos Bay. The line south lands the rich and beautiful Coquille Valley and the golden valley of Rogue River, with their abundance, at Coos Bay. The great interior regions, with untold resources of lumber, fruit, wheat, cattle and mineral, from Boise and the Snake river, from Utah and Colorado, from Wyoming and Montana, as well as from the virgin area of Eastern and Central Oregon, turn for liberation and commercial expansion to Coos Bay.

This Coos Bay country is thus far merely an evolution. It has grown up unnoticed and without help from the outside. Its inhabitants have been dropping into it one by one during the last forty years, and few who ever entered have had any wish to depart. Thus the cities which have grown up within thirty miles of the bay have distinctive characteristics. They do not resemble the settlements of the lumberless plains, where shacks serve for stores and dwellings. The buildings are ample, the houses are large and modern, the people know one another, except that the peninsula towns, Marshfield and North Bend, are just now flooded with cosmopolitan crowds from all over the world. But go down to Coquille, the county seat of Coos County, on the Southern Pacific out of Marshfield some twenty miles, and there you find a characteristic town of some 1500 people, pleasant homes and all the indications of contentment. Besides, the people of Coquille have something to do. They have a furniture factory where they produce manufactured goods from the hard and soft woods which grow in unlimited profusion near by. They have a large sawmill and a bottling establishment. They have an excellent court-house. They export lumber, wool, shingles and hides, and operate some fine coal mines. The Coquille River runs to the ocean, and Bandon, at its mouth, will some day be a great seaside resort. One should not overlook the fact that the Coos Bay country has a beautiful tree which grows in such profusion and is such an ornament as to make the wilderness seem like a well-kept park. Here the myrtle thrives and blooms. The forest abounds with it, and its wood is greatly sought for the making of ornamental and useful furniture. Myrtle Point is one of the pretty towns of the Coos Bay country and is the present terminus of the road just purchased by the Southern Pacific. It has a population of about 1000 people. It is surrounded by a fine farming country and fascinating scenery. Its dairy products, fruits and grains cannot be excelled. Of course, Myrtle Point has its sawmills. In Coos Bay territory are more than sixty billion feet of timber to cut, and if you multiply the present saw-mill capacity by 100, you would still have to work several generations to clear this land.

I am not much of a believer in statistics. I care very little for what has been done or is being done now, in the immediate territory around Coos Bay. As I have said —the Bay belongs to the world and not to Coos County. But it is a good thing for even a great seaport to have its garden close at hand, so it will do no harm to say that the assessed valuation of this county is about $10,000,000 now, and the real value is rapidly increasing. I may say that in Marshfield and North Bend there are a number of factories and room for many more. I may also say that the population of the peninsula has increased fifty per cent since June, 1906, and that every steamship and stage brings families which settle here permanently. If permitted to prophesy, I would not hesitate to assert that the Coos Bay peninsula will have at least 50,000 people in ten years from now.



One Sawlog from an Oregon Tree Containing 12,000 Feet of Lumber.

Three Great Factors in Oregon's Development

By A. W. Moon

THREE things are necessary to the permanent prosperity and greatness of any nation or country—a fertile soil, flourishing industries, and quick and easy transportation of man and goods from place to place. Comparatively speaking, it has been but a few years since the acquisition of new territory was the great object toward which the energies of all nations were directed, and our own country was itself engrossed in this once popular diversion, and by purchase and otherwise greatly extended its domain. The natural course of events has, however, brought about an entirely different state of affairs. The American people of today are engaged in developing the territory their forefathers acquired, and in so doing are only strengthening the foundation upon which our nation stands. This is an age of commercialism and internal development; the rumble of war has been succeeded by the busy hum of industry.

In no state is the spirit of progress more in evidence than in Oregon, and in none are there more favorable indications of permanent future prosperity and greatness. Of the first requisite, fertile soil, there is an abundance; proof of which is found in all parts of the State, where every variety of tree and plant flourishes with a minimum of effort on the part of the husbandman. This is, indeed, one of the most potent causes of Oregon's present and inevitable future prosperity and wealth. The stability and productiveness of the soil is such that actual facts and figures in reference to products are looked upon with suspicion and often discredited by those who have not actually "seen and believed." This exceptional production is in a great measure due to the peculiar quality of the soil. In the great wheat-growing regions of the eastern part of the State it is a clay loam, slightly lighter in color on the hills, and

exceedingly easy to work, and makes a very fine seed bed. The soil of the uplands is in many places a volcanic ash of great depth and marvelous fertility, retaining the moisture for a remarkable length of time, which is fed to the growing crops during dry weather, keeping them fresh and green when one would naturally think they lacked sufficient moisture for continued growth. The soils of Western Oregon are the sandy loam of the river bottoms, the black and lighter colored alluvial soils of the prairie, and the red soils of the uplands. The exceeding fertility, together with the existing climatic conditions, makes it possible for the farmer to raise almost any non-tropical crop, and herein lies one of Oregon's most powerful claims to recognition as a homeseeker's paradise. The vast tracts of arid lands in the State being reclaimed by the United States Government will add greatly to its tillable acreage, which means more and better farms, an increased population, and the settling up of rural districts by the best class of citizens.

These conditions make possible the second step toward Oregon's claim to recognition as a state of great possibilities. Without a productive soil, permanent industries could not thrive. The industrial growth of Oregon has, within the past few years, been a marvel to many who were not cognizant of the wonderful possibilities offered to every line of industry within its borders. New industries are seen springing up at every point, and those formerly operated have taken on new life. The various lines of farming, such as dairying, grain-growing, diversified farming, hop-growing, stock-raising, etc., are now attracting attention as never before. Oregon's fame as a fruit state has already spread over much of the entire world, and it is no uncommon thing to see dealers from the Atlantic States, England and France, in Oregon markets. Oregon pears have brought the highest price ever paid for fruit in this country, and Oregon apples in foreign markets outclass all competitors.

A careful estimate places the extent of woodlands of Oregon at 54,300 square miles, or fifty-seven per cent. of its area; and the buzz of the saw is one of the attendant sounds of her mighty forests. The large trees, logging camps and sawmills are surprises to tourists and lumbermen from Eastern states. The handling of Eastern logs, ten to eighteen inches in diameter, is altogether different from logging Oregon logs, running from five to ten feet in diameter. The lumbering industry is engaged in over the entire State, and Portland enjoys the distinction of being one of the largest lumber-manufacturing cities in the world. From the docks at Portland, lumber and its products are loaded on board sea-going vessels which carry it to China, Japan, Siberia,



Quartz Mill.



An Oregon Farm; Mount

Europe, Australia, South America, South Africa, Samoa, Central America, and the Philippines; and rail shipments are made to all parts of the United States and Mexico.

The mineral resources of the State are as yet comparatively undeveloped, although gold was discovered at an early date, and considerable surface or placer mining done in certain localities. It is almost only in the last few years that capital has been induced to open up and work some of the rich veins of ore to be found. Gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, zinc, nickel, platinum, quicksilver, coal, salt, sulphur, marble, granite, aluminum, syenite, graphite, corundum, and porcelain clay may be found, gold being the principal mineral mined at the present time. In Southern Oregon, great bodies of copper ore are being exposed, which bid fair to make that section as much famed for its copper output as are the copper regions of Montana. The two principal mineral districts are in the eastern and southern parts of the State. The gold output of Oregon amounts to something like $5,000,000 annually; and with the vast mineral regions, as yet undeveloped, it is impossible to say to how great an extent this can be augmented.

Builded upon such firm foundations, there remains but one factor necessary to growth and progress—quick and easy transportation for commodities, and close intercourse between localities. The chief instrument of modern activity is the railroad. Upon it depends, directly or indirectly, every other industry. In modern life, transportation has assumed the place and rank of the one great energy necessary to all the rest. Previous to the advent of the railroad into Oregon very little development work was done, not because of the lack of resources, for they were here then as now, but because of the impossibility of establishing commercial relations with the outside world. It is true that some years before the transcontinental lines were built, the Columbia and Willamette Rivers served as a means of transportation to certain parts of the State, but even here no great amount of traffic was carried on because of the obstacles encountered and the prohibitive freight rates charged. The rate per ton



Hood in the Distance.

from Portland to The Dalles was then $60, while on the upper Columbia the rates were still more excessive, the rate between Celilo and Lewiston being $100 per ton, thus making a rate of $160 per ton from Portland to Lewiston, not reckoning the portage charges between The Dalles and Celilo. Passenger fares were equally exorbitant, and a steamboat ride to the pioneer settler was a rarity and a treat always enjoyed, but not often indulged in. A trip to The Dalles from Hood River was a momentous occasion, and was in contemplation for days and weeks ahead. The steamboat captain was a mighty man in those days, outranking either county or State officers. Any man might be elected to an office, but who could be a steamboat captain, and steer the boat, and with impunity abuse anybody and everybody, should occasion demand?

But what of the transportation facilities for communities not favored by water connection with the sources of supply? It was here that the old-time stage coach and the freight wagon played their part. Now as we sit comfortably in one of the modern moving palaces gliding smoothly over rails of steel, with alternating stretches of field and forest on either hand, we can scarcely imagine that but a few years ago this was all a wilderness; that a journey in those days meant fatigue, danger and privation for the traveler, however short the distance he might go; that the movement of commodities was restricted to the capacity of the freight wagon drawn by four, six, or eight horses, over roads that today would be considered impassable, and that a journey of one hundred miles often consumed as much time as is now comfortably spent on a trip from Portland to Chicago. With the coming of the railroad came new life to these isolated communities, and as a consequence today, thriving towns, flourishing industries, productive farms and beautiful homes are to be found where the wilderness once reigned supreme. The early eighties saw marvelous changes in this region, for, with the construction of the Oregon & California Railroad (now the Southern Pacific Railroad), direct connection was made with San Francisco and the East. Also, with the completion of the O. R. & N. with its connection, the

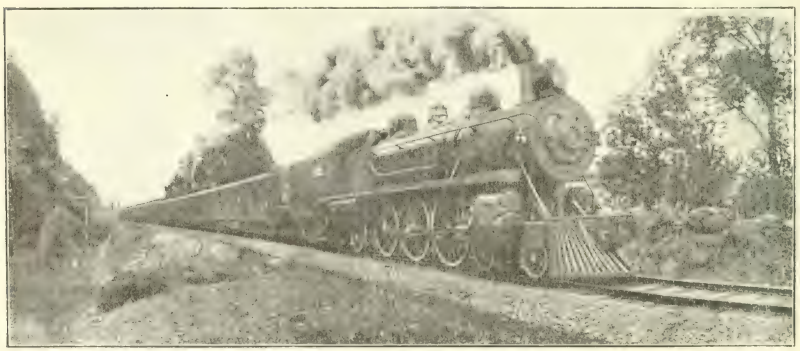


Combined Header and Thresher at Work.

Oregon Short Line, a more direct and shorter route was obtained; and then really began the development and settling up of the state. It was no longer necessary to withstand the dangers and fatigues of the long journey across the plains by ox teams as before; and the settler who had been too timid to brave the difficulties encountered in the transcontinental journey by the old and tried method, now sought his fortune in the West.

From the main line each year, as the settling up of the different localities has required, branch lines have been built, carrying to each locality the commodities they require, and furnishing them a market for their products. Within the past five years a greater activity has been manifest in all lines of industry than ever before, and the railroads have not been idle during this period. Great as has been the work of railroad building and betterment in the past, by the Harriman Lines, which constitute the only true railroad system within the State, the next few years will see all former attempts surpassed. Now under construction and proposed building in the immediate future are the following: Oregon-Eastern Railway, Natron East, 152 miles, which will tap the great undeveloped portion of Eastern Oregon and form a new epoch in that region; Drain-Coos Bay line, now under construction, which not only opens up a wonderfully rich region, both agriculturally and minerally, but makes connection at Coos Bay with one of the best harbors on the Pacific Coast; Springfield-Henderson Cut-off, nearly completed; Lafayette-St. Joseph Cut-off, and extensive changes on the main line of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company for the betterment of the service. This does not include extensions that are now under construction in Washington and Idaho, which will directly benefit Oregon, nor changes and improvements that are being made in trackage, equipment and shops, now under way on both the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Southern Pacific lines. The cost of all these improvements makes a grand total of $14,343,587.

But this is not all the Harriman Lines are doing for Oregon. Few people realize the magnitude of the advertising campaign they are constantly carrying on; that in advertising to create travel they incidentally advertise all other commodi-



The Agency That Makes the East and West Close Neighbors.

ties; that every new settler brought into a community means a new subscriber to one or more newspapers, a new factor in the neighborhood, and therefore a means of increasing every business necessary to supply his wants. They not only furnish the means of transportation, both for the settler and his family, together with his goods, but they supply him with reliable information relative to the resources and advantages of the State, and lend every assistance possible toward placing before him the advantages of the different sections. This campaign is carried on not only by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Southern Pacific Lines in Oregon, but through representatives of the system in the East this territory is thoroughly covered.

To no source can the development of the West be traced with more accuracy than to the building of the transcontinental railroad and its branches. It brought new life and prosperity with it, and these qualities most necessary to the happiness of mankind have come to stay.



The Rapid Transit Vehicle of the '70's.



Ocean Park Bath House.

The Largest and Most Modern Bath House on the Pacific Coast

THE building faces the placid Pacific about seventy-five feet from the water's edge and is entered by a flight of brown stone steps. On the right of the main entrance are the offices and ticket windows, and on the left, a broad stair case leading to the main balcony. Beyond this on the left is the spacious social hall amply furnished in weathered oak, upholstered in leather reclining and rocking chairs, couches, etc., and folding doors connect this room with the women's parlor, lavatory, etc. These rooms face the plunge. Further on to the left is a side door communicating with the main corridor which opens onto the street that leads directly to the surf a few yards distant.

On the right of the entrance you pass the turn-stile leading to the women's dressing-room and a wide walk leading to the shallow part of the swimming pools.

In the women's basement are forty-eight rooms and in the men's basement are fifty-six rooms, all furnished with adjustable shower rings, toilet soap, soap rack, bath seat, bath brushes, etc.

On the main floor are the same number of rooms as in the basement and third floor, making a total of about 500 dressing rooms. All these rooms have electric lights and call bells; each floor has two large shower bath rooms in addition to the sprays in each bath room. The women's and men's lavatories having every convenience are on each floor.

One large balcony with a seating capacity for 500 and accommodations for 500 more, overlooks the immense swimming pool. This balcony is especially for the

public who desire to "look on" merely and admission to it is absolutely free.

In each of the women's departments on the second and third floors is a finely furnished sun parlor where the ladies dry their hair, there are maids in attendance who are hair-dressers, and every convenience and comfort are afforded the women patrons.

The largest plunge is 135x65 feet and is L-shaped; it is from nine to three feet in sloping depth and has the capacity of 250,000 gallons of water. It is provided with spring-boards, diving platforms, slides, rings and trapeze. The smaller plunge is 100x35 feet and is six to two and one-half feet in sloping depth. It has a capacity of 110,000 gallons, making a total of 360,000 gallons of water in the two pools. The temperature of the water in the small plunge is 86 degrees and in the large plunge is 81 degrees. These plunges are completely emptied, scrubbed and refilled every night and the water is constantly changing; besides this, every week the plunges, which are porcelain-lined, are cleaned with caustic soda.

The laundry and drying-rooms are the most complete and thoroughly modern of any in the country, both the towels and suits come out as dry and sweet-smelling and as clean as on the day they were made, not the least laundry smell about them. There are twenty-six hath tubs which are supplied from two reservoirs on the roof, each holding 10,000 gallons; one is cold salt water from the sea, the other is heated to a temperature of 140 degrees, at which temperature it is kept continually. There is also fresh water is each bath room.

Another special feature of this establishment, and one possessed by no other bath house on the Coast, is the heating of the entire house by steam during the winter months, so that a luxurious bath may be enjoyed here at any time in the year.



Interior View, Ocean Park Bath House.

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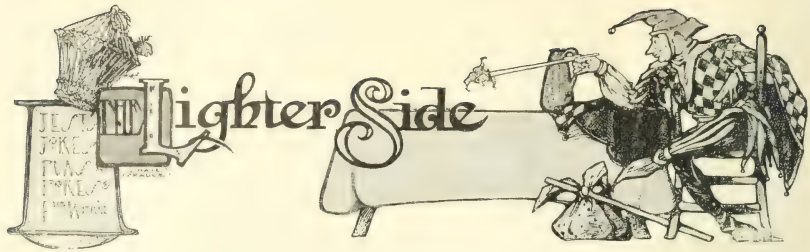
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Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

In the World Beyond.

Private information has just come to us concerning the post mortem career of Hustle Wisdom, the wealthy but parsimonious Wall Street capitalist, who recently refused to liquidate a note which Nature held against his life, and who lost in the foreclosure proceedings.

It seems that Hustle had lived so economically that Saint Peter could not be made to believe that he really was wealthy, and accordingly when he was ready to set out on his journey to the great beyond, he was provided with a pass to Paradise. Arriving there, he was closely questioned about his wealth by Saint Peter, but his long experience with assessors and tax collectors stood him in good stead, and he succeeded in convincing the holy warden that when he left earth he was a fit subject for the poor house.

No sooner had he been admitted within the pearly gates than he began to complain about the extravagance of the scale on which the place was run. Then he started a reform movement, which he inaugurated by trying to dispose of his own apparel. His wings were too gorgeous for him and his robe of too fine a texture, but in his efforts to trade them off for something less costly together with the difference in cash, he found nobody willing to trade. He then tried to hock his harp, but he couldn't find any Uncle Moses. He tried to induce Saint Peter to give him a tip on the building situation, so that he could corner the real estate market, but the patriarch seemed unable to comprehend what he meant.

It occurred to him that, where wings were so much in demand, there must be a large number of birds which supplied the feathers for them; and he accordingly went on a tour of inspection. After tramping all day over streets paved with gold, a misuse of the precious metal which he said was plainly criminal, he had to admit defeat. The only bird that he had been able to discover was the bird of paradise, but he couldn't remember having seen any one wearing wings made of colored feathers.

He resolved to make one more trial. He went to Saint Peter and proposed to buy the position of warden. "Anyway," he said, "you are getting old. You have had the job a long time, and you have done your duty. Moreover, by this time you must have made enough out of it to retire on. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for it."

Saint Peter shook his head.

"I'll make it a hundred thousand."

Still the saint shook his head.

"Five hundred."

The negative sign again.

"A million."

The same answer.

"A million and ten per cent. of the net profits."

Saint Peter seemed to be thinking the proposal over. He walked about in a thoughtful manner until he stood behind Hustle. Then when at a signal to his assistants the gates flew open, he gave Hustle a mighty and swift kick that hurled him into outer space.

"It's skiddoo for you," he shouted after the descending form of the financier. "Tell Satan your number is twenty-three."

* * *

For a Change.

Something was wrong with the conductor that evening. He started the car before passengers got aboard, and he carried them by their corners. He dropped their change on the floor, he stepped on their feet and tripped over their umbrellas. All in all he succeeded in working himself into a surly rage, which he was more than ready to vent on the first person who gave him the least opportunity.

At Twelfth street the car stopped, and a little, snub-nosed Irishman swung aboard. After taking a seat in the middle of the car, he took a nickel from his pocket. The conductor made his way up the aisle, but the Irishman was looking out of the window and didn't see him. The conductor gave his coat sleeve a lusty pull, and growled, "Fare!"

The Irishman looked up quickly and then held out his nickel.

"That nickel ain't no good," the conductor said savagely.

The Irishman seemed not to hear him.

"Here!" exclaimed the conductor, giving him a poke on the shoulder. "This nickel ain't no good."

The Irishman looked up and then, placing his hand to his mouth, said in a whisper audible to everyone in the car: "Suppose yez give that wan to the company thin."

PETER'S



A MESSAGE FROM THE ALPS.

"We send you our best in PETER'S Chocolate." If you cannot get to the world's wonderland, you can yet have the world's wonder in confection-food.

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK **CHOCOLATE**

(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., *Sole Importers*, 78 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.

Knew Not Whereof He Spake.

Here is a story concerning President Roosevelt, when he was ranching and "punching cows" on the Little Missouri in Dakota. Of course, in those days he was just plain Roosevelt, not even "Teddy." The work was severe and rough, and called for much exposure and hardship. According to this story, it cannot be said that he never complained, but it can be said that he generally did what he set out to do. He was not an expert "broncho buster," and, like almost everyone else who has had any experience with plains and horses, he frequently came in somewhat violent contact with the ground. But he always got up, mounted the horse again and generally "rode him out."

This story has to do, however, not with horses, but with calves, and is told by one of the men who knew Roosevelt well while he was in the Bad Lands, and who is still a personal friend of his. One day in August, Roosevelt and some of his men were driving a bunch of yearlings and calves up the river to his winter pasture. The day was fearfully hot, and the dust kicked up by the herd added very materially to the discomfort and the toil. To make matters worse, the buffalo gnats were unusually persistent in their attacks.

Roosevelt set himself the task of bringing up the rear and picking up all stragglers. In fact, he had the hardest job of all, because the calves kept dropping out of the herd and taking to the buck-brush along the trail to escape the gnats. One of these, a bull calf which he was very desirous of keeping in his herd, worried him immensely by these tactics. The calf would take to a heavy thicket, and the driver would have to dismount to get him out.

Once when he had left his horse and gone into a patch of buck-brush after this calf, the minister of the district came riding along the trail. Seeing the horse and recognizing the Maltese cross brand as that of Roosevelt's, he stopped to await developments. Presently he heard the sound of much scuffling and threshing about in the thicket and some decidedly strong language. In fact to the preacher's acute senses, there was an unmistakable smell of brimstone in the torrid atmosphere. The next moment to the accompaniment of an impassioned address, there emerged from the brush the broad back of a man who had a bull calf by the hind legs and was dragging him, amid protest from the calf, out of the thicket, backwards. The calf was pretty strong himself, and as he kicked first with one foot and then with the other, it looked somewhat like a boxing match, with honors even.

The preacher was shocked. "My friend," he expostulated, "swearing can do you no good."

Roosevelt looked over his shoulder as he continued to drag the calf backwards into the trail. He was dripping with sweat from his exertions, and his face was streaked with

VANDAMS SALAD OIL



Try this oil the next time you make Mayonnaise Dressing, and you will use no other.

RECEIPT FOR ITALIAN MAYONNAISE

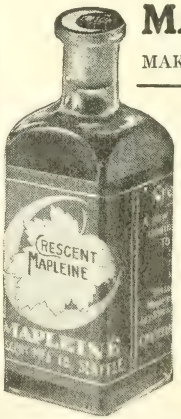
Ingredients:
Yoke of two eggs,
Vandam's Salad Oil,
Vinegar,
Mustard,
Salt.

Put the yolks of two eggs in a round bottom dish, adding a pinch of salt and half even teaspoonful of dry mustard. Commence to stir, and add drop by drop VANDAMS SALAD OIL. Continue to stir and add the oil until dressing has become thick. Then add the vinegar drop by drop until thoroughly mixed and it has come to the proper consistency. Oil thickens the dressing while vinegar thins it.

VANDAMS SALAD OIL is for sale by all good grocers everywhere. If yours does not keep it send us his name and we will send you a *free sample*. Price 25c per bottle or 5 bottles for $1.00—express charges prepaid.

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PURE! CLEAN!
IS THE SYRUP MADE WITH
MAPLEINE
MAKE U'R OWN SYRUP



Sugar.....2 Cups
Water (hot)..1 Cup
Mapleine..1 T'spoon

This makes one pint of syrup with that delicious maple flavor.

SEND 35c for enough to make 2 gallons with copy of Mapleine Dainties.

Crescent Mfg. Company
315 Occidental Street, SEATTLE

blood where the thorns on the brush had scratched him.

"Say," he said, between kicks from the calf, "did you ever drive calves in August when the thermometer was a hundred and ten and the sons-of-guns kept getting into the buck-brush?"

"No," replied the preacher, "I haven't, but —"

"Then," replied the future President of the United States, with an air of absolute conviction, "you don't know a damned thing about it."

And he went ahead wrangling calves.

* * *

Served Him Right.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"You look as if you were sick."

"No, I'm not sick."

"Well, you certainly do look as if you had lost your last friend."

"You're right now. I have."

"What have you been doing? Lost all your money?"

"No; makin' plenty."

"Scandal?"

"No; been perfectly proper."

"Well, I give it up. Those are the only two reasons why one's friends desert him."

"Well, it was this way. You know, I used to have lots of married friends, whom I called on and dined with, and all that, you know. I am very fond of children, and they liked to have me come largely because I made so much over the kids, I suppose. That was all well and good; in fact I was having a perfectly lovely time. And if I had only had sense enough to let well enough alone, I should have been all right. But I was a bloomin' idiot; worse, a ravin' lunatic. But it's all over now. Let's don't talk about it."

"But you haven't told me why."

"Oh, well, if you must know, I'll wring my heart once more and tell you. I permitted myself to be enticed into acting as judge at a baby show."

"Well?"

"Well? Why, you crazy fool, don't you see that all these former friends of mine that had kids entered them in the show, each pair of them in absolute certainty that I would award the prize to their kid. Now, since I couldn't give but one first prize, they are all dead sore at me."

"But surely the couple to whose kid you did give the prize are your friends."

"Oh, no, Willie, oh, no. You don't know the first principle of human nature. They are sore at me, too, because all these other couples are sore at them for getting the prize. Oh, it's lovely."

* * *

Remarkable.

Jinks—There goes a man with the best trained memory I ever saw.

Binks—Remember things well, can he?

Jinks—I should say. Last summer he went to the seashore for the first time in three years, and when he met the girls after this long time, he remembered not only their names, but also what kind of love he had made to them. He's a wonder."



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Chapter I. The Leopard (reading)—"The leopard cannot count his spots." Humph! That's a misprint. Bet I can count mine. Let's see.

* * *

Had But One Face.

Ex-Congressman Eddy, of Minnesota, according to the Springfield Republican, was known as the homeliest man in Congress. He wabbled on the silver issue in 1896. A few years later he was to speak in a small town, and on arriving he saw in an opposition newspaper a head-line to the effect that "Two-faced Eddy Speaks Here Tonight." That evening, when he stood before his audience, he said, in his low, sympathetic voice, "You know, ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. It must be some one else, for there is no one here who does not know that if I had two faces I would wear the other one."

* * *

Take a Day For It.

Office-boy—What name, please?

Foreign Visitor—Herr Schwartselburghhausenmastergeschaftsmongosmanteufel.

Office-boy—You'll have to call again, sir. The office closes in five minutes, and I shant have time to pronounce your name before the boss is gone.—Bon Vivant.

* * *



Chapter II. "One—two—three—four"—



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THIS COMBINATION BOX CONTAINING

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

AND

Ball Bearing Garters

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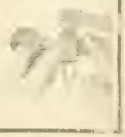


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If not on sale in your city, we will mail the Suspenders and Garters in the gift box, postpaid, for 75 cents.

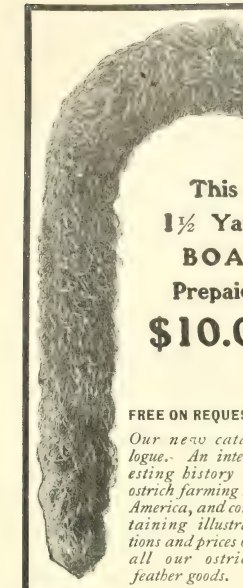
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In a large factory on the farm the raw product is developed into the luxurious tips, plumes, fans, boas and stoles which bear our trade mark. We sell direct to patrons, prepaying all express charges. You obtain the finest ostrich feather goods in the world at producers' prices, saving both import duty and middlemen's profits.

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The Original Home of the Ostrich in America

P. O. Box 67 **South Pasadena, Cal.**

Well Meant, But—

She had been sitting in the car about five minutes before she discovered him. He was in the far end of the car, and had his face turned away so that she might not recognize him. But she finally spied him, and, as there was an unoccupied seat beside her, she called to him, and of course he had to come.

"And so you are going to be married, are you?" she said, loudly enough for everyone to hear.

He admitted that he was, although his manner would have justified the use of "confessed."

"Now, ain't that nice? And you really love her, don't you? Of course you do, or you never would have asked her to marry you, would you, Charlie?"

Charlie pleaded guilty to this also.

"Is she pretty, Charlie? Oh, that don't make no difference whether she is pretty or not, just so long as she is neat and sensible and knows how to keep house. Men are always thinking about whether a girl is pretty or not, as if that made any difference."

Charlie seemed to have no opinion to offer on this point.

"Now, Charlie, I'm going to give you some good advice. I know you will be good to her, because you are a good boy. But you must take pains to be good to her. Love her and let her know that you do. Tell her so often. And you must use a lot of common sense. You musn't impose on her, and she musn't impose on you. You must be careful about that. She is not liable to do that, but you may do it, without knowing that you are, of course, and then the trouble begins. That's what is the matter with so many of the marriages now-a-days. The man imposes on the woman. He ain't got sympathy for her and her little worries, and where there ain't sympathy, why love don't live very long. That was what caused all the trouble between me and my husband. He never had no sympathy with me, and of course he pretty soon killed all my love for him. Well, good-bye and good luck!"

She waddled out of the car, and Charlie sat there and sweat blood. One more block was all he could endure to ride.

* * *

Et tu, Luna.

Captain—The moon will be up presently and—

Suffering Passenger—Well, it's awfully slow about it. I've felt it coming for the last half hour, but somehow it won't come clear up.

* * *

Same Thing.

Jinks—That old maid, Miss Gablot, is considerable of a prophet, isn't she?

Binks—Well, I didn't know. I had set her down as a common gossip.

Jinks—Right as usual, Jinksy. She is a mis-fortune teller.

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Prepared instantly by dissolving contents of one package in a pint of boiling water. When cool it will jellify and may be served immediately.

Jell-O will add greatly to the enjoyment of any dinner, and your guests will thank you for serving it.

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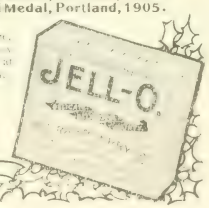
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showing many ways of preparing dainty desserts easily and economically from **Jell-O.**

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Leather, Fretwork, Parchment, and many other packages, each containing a full pint, sold by grocers everywhere.



The Genesee Pure Food Co., LeRoy, N.Y.

Force of Habit.

She—And did you have a bath while at the beach?

He—No; you see, I left before Saturday night.—Yonkers Statesman.

* * *



The Rabbit: "Shave, Mr. Squirrel?"



"Nope. Hair cut!"

* * *

Out-of-Date.

It is really very old-fashioned for opportunity to knock at anybody's door when there is the electric bell right handy.—Somerville Journal.



As the pleasure grows upon the Music Master, so it grows upon the whole family.

CHRISTMAS! It is in the air. My friends, they demand of me, "What shall I give to the children for the fete of Christmas?"

On the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at the Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little."

"One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

"I tell you. It is this way: One gift, **A Columbia Graphophone**, with those **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,— songs of Christmas, of the Opera, of the Vaudeville,—music of all instruments. Stories that make the entertainment, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea of the greatest — One gift for the whole family — **The Columbia Graphophone.**"

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia**, if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records**. We don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

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CONCERNING HEREDITY.

Guy's father was a tailor fine,
  Guy never learned to sew;
He liked to wield the blacksmith's sledge,
  And strike the sturdy blow;
Guy's father was a tailor fine,
  Guy did not like to sew.

Ward's father was a millionaire,
  And dealt in bonds and stocks;
Ward tramped the road without a cent,
  Or "broke" on piles of rocks;
Ward's father was a millionaire,
  And dealt in bonds and stocks.

John's father was a minister,
  John missed the "narrow way;"
He "starred" it in a theater,
  For many a glad day;
John's father preached a gospel strong,
  John missed the narrow way.

Will's father was a pastry cook,
  His pies were works of art;
Will's ballads captivated crowds,
  He had a poet's heart;
His father fed the multitude,
  They learned Will's songs by heart.

Ralph's father was a learned man,
  And held a college chair;
Ralph, captain of a football team,
  For books had little care;
For an old-fashioned college course,
  He had no time to spare.

Tom's father was a soldier stern,
  As ever fired a gun;
Tom quite abhorred all sanguine strife,
  By kindly arts he won;
Tom's father was a soldier stern,
  Tom never fired a gun.

Delia Hart Stone.

* * *

Enough For Her.

She was only two years old, but she had an abounding interest in things temporal. All day long she tottered about, until when night came she was completely tired out. One night, after a day of more than usual activity, when she had been prepared for bed, it took considerable coaxing from both her mother and her father to get her to say her prayers. Finally, however, she yielded and knelt down beside her bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," she prattled hastily, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep. Oh, that's enough," and up she jumped and clambered into her little bed.

* * *

Definitions.

Headache—Indigestion in the brain.
Divorce—A state where one from one makes two.
Happiness—A tickling inside of you.
Telephone—A wire with a voice at each end of it and two ears in the middle.
Electricity—?
Love—? ?

14K Gold Christmas Gift Suggestions

Every Style
A New One



Every Article Is 14K Solid Gold, Absolutely High Grade and Fully Guaranteed

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No. 41—Cross only, 35 Genuine Pearls, $10.00.
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No. 43—Cross only, Roman Finish, $2.50.
No. 44—Tiffany Ring, Perfect Blue White Diamond, $100.00.
No. 45—Brooch, Rose Finish, 3 Genuine Pearls, $5.50.
No. 46—Brooch, Rose Finish, $4.00.
No. 47—Ring, Heavy, Hand Carved, 1 Fine Diamond, $33.00.
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No. 49—Scarf Pin, Rose Finish, $2.25.
No. 50—Scarf Pin, 17 Fine White Diamonds, $48.00.
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No. 53—Brooch, Roman Finish, $2.75.
No. 54—Handy Pin, Rose Finish, $1.50.
No. 55—Signet Ring, Rose Finish, $5.50.
No. 56—Ring, 1 Perfect Blue White Diamond, $47.00.
No. 57—Masonic Button, 12 Fine Diamonds, $38.00.
No. 58—Stud, Roman Finish, each $1.25.
No. 59—Signet Ring, Rose Finish, $5.50.
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Chapter III. "Thirty-nine—forty—forty-one.'

* * *

No Depravity.

I was standing in a Broadway car one day recently, when an old colored man courteously offered me his seat.

"But, I do not wish to deprive you of your seat," I remonstrated.

"Oh, there 's no depravity at all," said he; "sit down."

When the Show Closed.

"Do you spurn obnoxious ties?" asked the timid inquirer.

"With all my sole!" energetically replied the crushed tragedian.—Baltimore American.

* * *

Shrink by Comparison.

Now that the college football season is about to open, perhaps those massacres over in Russia wont seem quite so gory.—Somerville Journal.

* * *



Chapter IV. "Eleventy-five—eleventy-six—Gosh!"



FRANCIS G. LUKE

B. D.

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D. B.

Stands for Dead Beats

We collect bad debts from dead beats everywhere. We can collect yours. We collect more hopelessly bad debts than any agency in the world. We spend more money for advertising than any agency in the whole world. Write us and we will both make money

Merchants' Protective Association

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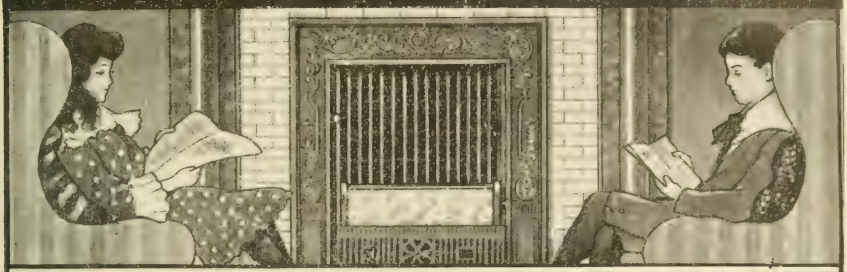
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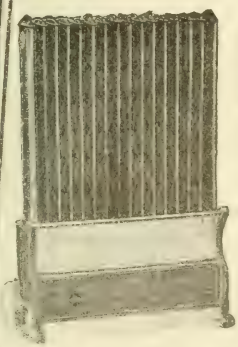


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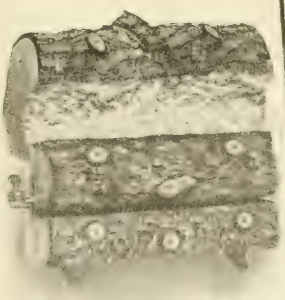
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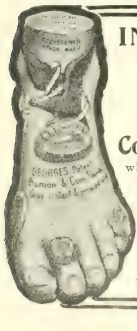
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J. J. GEORGES & SON

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John Smith's Usual Morning Experience.

This is what generally happens to each John Smith on his way down town in the morning. First he meets Timms:

"Hello, Smith!" exclaims Timms.

"Hello! Fine morning."

"Yes, but I am surprised to see you looking so well."

"Why?"

"I saw in the paper that you are threatened with nervous prostration. I know you have been working rather harder than usually of late, but I didn't know you are breaking down. Better let up and take a vacation."

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about; I'm not working hard, and I'm not breaking down. The fact is that I never felt better in my life."

"Why, that's strange. Maybe I've made a mis—Ah, I know! It wasn't you at all, but John Smith, the broker. Well, so long!"

Smith continues on his way and presently meets Simms.

"Hello, Smith, you lucky dog, you!"

"Lucky; Why?"

"Yes, that's it. Pretend you don't know when all the time you are patting yourself on the back."

"Well, if I am lucky, I don't know it, and I wish you would enlighten me."

"Yes, that's the way with you fellows. You make a big killing and then try to conceal the fact."

"Big killing? What big killing? Who? Me? How?"

"Why, I saw in the paper that you cleaned up a cool half million yesterday on copper. Tidy little day's work, that."

"I never owned a cent's worth of copper stock in my life."

"No?"

"No. And I never gambled a penny on options."

"Well, that's queer. Maybe I made a mis—Ah, I know. It was John Smith, the banker. Well, good-bye!"

Smith proceeds and is accosted by Crimms.

"Hello, Smith."

"How are you, Crimms?"

"Fine. Sorry to hear of your bad luck, old man."

"My bad luck? Why, I don't know any bad luck I've been having lately."

"Oh, of course if you prefer not to speak of it we will drop the subject, and I beg your pardon."

"No, no, it isn't that. I simply don't know what you are talking about. Put me next."

"Sure?"

"Sure. Tell me."

"Why, the failure of that Chicago bank."

"Well?"

"Well, the paper says you are a heavy stockholder."

"Why, man, I never heard of that bank before."

"You didn't?"

"No, and what's more, I don't own a cent's worth of stock in any bank."

"Well, by Jove, that's strange. I'm sure the paper said—Ah, I know. I've got you confused with John Smith, the capitalist. I must leave you here. So long!"

Smith continues, and next meets the pastor of one of the leading churches.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. A beautiful day, this."

"It is indeed."

"It is Nature's way of—ahem!—balancing the shadows of life. I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Smith—ahem! ahem!—that everything is not sunshine with you this morning. Ahem! But these shadows must flit across the lives of us all, Mr. Smith, but—ahem!—we must abide the coming forth of the sun. Faith and hope must be our anchors during the storm."

"Very beautiful, Doctor, but—er—really I don't see the application of it."

"Is it possible?"

"It certainly is. I haven't the remotest idea about what you mean."

"Haven't you been having some domestic difficulties of late?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Didn't—er—didn't—ahem! — didn't your wife elope last night with some other man?"

"Well, hardly. I never had a wife."

"Oh — um—ah—ahem! How curious! I mean, I beg your pardon,—Ah, now I understand; it wasn't you, but John Smith, the bookman, I was thinking of. How frightfully stupid of me. Really, I beg your pardon. Good morning."

The next person Smith meets is Murray.

"Hello, Smith, old boy!" Murray exclaims, slapping him heavily on the back.

"Good morning!" Smith replies, squirming.

"Put it there! Shake! How swelled up you must feel this morning, eh?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Why?"

"Why? Yes, why? You sly old dog, you!"

"Well, I suppose I am. But why?"

"How much do they weigh?"

"Weigh? Who weigh?"

"Yes, that's it, that's it. You don't know, oh no!"

"Well, maybe I do, but I can't recall it. What's the joke?"

"Joke? And you call it a joke to have your wife present you with twins! Great Scott!"

"Who? Me? My wife? Ye gods! Say, you drivelling idiot, I never had a wife."

"You never had a — Great Jehosephat! It wasn't you at all, but John Smith, the railroad man. I'll buy."

Jones next comes into view. Smith speaks first.

"Say, Jones, I am not John Smith, the broker, nor John Smith, the banker, nor John Smith, the capitalist, nor John Smith,

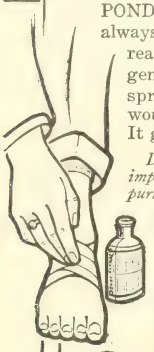


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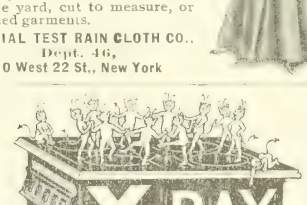
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the book man, nor John Smith, the railroad man. I haven't nervous prostration, I didn't make a half million dollars yesterday, I didn't go broke in that Chicago bank failure, my wife didn't elope last night, and my wife didn't present me with twins. I'm John Smith, the shoe man. Now, have you got anything to say to me?"

"Yes. You poor unlucky devil!"

* * *



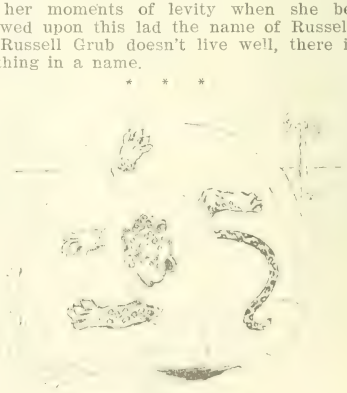
Chapter V. "Eleventy-'leven (sufferin' centipedes) —eleventy-twelve"—

* * *

Nomenclature.

Ex-Governor Hog of Texas, in actual life, and Mr. Dam, in mythical, are justly notorious for the manner in which they designated their progeny. But the appropriateness of the given names of the members of the Hog and the Dam family is more than equaled by that of the name which belongs to a small boy in these parts. The family name is Grub. Perhaps the fickle jade Chance had something to do with it, but if she did she must have been in one of her moments of levity when she bestowed upon this lad the name of Russell. If Russell Grub doesn't live well, there is nothing in a name.

* * *



Chapter VI "Work!"



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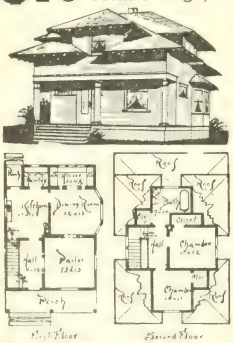
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Social Doings in Choirville.

Choirville (Special Correspondence)—For the past week, social circles in Choirville have been greatly agitated over the sensation aroused by the exposure of conditions in the choir of the Blue Tabernacle. To the outside observer, everything appeared to be running smoothly until a week ago; but it now transpires that a volcano has been smouldering there for a long time. The eruption took place last Sunday morning.

It seems that the unpleasantness arose over a feeling of jealousy that exists between the soprano, Miss Stretchandhitit, and the contralto, Miss Hollowchest. This feeling became apparent on Easter morning. Miss Stretchandhitit sang a solo, when really Miss Hollowchest should have had the opportunity. At any rate, when Miss Stretchandhitit sat down, she asked Miss Hollowchest how she liked the solo, "Ah, I think your hat is very pretty," Miss Hollowchest replied sweetly. That was round one, in favor of the contralto.

From then until the present, they have been at it, Marquis of Queensbury rules governing, with hitting in the clinches allowed. For a while the male members of the choir, Mr. Barbershopminor, the tenor, and Mr. Coldinhishead, the basso, kept out of the fray. But last week they were foolish enough to try to make peace between the two fair combatants. Their method was to speak frankly and forcibly to the ladies, as they would to two men, and simply compel them to make peace. Imagine their surprise when, after giving their advice to the warring members, they were turned on and accused of having fomented the whole thing.

"You old bullfrog, you!" screamed Miss Stretchandhitit to Mr. Coldinhishead. "You are the cause of it all, so you are."

"And you old katydid, you!" hissed Miss Hollowchest. "You are a mean, horrid old thing, so you are. Ah, I detest you both. Come, dear." And the two women kissed each other and went away with their arms intertwined.

Now it is the men versus the women, with the odds almost prohibitive in favor of the latter.

* * *

Peddlers Not Wanted.

"My dearly beloved," said the missionary to the islander, "my dearly beloved, I have come to you to give you light."

"Give me light?" quoth the islander in surprise.

"Yes," replied the missionary. "I have come to give you a light—"

"Well," interrupted the islander, showing his teeth, "I don't see what your object is, seeing that I never smoke and that my cooks have a live bed of coals always ready."

"But," began the missionary.

"Now, it's no use; I don't want to buy your goods—Snooks," he said, turning to his cook, "I'll have him broiled."



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This charming panel shows in richest coloring the vivacious health and beauty of the women who achieve and maintain physical perfection by the aid of

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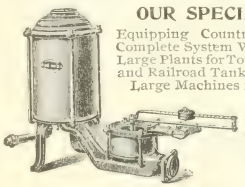
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Chapter VII. "Where am I at? Ah, yes—what a vain thing is education!"

* * *

Musings of a Mere Man.

It is strange that a woman can't endure a mouse in the room and yet pays no attention to a rat in her hair.

Powder on a woman's face may be an asset, but on a man's coat it is certainly a liability.

Women are responsible for the origin of the term "rubber-neck." They will persist in trying to see their back hair.

Women have even more confidence in themselves than savages have. An Indian paints his face when he goes to war, a woman paints hers when she goes forth to conquer.

If at first you don't succeed, try some other girl.

* * *

Very Probably.

Bridget—Pat, yez ar're drunk agin."

Pat—Now, darlint, don't git flush—flushtered.

Bridget—I say yez ar're drunk agin.

Pat—Now, Bridget, darlint, yez ar're gittin' flush—flushtered.

Bridget—An' why shouldn't I, havin' to stay here all alone by mesilf and the baby till midnight. What made yez so late?

Pat—It was the road, darlint.

Bridget—The road, was it? Sure it ain't more nor a half mile.

Pat—Yis, I know, but it is a turrible wide half mile, Bridget.

* * *

Wise Woman.

"By the way, dear," began Mr. Bluffington, "I met a fellow today"——

"Yes," interrupted his wife, "I know."

"Eh? How do you know?"

"I smelled it on your breath." -Catholic Standard.

* * *



Chapter VIII. "I cannot endure such humiliation."

Can Anyone Doubt This Evidence

Read What Cured Patients Say



MRS. BRAZITIS.
From a recent photograph.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
Sept. 13th, 1906.

To the Public:—

Some time ago I gave into the hands of Dr. Burner a statement of my improvement and also a photograph of myself and gave him permission to use them in the newspapers, for I wanted every sufferer to know what sure relief was awaiting them if only they would go to him.

For four years I had not one night's peaceful sleep. During that time I visited doctor after doctor and they all said the same thing, "You can only be helped by the use of the knife." One day a neighbor came in and told me she was going to get luncheon for my family, and that I was to go down town and not come back until I had seen Dr. Burner.

When I told Dr. Burner my case, he said it was a wonder I was not dead long ago, with my cancer and other troubles, but he told me he could cure me and the result has been to prove all the other doctors mistaken.

Dr. Burner has proven in my most obstinate case that he can cure cancer.

If there are any sufferers anywhere in this world who wish to know about my case do not hesitate to write me, as I count it a privilege to tell people about Dr. Burner and what he has done for me.

Mrs. Grace Keeney Brazitis,
878 Antonio Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

References:
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Yancey, 680 Antonio St.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backer, Antonio St.
Mrs. Maria Darcey, Antonio St.



MRS. VANDEVERE.
Taken on sick bed.

Dr. H. Russell Burner,
Dear Doctor:—

Six weeks ago I came to your LOS ANGELES SANATORIUM, 2033 EAST FOURTH STREET, opposite beautiful Hollenbeck Park, a sick, discouraged woman, suffering from nervousness, incipient Bright's disease, mal-nutrition and indigestion. Amid the delightful home surroundings, under the splendid care of your nurses, together with the expert attention of both yourself and your assistants, and the perfect system of treatment of the CALIFORNIA RADIUM, MILK AND REST CURE, I am so much stronger physically and mentally, that I feel perfectly safe in returning home. I can not praise too highly your entire institution, its surroundings and influence, and my advice to everyone who is sick is to come to you.

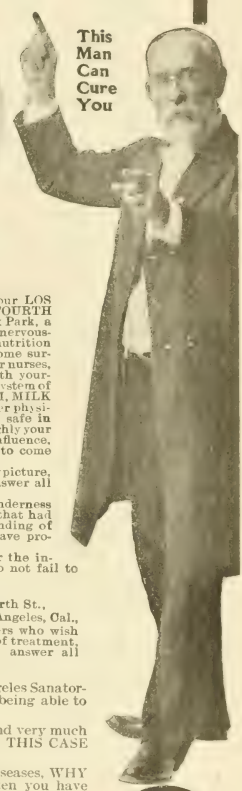
I give you this letter, together with my picture, for publication, and will be glad to answer all enquiries.

Again let me thank you for your tenderness and solicitude for me, and I want to say that had it not been for your thorough understanding of my case from the first I could never have progressed so rapidly on the road to health.

Any time I can do anything to further the interests of yourself or your Institution, do not fail to call upon me.

Mrs. A. Vandevere,
3205 E. Fourth St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.,

Where I will be glad to receive any callers who wish to inquire after you and your system of treatment, and from which address I will gladly answer all letters.



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¶ Thousands are getting rich every year by buying Seattle Real Estate. The time to buy is now.

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¶ Don't put it off; write to me today and tell me how much you want to invest.

GEO. A. VIRTUE

BOSTON BLOCK

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

The Theatre Par Excellence.

After visiting Portland's one "first class" theatre, any person of discerning mind must come to the conclusion that there are several things which should be in the theatres of New York, for instance, but which are noticeable because of their absence.

The first thing that one notices in this theatre is the cloak room. Of course, all other theatres that make any pretensions of caring for the comfort of their patrons have cloak rooms; but few of them have them thoughtfully placed in a corner so that all those desiring to avail themselves of the convenience of the room are formed into a circle and jammed tightly together and provided with an excellent opportunity to show how muscular they are while approaching the door, and how they can fight when getting away from it.

Next, imagine the surprise of the artistically inclined and expectant patron, when, after sitting down and placing his overcoat carefully upon the floor—no first class theatre has coat racks; one should use and pay for the use of the coat room, mentioned above—imagine his surprise to find that not only will his intellectual and emotional powers be provided with a feast, but his physical craving may also be satisfied. On the back of the seat in front of him he sees a peculiar box inviting him to take a chance in a gamble. Put in a dime, say the directions on the box, and turn the knob toward the right. Nothing is said about what will happen—in fact, the gambler generally does that after it hasn't happened—but sometimes the box opens and a box of bon bons appears to view. Really, it is a most considerate convenience.

But these are minor things. The most wonderful of all the details of the equipment is the curtain. After the asbestos curtain has been raised—you know it is asbestos, because it says it is—there appears another curtain done in oil and a la mosaic. Close scrutiny makes it clear that the beautiful composite effect produced by this work of art is made up of small bits of art, each one perfect in itself, and each contributing something to the treasurer—I should say the whole. Now, each of these miniatures is nothing more or less than an artistic advertisement of some article of trade, ranging from Pink Pills to Patent Perambulators. Really, it is a very clever idea, and it surely substantiates the saying that we Americans are the most ingenious people in the world.

It has been said that this theatre has never paid its lessees in the past; but surely it will pay them now, since they have taken so many pains to provide for the comfort of the persons who go there. If it doesn't, what a shame!

* * *

Pater ex Machina.

George—Is that you, Madge?
Madge—Yes; is that you, George?
George—Yes. Shake up your 'phone. I

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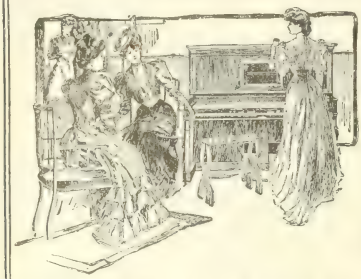
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can hardly hear you. That's better. How are you this morning?

Madge—Fine. How are you?

George—Fine. Did your father say anything to you about my staying so late last night?

Madge—Not a word; but he looked awfully cross and sleepy.

George—I hope he gets over it before this afternoon.

Madge—Why?

George—Why? Have you forgotten so soon?

Madge—Ah, George, do you mean that you are going to ask him today?

George—Sure You don't think I would wait, do you?

Madge—Well, no, but—

George—No, siree, not me. The sweetest little girl in the world loves me and has told me she will be my wife, and you bet I'm going to see her old pater today and get his consent.

Madge—But what if he shouldn't give it?

George—Nonsense. He'll have to give it.

Madge—But what if he shouldn't?

George—Oh, what's the use of borrowing trouble. He'll have to.

Madge—You don't know him very well.

George—But I hope to become better acquainted with him.

Madge—Well, I tell you he never does anything that he doesn't want to do.

George—I tell you that, if he should refuse me, I would come up there and simply carry you away with me. You don't suppose I would let anything keep me from having you, do you, you sweet little dear?

Madge—Ah, George, dear, that's awfully nice.

George—Do I get any reward?

Madge—You are too far away.

George—Send it by wire. I can hear if I can't taste it that way.

Madge—There! Did you get it?

George—Yes. They are not so good at long distance, however.

Madge—And, George, dear, you are really going to ask him today?

George—Sure.

Madge—He's awfully cross. Maybe you would better wait.

George—Ah, I'm not afraid. I'll beard him in his den. Here, I owe you something. Did you get that one?

Madge—Yes, but I don't like them at long distance, either.

Pater (who is in the library and who, while trying to get central over the library switch, has been subjected to their cooing)—Say, you two love-sick idiots, I'm not half as cross as I will be if you don't let me have this 'phone.

Madge—Gracious! It's papa.

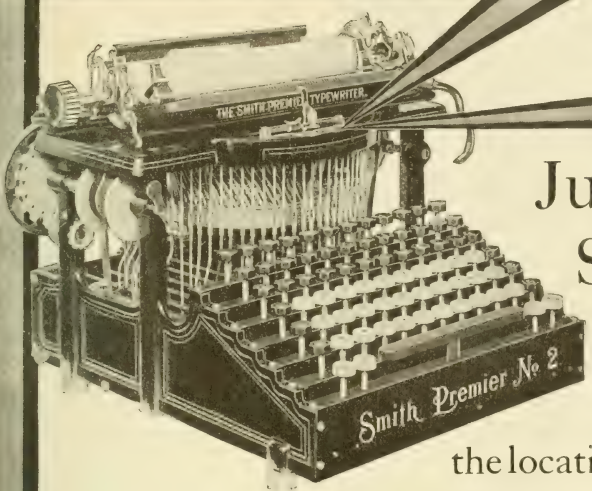
George—By gosh!

Pater—Take her, you fool; but give me this 'phone.

Madge—Oh, pater, you dear old—

George—Thank you, thank—

Pater—Shut up and hang up. (The 'phones click simultaneously.) Blamed lunatics!



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A Tangled Moral.

She was perhaps five, he seven. The little dog might have been any age. She was drawing the heavy coaster uphill. The little boy rode and held the dog.

The distribution of labor seemed unjust.

"Why don't you let the little dog draw the coaster?" I suggested.

"My mamma says it is cruel to make a little dog draw a heavy cart."

It was not for me to oppose maternal precept; but surely it might have gone further.

"Then why don't you draw the coaster and let your little sister ride?"

"Oh, I have to hold the dog."

"She can hold the dog. Come, get off and let her ride."

"I won't," he said firmly. "Get up, Portia!"

But Portia's mind was receptive. The seed had not fallen on barren soil. She dropped the handle of the coaster and put her hands defiantly behind her back.

"No, it's too heavy. You draw it."

He went to the root of the matter at once. "If you don't do it, Portia, I'll slap you."

Portia hesitated and glanced at me. I gave her moral support.

"You must never strike your little sister," I said severely. "That is a cowardly thing to do."

Then, like most agitators, I passed on, leaving Portia to fight her own battles.

The next day I met them again. The boy drew the coaster. Portia rode triumphant. The little dog walked soberly behind.

I was struck by the good pace they were making. As they came abreast, I saw the reason. Portia carried a whip. She gave her brother a sharp cut; then, to be quite impartial, gave a second to the little dog.

Again I paused to remonstrate. "You should not strike your little brother," I said.

Portia looked at me haughtily. "Go away," she said. "I will hit you."

The boy now spoke gloomily. "The only way to make her behave is to slap her. And you said I mustn't."

I wavered. Portia struck the little dog again.

"Well," I said, "you must not strike her hard." I hurried on.

A few days later I saw Portia drawing the coaster up hill. The little boy rode and held the dog.

Adelaide Soule.

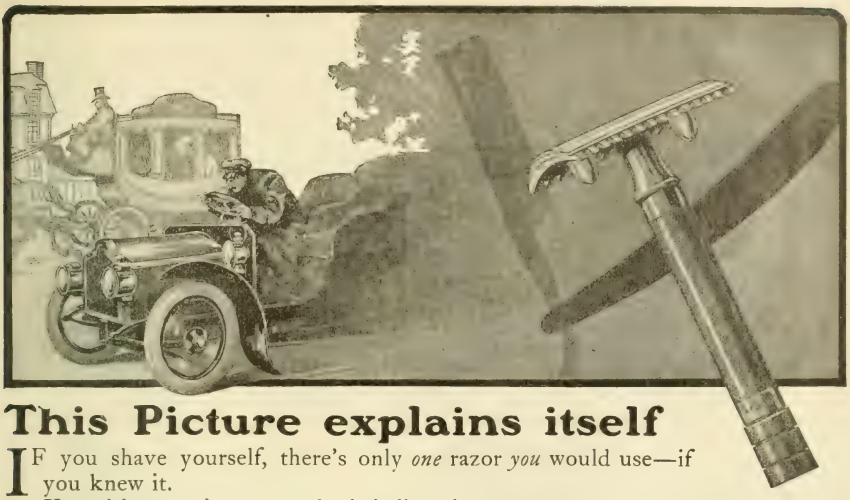
* * *

A young Scotch minister was one day talking to an old lady who had grave doubts as to his fitness for the cloth.

"Yes, Mrs. McPherson," he said, "I was called to the ministry. I heard the call and I answered it."

"Are ye sure it was a ca', laddie?" the old lady replied; "are ye sure it was no' some ither noise ye heard?"

D. A. Fraser.



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After *one* trial you'll believe it—for all the rest of time.

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Chapter IX. "Here goes!"

* * *

Careful Epitaphist.

Sanpontino went to inspect the splendid monument of a tomb which he had erected to the memory of his dead wife, but did not like the inscription, "Here she sleeps," thinking it said too little. The sculptor suggested that he might add something else, whereupon Sanpontino said, "Well, then, put 'Sst! Do not awaken her!'"—La Caricaturista.

* * *



Chapter X. Biff!

* * *

A Tip.

A Tout said to Goldstein:

"I have a sure thing, but don't tell anyone or the bookmakers will get on, and down goes the odds."

Goldstein went up to a bookmaker and wanted to bet $50, and of course was asked the name of the horse he wanted to back.

"Vat do you tink I vas? No, sir; not in a tousand years tell you his name. He is a sure vinner. Gif me a ticket."

* * *



Chapter XI. Finis.

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who has enjoyed the benefit of **Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder** daily since birth is free from the painful **chapping** and **chafing** which comes with winter weather.

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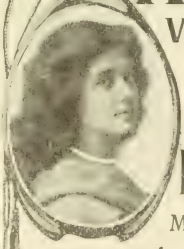
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Pacific Coast Paper Co., San Francisco, Cal.
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TWINS

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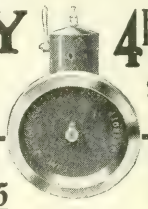
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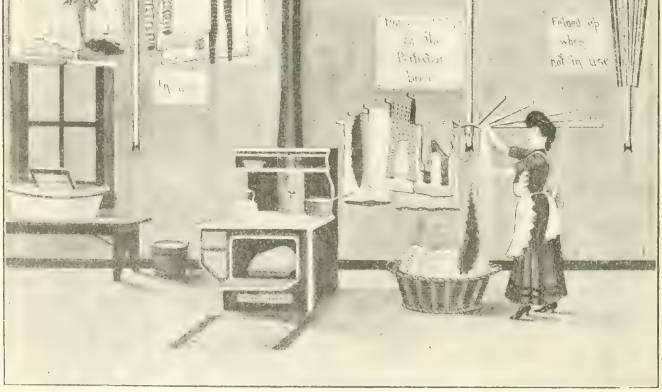
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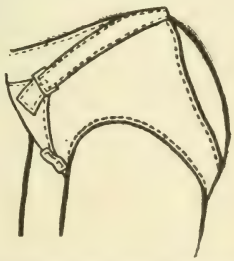
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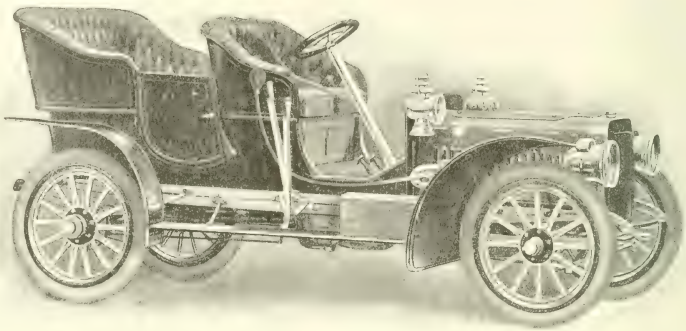
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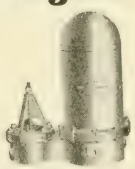
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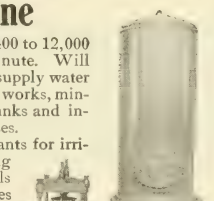
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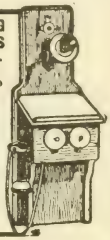
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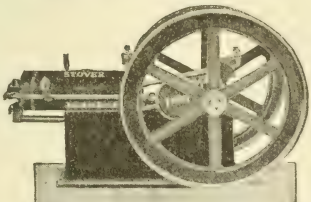
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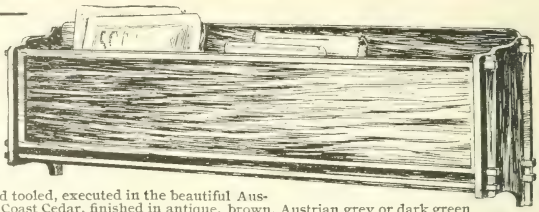
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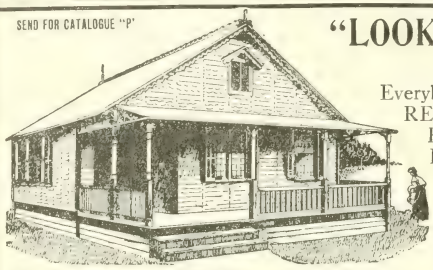
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Koosbay on Coos Bay

Old Mother Shipton's Prophecy

I

As I sat alone in the firelight,
Each hair stood straight on my head,
For a ghostly form appeared to me,
And in hollow tones she said,
"I'm the Spirit of Mother Shipton,
Come back to the earth, to say,
That great things are to happen,
This year, on old Coos Bay.
And it takes not a Prophet to foresee
The dazzling future in store for Plat B."

II

"Its fame has already spread abroad,
And 'live men' are coming from far and near,
Leaving the homes where their loved ones are,
More of the wonderful tidings to hear.
For from North Bend into Marshfield,
At no very distant day,
There will be a mighty City,
And its name shall be 'Koosbay,'
And the business center of it shall be
What is known to the world as Koosbay Plat B."

III

"If those who sit on the Scorners' Seat,
(Knockers, who howl about trouble,)
Will buy a few lots on Newmark Street,
They'll find their income will double.
'Down Sherman Avenue street cars shall run,
'Long its sides tall buildings be looming:
There'll be many new things beneath the sun
In the City where business is booming;
And hundreds of ships from far o'er the Sea—
Shall load at the docks of Koosbay Plat B."

IV

"The 'News' and the 'Sun' and the 'Mail' will see
They'll have to move down the Bay to Plat B;
The 'Advertiser' will advertise free,
What the great resources of the City will be;
Some others may start in the center of town,
And they'll all be Dailies of great renown.
There'll be other Plats from A to Z—
But the heart of them all is the great Plat B.
If in wealth you'd rival our only John D
Just stake your all on Koosbay Plat B."

V

"Many will write of Seaport gay,
(And win prize lots from the Major,)
A great resort it will be some day,
But I would like to wager
Just ten to one, that of all the towns
'Long the line of the great S. P.
There'll be none go ahead of the City Koosbay,
Spreading out, on all sides, from Plat B.
I give you this tip, and ask no fee,
Invest your money in Koosbay Plat B."

VI

Then the ghost of Dame Shipton faded from sight,
Not a sound disturbed the stillness of night;
But I thought, as I watched the embers glow,
Nearly all that she prophesied years ago
Has come to pass, so I know that she
Is right in her prophesy of Plat B.
She wished to be in the limelight once more,
So came back to earth from the golden shore,
To tell the near future, and to show you and me
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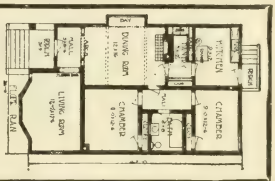
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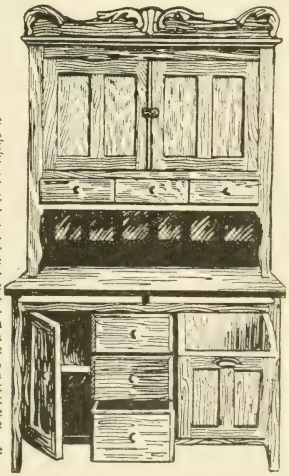
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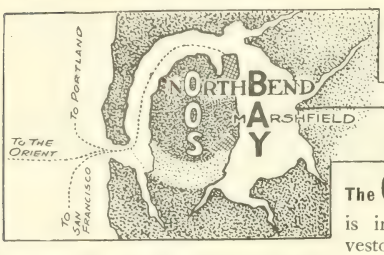


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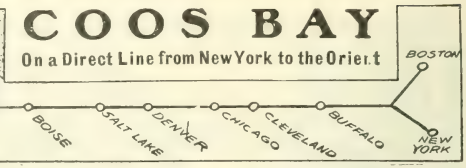


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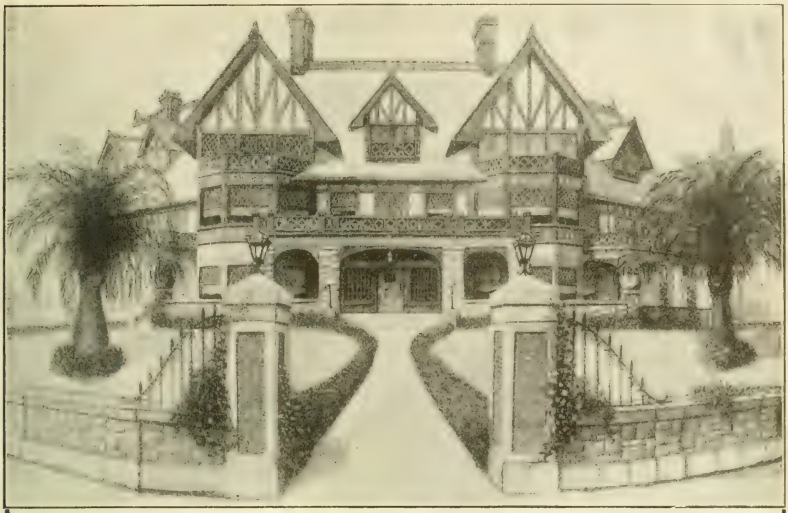
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Brentwood Park

This is one of the homes being constructed in beautiful Brentwood Park. We are going to show a series of these homes, from month to month, all being built by owners and to be occupied by them as homes.

Brentwood Park is located on the rim of the historical Santa Monica Canon and North of the new San Vicente Boulevard and extends back to the foot hills, midway between the Soldier's Home and the Ocean, and commands one of the grandest views of the entire valley and mountains, just far enough back from the Ocean to give a commanding view of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Play Del Rey, Redondo, Catalina and Santa Barbara Islands.

Brentwood Park is laid out in the same manner as the Golden Gate Park, of San Francisco, which is so well known. No lots in the Park have a frontage of less than one hundred feet and the depth ranges from one hundred and seventy-four feet to four hundred and fifty feet. The Grand Boulevard extends through the Park, ranging in width from one hundred and thirty feet to one hundred and eighty feet. Shrubbery in profusion is scattered through Brentwood Park; climatic conditions could not be improved; the finest of soil; the best of water; and frostless. Thirty minutes from Brentwood Park to Fourth and Broadway, the business center of Los Angeles.

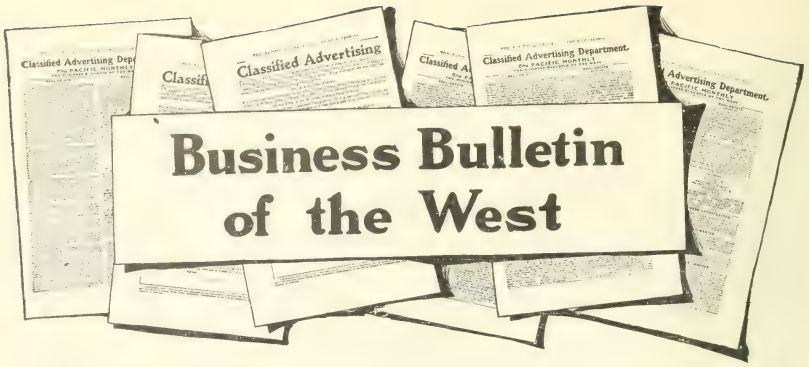
Several beautiful homes are under construction. The largeness of the lots and their great depth and their fine location make them the best investment for a home. Why don't you buy now—lots won't last long. If you don't want to build just now, wouldn't it be a fine investment?

Write us today for plats, prices and particulars, which will be cheerfully sent to all free. Address the owners

Western Pacific Development Company

110 Merchants Trust Building

Los Angeles, California



REAL ESTATE
WASHINGTON

WEST SEATTLE, JUST TEN MINUTES from the business center of Seattle by ferry or street car. Elevation, 400 feet, with twenty-mile view of beautiful Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains for a background. No finer residence section in America or Europe. It is really the Switzerland of America. Buy now while prices are low. This will be the most expensive property on Puget Sound within two years. You lose money by delaying a day. Write for particulars. MORRISON & ESHELMAN, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

ARE YOU COMING TO SEATTLE? Then better write to us at once. Houses and apartments for rent and desirable building lots are becoming scarce. The most desirable residence district is Mt. Baker Park, on the shores of Lake Washington, the permanent and exclusively residence section, 350 LOTS SOLD IN 30 DAYS. Rest will go just as quickly. Best place to buy and best place to live. A sound investment or a safe and profitable speculation. Send for our illustrated booklet. It's interesting. Hunter Tract Imp. Co., 117 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

JOIN OUR SEATTLE BUSINESS PROPERTY SYNDICATE WHILE SHARES ARE AT PAR, $1.00 EACH. WE INVEST ONLY IN INCOME PRODUCING REALTY, AND HAVE PAID 28 PER CENT DIVIDENDS DURING THE PAST YEAR. THIS INSTITUTION IS BACKED BY MEN OF HIGHEST PROMINENCE IN THE NORTHWEST; REFERENCE ANY SEATTLE BANK. Write quick for booklet—P and subscription blank. REALTY ASSOCIATES, COLMAN BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE IS MAKING MORE MEN RICH THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN AMERICA. HOW—BY PUTTING THEIR MONEY INTO DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE. WE HAVE A FEW MORE TRACTS OF BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN PROPERTY THAT IS ENHANCING IN VALUE RAPIDLY. $10.00 a month will start you on the road to wealth. Write today. FORESTER & COMPANY, INC., Seattle, Washington.

825 ACRES FINEST FRUIT, ALFALFA, HOP AND SUGAR BEET LAND; all watered and in cultivation; 8 miles from Walla Walla; 2 m. from R. R.; good house, barn, shop and sheds; fine fruit and shade; telephone; R. F. D.; church, school. Price $35 acre cash. Joseph Merchant, Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE ACRE TRACTS OF RICH GARDEN LAND advantageously located near Seattle, on payments of $10 to $20 a month; city lots, 40 by 120 and larger on same easy terms. No such chance ever before offered to plant your earnings for profit. Crawford & Conover, 202 and 203 New York Block, Seattle, Washington. Established in 1888. References, every bank and business man in Seattle.

REAL ESTATE
WASHINGTON

INVEST IN A NEW COUNTRY that is growing more rapidly than any other part of the United States. Real Estate in Seattle is the most profitable and safest investment to be found. Splendid opportunities for investors. Burwell & Morford, Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

WE HAVE SEVERAL PROPERTIES THAT WILL ADVANCE 100 PER CENT. THE NEXT YEAR. Investors may take advantage of these opportunities on our partial payment plan. PETTIT & SON, Colman Building, Seattle, Washington.

BUY A SEATTLE SUBURBAN HOME. Five acre tracts, rich, level land, beautiful scenery, few minutes ride from Seattle on car line. No climate in the world so delightful as Puget Sound. If you cannot come to Seattle, we will reserve a five-acre tract for you at $75 00 per acre; you can pay a little on it every month. Don't fail to write today. Values are advancing rapidly. This land is suitable for fruit, garden or chicken raising. An ideal home in the land of plenty. Van de Vanter Davis Company, 3, 4 and 5 Starr Boyd Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

SEATTLE, THE PLACE WHERE ONE DOLLAR EARNS FROM TWO TO FOUR EVERY YEAR IF INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH US. Write for full particulars. Forehand & Company, investments, 302 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Washington.

SEATTLE IS GROWING FASTER THAN CHICAGO ever did. Every minute that you delay in investing you are loosing money. Millions of dollars were made here last year. We can earn money. We are doing it for others every day. We firmly believe that Seattle real estate furnishes the safest and most profitable investment on earth. Some of our prices are under the market. Rutherford, Huggins & Elliott, Real Estate, Seattle, Washington.

SEATTLE REAL ESTATE will make more money for investors in the next five years than any other class of security that can possibly be had. Values are increasing from 100 to 500 per cent per annum and this is on a steady, conservative, sound basis—no boom. Seattle is destined to be the greatest city on the Pacific Coast and we are in position to say this, having made a close study of the Seattle realty market for 16 yrs.; therefore, our advice on values is good. Write for information of home sits and waterfront. W. A. Gordon & Co., Seattle, Wash.

U. S. GOLD BONDS are not as good an investment as Seattle real estate, because they have not the earning power of Seattle realty. Think what it means to have a man handle your investments who began real estate business in Seattle in 1888 and has seen the town grow from 11,000 to 200,000 and property values double yearly. Seattle will have 500,000 people in 1911. Figure for yourself what a small amount invested now will earn in 5 years. Write us today. A. Robinson & Co., Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

REAL ESTATE

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE, THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT AND ALASKA—3 transcontinental lines, 2 more building; pop. 200,000; the place for safe real estate investment. H. A. Schroeder, 315 Boston Blk., Seattle, Wash.

A CHANCE FOR THE SMALL MAN to become wealthy. Buy Seattle home sites, 5 and 20 acre tracts, rich soil, raise everything, best climate, water and scenery. Prices advancing rapidly. A small payment cash and a few dollars a month will buy a splendid piece of property. Write now for prices and particulars. Robert Maltby, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

OREGON

REAL ESTATE
IS OUR BUSINESS,
AND
COOS BAY REAL ESTATE
IS OUR SPECIALTY.
FOR SPECIAL INFORMATION
REGARDING
COOS BAY,
OREGON,
ADDRESS
J. D. JOHNSON & CO.,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

CALIFORNIA

PHILO MILLS,
THE
REAL ESTATE MAN,
2883 SHATTUCK AVENUE,
BERKELEY,
CALIFORNIA.

W. J. MORTIMER & CO. ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENTS IN BERKELEY REAL ESTATE AND CHOICE HILLSIDE LOTS WITH SUPERB MARINE VIEW, IS OUR SPECIALTY. 2127 CENTER STREET, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

GREAT LAND OPENING IN CALIFORNIA—Big Govt. approved canal now ready to irrigate. Great wheat farms of Colusa and Glenn Cos., Sacramento Val.; rich garden land with irrigation, produces $50 to $200 an acre annually; 20-acre tracts for $200 cash and $200 yearly for six years at 6 per cent. Write today. C. M. Wooster Co., 1666 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

60 PER CENT INVESTMENT. We have a limited amount of stock that nets 60 per cent. dividends. Established company with a daily capacity of 500 barrels to back up our assertion. Write Yo Landa Springs Co., Big Rapids, Mich.

MAILING LISTS

KEATON'S CLASSIFIED MAILING LISTS. Why waste your circular letters and advertising matter when you can get Keaton's Classified Lists, giving names of Oregon and Washington farmers, showing kind of crops raised, acres owned, size of family, etc. Write for full particulars. Rural Directory Company, 291½ Stark street, Portland, Oregon.

ARCHITECTS

GOING TO BUILD? Send stamp for particulars or 50c for handsome book of California bungalows. Most cosy and inexpensive of America's homes. R. N. Lamberth & Co., Dept. S., Los Angeles, Calif.

HELP WANTED

PLEASANT PROFITABLE POSITION offered to anyone able to sell and to manage sub agents. ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE to men with insurance or similar experience. REGISTRY GUIDANCE COMPANY, 132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

DETECTIVES—Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau, 72 Cincinnati, O.

LIVE AGENTS in every city and town—Men and women of good standing, who can furnish good references, can secure pleasant and profitable employment. Many of our representatives make $6 to $10 per day and any good, earnest worker can make $4.00 per day; strictly high-class work. Address, giving references, F. Hoffeditz, room 35 Lafayette bldg., Portland, Ore.

DETECTIVE, shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality; to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write, H. C. WEBSTER, Indianapolis, Indiana.

SCHOOLS

LEARN HOW TO BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE.—We teach by mail how to become a real estate broker, a profitable business that requires no capital; course is highest standard real estate instruction under the direction of experts. Terms moderate; write for free booklet. United States Real Estate Institute, 200 Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

MAILING LISTS adapted to your business. If you are soliciting mail orders in any line of business we can furnish you correct, up-to-date typewritten mailing lists that will put you in touch with the class of people you desire in the most prosperous section of the great Northwest. Circularizing is the best means of enlarging your business acquaintance and many orders are secured in this way that would never come to you through other advertising. For particulars address NORTHWESTERN DIRECTORY CO., Stebbins Block, Miles City, Mont.

SIX MONTHS FREE—YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL will bring the ALASKA GUIDE, free. Alaska is full of opportunities. You can share in them. Address, F. P. Bent, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY. Box containing twenty branches ranging from six to 20 inches in length; beautiful red-berried Holly, fresh from the woods of North Carolina, sent postpaid to any address in the United States for $1.00. An appropriate Xmas Gift for your home or friends. Will mail direct to any address enclosing your card, if desired. A bunch of Mistletoe will be included in all orders mailed BEFORE DECEMBER 5. Will mail any date in December. P. C. SQUIRES, Dept. N., Elizabeth City, N. C.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

Rate for 4 lines (smallest accepted), 75 cents per line, $3.00 per issue. Each additional line up to 12 lines (largest accepted), 50 cents per line.

Thus a five line advertisement will cost $3.50 per issue, six lines $4.00 per issue, twelve lines (largest accepted), $7.00 per issue.

Ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions.

Bills payable monthly in advance on receipt of invoice.

Check must accompany order for first insertion.

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

MONEY COMES

Usually, from one of three sources:

INDUSTRY:—That depends upon yourself.
INHERITANCE:—That is by favor.
INVESTMENT:—That is where we may help you—if you wish.

We know of no investment so safe, so sane, and so surely profitable as Seattle real estate today.

Not a "boom" with inflated and false values, but a steady demand from without that is forcing prices rapidly upward until no one seems willing to even guess where they will stop. Almost impossible to buy or rent a house here, and thousands pouring in all the time.

We think that our long experience as real estate agents here might prove of value to you. At least our customers, both local and corresponding, have learned to buy "sight unseen" on our say so.

Should you care to make any inquiries, our services are at your disposal—gratis.

McGraw & Kittinger
Colman Building
Seattle, Washington.

Property suburban to Los Angeles is **rapidly** enhancing in value, and the demand for this type of property is enormous. Los Angeles is growing like the proverbial weed, and the extension of electric lines to the outlying districts is mainly responsible for the unusual activity in suburban properties.

The Santa Monica Land and Water Co., offices 602-6 Fay Bldg., Los Angeles, control what is probably the most desirable suburban property that is offered for sale at reasonable prices. Their subdivisions are famous for mountain, valley and marine views, quick electric transportation to Los Angeles and all beaches, costly public and private improvements, and the consistent prices of lots. Special information will be sent upon application.

ALFALFA RANCH

In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

H. L. MILLER & CO.,
414 W. 7th St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Mining Investments

Investors, who contemplate buying UTAH or NEVADA mining stocks, should have my "Weekly Comments" giving information regarding the best investments.

IT IS FREE.

WM. H. TIBBALS,

P. O. Box 44. Suite 302-3 Herald Bldg.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Fruit Lands in Washington

The wonderful Wenatchee Valley nets the owner from $400.00 to $2400.00 per acre every year. No failure. I have 6000 acres of the best in the Valley. Deep, rich soil that will earn 500 per cent. on the money invested in twelve months.

Write for full information.

A few dollars put in the Wenatchee Valley will make you independently rich.

L. V. WELLS
Wenatchee, Washington

ENSENADA BAY

"The Most Beautiful Bay on the Pacific Coast"



Climatic Conditions and Natural Attractions Unequaled Anywhere

LOTS $15—$5 DOWN, $5 in 3 and $5 in 6 MONTHS

Lots Sold in Pairs

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the west, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

WHY NOT OWN YOUR LOT? YOU CAN USE IT SOME DAY.

Write us for maps and full particulars

J. D. CAMERON CO. or EDWIN G. HART & CO.

AGENTS WANTED 726 Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

SEND YOUR NAME

For Free Illustrated Booklet

About California

Which is worth $4,000.00 to any homeseeker. Address

HOME EXTENSION COMMITTEE

175 Chamber of Commerce Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Buy a FIVE ACRE ORANGE GROVE

At RIALTO, CALIFORNIA

$1275 $15 DOWN and $15 PER MONTH UNTIL PAID **$1275**

NO TAXES. NO INTEREST

Write for our Free Booklet

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

We put Deed in Escrow and properly care for the Grove until it is paid for.

California Fruit Growers Ass'n

General Offices: 219, 239 H. W. Hellman Bldg.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, POSSESSES

CLIMATE—A desirable medium between the drier eastern and the more moist western conditions of the Northwest.

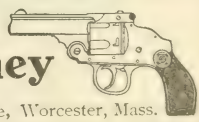
SOIL—Volcanic ash, rich in phosphates, and recognized as the best in the world for apples and strawberries.

THE HOOD RIVER LAND EMPORIUM

has the only set of land abstract books of that district, and makes a speciaity of real estate, abstracts, conveyancing, loans and insurance.

Hood River, Oregon

H. & R. Greatest Revolver Value for the Money



Send for Catalogue. **HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**, 318 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

We Are Building

EARLINGTON

The Coming Railroad and Manufacturing Suburb of Seattle.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad;
Columbia & Puget Sound Railroad;
Seattle-Renton Electric Railway;
Cedar River Pipe Line, "City Light" Power Line;
"Snoqualmie" Power Line;
Continuation of Rainier Boulevard;
Railroad Yards;
Round Houses, Shop and Factory Sites;
Two Miles of River Frontage;
Water, Electric Lights, Sidewalks;
Moderate Restrictions in Residence District;
Model Houses.

AND THEN SOME MORE—

For we propose to sell this magnificent property on the most attractive and advantageous terms ever offered in Seattle with NO INTEREST AND NO TAXES.

We Have Made Our Opening Prices the Lowest Possible—They Will Rapidly Advance with Developments.

We offer a complete modern well-built five room and bath cottage with tract of beautiful land 40x246 feet for $1250.00. $200.00 down, balance $20.00 per month—**No Interest and No Taxes.**

Jones-Thompson Investment Co.
Owners

Real Estate Department
Security Savings & Safe Deposit Co.
Selling Agents,
113 Seneca St., Seattle.

Please send me complete particulars concerning the new Town of Earlington.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....



The Great Southwestern Desert contains many curious and interesting things. Photographs furnished writers, publishers and others. Send for list. Send your films by mail to us to be developed and printed. We do the best kodak printing on the Coast. **SEND FOR PRICE LIST.**

C. C. PIERCE & CO., Photographers and Eastman Kodak Agency
Cor. Sixth and Spring Streets, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



H. W. Hellman Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Beautiful Miramonte Park

In Southern California

Fifteen Minutes Ride on Fast Trolley from Los Angeles and her Skyscrapers

This beautiful tract furnishes an ideal spot for

Homes for Home-Seekers

Because of its many superior advantages and completeness of its improvements, **MIRAMONTE PARK** ranks high as choice residential property. It is situated only 800 yards from present city limits, AWAY from the DUST and NOISE of a large city, and enjoys a 5 cent car fare with 15 minute service.

WIDE STREETS, GRADED, OILED AND ROLLED
CEMENT WALKS AND CURBS
PRIVATE WATER SYSTEM
ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND TELEPHONES

Lots 50x144 to 12 foot alley. Prices $500 up. Terms 10% down, $15 per month, 6% interest. Discount 10% for all cash. Building restrictions. Taxes for 1905 and 1906 paid.

Lots are selling rapidly, homes being erected and prices constantly advancing. Before you decide on a location for your HOME or buy a lot for INVESTMENT don't fail to see BEAUTIFUL MIRAMONTE PARK. For free literature and full particulars address

RUFUS P. SPALDING, Owner

215 H. W. Hellman Building

Cor. Fourth and Spring Sts., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

COPPER IS KING

There have been more fortunes, and larger fortunes, made from Copper than from all other classes of mining combined

HOW HAVE THESE FORTUNES BEEN MADE?
BY GETTING IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR
BEFORE THE MINE WAS A SHIPPER

An Opportunity for You

TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF A PROVEN MINE

Invest **$100.00** in the Preferred Stock of the
(Pay in small installments if you wish)

Seattle-Boston Copper Company

There is no investment you can make with such a small sum which will give you the chance to make a fortune as this stock.

We Believe We Have a Great Copper Mine

and we are developing it on an honest basis. ¶The mines are located only 45 miles east of Seattle. After careful investigation,

Seattle Citizens Have Taken 100,000 Shares

AND ARE STILL BUYING.

¶Write for our prospectus, we have one that gives you honest facts. **MAILED FREE ON REQUEST. Remember the time to act is now,** not after the mine is a shipper. $100.00 will not buy much stock then.

Seattle-Boston Copper Company

419-421 ALASKA BUILDING

CHAS. E. CRANE, Pres. **SEATTLE, U. S. A.**



$100,000 Lane County Court House (all paid for)

Located at

Eugene, Oregon

The City of Opportunities

An Ideal Dairy Country—Eugene, County Seat of Lane County, is surrounded on all sides by the best dairying country in the West. Mild temperature, plenty of water and what most countries have not, green feed in winter. Grasses, timothy, clover and vetches grow luxuriantly yielding as high as 4 and 5 tons per acre. Dairy products always find a ready market at High Prices. A large part of the prosperity of the Willamette Valley has come from the milch cow. Dairying has enabled many a farmer to clear himself of debt and store up a bank account.

Poultry Raising is another occupation which brings big returns and can be run in connection with dairying. The nearness of Eugene to foreign markets in addition to the very heavy local market among the large lumber, milling and mining camps keeps poultry and eggs as well as dairy products at high prices.

Dairying, Poultry Raising, Truck Farming, Fruit, Hops, etc.. all bring in big returns to the thrifty farmer at

EUGENE, OREGON

For full information and free illustrated booklet write

The Merchants Protective Association

A Little Farm Well Tilled

WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT



The Laguna De Tache Grant

Offers some of the best land in California. It is located in Kings and Fresno Counties on the

FAMOUS DELTA OF KINGS RIVER

It is an ideal place for a home. We have placed 4000 settlers on these lands, who are making money in Dairying, General Farming, Fruit Growing and Poultry.

You can buy 10 acres or more. The prices are low. The terms are exceptionally easy.

Let us send you our **Illustrated Folder No. 5,** with full particulars.

NARES & SAUNDERS

135 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

LATON, FRESNO COUNTY
CALIFORNIA

HOW THINGS GROW IN IDAHO



Beet Field in Bingham County, Idaho.

HOMES IN IDAHO in the Snake River Valley under the "Carey Act" the most liberal law ever passed in the interest of homeseekers. Climatic conditions the very best; soil first-class; plenty of sunshine and plenty of water. Well water in abundance and chemically pure. Land and perpetual water right from $18.50 to $25.00 per acre on a ten annual payment contract. For particulars write,

AMERICAN FALLS CANAL & POWER COMPANY

No. 50 CLEVELAND AVENUE — POCATELLO, IDAHO

Irrigation Is Successful in Central Oregon

The Deschutes Irrigation and Power Co.

UNDER THE CAREY ACT



Pilot Butte Canal, Six Miles North of Headgate

Has 75,000 Acres now "Under Water"

250 Miles of Water Lines

1.8 Feet Every Ninety Days Over Each Irrigable Tract, or One Second Foot Over Each 100 Acres.



Sugar Beets on Irrigated Tracts Near Redmond

160 Acres Available to Each Purchaser at Actual Cost of Irrigation. Payment of Land: One-fourth cash, balance in three equal annual payments at 6%. Maintenance charge, $1.00 per acre per annum for each irrigable acre for water. PRODUCTIVENESS PROVEN BY GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL STATION and by actual settlers on the land, 30,000 acres having been sold.

CUT OUT TODAY

DESCHUTES IRRIGATION & POWER CO.
McKay Building, Portland, Oregon
Gentlemen: I am interested in Irrigation propositions and would like to receive free full information in reference to your lands.
Name .....
Address .....

Deschutes Irrigation & Power Co.

Box A, 610-11-12 McKay Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Office for Sale of Land
Box A, Redmond, Crook County, Ore.

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.



One Irrigation Rye Crop on Experimental Farm at Twin Falls, Idaho, August 10, 1906.

Irrigation is King!

TWIN FALLS INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited

Sole Agents for all Water Rights and Lands under

THE GREAT TWIN FALLS CANAL SYSTEM

Fifty Thousand Acres of Choice Land Still Open for Entry.

These lands were segregated under the "CAREY ACT" by the State of Idaho. Land, 50c per acre and perpetual water right $25 per acre, payable in ten annual payments. As soon as lands are located the entire canal system belongs to the settlers.

This project contains 270,000 acres, of which 220,000 acres have been located. 75,000 acres in crop this year and water was turned into the great canal but 18 months ago. *Best climate, soil and water right in the entire West.*

Twin Falls City—The first lot in this city was sold **23 months ago** and **today has a population of nearly 4,000.** A $100,000 hotel has been completed and is now open to the public.

Town of Buhl—This town was opened for sale of lots April 17, 1906, and over $100,000 worth of lots have been already sold. Buhl is located on the west end of the tract, 17 miles west of Twin Falls, and is destined to be a city of importance.

Have the greatest water power in the United States (except Niagara) in Twin Falls and the Great Shoshone Falls, both of which are within seven miles of Twin Falls City.

Write to

Secretary of

TWIN FALLS INVESTMENT CO.

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, for further information.

TACOMA

HAS DOUBLED in population in five years and will double again in less time. This means property values are increasing rapidly. Send me all the money you can raise to put into **TACOMA REAL ESTATE NOW!**

¶ **THE MILLIONAIRES** of the country made their money by buying at the right time. Your time to buy is **TO DAY** and Tacoma Real Estate is what to buy.

FAIRBANKS

Tanana District, Alaska

PRODUCED $12,000,000 in gold this year and the district has not been half developed. In 1907 this will more than double.

¶ **THE NORTHERN EXPLORATION COMPANY** owns and is operating a group of claims in the heart of this rich country.

¶ **TANANA** is the richest section of Alaska and many fortunes are being made. The company will dispose of a limited amount of stock to the proper parties to raise money to carry on further extensive development work in the north. Other properties of the company are seven copper claims on **GRIBBELL ISLAND** showing heavy deposits of ore and Ruby Creek placer claims in Washington that are fabulously rich in free gold.

¶ **AN OFFER** you cannot afford to ignore. A personal letter from me will convince you. All the information and references you want.

¶ **LET ME** hear from you today and state what amount you would like to invest provided you are satisfied our claims are true.

ADDRESS

A.M. RICHARDS & CO.

Valuable Knowledge of Puget Sound and Alaska.

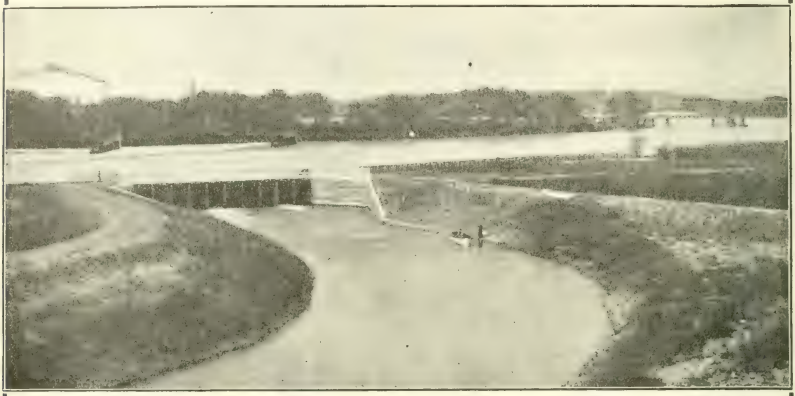
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

Intake of Canal of Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigation Project, Calgary, Alberta

WHERE TWO THOUSAND FEET OF WATER PER SECOND IS TAKEN TO

IRRIGATE 3,000,000 ACRES



Land produces Alfalfa, four cuttings the season. 50 bushels per acre famous Alberta Fall Wheat, Oats 110 bushels, Sugar Beets highest saccharine value, potatoes, small fruits, etc. Finest location in America for extensive darying

Irrigated Land only $25.00 per Acre

Terms: One-fourth cash, balance in five yearly payments at 6% interest

All the water wanted for irrigation at only fifty cents an acre per year. WATER TITLE GUARANTEED BY THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT. Ideal climate. No snow. On main line of railroad. Close to towns, markets, churches, and schools.

Send for illustrated literature

Ferrier-Brock Company

GENERAL PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Berkley, California

I Can Sell Your Real Estate or Business

NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED

Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write today describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

If You Want to Buy

Any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere, at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAFF,

THE LAND MAN

415 KANSAS AVENUE

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Yakima Valley Fruit Land

Pays from $250 to $750 per acre each year

Send for our Illustrated Folder

YAKIMA FRUIT FARMS CO.

North Yakima, Washington



HOME OFFICE OF THE MAYWOOD COLONY AT CORNING, CALIFORNIA
Corning is in the Upper Sacramento Valley, 180 miles North of San Francisco, on the line of the Southern Pacific Ry.

SAY I want to tell you something for your own good. If you're feeling well and doing well where you are don't move. But, if you're bound to move, make a *good* move by moving to

MAYWOOD COLONY

at CORNING, CALIFORNIA

Here there is good land, good water, good climate, good schools, good churches, good stores, good market, good shipping facilities and about 3000 good people. There's not a pauper in the place. There's work for all who want to work. There's a good future for this place.

If you care to look into a good proposition send me your name and I'll send you printed matter that will tell you all about it.

W. N. WOODSON

PROPRIETOR OF MAYWOOD COLONY

CORNING (Sacramento Valley) CALIFORNIA

ARCADIA

LOCATION—On railroad 22 miles from a large city.

SOIL—Rich volcanic ash. Splendid farms surrounding. Yields abundant harvest of fruit and vegetables. Real estate taxes paid by Association for four years.

IRRIGATED

TERMS—$1.00 per acre per month which includes free water right and clearing and planting of all kinds of fruit trees and the **CARE OF SAME FOR FOUR YEARS.** Selling fast.

LANDS

For booklet, address

GRANT & DYE
328-329 People's Bank Building
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

IRRIGATED
Fruit Lands
In Grand View Orchard Tracts

¶ Finest and most productive in the West. ¶ Every acre yields $400 to $800 per year. ¶ Splendid climate, beautiful surroundings, excellent water. ¶ Improved streets to be bordered with shade trees. ¶ One mile from Northern Pacific Railway station.

Yakima County, Wash.

¶ Buy 5 or ten acres today. $150 per acre on easy terms. ¶ A five acre tract will make you independent in a few years. Write for handsome picture book.

Washington Irrigation Co.
Dexter Horton Building
SEATTLE, - - - WASHINGTON

YES! YES! YES!

With One Season's Crops you can almost pay for the land you buy on the

Empire Ranch

In Kings County,

by planting to BARLEY as late as January 15th.

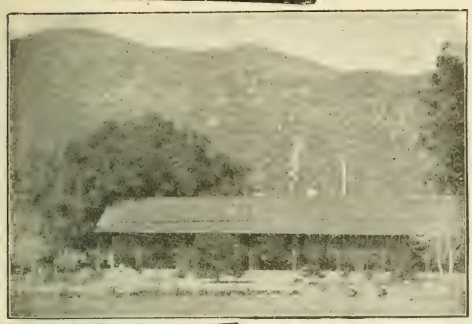
¶ After you have taken off your BARLEY, then put in KAFFIR CORN. This will give you two crops in one season, which will bring you about $45.00 per acre. ¶ A perpetual water right goes with the land. ¶ No better soil in the State of California. ¶ Over 7,000 acres sold and being farmed, which have produced some of the largest crops in King County. ¶ The Cream of all lands for ALFALFA.

$45.00 and $50.00 the Acre. EASY TERMS

Percy H. Clark Co.

312 H. Hellman Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Folders and Maps Upon Request.



For a **Christmas Present** a deed to one of our Villa lots would be most appropriate.

Casa Verdugo Villa Tract Central Park and Home Park Acres

comprise the finest suburban and foothill properties contiguous to the City of Los Angeles, California. Area one-fourth, one-half and full acres, at from $350 to $1,500 including full standard modern real estate tract improvements. All City conveniences combined with suburban delights; twenty-five minutes from the heart of the City. All correspondence promptly and fully answered. Call on or address

Send For This Booklet



San Rafael Investment Co.

N. C. KELLEY, Manager
729 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

San Diego Gem Company

Miners, Cutters and Dealers in California Gems



INTERIOR VIEW OF LAPIDARY

San Diego county's fame as a gem producer is world wide; remarkable for the number of different kinds of stones it produces; wonderful for the great variety of colors these stones possess. Our mines yield us Topaz (in two colors), Kunzite (in two colors), Beryl (in three colors), Hyacinth (in three colors) and Tourmaline (in four colors).

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE SHOWING VIEWS OF MINES AND LAPIDARY AND CONTAINING DESCRIPTION OF GEMS

San Diego Gem Company

GEMS SENT C. O. D. WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION

San Diego, California

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

"THE HOUSE THAT WINS"

500 Per Cent Profit

That there is money in legitimate mining has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt by our clients during the past twelve months making all the way from 100 to 500% *actual cash profit* on their investments—not in arbitrary office advances but in market cash prices, in other words, they can turn their investment into actual cash any day at a big profit, for instance: In March, 1906, our clients purchased Mohawk at 50c; it has since sold at $4.70 a share and is destined to go to $6.00 before the end of the year. We sold Frances-Mohawk in July at 20c; in less than sixty days it was selling on the Goldfield Exchange for 76c. These are only two illustrations of more than a dozen instances. Making big profits of this kind for our clients is why we have at this time the largest brokerage business on the Pacific Coast.

We would like very much to mail you full particulars of another splendid enterprise. It costs you nothing to have the opportunity presented. Simply mail us the attached coupon.

Our Company is an old established one, this being its ninth year in business, and its record spells SUCCESS.

R. D. ROBINSON COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

R. D. ROBINSON CO.,
353 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gentlemen: I am interested in making money in legitimate mining. Please tell me how you are earning big profits for your clients. Send full information without any cost to me.

Name .....

Address .....

P. M.



EDWIN PETERSON, Mining Expert.

Copper

More Precious Than Gold

¶Today the demand for Copper far exceeds the supply. *The* price of copper advanced 25% last year.

¶25,000,000 tons, so estimated by the leading mining engineers of the United States, is stored away in our properties in Washington.

¶All we need is enough money to install modern operating machinery. 75c per share will purchase a limited amount of stock in these properties until we begin shipping ore to the smelter, then there will be no more stock for sale at any price.

¶Estimating from our present rate of development work, we will send our first shipment of ore to the smelter November first.

¶This is not a fake mining scheme, but a big, valuable Copper property, and we can prove it to anybody's entire satisfaction.

¶No individual has ever visited our property who did not purchase stock after a thorough investigation of our claims.

¶Fill out the coupon below and mail to us today—this offer of stock at 75c per share is limited to 60 days.

United Copper Company

EDWIN PETERSON
MANAGING AGENT

705 1ST AVE., SEATTLE, WN.

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....

Visit

Ocean Park Bath House

OCEAN PARK, CAL.

ELEGANTLY APPOINTED. ABSOLUTELY SANITARY.



INTERIOR VIEW SHOWING SWIMMING POOLS

Where you will find

THE LARGEST SWIMMING POOL IN THE UNITED STATES

Filled fresh every day with salt water, heated to a temperature of 82°. Finest Tub Bath, with hot and cold, salt or fresh water

DRESSING ROOMS AND CORRIDORS STEAM HEATED DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

Tonopah
GOLD STAR
Mining Company

10c
A Share
5% off
for
Cash

OUR claims are on the drift of the ledge running through the MacNamara, West End, and the original Tonopah Mining Company properties. We are surrounded by producing mines in the premier proven camp of Nevada. Our location, experts agree, is unexcelled. ¶ We shall sink a double-compartment shaft about 300 to 500 feet deep, costing about $6,000 and put in a hoist which will cost about $4,000 more, and allowing about $5,000 for the expenses of drifting and blocking out the ore, we require about $15,000 for development. This plan of development has been unanimously approved by our stockholders. ¶ The directorate of the company has decided to float 150,000 shares of treasury stock at 10 cents a share. Something less than 100,000 shares have been subscribed. The balance of 50,000 or more shares are offered to readers of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY on these terms.

10 CENTS A SHARE WITH 5% OFF FOR CASH OR 1 CENT DOWN AND 1 CENT A MONTH FOR 9 MONTHS

In Writing mention this Magazine

1c
A Share
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PACIFIC COAST
MINES BUREAU
214 - 215 - 216 - 217 Delta Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

One Good Investment

IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR

Are you tired of drudging along in the same old way, day by day, month by month, the everlasting same old grind? If so, do as the wise ones in all the history of America have done—put your investments in virgin fields.

The last great American territory where immense returns are possible, is the Pacific Northwest. Even this great field is being rapidly taken up.

Therefore Act TODAY

Each one sending in this coupon secures a contract certificate for from $100.00 to $1,000.00 in one of the most profitable enterprises in the world. Such an offer was never made before, and you cannot afford to miss it. Every reader of this paper should take advantage of it NOW.

----------CUT HERE----------

CUT THIS OUT

$1,000.00 a Year as Long as You Live

Do you want an income of from $100.00 to $1,000.00 a year for life? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation to make any payments whatever, so don't delay, but send in coupon at once.

NAME .....

NOTE—Write name plainly so that no mistake will be made in filling out certificate.

POST OFFICE .....

COUNTY .....STATE .....

OCCUPATION.....

Fill above blank in FULL.

Please reserve.....shares for me, at $1.00 per share; send me certificate, booklet, reports and all information; if I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise of the soundest character and will prove ENORMOUSLY profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of 10 cents per share per month until fully paid. No more than 1000 shares reserved for any one person.

ROGERS-HESSELTINE COMPANY

Alaska Building

Seattle, U. S. A.

Beautiful Album Free An elegant Souvenir Photograph Album containing a large number of beautiful views, together with strong bank endorsements, will be sent free to all returning this coupon.

Paid Up Capital $10.000 Established 1889 Surplus $50,000

Houston Real Estate Investment Co.

INCORPORATED

Business and Residence Property
First Mortgage Securities

Special attention given to the Collection of Rents, Payment of Taxes and the care of property for non-residents

251 S. Main Street SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY

Hubbard Investment Co.

INCORPORATED

Building lots all parts of city. Easy monthly payments. Property steadily advancing. Buy now and you are sure of a big profit. Write for printed matter. We can place a large number of loans $500 to $3000 each at 6 to 7% net

ADDRESS { 78 W. 2nd So. St., SALT LAKE CITY, or
109 Hamilton St., BUTTE, MONT.

OPPORTUNITIES

Salt Lake Abstract, Loan and Investment Co.

50 MAIN STREET

TITLE DEPARTMENT—Noted for efficiency. Ten years experience in the Abstract and Title business in Salt Lake City.

LOAN DEPARTMENT—Loans money on Salt Lake real estate and offers Interest Bearing First Real Estate Mortgage Bonds to the careful investor.

REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT—Buys and sells high class real estate on commission and attends to the interests of non-resident property owners and investors.

MEMBERS SALT LAKE REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION

KNOCK AT YOUR DOOR

ALEX. A. ROBERTSON THOS. HOMER

Homer & Robertson

Members Salt Lake Real Estate Association

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, MORTGAGE LOANS

DESERET NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

Main and First South Sts. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Standard Mines Co.

No. 2

Organized Under the Laws of Arizona

Capital $1,500,000—Non-Assessable

The Standard Mines No. 2 are located in San Bernardino County, California, ten miles from the "Salt Lake", twelve miles from the "Santa Fe", and one mile from the rich STANDARD MINES, which are shipping ore and receiving returns at the rate of $3,000 per week.

The following telegram from the President of Standard Mines Co. No. 2 shows the present outlook for making of this mine a large producer:

COPY OF A WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

RECEIVED at SO. PASADENA, CAL. Aug 13th 1906

Gs Es Sd 88 Paid. 4 Extra in sig.
Cima Calif 12
G. W. Bishop.
So. Pasadena Calif.

Shaft number two down two hundred and fifteen feet, last twenty feet showing copper stains, north drift on one hundred and fifty foot level in one hundred feet, ore struck twenty feet in from shaft and shows well eight feet. drifting and sinking continuous, over one hundred tons ore on dump, shipping to begin in few days, both mines looking better than ever before. Account engine shut down to day for repairs I cannot go down number one before tomorrow. will return Los Angeles tuesday morning.

J. E. Meyer
President Standard Mines Co.

The first car of ore from this mine was shipped on August 31, 1906, and brought in returns **$1,419.78.** Other shipments are to follow immediately.

100,000 Shares Are Now Offered at 35c per Share

The ore values on the dump and in sight will pay large dividends for years to come and the development work is being vigorously pushed forward. An opportunity is given you to purchase stock in a *Producing Mine* with large bodies of ore in sight that will insure successful and profitable operation for years to come at

35c per Share

You cannot afford to miss it. The mine will soon have the advantage of smelter close at hand, which will greatly reduce the cost of operation, and the price of the stock is certain to advance rapidly.

We would suggest those desiring reservations from the stock now being sold to wire same at our expense, followed by letter confirming.

A large portion of the stock for development purposes heretofore sold has been placed in Southern California, the mine having been visited by those investing in the stock. Those investing now are also cordially invited to visit the property in order to convince themselves.

The Standard Copper News, containing the "Story of Standard Mines" and of mining men and others who have visited the property, will be sent to any addres upon request.

References: The Citizens' National Bank of Los Angeles; Mercantile Agencies.

Address

The General Securities Co.

Suite 6
No. 308 Pacific Electric Building,
Los Angeles, Calif.

CUT OFF HERE

THE GENERAL SECURITIES CO., Suite 6, 308 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

I hereby authorize you to purchase for me..... Shares of the Stock of Standard Mines Co. No. 2 at 35c per share. Total par value $..... for which I agree to pay to your order..... Bank of..... Dollars $..... Send to..... for collection.

Date.....

Name.....

Address.....

SUN-HIGH ABOVE ALL THE REST

IS



Casa Grande Valley

IN ARIZONA

For Ranching and Investment

Things are doing at a lively rate now, and present values at $25 an acre are certain to advance. Soil from five to fifty feet deep. Water, Climate and Markets. Read this letter from an old-time resident of Casa Grande Valley:

Florence, Arizona,
October 1, 1906.

Mr. J. Ernest Walker,
Phœnix, Arizona,

Dear Sir:

I want to tell you something about what my ranch, four and one-half miles east of Florence, in Casa Grande Valley, raised the past two years. I have owned this ranch of ninety-three acres since 1877, and have lived on it ever since that time. In 1905 I cut 142 tons of alfalfa and grain hay from 45 acres, in one cutting, and from 35 acres cut 450 sacks of barley. I had 45 acres in alfalfa and grain hay this year, 1906, and at one cutting cut 92 tons.

My ranch is always productive and profitable. What can be done on my ranch can be duplicated anywhere under the canal, in Casa Grande Valley. I wish you every success in your effort to show people what a fine ranch and fruit country we have in this valley.

(Signed) C. W. FULLER.

Write NOW for Maps, Booklets and Papers describing the Valley. Ask for information about Free Transportation to Casa Grande Valley.

J. ERNEST WALKER

Other Arizona Offices:
Florence and Casa Grande
ELMER WHITE, Mgr. Phœnix Office

Box 505, Phœnix, Arizona

ALASKA CALUMET COPPER CO.

OWNS 17 CLAIMS

IN THE

COPPER RIVER DISTRICT, ALASKA

Where the largest Copper deposits in the world are found, of high grade and immense ledges. RAILROADS are now building which will afford transportation, when shipping will be at once commenced, and money made for payment of **DIVIDENDS. A limited quantity of TREASURY STOCK full paid and non-assessable is now being offered for sale at 35 cents per share.** An advance will be made to 50 cents per share in the near future. Write for full particulars at once. Prospectus, Engineer's Report, Maps, Etc.

H. M. HERRIN & COMPANY, Bankers and Brokers

610 FIRST AVE., SEATTLE, WASH.

References: Any bank of Seattle.



"A Real Ranch of Resources"

Southern California Farms.

60 Minutes From Los Angeles

$75 to $150 per Acre

One Fourth Cash, Balance 1 to 4 years at 6 per cent Interest.

¶ More than $350,000 worth of these fortune producing lands have been sold since December 15, 1905. Is this not indisputable evidence of the character of this property.

¶ Write today for maps and booklets describing this wonderful ranch. The Chino Ranch has all modern rural improvements. An electric line from Los Angeles is one of the coming improvements. Conditions are just ripe for a sharp advance in prices.

¶ Chino ranchers are acquiring competencies with deciduous fruits, citrus fruits, sugar beets, alfalfa, walnuts, berry culture, potatoes, onions, dairying, stock and poultry raising.

¶ A postal card will bring you Chino literature, that may lead to your ultimate independence. Write NOW.

CHINO LAND & WATER CO.

DEPT. B

516 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cactus Crystallized

The Most Delicious Confection Having Extraordinary Merits

The Cactus has for years been known for its beneficial effects on the heart and nerves. 35c brings postpaid a ½-lb. box beautifully embossed and packed.
70c in one-pound boxes.

Donofrio Crystallized Candy Co.

35 E. Washington St.

Write Today. **PHOENIX, ARIZ.**

GOLD AND COPPER—ARIZONA.

The greatest undeveloped mining region in the world. Have you ever investigated mining opportunities in Arizona? The time is ripe for returns of the highest order. $1,000 invested in Calumet copper and gold mining stock in 1901 is worth $256,000 today. Information cheerfully given. Mines, mining stocks and real estate.

S. S. Green, Phoenix, Arizona.

For quick returns on your investments, buy lands in the Great Salt River Valley, where you are assured abundance of water for irrigation from the Tonto Reservoir, now under construction by the United States Government. For prices and terms write **PECKA BROTHERS,** Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, offices 510-512 West Washington street, Phoenix, Arizona.

INCORPORATE

Organization effected in ARIZONA with least trouble and expense. Can begin business day papers reach us. No franchise tax. No public statements required. Stockholders exempt from company liability. Hold meetings, keep books and transact business anywhere. Any kind of stock may be issued and paid up in cash, services or property, and made non-assessable. The legislature can not affect corporate franchises by subsequent laws. Territorial officials now prohibited by law from serving companies. Our president, I. T. Stoddard, was for years Secretary of Arizona, and officially in charge of the incorporating business. Write or wire today for copy of laws, blanks, and full particulars. By-laws gratis with each incorporation. **STODDARD INCORPORATING CO., Phoenix, Ariz.**

7% and 8% Investments

First mortgages on irrigated ranches in the wonderful Salt River Valley of Arizona. Conservative and reliable information free. Homeseekers and investors will be given the benefit of our years of experience and best judgment. We handle nothing but the best property in either mortgages or ranches. Consult us before deciding.

UNION BANK & TRUST CO.,
L. J. Rice, Mgr. Trust Dept., Phoenix, Arizona.

THE SWASTIKA

The horseshoe of the Navajos; the lucky pin; made up in all shapes, scarf pins, shirtwaist sets, cuff buttons and belt pins—set with native stones—Arizona turquoise and Arizona rubies, Indian workmanship—made of pure silver. Write for descriptive pamphlet and price list.

R. L. BALKE,

U. S. Licensed Indian Trader, Collector and Dealer in Mexican and Indian Curios.
U. S. Trading Post, Navajo Reservation, Main distributing store Phœnix, Arizona.

SECURE, PROFITABLE, CERTAIN.

For profitable realty investments in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, inquire of N. A. Morford, 4 West Adams St., Phoenix, Arizona.

Home Savings Bank & Trust Co.,

Phoenix, Arizona.

Pays 4 per cent on term deposits.

Additional Clubbing Offers

Review of Reviews, 1 year	$3.00
Cosmopolitan, 1 year	1.00
Woman's Home Companion, 1 year	1.00
Pacific Monthly, 2 years	2.00
Total	$7.00
Our price	3.80
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Total	$4.00
Our price	2.85

Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Portland, Oregon

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Sells farm lands and real estate of all kinds in the Salt River Valley. Ranches a specialty. Member Phoenix Real Estate Board. Correspondence invited.

We Buy Mining Stock

Stock Sold on Commission.

As members of the PRESCOTT STOCK EXCHANGE we have exceptional facilities for buying and selling all kinds of mining stock.

Write or wire your demands.

ARIZONA BROKERAGE COMPANY

Box 644 Prescott, Arizona.

Phoenix, Arizona

An $800,000 Sugar Beet Factory has just been completed.

The center of the GREAT SALT RIVER VALLEY, offers greater opportunities to the homeseeker and investor than any other locality in the great Southwest.

IN NO COUNTRY IN THE WORLD can the farmer do as well as here in ALFALFA, SUGAR BEET, MELON-RAISING, TRUCK GARDENING, LIVE STOCK and DAIRYING.

A GLORIOUS CLIMATE—A LAND OF SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is rapidly pushing to completion THE GREAT TONTO BASIN DAM (the greatest irrigating reservoir in the world), assuring this valley an unfailing irrigating water supply.

TWO GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEMS are vieing with each other in building cut-offs to put Phoenix on their main lines.

For detailed information write any of the following members of the Phoenix Real Estate Board:

E. J. Bennett,
B. A. Fickas & Co.,
Greene & Griffin,
Dwight B. Heard,
L. E. Hewins,
H. I. Latham & Co.,
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J. Ernest Walker,
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SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



Offers rich inducements to the Capitalist, the Home-seeker and the Tourist. The mild winter climate of this valley brings great relief to those who are tired of cold winds, snow and ice. The fertile lands of this famous valley will grow to perfection wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa, cantaloupes, figs, grapes, strawberries, sugar beets, oranges, and all kinds of vegetables. The great Tonto Reservoir under construction by the U. S. Goverment will greatly enhance the value and productiveness of this valley. For illustrated booklet, send 4 cents to any of the following:

COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
Phoenix, Arizona.

BOARD OF TRADE,
Phoenix, Arizona.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
Mesa, Arizona.

Lands in the Wenatchee Valley

Show greater profits, acre for acre, than any other lands in the United States, devoted to horticulture or agriculture. . . . . .

WRITE FOR HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

D. D. OLDS, Wenatchee, Wash.

Buy San Pedro Property

Peck's Grand View Tract
No. 2

A brand new tract of 400 lots just placed on the market. Streets all being graded, oiled, cement curbed, water piped to every lot; building restrictions $1500. Lying in the southwestern part of San Pedro. Prices and terms very reasonable.

GEO. H. PECK & CO.

202 and 203 Lankershim bldg, Los Angeles
Geo. H. Peck & Co.,
Bank of San Pedro, Sixth and Beacon streets, San Pedro.

Greater Long Beach

AND

HER LAND LOCKED HARBOR

One of the greatest engineering feats of the age

Write me for free literature and particulars regarding this coming commercial center. Headquarters for acreage in 5 acre and larger tracts.

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129 East Ocean Ave. Long Beach, Cal.
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SEND FOR "BOOKLET"

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$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE



One of Our 15-Month-Old Trees.

IF YOU WISH to save for old age or provide for healthy middle-age, you can not find a more conservative or a more reasonable investment than we have to offer—more profitable than life insurance—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly—better than a savings bank, for the return is greater.

We have full and complete literature, showing conclusive facts, logical figures and definite reference of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable. Our booklets give "reasons," why those who can spare from $5 to $25 a month can provide for old age and protect themselves against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortune of ill health by securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets—do this today in justice to your future. It is not only the man who saves, but he who saves profitably. The demand for rubber can never be fully supplied—a rubber plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine—our booklets tell you the facts that have taken years to prove—write for them today.

This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of $25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of $1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

Conservative Rubber Production Co.

610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Can You Save $9.17 Per Month and Invest in Business Property?

See Long Beach Grow Back From the Sea

The Debenture System

(From the Long Beach Press.)

NEW PLAN OFFERS SAFE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT

United Syndicates Co., Ltd., Makes Realty Investment a Science by Debenture Plan

In these days of big real estate deals it is almost impossible for the man of moderate means to take advantage of the rapid increase in values, and the "big fellow" with the cash to swing a deal is the one who gobbles up the easy money.

The plan of the United Syndicates Co., under the debenture system, is, therefore, the opportunity for the man with but a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to invest, as he can go in on exactly the same terms as the man of millions and share with him in the profits.

The United Syndicates Co. is now floating syndicate "C," now almost all subscribed, being the property at the northwest corner of Pine avenue and Sixth street, and big profits are sure to be made from this investment. The plan of the debenture system is faultless, and this opportunity seems to be a golden one for intelligent and safe investment.

Fortune Knocks at Your Door During Business Hours

A few hundred dollars invested in a Debenture in this Syndicate may make you thousands of dollars. On our Debenture plan the small as well as the large investor is presented with an opportunity of purchasing business property on equal terms, without assuming any liabilities as a stockholder, and at the same time absolute protection against any assessments. New syndicates constantly being formed on gilt edge real estate throughout Southern California.

Do you want a good, safe real estate investment where there are no promoter fees; no stock liability; no assessments; no expense liability, and where all the funds are treated as TRUST FUNDS? We can show you a SAFE proposition to make big profits on a small investment. Investigate this at once; DON'T HESITATE. Send for our free booklet.

References by permission: National Bank of Long Beach, Cal.
Metropolitan Bank & Trust Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

UNITED SYNDICATES CO., Ltd.

LOS ANGELES OFFICE,
686 Pacific Electric Building.

LONG BEACH OFFICE,
14 Pacific Avenue.

W. M. Ladd C. E. Ladd J. W. Ladd

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ESTABLISHED 1859

Transact a General Banking Business

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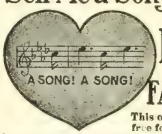
every few minutes between the Hotel, Depots, Wharves and Business District.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

$1.50 per day and up.

GEORGE DUCHSCHERER, Proprietor.

Sell Me a Song—I will pay $1000.00



FOR GOOD OLD

HEART SONGS

AND

FAVORITE MELODIES

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Klamath County, Oregon

HAS

IRRIGATION: A Government Reclamation Project under construction embracing the expenditure of $4,500,000, will bring 250,000 acres under water. The area to be watered includes gently sloping valley lands, tule and swamp lands and lake beds of remarkable fertility; 10,000 acres under irrigation from existing canals, producing bountiful crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, other grain and root crops and alfalfa, timothy and other hay of the first quality.

WATER POWER: Link River, having a fall of 63 feet to the mile, adjacent to and through the town of Klamath Falls, affords enormous power that is partially utilized in generating electric current for lighting, manufacturing and domestic purposes.

NAVIGATION: Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, is traversed for a distance of almost 50 miles by fine steamers and smaller craft; Lake Ewauna, Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake furnish an avenue of commerce and travel between Klamath Falls, Merrill, Keno and other points, for a distance of more than 40 miles.

TRANSPORTATION: The California Northeastern Railroad, building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal., will be completed to Klamath Falls as soon as the contractors can complete the work; through service now established in connection with stage and steamboat lines; the Oregon Eastern Railroad to be built from Natron, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, is under survey; the McCloud River Railroad is building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, Cal., to Laird's, Cal., where connection with points in the basin will be made by means of steamboat; the Klamath Lake Railroad, present route of travel, connects with the Southern Pacific at Thrall, and its owners plan extension to tap timber lands that will bring its terminus to the Klamath River or near that stream at the lower end of the navigable portion of the stream. Two street car companies have rails laid at Klamath Falls and suburban electric railway lines are contemplated to Bonanza and other adjacent towns.

RECREATION: Klamath Basin, with its wonderful lake system and waterways, rugged mountain groups environing and towering snow-capped peaks with Shasta and McLaughlin most prominent, is the paradise of the photographer and delight of the sportsmen. Crater Lake National Park lies entirely within Klamath County and is one of the seven wonders of the world, comparable in its beauty and solitude to no other spot of earth. Wild game abounds in the mountains, including bear, deer, elk, all of the game birds of this portion of the United States and waterfowl in such variety and abundance as found in no other locality.

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Rainbow trout and other species of game fish are more plentiful than in the waters of any other section, and the limit is the easily resultant catch of a few hours for the angler.

TIMBER: Adjacent to the Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath Basin is the largest body of standing soft pine timber in the Pacific Northwest. Sugar and yellow pine are the chief varieties, but all of the best classes of pine occur here. The manufacture of lumber will be one of the giant industries of the region, affording an unfailing supply of building material at moderate price and a strong home demand for products of the farm, garden, orchard and dairy.

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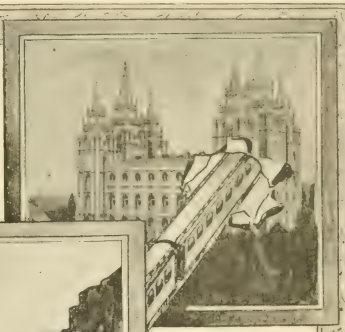


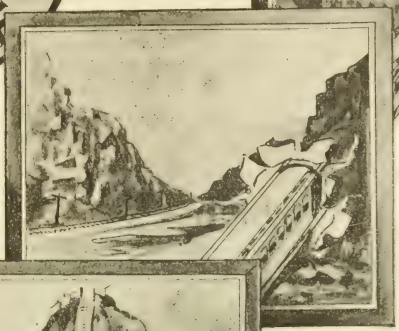
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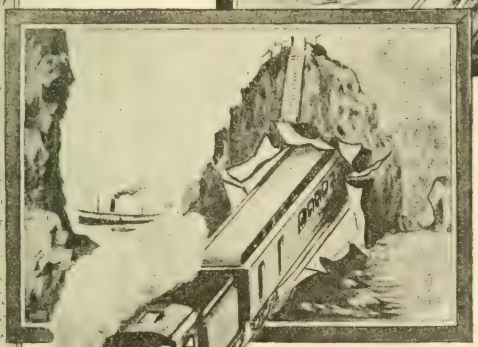
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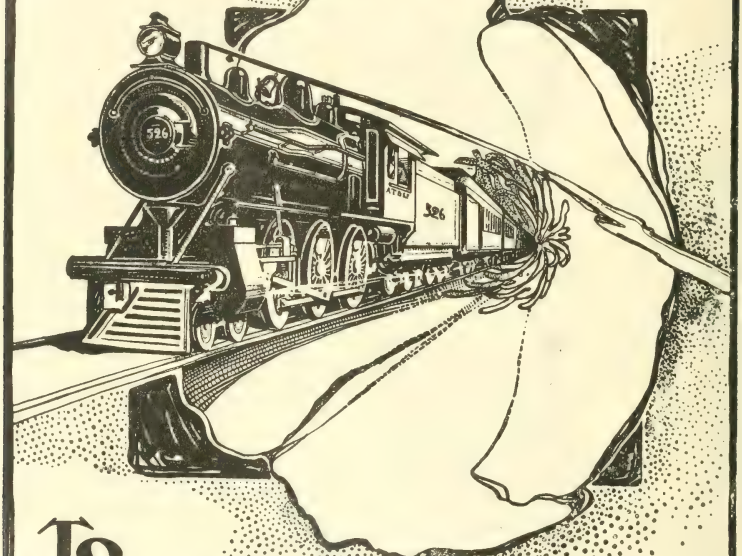
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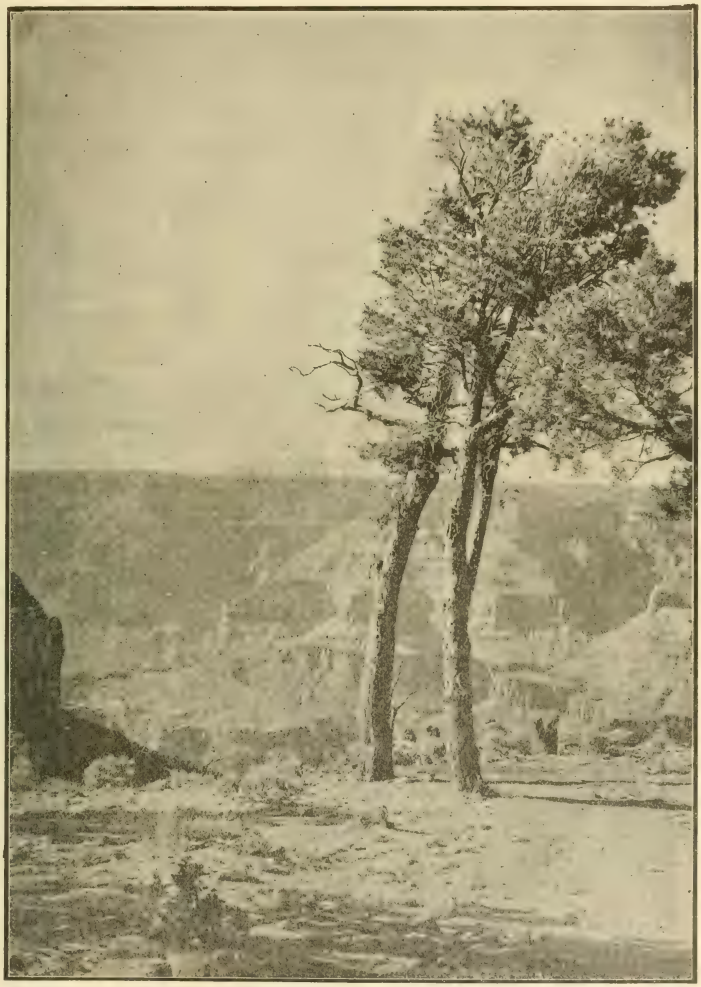
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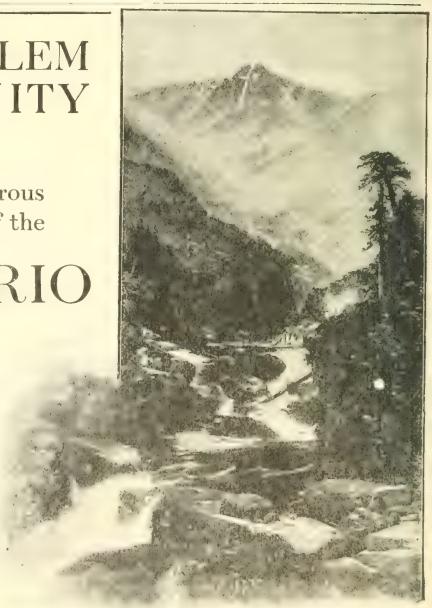
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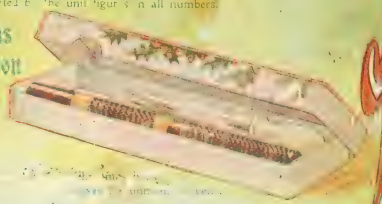
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